

AUG - 5 1965

SESTINA

Ah! never yet wandered through dusky wood,
Creature so cruel or by night or day,
As she I weep in shadow or in sun,
Unwearied through the hours of sleep or dawn;
For though my body be of mortal earth,
My heart's desire is born among the stars.

Ere I return to you, O radiant stars,
O let me lie within the amorous wood.
What though my body turn once more to earth,
If she be moved to pity—in one day
She could restore lost years—before the dawn,
Could bless me through the hours uncheered by sun.

Were I with her from setting of the sun,
And none to watch us but the silent stars,
One night alone—a night that knows no dawn—
Nor let her be transformed to leafy wood,
And there escape my arms, as on the day
When Phoebus followed Daphne o'er the earth.

But I shall lie beneath in that dark wood,
The hours shall pass lit by their thousand stars,
Ere on so fair a dawn shall rise the sun.