for Beth Griffith

I lift my heavy heart

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

(Sonnets from the Portuguese V) Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

What a great heap of grief lay hid in me
And how the red wild spark les dim ly

As once Ele c tra her sepul chral urn...
burn Through the ash-en gray-ness.

If thy foot

be-side me for the wind to blow

those laur-ecls on thine head

thee so, That none of all the fires

Stand far-ther off then!

burn Through the ash-en gray-ness.

If thy foot

be-side me for the wind to blow

those laur-ecls on thine head

thee so, That none of all the fires

Stand far-ther off then!