

## Forces

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# Dover at Eventide

Christina Lamb

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## Dover at Eventide

Christina Lamb

Indeed the sea is fair  
The dancing stars light up each wave  
In eerie brilliance, mirrored everywhere  
Someday, my dear, I fear that we shall find  
We tried too hard to figure out this shore  
To notion and emotion freely gave  
Till those who nature's beauty would ignore  
Would laugh at us to see how we had pined

Observe the moon once more  
And see, my love, how frail the form above  
And far below, the image we adore  
Entombed beneath the glassy sea, is lost  
As a great pearl, winking from the depths  
Deeper and deeper - still sinking; yet, in the air a dove  
Winging her way to heaven, which gladly accepts  
While to and fro below, the ghastly glow is tossed

Alone above; below, already dead  
Are not the stars that gather round her head  
The luckier by far, though lesser known?  
The night is theirs - the sea and dance, their own  
They don't disguise the melancholy there  
They embody it and equally must share  
My love, let us hold onto love first  
Instead of just each other - the worst  
Is yet to come; it shall take a humanity  
Of love to weather the angry sea  
Let us bathe ourselves within life's endless flow  
And feel the strength of the undercurrent's tow  
We'll lose ourselves within the stars' refrain:  
Joy is meaningless apart from pain.