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Love on a London Night

Laura Dishong

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LOVE ON A LONDON NIGHT

Laura Dishong

Remember when our love began?
 Fog of London his us there
 Lost in wonder, hope, and care.

Little knew the fallen clouds
 That within their coverlet
 Two lovers fast in arms were knit.

Little knew the fog horn far
 That announced the falling mist,
 That this chance we'd not resist.

Little knew the chiming "Ben",
 Passing time could not have mattered--
 His solemn toll, unheard, had scattered.

No one knew and no one cared
 But two hidden deep in night,
 Darkness turning wrong to right.

Remember once a London day.
 Had it lasted past the morn,
 Love, my dear, might not be torn.

Recalled vivid dreams of flight,
 dark land of Ares, blind of night.

He looked homeward in fear of curse,
 never suspecting fate's recourse.

Yet, hometown hordes, bodies and bands,
 welcomed a hero; hallowed man!

Banquets, feasts, printed acclaim,
 local boy, sacrosanct fame.

A few ribbons and medals of bronze and gold,
 stars, leaves and wings; so hold.

Repeated tales of strife, fire and din
 adored gazes from friends and kin.

Though strength and numbers favored them,
 definitely no match for their hero then.