

Puzzle 9

As from the first I melancholy yearned
To drown the bottom reaches of my pain
So thou, the source of all my troubles, spurned
What birth of joy I sought in thy disdain.
The terminus of love is like a flame,
Its death brought swift by rainfall from afar.
Too soon I find the dawn and its cold shame;
Our wounds precede the onset of thy star.
O untrue love, beginning endless war!
Let thy harsh genesis be left, and so
Away I fly, and seek conclusion for
The storm whose end I sought so long ago.
Oft callous love doth preface endless harm,
And cruel finale follows dearest charm.