

# Thalarion, Sonnet Of My Grief

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly  
As once Elektra her sepulchral urn  
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn  
The ashes at thy feet, behold and see  
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me  
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn  
Through the ashen greyness, if thy foot in scorn  
Could tread them out to darkness utterly  
It might be well perhaps, but if instead  
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow  
The grey dust up ... those laurels on thine head  
O my beloved, will not shield thee so  
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred  
The hair beneath, stand further off then! Go!

(Taken from the Elizabeth B. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese")