

## The Falling Age

Julia Holter

"A rock there is where, as they say, the ocean dew distills.  
And from its beetling brow, there pours a copious stream  
for pitchers to be dipped therein.  
'Twas here I had a friend washing robes of purple in the trickl  
ing stream,  
and she was laying them out to dry on the face of a warm and su  
nny rock.  
From her I heard the tidings...  
See, here the wretched sufferer comes.  
His youthful flesh and golden hair  
have lost their beauty.  
Oh, what pain!  
What double grief has fallen on these halls  
and swooped on them  
from heaven."