

Where Sleeps His Love Tonight?

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This poem only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Where sleeps his love tonight? Is she under canopies of deepest midnight velvet, Or graced beneath the weeping willow's sweeping arms? Does she lie in shadows of snowy mountains, Or rest beside a murmuring brook of gentle dreams? Sleeps she in an angel's gaze, Lost palaces of ancient days her temples? Who sings her now a lullaby of love That guides her through the whispering darkness? Does she lay her head on a shining star, And rest her lovely body on a splendid celestial bed? What perfumed sheets drape her beloved form Whilst her sight is closed to the deepest depths of moon dust? Does he think of her, Where once her delighted smile Was e'er before his face, And now he finds her kiss too distant to reach? Do his arms reach for her In the silent, lonely darkness, And meet the solemn, empty air With guttural tears of solitary need? Does his heart ache for want of her, The starry shine of her sleepy joy But a sliding memory of the delicious hope His soul once savoured? Where sleeps his love tonight? Does she lie in his desires And dance in his dreams, Or is she lost in her lonely oblivion, Needing his touch, But wandering the night in empty shadows, Never once his love at all? This poem only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.