

The Watcher's Bride

From high summit
the solitary figure
would watch the dawn.
Beams of sunlight,
cascading down the valley.
A blanket of white pearls,
rests on the lake.
The sparkling of the waves,
breaking through the mist.

Songs of the river,
echo through the hills.
Flowing into a shimmering veil,
he stood watching
her waters sway,
like a sparkling gown.
Humming softly
to her lover.

The leaves grew,
turned to amber,
and flew with the wind.
He watched the pirouetting leaves
drift gently into her gown.
Never closer, never together,
like a Shakespearean tragedy.
Longing to hold each other,
but the earth bound them
where they stood.

Years went by,
but their love stayed.
They had seen bridges,
built and broken,

connecting the two
separate lands as one.
Seen love grow,
and children born.
She and he both wishing for more,
but his branches were old,
and leaves long gone.
All that was left
was a dream.