



Julie Borasso 67

The sea is calm and quiet is my soul,  
The lion's roar an echo come and gone;  
And wise men's holy words berate, cajole  
This hasty heart, now suffering truth alone;  
Please know that pride has shamed me long ago,  
And I, not it, was beaten in the act  
Of hiding what my deeper senses know:  
That love's a game, if pride must be intact;  
But games of love are played like warring nations,  
The scent of which is devilishly clear:  
No room for weakness -- sorrow's revelations --  
How robbed by love is love, by human fear;  
O, let me be the loser, for I win;  
My wisdom grows from out my conqueror's sin.