

VALENTINE

And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself,
And Sylvia is myself; banished from her
Is self from self—a deadly banishment.

What light is light if Sylvia be not seen?
What joy is joy if Sylvia be not by—
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection?
Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.