POET’S LOVE—WOMAN’S LOVE

I.

POET’S LOVE.

MY LOVE, thou art the end of all desire!
Thou art the fire
That warms my life, and lights it!—thou
the balm
To cool and calm.
My life, my death, and my eternity
Mean only thee—
And more than these, thou art my Poetry.

II.

WOMAN’S LOVE.

THOU art my Poetry, O poet-king,
Master, and friend.
Thou art my song, my help, my comforting
Unto the end. . .

But more than these, thou art my love, my life,
Both here and now
And through and after death—eternal life
Is only thou. . .

Eternal life can serve but to prolong
Thy highest call,
For man is more than poet, life than song,
And love than all.

—Curtis Hidden Page.