



# TWO SONNETS

*Posted on January 1, 2018 by Lysias Silens*



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I.

You sit besplendoured midst celestial spheres,  
To beass you is thus fit heaven's joy:  
Just as the mists play upon placid meers  
And hearts in love must first wisdom employ.

How is the tree in just one seed embowed?  
How comes the earth to conceal each bright face?  
What silence emblazons the drifting cloud?  
Why yearns the soul for the fire's embrace?

It is you alone that bestir the heart  
And give the eye grand Promethean light;  
In your limbs is found the highest of art  
To kneel 'fore which is supernal delight.

When Now grace and reason are wedded in you,  
When As the fresh day's herald is dawn's soft dew.

II.

Like lightning that strikes through the mighty oak  
To find the arcane, dark richness of earth,  
So does the patience of reason invoke  
Grand gestures of both sadness and high mirth.

I reach forth in silence the joy of you  
Which bepens your name upon my blank soul;  
It is the mark of you, the purest hue,  
The very urge that makes the sea to roll.

How halting the tongue that seeks to extol  
The consummation found hidden in you,  
The charter of which is read by but few  
Like slow plaintiff birdsong that must condole.

When Like leaves and flowers true Nature convokes,  
When So are my scanty words for you bespoke.

*The photo shows, "Waiting By The Window," by Carl Holsøe, date not known.*

