

# Forever Goodnight

We stood in the fog at the river's edge  
While she spoke with her eyes of a cold, silent fear.  
For she knew the ferry would soon draw near  
And the Ferryman would fulfill his ancient pledge.

Her eyes became cloudy with pale respite  
That mirrored the fog of an eternal expanse.  
My soul could withstand but a fleeting glance  
As I closed her eyes, bidding forever goodnight.

I could almost hear the slow, lapping oar  
As it drank the sunken river in hungry sips.  
I placed a gold coin between once-red lips  
To secure my love's passage to the other shore.