

reflections on the reading of J. Alfred Prufrock

Hard upon the golden stair
i wait, i wait, and time will tell
of empty raptures o'er the years
in equal measure, happy tears
Turning, posing, still unknowing
as we wonder, all forgoing
youth's forbearance stems the tide
and echoing the stars do bide
a kinsman's wroth
in wooing.

The voice returns, I hear it now
and still descending we surmise
the telling feats, that somehow rise
in reticence undoing
were you to see me standing there
uplifted eyes upon the rare
celestial beauty i've become
the moment's fixed, and nature done
you'd never welcome grace unlearned
despite its past
unearthly wrong.

You may have never been afraid
of knowing what the seas do hold
a sylph unholy measuring time
in silken raptures stilled in rhyme
yet faithless, and you knew it well
she took you in her arms to dwell
you walked there quick, in measure fine
it mattered not, your sweltering
silence intent
in ruin.

Why did you wait and holding back
exquisite sharp-edged words remark
exceeding quick, within your brain
nay let them out, embittered strain
of watching teacups shattering down
and biscuits shared, without a sound
of woman's secret giving ways
your claim was pitched, but not your age
in shadows stealing every flaw
and rimmed with rage
unspoken.