Ame Damnee

R. L. Reid*
picked bouquets for many years. He was looking at the windmill, too.

I walked up sort of easy like, rested my arms on the fence, and looked over the farm yard. I waited awhile, then spoke slowly.

"Guess you'll be seeing that sun rise over your windmill for as long as you like, Henry."

**Ame Damnee**

*by R. L. Reid*

And now my soul is crucified upon a stone
my heart and hands burned through by tears,
I leave with your last kiss dwelling like a prayer
upon my lips
With your laughter lasting
in my brain
your tinkling laughter
And the dream of the promise in your smile
the lingering promise
dancing on my eyes.
Like a vision painted
dancing on my eyes
your image
dancing

( . . . We kissed in the cool green shadows,
twin phantoms in the twilight,
and smiled while the crystal river
ran laughing to tell the sea . . . )
No more to touch
the yielding of your lips
the gentle yielding
Or watch the shadows,
gray-green shadows,
flow around the darkness
of your eyes
the velvet darkness
Or feel the flowing sweetness of your breath
upon my throat
Or watch your dark hair dancing
wild in tumbling tresses
dancing in the wind
dancing
No more.

(. . . Will you come again with me
where the white sky fades
to the pale horizon . . .)

Far from me,
your dreams are floating far from me
and phantoms blend
to faces blending shadowed edges
scattering in the silence of your whisper
your frozen whisper
to the night in
quiet stillness
to me
No more.

(. . . You with your long hair flaming in the wind,
laugh by my side while we race stars.
We shall dance on shadows,
and sing in vacant deserts.
If you will come again with me . . .)