

# Love's Epitaph

## A song of lost love by Peter Brunette

1. He keeps a lock of her fine auburn hair;  
    She keeps an old photograph.  
Fragments of poetry still linger there,  
    Graven on love's epitaph.  
Gone are the halcyon days of their youth,  
    Days when they drank, free of care,  
From that pure fountain of beauty and truth  
    Made for young lovers to share.
2. Did bitter destiny draw them apart,  
    Unbending reason and rhyme?  
Or was it merely a failure of heart,  
    Merely the passage of time?  
What angry daemon from what flaming hell,  
    What hollow gestures of pride,  
Made them forget what they once knew so well,  
    Knew somewhere deep down inside?
3. Pale, scattered petals of yesterday's blooms,  
    Carried away on the wind;  
Fleeting encounters in dark hotel rooms;  
    Words on which frail hopes are pinned;  
Figures in shadows that fade to a blur,  
    Hauntingly distant and dim:  
These are the things that remind him of her,  
    Things that remind her of him.
4. He makes his way through the aspens and pines;  
    She makes her way through the firs—  
Pilgrims en route to their differing shrines,  
    His path as lonely as hers.  
He keeps a lock of her fine auburn hair;  
    She keeps an old photograph.  
Fragments of poetry still linger there,  
    Graven on love's epitaph.