**PARTINGS**

Your sharpest twang shall not outsing

The unsuspecting pitch of birds:

Deliver her from shades of night,

Protect her from the waking light!

Yet who shall quail before the snake

Which coiling on the midday path

Itself will cease, beneath the reaping moon

Will yield to scythings by and by?

And who shall hold the tiny rain

Or compass round the nimble breeze?

The rivers freeze and none may seize

The darting fish unseen, below.

