



26

Nearer to me than breath and yet - Alas!
Your distance's unimaginably vast
Still You were trapped by Love poor dear and so
Will You not let our union come to pass?



27

My frail attempts to wash my rags aright
Tendered Your grace which couldn't but ignite -
At cost of wounds of weeping and of tears
The pyre which will burn forever bright.



28

Oh Love , have pity I can dance no more
Your frantic drumming strains me to the floor
I've swapped the world and life to win Your smile
When shall my Self see SELF for evermore.

.11.

