

AISLING

Beautiful dream,
My love, my Aisling¹
Memories of you
Make my heart sing . . .

When I lay dying
You came and found me
With your gentle hands
You healed my body.

You live in the mist
Where I can't find you
You left me ashore
Then you withdrew.

But you took my heart
It's in your keeping
And left me hollow,
Forever weeping.

Are you a Faerie?
Or spirit of old?
Are you just a woman,
Whose heart is cold?

Are you afraid?
Have I scared you away?
Is my human heart
Too strong for the Fey?

Until find you,
I'll never rest
Am I doomed to wander
On this endless quest?

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¹ "Dream" in Scots Gaelic