

#16 To Jette

I thought love could pass and lose its hold.
But the love you planted in my soul.
Pained my heart,
an endless run.
You lose,
before you've even begun.
Hurt is so silent,
so mute and so deep.
Like your echoed voice, awakening my sleep.
People and places,
songs and faces,
Bring me back to the emotions of you.
Till by chance I hear your song,
the past makes her love prolong.
Was it dismay as you left me that day?
You sat and cried in the train,
I waved in vain.
Our vows, a letter every day,
time withered her memory away.
But love never passes or loses its sway,
I can never forget you till this day.

Robert Higham