

Mistress Tears

Dismal Euphony

As the earth does weep
the sun being set
Each flower moistened
like a melting eye
I have deserved all tongues
to speak their bitterness over me
The lake of my treasures darken
being blown with the wind
Her circled eye
enforced by sympathy
of those fair suns
set in her mistress sky
who in a salt-waved ocean
quench their light
which makes the maid weep
like the dewy night
Grief dallied with
no law nor limit knows
deep woes roll silent
like gentle wind
Behold the thorns
hidden under each rose
Distress like dumps when
time is kept with tears

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