

To Richard.

(on his sudden death at the age of 19)

I mourn the dying sun on the horizon
pink like the silken robe
of a blithe nymph
whose heaving breast touches
my lonely heart and senses
as they sigh and sink.

The vine tree leaves
lie fallen at my feet
each shadow weeping
'neath the elm tree
where we meet.

A swallow lonely
as a solitary ghost
brings with it memories
of a forsaken soul
buried beneath the turf
of some obscure ash grove.

Deep is my sorrow
but deeper still my love
for you and I
shall meet again dearly beloved
beside the lake and trees
beyond the pink horizon
in the wake of dawn
touched by a morning breeze.

And there I shall no more
weep for the sun that's dying
for you and I shall
be forever sweethearts
as we were before.

RITA DEBONO MUSCAT