

TO THE BELOVED

Phillip A. Ellis

Golden-flowered eyes adored,
lay I low my crimson sword
ever down before your feet,
as is asked, and as is meet
for a man adoring fair
golden-flowered eyes and hair,
as is asked, and as is right
of a man before comes night.

Golden-hearted love, supine
lay I low, with gift of wine
golden-throated, chill and clear
as a mountain stream, and near
unto mine own heart I keep
counsels pale and hardly deep
as the winds beside your eyes
gold-imbued and golden-wise.

Since I seem, and here be truth,
ever fool beside you, ruth
falls upon my uttered word
scarce deserving to be heard,
save to utter "I have sinned."
Golden-heart, my lips have limned
hymns as vain as breath against
whims delightfully dispensed.

Golden-flowered eyes, I stay
here before you, night and day
slave and abject heart, who yearns
for your fire that ever burns
dross to dust that's cast upon
risen winds, and soon is gone,
lay myself before you, fate
sparing me from mocking hate.