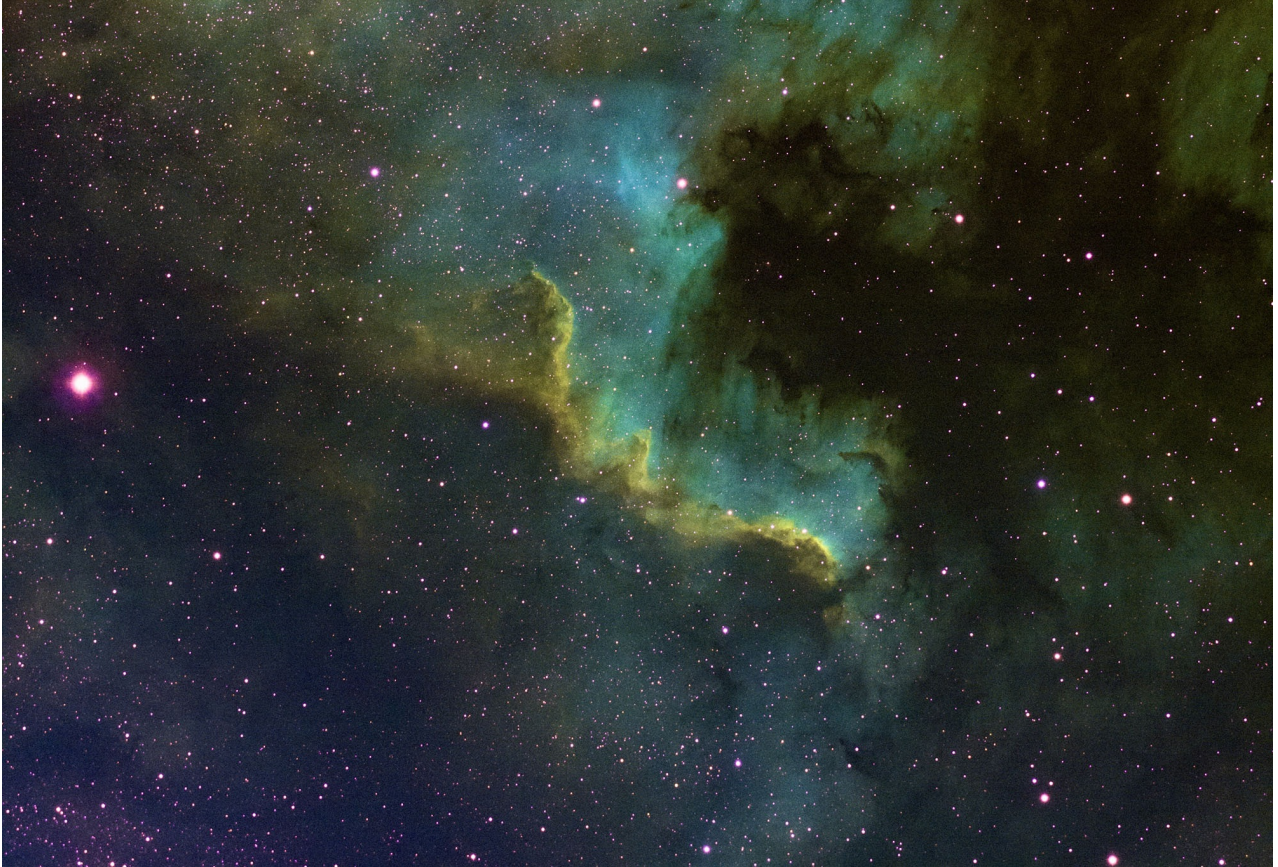


I Will Follow You into the Dark – May 2020

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Catherine Heath

May 2020

I will follow you into the dark--

Into the eye of the tiger,

Wider, and wider.

A bucketful of grief;

Fast train to nowhere,

And the thief of time,

And love,

Was you.

Now we're through--

And my heart is breaking--

The liberties you'd taken

Were more than enough.

It's tough to be me,

But even worse to be you.

What do we make of hatred?

Burning, seething, dark.

While the lark sings,

We crouch, plotting

Evil things--

It's not the devil nor his master!

Faster! faster!

She cries--

And the echo replies.

What evil lurks in our own hearts?

Our youth is thrown away;

All we have is dust,

And the gems we collected

Along the way.

(And all the time it was you!)--

Your glassy eyes,

Staring through the dome,

So far from home.

And yet we've been here all along;

The winding paths that led us from

The place that we were born.

But in the morning,

We'll be calling

Out to people who can't hear.

The only thing that holds us back is fear.

(And we want to be near

The people we love.)

We scramble up the bank,

Led by the morning star,

Scraping our knees,

With blood on our hands,

And the darkness falls around us.

You're a marked man!

Mark my words.

(But we'll rise, broken, bloody,

Eyes fixed straight ahead.

You thought that I was dead--

But I fooled you.)

Abandoning our own children,

We'll let the quietness grow deep,

As they follow --like sheep--

Or lambs to the slaughter.

When was the last time

You heard your daughter?

We're not after anything much.

Just a simple touch, or look.

(Your hand in the crook of my arm.)

What was it all for?

She cries,

But no one replies.

Another part of me dies,

As I contemplate your lies--

As time goes by,

I forget what you look like,

But the heart always knows.

The lines on my face are

The etchings of grief.

Lies, lies!

She cries.

And an echo replies.

The hollow tomb of your dreams

Is empty now--

But you will see.

It is not what it was meant to be.

It's better-- more than you or me.

You'll find out what I mean.

An errand for fool's gold,

(He's like the ghost who won't quit).

They told me to get over it,

But it's not so easy,

When corpses stalk my dreams,

And nothing is as it seems.

Smoking cigarettes on balconies

As dusky eyes fall closed.

You're my temptation when

Your husky voice fades,

And I cannot resist

One last kiss.

Screaming into the abyss!

(I lost my first love).

Tears rain down

From up above,

And the doves are fleeing--

You could never see!

Love, delicate as rose petals,

Makes the bond,

Between you, and me.

And the quietness grows deep--

Can we sleep, now?

I'm not dead--

I'm waiting;

Waiting for you

To drop your guard.

Credit: Photo by [Aldebaran S](#) on [Unsplash](#)
