

*My wings have broken the clouds.
The harps of the angels echo loud,
As I soar toward the majestic heavens.
The smile on my lips like the moon, crescent.*

*Stay on my wing and do not let go, my love!
Let me take you to the heavens high above,
For only with the angels do you belong.
Join them, my angel, and sing their song!*

*But soft! We have flown too high.
To the heavens, we have come too nigh.
Like Babel, we have been struck down.
My wings are broken; we fall to the ground.*

*You call to me, but our tongues are tied.
My ears are deaf to your fearful cries.
You drift from my wings to fall alone.
My pride is a sin for which I cannot atone.*

I poured a glass of wine and lit a cigar, and then I went on to the next poem. I spent hours reading Raul's melancholy verses of sorrow, all similar in tone to the first poem I read. They all seemed to be inspired by one woman who he had obviously loved deeply, only to have his heart broken. It seemed that his heart never mended, as I read the poem that had been at the top of the stack of papers, leading me to believe that it was the last one he had written.

*Let me drown in my tears,
For I shall not reach the shore.
I have been swimming for ten years;
I can endure it no more.*

*My arms are weak.
My breaths are growing shallow.
The future looks bleak,
To a heart that is hollow.*

*Are her nights sleepless like mine?
Does she share my sorrow?
Does her heart stand still in time
Or does she live in tomorrow?*

*Does she weep for me?
Does she dream of our past?
Does she wonder what we could be?
Or have I faded from her thoughts so fast?*

*No. I am but a distant memory to her,
If that at all.
I am no more than the leaves beneath her feet,
In the fall.*

*Let me drown in my tears.
I am not afraid of dying.
Living without her is all I fear.
Hopeless and weak, I am done trying.*

I let the sorrowful words linger. How awful for a man to die alone with a broken heart. But I suppose that is what he wanted. He wanted to be free of his pain and free of the hold this woman had on his heart, and now he was. I stacked the poems neatly and placed them back in their drawer.

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