

Jonathan Wu

**THE TRANSCRIPT OF A HUMBLE
CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN IMMORTAL
AND A TOMBSTONE.**

I'll dread and cherish you
like a mayfly does December.
*The spring is only precious
Because it quiets with the winter.*

Thus far you've lined the bookshelves
with mementos that faded with you,
*So let that stand as proof
that the dust has loved me too.*

The candle in the snow
giving off its lonely light
*shall be loved for its simple brevity,
and thus never despite.*

So of all the mortal melancholies
the mayfly must remember,
*as his beloved once again returns to dust:
he can only love December.*

The road you've left me to walk
Is endless with your absence.

*I won't apologise
If you don't regret loving me.*