

On Remembrance

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The view is growing smaller
From the glass at the back
In the hills, the sky is still close
As a band of gypsies passes by
Their music lingering behind
In the pinching coldness of dusk
Eyes glisten in the wilderness
As the view grows even smaller

Late in the night, the forest blooms
And somewhere far a nightingale hums
The voice lost as a stream nears
And in the vast stillness, moonlight
Glistens like pearls on her neck
The wheels keep rolling, farther
To somewhere, to nowhere
And the view keeps growing smaller