



57

Ah who can charm my restlessness to rest
What song will melt some mercy from Your breast
 Take heart Oh rushing pain Oh painful bliss
The oyster's woe regales a regal dress.



58

You lured me past my depths by tone and hue
I thank the faith that kept my purpose true
 Truth is the struggle - so fixated that
My bubble balks before it bursts in You.



59

What is this mead that made me mad for more
What medicine this that aggravates the sore
 You sparked a raging pain then promptly left
I cannot tell the ocean from the shore.

