I think of thee!

for Vermont Virtuosi

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Sons from the Portuguese XXIX

I think of thee! my thoughts do twine and
bud About thee, as wild as vines about a tree,

Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought to see Except the
straggling green which hides the wood.

Yet, O

my palm tree, be it understood.

I will not have my thoughts instead of thee

who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly re-

new thy presence, as a strong tree should,
I think of thee!

rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare

And let these bands of greenery which in-sphere thee...

Drop heavily down, - burst, shattered

everywhere! Because, in this

deep joy to see and hear thee, And

breathe within thy shadow a new air, I do not

think of thee— I am

too near thee.