

I Thought I Saw You Again

Anne Briggs

I thought I saw you again,
but then the day was fading
fleeing shadow on the hill
may be me remembering

early rising in the morn
to study my imagination
no swallow nor quail in the grass
only the winds complaining

how thou travels through my mind
no longer in my dwelling
no home for you in the town
the place in man's creation

through the woods, through the fields
lonely times without you
half expecting you'll appear
through the hedge beside me

many's the time I've tried to find
the reason for you're your going
the howling in my mind
the ghost of my decision

first hour of the dawn
late hour of the evening
I see you chasing away
phantoms of an eon

I thought I saw you again
but may be me remembering