

POETRY BY THE PAGE

Volume 7, Number 8

December 1982

THE SHEPHERD AGAIN

Marlowe Revised / Raleigh Refuted

Come! Live with me and be my love!
And we shall fly to mountaintops
and faerylands
above the thunder and the stars
and there we shall lie down in peace.

The joyful birds
shall sing and grace our ears as we
each other's bodies do embrace.

O, soft, soft skin!
Come live with me and be my love
and spring shall last eternally.

Eternally!
for love its own green fields doth make,
and keeps the smiling moon alive;
it's love makes spring
so how can spring or flowers die,
if only in our hearts they live?

Together we
shall laugh and roam away from earth's
grim chains of time and age and fear,
forever, free!

To mountaintops and faerylands
come, live with me, and be my love!