

# Nearer Than You

Emilie Autumn

How can a woman tell when love is gone  
From love that merely sleeps but deep inside  
Has still the root the stem and flower grow on  
And so dreams not to die but sleeps to hide?  
Perhaps when the clouds drifting by make more noise  
Than amorous whispers you aimlessly breathe  
And croakings of paddocks speak with greater poise  
Than lilypad speeches with nothing beneath  
And so I'll confess what I know to be true  
Bullfrogs have more eloquence than do you  
When days are longer than they used to be  
And nights are maddening eternity  
With only forced sighs to interrupt  
The same repose your lips would once corrupt  
I'll steal me away so your soul shall not wake  
Though more than my absence to rouse it would take  
Across from the meadow and down to the pond  
To sink myself up to the waist then beyond  
For water knows better in love what to do  
And plays with its prey with more passion than you  
In dreaming one may oft' release his grasp  
On what to conscious minds is naught but clear  
That once the time of questioning is near  
Chance there is none to hide the fatal asp  
Who follows me silently onto the shore  
Where I learn to cherish my new solitude  
And feel with precision what ere had been rude  
Yes, I shall return to thy bed nevermore  
Born was I with one heart; I ask not for two  
When rushes and lilies press nearer than you

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