

DON JUAN

IT is Isis the mystery  
Must be in love with me.

Here this round ball of earth  
Where all the mountains sit  
Solemn in groups,  
And the bright rivers flit  
Round them for girth.

Here the trees and troops  
Darken the shining grass,  
And many people pass  
Plundered from heaven,  
Many bright people pass,  
Plunder from heaven.

What of the mistresses  
What the beloved seven?  
--They were but witnesses,  
I was just driven.

Where is there peace for me?  
Isis the mystery  
Must be in love with me.