

LOVE AND TIME

M.L. McCarthy

Time like a spider lurks to snatch my love.
Maia's sweet rose will dry, and fade, and fall;
Her passions, and those plots she's thinking of,
Will drop with her, and the damp ground eat all,
Levelled in this wide earth's one funeral,
Like mice and leaves, dragged with Persephone
Deep under blind soil, till Demeter call
New life up, towards another exequy.
Dying in herself, my love will die in me,
Whose conscious lamp swift, lapsing years will waste;
Whose vessel's loaded with mortality.
How soon my swarm of minutes will have raced!
How furtively the incessant seconds move!
Time, hungry spider, will suck void my love.

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