



You Who Turn From Love

You who turn from love in pain,
turn gently: heed the softer counsels of the world.
As a slender branch whips back
from the weight of so many ravens;
as the tulip wilts for moisture in the heat
to stand once more within the glistening dew,
rejuvenation whispers,
as subtle as the snowflakes meagre shadow.

You who turn from love in pain,
turn kindly: seek the tender cycles of the world.
The winter greets with joy-flung arms
the first fog's slow return, and so the moon
shall know its lover's face, the sun sinks
without quarrel. Spring dances without clothes
as Autumn looks on, waiting, and neither
will depart the grand design.

You who turn from love in pain,
turn slowly: nothing exists but purpose,
and the born to love must love
although the season's on the wane,
just as the quiet swan floats upon the lake
and the heron wades the shallows,
though the fickle water's edge subsides, and rises
and recedes.?