The Candle

A candle burns bright in a window of gold
A beacon for life's weary heart
Promising beauty and splendours untold
Of a world that now keeps us apart
We travelled the path of our lives side by side
But this path you walked on your own
To a world where no pain and no suffering reside
While I stay in this world alone
So darling please tend to the candle for me
And nourish the flame lest it dies
Till the day when its radiant beauty I see
And it guides me at last to your side

by Catherine Turner

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