

Dreams and Echoes

These tunnels now stand empty, reft of love,
as dark and lifeless as the rock above.
No voices beckon down each corridor,
nor laughter echo warmly any more.
The rhythm of the pipes is stilled, it seems,
the music of their message dead as dreams
that flourished here -- oh, once upon a time,
illuming both the secret and sublime.

One solitary figure lingers yet,
unable to forsake it or forget.
In every chamber, gallery and hall
he listens, hearing only silence fall;
a memory of echoes; and the sound
of his own walking-stick upon the ground.
If some elusive magic lingers too,
it follows gently, keeping hid from view.

One solitary figure bids farewell
this underworld where dreamers dared to dwell,
now hollow as it was when he began.
At last he turned, a lost and lonely man.
The journey out begins here even so --

But Father,
leave a candle when you go.

for Roy Dotrice (Father)

