

# Past Shadows

## Agathodaimon

Now far I, I am from you before my fire alone  
And read again the hours that so silently have gone  
And it seems that eighty years beneath my feet did glide  
That I am old as winter, that maybe you have died  
The shadows of the past swift stream across life's floor  
The tale of all times, nothing that now exist no more  
While the wind with clumsy fingers softly fumbles at the blind  
And sadly spins the fiber of the story in my mind  
I see you stand before me in a mist that does enfold  
Your eyes are full of tears, and your fingers long and cold  
About my neck caressing your arms you gently ply  
And it seems you want to speak to me, yet only sigh  
And thus I clasp entranced my all, my world of grace  
And both our lives are joined in that supreme embrace  
Oh, let the voice of memory remain forever dumb  
Forget the joy that was, but nevermore will come  
The shadows of the past swift stream across life's floor  
The tale of all times, nothing that now exist no more  
While the wind with clumsy fingers softly fumbles at the blind  
And sadly spins the fiber of the story in my mind  
And thus I clasp entranced my all, my world of grace  
And both our lives are joined in that supreme embrace  
Forget how after an instant you thrust my arms aside  
For now I'm old and lonely, and maybe you have died

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