

THE TOAST

Michael Burch

For dreams descended into dust
and love that lingered but a day
and passion wilted at the bud
and skies grown desolate and grey,

for stars that fell from tinsel heights
and mountains bleak and scarred and lone,
for seas reflecting distant sun
and weeds that thrive where seeds were sown,

for waltzes ending in a hush
and rhymes that fade as pages close,
for flame exhausted, leaving ash
and petals falling from the rose,

I raise my cup before I drink
in reverence to a love long dead,
and silently propose a toast—
to passages, to time that fled.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 2 2007