

Phantom Pains

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Born of stars, and straining toward the sky,
They dream in light, who walk the night alone.
Memory or wish? that promise they could fly,
But for the scars by those unfit to cast the stone.
Deep yet close, like finely buried treasure,
Those pains that thus do stab, as tho' betwixt the blades,
That lonely ache, that recalls a hint of pleasure,
Differ'd from those wounds of earthly Life's charades.
O cursed void, whose empty weight afflicts the soul,
The stirrings of the heart, thy paradox belies,
As nature heeds, thy kindred rendered thus unwhole,
With mortality's flesh, but divinity's eyes.
We call them fallen, those wanderers of the race,
Seeking wings rebuilt, and Infinity's embrace.