

OPUS 125

Phillip A. Ellis

The clock's two hands return to midnight's realm
when time suspends, while tolls the solemn peal.
Although they seek my soul to wreak and whelm,
the clock's two hands return to midnight's realm
and crown my weary head with the heavy helm
of sleeplessness. Both head and heart, lost, feel
the clock's two hands return to midnight's realm
when time suspends, while tolls the solemn peal.

I miss my love, lying upon her bier
beside her ancestors' dust, knowing decay
alike the sorrowed eye that knows the tear.
I miss my love, lying upon her bier,
subject to slow decay, knowing not fear
nor any other feeling. This hopeless day,
I miss my love, lying upon her bier
beside her ancestors' dust, knowing decay.

What caused her death? The truth I'll shortly tell
about the evil malady that stole her life,
made my heart to dwell in a woeful Hell.
What caused her death? The truth I'll shortly tell,
for soon will cease the slowly tolling bell
marking midnight. What forces slew my wife
what caused her death? The truth I'll shortly tell
about the evil malady that stole her life.

A sorcery, dark it was, dark and dire,
slew my lovely wife, caused her death;
I swear it's real, as this bright, blazing fire,
a sorcery, dark it was, dark and dire.
The jealous witch I burnt upon a pyre
the while the hag denied, with lying breath,
a sorcery, dark it was, dark and dire,
slew my lovely wife, caused her death.

But still I sit, sit while the midnight bell
marks the very hour my wife was slain,
and every night I mourn: see—these words tell,
but still I sit, sit while the midnight bell
falls on my heart. The witch now wanders Hell

while my tears are trickling as lorn, mournful rain,
but still I sit, sit while the midnight bell
marks the very hour my wife was slain.

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