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paradise lost

as I strolled through the moonlit orchards of memory
where the blossom impended on the earth
and the sprouts of spring were growing slowly
I remembered;
the wind writing symphonies to your laughter
and odes to your flickering hazel hair;
It was back then when we sat upon the long stretches of sand
before a calm sea, the waves caressing the horizon,
as I your body with the motion of my eyes
I remembered,
what it meant to be joyous and in love, the most foreign state of mind,
as the full moon controlled the tide which
flushed away time and space from our glittering bodies,
and replaced it with the rays of the dawning sun
In my mind that moment will last forever, even if I shall not
Maybe I shall be part of a wave someday, washing away doubts
from young lovers\' hearts

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