

## A VILLANELLE OF FATE

WHEN the day of life is done,  
And the tools are laid aside,  
We shall slumber one by one.

Norns their threads of fate have spun —  
Lust and virtue, grace and pride —  
When the day of life is done.

All that we have here begun  
Must be scattered far and wide;  
We shall slumber one by one.

Gone the folly and the fun,  
Spilled the wine and spent the tide,  
When the day of life is done.

By the marge of Acheron  
Shall dear dreams be then denied,  
When we slumber one by one?

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Build your tower to the sun!  
Surely death may be defied.  
When the day of life is done,  
Shall we slumber one by one?