

## From the "Sonnet" of Felix Arvers

Within my soul there lies a secret, thieved  
Eternally from Love, that knows no sleep.  
All innocent is she whose name lies deep  
Enshrined upon my heart, nor has she grieved  
With love's kind sorrow; naught have I achieved  
Though always at her side. Thus shall I keep  
My secret, while I live. How might I reap  
Rewards unsought, when none can be received?

For she, to whom God gave a soul so tender,  
Goes calmly on her way, and will not hear  
The murmured homage Love would gladly render;  
So pure is she, so quiet and austere!  
Scanning my lines, "Who can this angel be?"  
She smiling asks -- and fails herself to see.