

Words that she makes,
Holding the small one
Close to her breast.
Tell me, O Eater,
Why her white body,
Eyes and the red mouth,
Make me feel something
Where there is beating
Under my breast!
Why am I white,
Short-armed and tall?
Why am I broad
Over the eyes?
Why do we live
Here in the cave;
Why do they live
Low in the wood?
Tell me, O Changer!
Why Thou art never—
Never the same.

Thou art the Bubble
Blown from the lip
Of her who is Night!
Thou art the blossoms
Caught in the hair
Of her who is Night!
Thou art the Far One—
He who gets up
Out of his bed,