

THRENODY

POETS die because they find
Words too petty to express
All the things they have in mind.
Rime and rhythm only dress
All their naked loveliness.

Poets die because their love
Grows too great for life to stem;
Death alone can soar above
Limits that encircle them.

Poets die because—but why
Should divine ones be divined?
Let the sleeping secret lie!
It suffices—poets die.