

When I then fain a work of art would make

When striving to achieve a polished art,
Of weight and wit that stretches highest mind,
Inciting mental engines in each part,
With form and beauty difficult to find;
The mind cannot unduly gain to soar,
Nor heart its thoughtless feelings move unchecked,
But each must yield to grace the other more,
Its total strength with which to be bedecked.
Then in passion's mind and mind's great heart,
Each death unites to live in sportive play,
Like man and maid, the two combine in art,
And glorify their progeny's display.
In this our being surely does ascend,
With all its mighty powers to expend.

By Brian Coatney