

sun
Still must I lose thee, wail and want thee, Love!
Go through the deserts; make all mountains mine;
Gain strength through struggle and be purified.
It is ordained that sometimes we sha'll meet
And pass, not knowing that we met; ordained
That I shall speak the word to thee in vain,
For thou shalt be a maid of many dreams
From which my voice would only frighten thee:
But, Nefertiti, all the paths we tread
In loneliness and pain converge at last—
Oh, with what love and laughter we shall meet!