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The Criterion An International Journal in English

ISSN: 0976-8165

Untitled

Charles Bane

My love's sweet dreams are where we must meet to soothe the ache of lonely ties, but are they not a finer place? What is the sun? A common turn of flaxen thread scattering wastes overhead that weather conscious life. But at twilight, love, all the flooring's swept, the loom removed in lowering steps and a hearth of sparks is overturned. In transit hours I know unfailing life. Did we not walk in reverie an Eden of the evening long? Did we not halt at an airy cataract, and naked in rapture, press our lips below its spill? Do I not love you well who carries from his sleep an odor of stars?