Lament of the Cynic

Suzanne Rutledge*
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Abstract

There was a blue river and a silver sky There was a black heaven with a crystal star...
Lament of the Cynic

There was a blue river and a silver sky
There was a black heaven with a crystal star
And I touched them all with my fingertips.

There was golden love and a shining life
There was scarlet hope in ebony night
And I touched them all with my fingertips.

There were hidden ideals, secretly glimmering
But I touched them only in the beginning.