

For Her

A thousand years ago there walked
A lady and a man;
Drawn by circumstances found,
They joined in lives they'd plan.

Beneath the boughs of juniper,
They laid their bodies down;
Riding waves of love and lore,
Within each other drown.

Awakening with morning's dawn,
The wandered from their nest;
Beyond the roots their limbs would reach
As memories recessed.

Passing ships upon the sea,
Their stars once more aligned;
To find that years arrested time,
More clearly each defined.

We ride on episodic waves
To destinies unknown;
Nourished by the kindred flight
Of souls with which we've flown.

Copyright Matthew Ashbrook