

Late Young Love

That one--alluring--

the boy—so charming--

That one that I sought:

first forbidden joy,

By another bought,

captured to alloy;

Unbeknownst my self,

--tantalizing toy,--

that one--seductive--

the enthralling boy,

shadowing, lingers,

Always there ever

a cold-eyed sailor,

ship passed in cool murk.

Cast me one last spar

from collision's wreck,

one last sinking spar

astride

to ride.

Beneath the dark deep

I cling still, rig-caught

Beneath a tempest fraught,

pulled down

most drowned.

--J. F. Lowe

