

# 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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