

CATHERINE OWEN

## Amor de Lonh

They knew long winters there.  
Ice drawing its hard face over the moat.  
Then the longer drought times of war.  
White & red of men leaving.  
How little we have learned to suffer.

Secrets that remain in this room.  
The ones of flesh, the burning ones.  
But can I lie felled for centuries like Heracles?  
All the harsh dust of Nemrut Dagi.  
Beyond Hope, the lushness of forests.

In your language, it is the “mountain of pain”.  
In mine, the place of release.  
Not even a dove between these words.  
Longing still crests within me.  
We are ghosts, after all.

Yet if we could have been chaste forever.  
What an epic of missing.

What an epic of missing.  
This, being chaste forever.  
We are ghosts, after all.

Longing still crests within me—  
Not even a dove between these words  
In mine, the place of release is your language—  
The mountain of pain beyond hope

All the lushness of forests, the harsh dust of Nemrut Dagi  
Where I lie felled for centuries like Heracles  
Or the ones of flesh, the burning ones.  
The secrets that remain in this room?

How little we have learned to suffer:  
White & red of men, leaving.  
The long drought times of war.  
Ice drawing its hard face over the moat

The longer winters.