

Slight

Enea

There's a slight I heard before it's time
And you can comfort me
In a way, I throw my weight upon a lie
Is it not enough to lie within?
And if it stands to right
Is it brought against to bear
Beneath the slight?

If it's so unkind
So uncertain, fine
We'll be still surprised
No more less inclined
What will stay to lead away the doubt?
The use of which 'til now
Is it all involved and high enough without?

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