the chill

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I feel a cold and lonely wind upon my weary face,
And walk across an endless plain, a lost and bleak, forbidding place.

A land that's only fit to cross, to lonely for a stay.
That has no life within it, but a distant figure, far away.

The figure walks a path forbidden me by sacred oath,
A path she has to follow, but a path not fitting for us both.

Her path leads her away from me, diverging from my own,
But reaches back behind her over sand and mud and crumbled stone,

To that far time, so long ago, that place so far away,
Where I remember they did cross, those paths, if only for a day.

I see her now a distant phantom, nearly out of sight.
I'll not see her again. She's gone, into the slowly fading light.

Alone at last, my way has dropped, the plain completely gone.
A rugged mountainscape surrounds my journey now. I travel on.

The way is clearly marked and though I've thought of turning back,
I've found that it cannot be done. I'm bound upon a one way track.

I'm forced along this trail alone, with memories of her,
That slowly fade with time and weariness into a distant blur.

The slopes beside my road are now a barrier to sight,
That, narrowing and steepening, complete the fall of total night.

I feel my way between the walls that now meet overhead.
My path becomes a tunnel I must follow, filled with empty dread.

The dark end is upon me. There is nowhere left to go.
All paths lead here, yet never meet. Where did my lovely lady go?