



Tempt me not to load my boat with debt,
but give me leave to go away empty handed,
lest the price of love that you ^{recklessly} pay
should only reveal the poorness of my heart.
I can but litter your life with ^{my} torn shreds of my pain,
and keep you awake at night with the moan of my lonely dreams.
It is better that I remain speechless
and help you to forget me.

While ^{walking on} my solitary way
I ^{met you in the dark} nightfall.
I was about to ask you to ^{take my hand}
when I ^{gazed} at your face and was afraid.
For I saw there the glow of the fire that lay asleep
in the deeps of your heart's dark ^{silence}.
If in my frenzy I waken it up into flames
it can only throw ^{a glimmer} on the brink
of my emptiness.
I know not what sacrifice ^{is mine}
to offer to your love's sacred fire.
I bend my head and ^{traverse} on to my barren end
provisioned with the remembrance of ^{our} meeting.

H. P. Lovecraft

Nov. 20
1924