

ORIENTALE

I

i spoke to thee
 with a smile and thou didst not
 answer
 thy mouth is as
 a chord of crimson music
 Come hither
 O thou, is life not a smile?

i spoke to thee with
 a song and thou
 didst not listen
 thine eyes are as a vase
 of divine silence
 Come hither
 O thou, is life not a song?

i spoke
 to thee with a soul and
 thou didst not wonder
 thy face is as a dream locked
 in white fragrance
 Come hither
 O thou, is life not love?

i speak to
 thee with a sword
 and thou art silent
 thy breast is as a tomb
 softer than flowers
 Come hither
 O thou, is love not death?