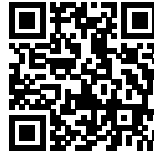




# TWO SONNETS

*Posted on December 1, 2017 by Lysias Silens*



I.

The sleeping eye in grandest dreams is lost,  
And in vast emptiness is dowsed and tossed,  
Where the world with eternity is crossed,  
And darkness abides with pleasure untold.

The turning wheel of time leans to rapture,  
Like breath is pressed and driven to capture  
The memories upon the tongue that fracture  
All the years gathered into life's strong hold.

Multured sighs are sands upon the bright shore  
Of lives lived, forgotten, as ages roar  
Into boundless eons which spread before  
That endless unknown span where stars unfold.

When shadows linger and when shadows fall  
The blood remembers the high All, in all.

II.

You are the gild and dance of deathless fire  
That holds the colloquy of things long past.  
What wisdom is caught in this earth's dense brier,  
Where dreams are ragged sails upon a mast?

The seamless spheres of day that cannot fade  
Mold rich patterns, though none can yet define  
High Beauty's spreading calm which must abrade  
This heart that it may not lie content like wine.

The whisper of your words is richer feast  
As soars the arch despite the load of stone.  
The building of my soul my breath increased,  
That I might each hour, each minute atone.

The seamless stretch of time is your delight,  
Which all may now have for a widow's mite.

*The photo shows, "Poème de l'âme 14: Sur la Montagne," by Louis Janmot.*

