

# Lights and Shadows

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## A Vigil

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A Vigil

Run, my lady, you are late;  
Bare feet in the wild strawberries,  
Love is sweet or not at all;  
Run, my lady, I will wait.

Tripping down the slope, my lady,  
Where the forest merges swamp;  
Careful, lover, of the dusk now--  
For that path at noon is shady.

Walk, my lady, carefully,  
Padding on the mossy footlog;  
Wake the screech owl in the cypress  
With your shrill, astonished plea!

Slip, my lady? stumble, fall?  
Disappear in brackish water?  
(And I, looking toward its dark wake,  
Fail to see the water snake.)