

Winter Noon

Darkseed

Well, my kind, in silence sad
trip we after what we read
We the globe can compass soon
swifter than the wandering moon

I look to like
if looking liking prays
I gather thorns
seek night to happy days

On life's vast ocean do we sail
I pity myself, cause passion is the gale

Tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew
I know my grievance or be much denied
Mistempered sorrow, fear me not!
You dreamt a dream tonight and so did I

And since you wove dreams of joy and fear
which made me terrible and dear
But I arose and saw the dawn
when light rode high and was gone