

Andrew Hilty "Understanding, Nothing More"

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Understanding,
Nothing More As the darkness pulls her down,
My sweet Ophelia sings nonsense most profound.
With her pretty words she soars the thoughts of men,
Even as she lies beneath the ground.
I heard you spread your flowers 'round the court,
Crying, like a violet, I had plucked you just for sport.
Dare you ask me to be true?
When all that I had left was you, You turned away, and
shook me to the core.
My last hope for Pandora's race
Had left me with an empty place,
Forget-me-nots strewn all about the floor.
Now I ask your understanding, nothing more.

In this most disjointed time I pondered action in the
recess of my mind.
Well it seems I'm beaten to the jump again.
Heaven make them pleasant dreams you find.
Oh, the wonders you may see,
If you heed my only prayer, you'll spare a word for me.
Ask your father- does he know,
That when we tumbled to and fro,
I meant each and every vow I swore?
But just like him, we all are doomed,
For in the end we're all consumed-
By madness, desire, By earth, and fire.
So if we meet at some celestial door, I ask your
understanding, nothing more.

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