

## 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.