

Mnemosyne

November's sombre; I slumber by
the window, remembering happier
days. Love's embers burn low:

I recall a December, the waters
amber, by the Humber River
when a lass smiled to me

joyfully: I took her small
form in my arms and in
the cold smiled in return . . .

But that was years ago: sombre
November is chill, sky overcast,
the air is still, the crow caws

as I slumber, unsure I am not
dreaming: all is seeming, nothing
is, the past is lost in haze . . .

KEN SAMBERG