**Too Far, Too Soon**

David William Paley

The silken rope of life

Split when stretched too far,

The load of love too great

For even chains to bear.

I pulled but lacked the strength

To hold you to my breast;

The force that drew you forth

To lands beyond the sea

Was powered by a loving God

Who took you with a kiss

Because you should be free.

We would have lived forever

Beneath the sparkling sun,

Devotedly, throughout our lives,

Were it not that very life

That failed us in the end:

A life that gave us all;

A life that held us dear;

A life of total bliss;

But a life too short

That ended with a kiss.

We loved the music and the ballet

We loved the dancing, too.

We loved the country walks,

The hills and footpaths that we trod

Where roses always bloomed

With a fragrance that would last.

Nothing stopped us loving

Except the hand of fate

That intervened without a reason

And snatched you from my grasp.

Were we young and foolish?

Were we too in love?

We each lived for the other

And could not think of self.

You were the queen of swans

And I the doting prince;

But applause becomes an echo

As our former selves withdraw;

And I must dance alone

Across the empty floor.

Now, you must exchange me

For a glimpse of worlds elsewhere

Where you have been detained,

Removed to far off lands

On a journey with my soul.

I, gladly, gave it to you

To keep forever and a day

But bade it not farewell

For, you are clasped within my heart,

Like the pearl within a shell.

Do you hear an angel’s voice

Sound from harps of gold

As in our deep embrace?

Do flowers bloom in realms apart

And wave across Elysian fields

With their accustomed grace?

Does a trace of scented air

Wreathe around your years;

And do you sing the songs

That console me in my tears?

Be with me in the midnight hour

And scatter treasures

Through my dreams

Where, at last, I may confess

The thoughts I long to tell.

You will move about the room

And stay as young as ever

As in the times we knew before

But fade upon the waking bell

With a step that sounds no more.

With this fond endearment,

We shall, always, be together,

Apart but still united,

Although our hands will never touch,

Until I climb to far off summits

By way of heavens’ stair,

Where, in those mysterious peaks,

I pluck from rainbows my bouquet

To greet you with eternal spring

And forget that you had been away.