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Portrait

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Portrait

Cover Page Footnote

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Alfonso Borrelli

TROTH

You speak quiet
To me my tormentor,
As though we were
Alone;
And once again
I say to you,
Admitting I love not me
But another,
"As fleeting beauty
Do I go
Where none can be
But are;
Where winds from the east
Caress thy breast
And Murmur soft hymns of love;
Here in this realm
I hear thy life's pulse,
Like the strains of an organ
In the depths of a Church . . .
And I sip soured wine,
And inhale foul odors,
But sense instead
Hair of brunette
And taste only lips of red."

PORTRAIT

She whispers softly
Thoughts I have never heard,
While her tongue is still
And her look grown cold.
Her lips I Kiss
But never touch;
And her fingers entwine
About those of mine
But never hold my hand.
Her eyes gaze deeply
Where mine have been;
And I tell her I love her,
But into her ear
I never speak.