

Necare "Eleanor"

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Veiled in sunwept kisses; sullen, weak; you smiled...
"You must bid me gone, love" - frailty-wracked you
cried... Still upon your deathbed, your hand I held in
mine... Caressed with woe your flaxen hair; felt your
last, aspirant sigh ... Goodbye... No flights of angels
bring you to your rest... Travailed in sickness - in death
enrapt and blessed... Now nothing remains of your life,
your time has passed... Your anguish, your demise,
your promise of rebirth... Solemn incantation nor
frenzied evocation... Did halt not your soul's apostasy...
Lassitude upon me... This lurid trial awaits me... I live on
in wanton futility... And yet in my dreams now... I arise
and follow you... The veil of eternity rends... And you
are whole again... For there is no cancer... Nor
lamenting depth of grave... That separates us
anymore... In death... We are One...

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