

# “ Was it?”

was it the fast changing light,  
or birds on flight,  
the song wind sings,  
When my heart rises to wings.  
when my feet lead me back,  
to that lonely high track.  
I thought I'd forgot,  
I thought she'd gone.  
But she always lingers on  
to that high cliff moor.  
We swore love so deep and pure,  
where the wind still sings our songs,  
the memory so long.  
She lifted my heart,  
she tore it apart,  
filled my soul back to those days of old,  
we never knew,  
as children do.  
What words like love,  
joy in souls above,  
back to our childhood,  
where love was so true.

<https://roberthigham.art/blog/12-was-it/>