

PHOSPHORESCENCE

What passed between us once was but a dream
that cast no shadow on the world of things.
Think of me now, in these dark days, as flame

that in a scattering of cubes still seems
to rise up from the vanished tree's lost rings.
What passed between us once was but a dream,

a slow and inverse fire that fell like rain
and shook the ashes from its brooding wings.
Think of me now, in these dark days, as flame

that burns in some unearthly way, like green
and silver branches fraught with blossoming.
What passed between us once was but a dream,

a glimpse of loosened raiment, partially seen,
that falls away, and yet in falling, clings.
Think of me now, in these dark days, as flame

that with a colder, lasting light redeems
whatever loss such bright remembrance brings.
What passed between us once was but a dream.
Think of me now, in these dark days, as flame.