



The World on Which We Stand

When I lie down with you, how can I care
if there is heaven, earth, or hell?

Love, we know the world on which we stand :
a monster's back, as in old stories,

and only for an hour, drifting in peace,
it grants this calm on its green scales.

The conflicts of love, my cycles of exhaustion,
the merry tremors of your body,

absorb us now, absorb our lives that flow
away with each last heat and pleasure.

No wonder in the intervals we pray
to be left alone, and almost dream

that if we went to the door and the world were gone,
we would turn back to our bed, content.

A. F. MORITZ