

AT THE LOOM

"Dear Mother, I cannot weave my web. I am overcome
with longing for the boy by the doing of the delicate Aphrodite."

I SIT in the cool blue dusk of the room
And hear the murmuring sound of the bees,
The threads lie stretched along the loom,
While the shuttle slides with rapid ease,
But my hands fall wide in the tender gloom,
For a whisper of love is abroad in the trees.

My web is white as the mist is white
That clings to the curve of the broken shore,
But the love in his eyes was a flame alight,