

# “THE BARRIER”

BY

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The Midnight wooed the Morning–Star,  
And prayed her: “Love come nearer;  
Your swinging coldly there afar  
To me but makes you dearer!”

The Morning–Star was pale with dole  
As said she, low replying:  
“Oh, lover mine, soul of my soul,  
For you I too am sighing.

“But One ordained when we were born,  
In spite of Love’s insistence,  
That Night might only view the Morn  
Adoring at a distance.”

But as she spoke the jealous Sun  
Across the heavens panted.  
“Oh, whining fools,” he cried, “have done;  
Your wishes shall be granted!”

He hurled his flaming lances far;  
The twain stood unaffrighted—  
And Midnight and the Morning—Star  
Lay down in death united!