**Desolation**

David William Paley

There was a time when dawn was golden

Before the fog embraced those distant days.

But now the morning has met the sunset

That closed the day in a chest of iron

And left my thoughts to the night beholden.

I spoke of love that lived beyond the hour

And praised the heavens for their smiles

But my words are scattered to the winds

And the echoes have returned to mock me,

For remembrance is a thorn as well as flower.

Those words now sound perpetual sorrows

Since that cloud of darkness lingered here

And cast a shadow over sunbeams

To draw a host of tears from heaven's reign

And drench my life through all tomorrows.

Who can aid in loss and sadness

In this summer turned to winter,

Bearing all alone with no one by me

Closed from sun and light

And knowing no more gladness?

With no companion but the graveyard

I join the cypress and the yew

And bend with weeping willows

Beneath the never ending burden

Of a heart that yearns for love now barred.

The rain will beat and the snow will fall

But I take them as my solace

And let those clouds shed leaden drops

To fill the depths of desolation

As ivy winds exultant round my soul.

No better friends can be more constant

When I am subject to the thrall of Time,

That will not remove the searing pain

Or spare the skies of stormy blast

When blackest day is all triumphant.

Let warmth desert my barren hearth

And winds blow ice from arctic shores.

Let blizzards cover all my woes

And grant no shelter from this tumult

Until embraced by coldest earth.

No ray of hope will pierce my heart

Unless it be a welcome death

When, in the bleakness of the tomb,

We will be clasped forever

To live for always, never more to part.

Let boundless air be our domain

And silver stars become our house.

We shall wind through endless skies

Where fleeting Time will cease to flow

But love triumphant still remain.

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