

JOSEPH

If the stars fell; night's nameless dreams Of bliss and blasphemy came true,
If skies were green and snow were gold, And you loved me as I love you;

O long light hands and curled brown hair, And eyes where sits a naked soul;
Dare I even then draw near and burn My fingers in the aureole?

Yes, in the one wise foolish hour God gives this strange strength to a man.
He can demand, though not deserve, Where ask he cannot, seize he can.

But once the blood's wild wedding o'er, Were not dread his, half dark desire,
To see the Christ-child in the cot, The Virgin Mary by the fire?