

THE CELIBATE

I saw a flame
Warm
Pulsing with beauty, never the same
Form.
Proudly it shone;
Still
It was cool, tho' never, like the dawn,
Chill.
It did not burn,
Scorch,
Or hurt, it merely seemed to turn
A torch
Into life's hallways
Bare,
Give them a glow as if they were always
Fair.

Is there a brasier
Where
It can nicely shine into the hazier
Air?
It must be of gold--
For
Nothing else that flame could hold--
Or
Silver bright,
To
Cradle the warmth and far outspread the light.

You
Are the flame;
I
Am but common lead; to tame
Thy
Fire to my ungainly mould
Would choke it out; gold
Should
Contain you; If I felt
Fire
I would flow away and melt.
Desire
Is not for me
And
Love of course will ever be
Banned.