

THE PASSING OF LAURA

Philip Higson

(after Petrarch)

The eyes whereof I wrote so glowingly,
The arms, the hands, the feet, the countenance
That set me with myself at variance
And from all other being singled me;

The curls that shone with golden purity,
And flashing smiles of angel-radiance
That wrought of earth a heaven with their glance,
Are now scant dust, insensate utterly.

And yet I live; whereat I grieve and scorn
This self that lacks the light it held so dear,
A crippled ship in towering seas forlorn.

So let my amorous song find ending here:
Dried is the vein of skills long proudly borne,
And vowed henceforth my lyre to sobbings drear.

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