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## Song

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## SONG

Ah, now, my love, death strides the lawns,  
 A glistening panther in the dark.  
 I see the dead moon in the pines  
 Hang motionless and cold as rock.

Give me your glory, give me love.  
 The bats and whirring moths of night  
 Contend with me: and what you give  
 Within the motionless dark is sweet.

The hollow phantoms leer. The night  
 Is cold, and death sits on the moon.  
 Triumphantly the dark owls hoot,  
 And only your beauty lies between.

## O NORTH, NORTH

O North, North, our hypothetic angles—  
 Our hypothetic angels—take your time  
 With snows and winters to impress our world  
 With coldness, and what coldness is. The touch

Of frost upon our window hardens, hardens  
 The will in us to live. Unmatchable  
 Beauties of cloud and air, unchangeable  
 Adaptations of the seasons, green and blue,

Pursue us constantly. They change the time,  
 The motions of the heart and all our notions.  
 And with the beauty of our happiness—  
 And all in love is happiness—there goes

This cold beauty, an air-cold clime,  
 Winter with such dispassionate clouds  
 And frost silvering the Northern peaks. O now,  
 When such exaggerations speak in us