

Two souls at...

As I follow my shadow towards her,
I feel the cool stone beneath my feet.
Light creeps in through her traceries
And her presence dawns on me.
Barring a few souls and their prayers,
She is quiet, yet not empty.
And in this solitude
She speaks to me plenty.
Like a song, she unfolds at every corner,
Being her loudest near the water.

As my shadow follows me,
The stone now feels rough.
Shades of dusk grasp at her
And her presence fades to my senses.
Beyond the voices of families and children,
her voice is but a faint echo.
This is another song of hers,
But I am still listening to the former.