

A BAD BEGINNING

THE yellow sun steps over the mountain-top
And falters a few short steps across the lake--
Are you awake?

See, glittering on the milk-blue, morning lake
They are laying the golden racing-track of the
sun;
The day has begun.

The sun is in my eyes, I must get up.
I want to go, there's a gold road blazes before
My breast--which is so sore.

What?--your throat is bruised, bruised with my
kisses?
Ah, but if I am cruel what then are you?
I am bruised right through.

What if I love you!--This misery
Of your dissatisfaction and misprision
Stupefies me.

Ah yes, your open arms! Ah yes, ah yes,
You would take me to your breast!--But no,

You should come to mine,
It were better so.

Here I am--get up and come to me!
Not as a visitor either, nor a sweet
And winsome child of innocence; nor
As an insolent mistress telling my pulse's beat.

Come to me like a woman coming home
To the man who is her husband, all the rest
Subordinate to this, that he and she
Are joined together for ever, as is best.

Behind me on the lake I hear the steamer drum-
ming
From Austria. There lies the world, and here
Am I. Which way are you coming?