

## Last Wish

Solstice

Deep in my soul a tender secret dwells  
Lonely and lost to sight for evermore  
Save when to you my heart responsive swells  
Then trembles into silence as before  
There in its center a sepulchral lamp  
Burns the slow flame eternal but unseen  
Which not the darkness of despair can damp  
Though vain its ray as it had ever been  
In some hidden crevice, of this grim cadaver

Comes from the deep a cry for fates graceful  
Favour  
The only thought that my heart, dare not brave  
Is my last love, cannot grant my last wish  
My fondest, faintest memories hear  
Grief for the dead, no virtue can reprove  
Then give me all I ever asked, a tear  
The first, last sole reward of so much love