



Ode

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ODE

Brittany Blake

To Heorot

My dearest love, how I long for thee!
When I yearn for nourishment, thou feedest me.
I grasp for words which thy beauty describe,
Thy pleasing water is such I love to imbibe.

And yet, my love, thou teasest and jest,
One moment the worst, the next moment the best!
Thou stormest and rage 'gainst my battered soul,
That small ship at sea which doth rock and doth roll.

When thou lovest I swim in sweet ecstasy's waves,
And in thy sweetness I find all my heart craves,
But then thou art cold, thou art quiet and numb,
And thy coolness of heart doth strike me quite dumb.

I know I should leave thee, but I have not the strength,
For escaping thy clutches would take a world's length.
Each time that I try to escape thy tight grasp,
I find thou hast twined thyself round my heart like an asp.

I burn, pine, and perish at the mere thought of thee,
As thou tosses my heart on thine own heartless sea.
Thou art tempestuous, dark, all forms of obscene
And I forswear that each word I assuredly mean.

Thou betrayest me daily, from noon through the night,
But I cannot escape thee, try hard as I might.
Though my eyes should be dry, I know I shall weep
At every false promise thou failest to keep.

Our love is untrue, unjust, and impure,
Yet I know for a fact that there is not a cure.
Then I suffer in silence, with my heart slowly breaking,
Until it is truth that thy hands will be making.