

## The Place with No Name

By Ian Rons

Let the heavens indulge in the passionate frenzy,  
The dance-crazed immortal and feathersome kiss,  
To the wilds of the forests and the waves of the sea,  
In darkness I haunt thee, O love-cherished loss!

In the years of remorse, and the wordless-but-twain,  
I never denied thee, desired thee no less! I forgot thee,  
And taunt thee, though my words are but jest –  
Yet remorseless and vagrant, I haunt thee no less.

Would the worlds could collide, and our passions be wedded!  
(Would that I could believe in this love for a time!)  
Though the word is but wasted on such as our parted,  
Can our stars and their splendour be joined for all time?

I have many a thought, and many a sigh; and my heart  
Is on fire with mere fancies and follies –  
Though with all of it lusting for to blend with thy secrets:  
Thy innermost tendence irrevocably mine.

As my thoughts at thy service are deemed so eternal,  
(Disdain and derision be left at the door!)  
With one heart, one voice and one unified solitude,  
Let us but dine at our mansion tonight!

Let us both ignorance, passion, deny;  
Let us frolic in fancy, but live not for wine!  
Let us love one another, no thought for the grammar;  
Let us learn an eternal rhyme of the mind!

Let us love one another, the world be our daughter!  
(Let us live all alone, for the child I disown!)  
Though the world is my witness, my secret, my keepsake:  
I left it for thee, and its worship was thine.

I gave all for the light, for the good, for the just –  
And I find in my darkness such love for thy life.  
Though I care more than soul for the love of those floosies,  
I will leave Earth to rust, and the Æon go fly!

I would fly to thy solitude and flinches and bitterness,  
(And keep from thee nought of my distaste of thee.)  
I would leap like a salmon 'gainst thy wave of thy doubt of me,  
And follow it down to thy faultless unshame.

For no-one but thee could speak ill, and then let me –  
Thou kissest for love of the virtues of vice!  
For the freedom of lust and the treasure of wildness,  
For loving thy Master, and the coldness of wine!

Then let me adore thee – in secret, in shadow –  
And let me then kiss thee in warm April sun!  
O finally, firmly – with courage the epsilon –  
Pull me towards thee, the place with no name!