

Tone Poem

Fischerspooner

In the sanctuary
Of private rhetoric
When a bustling crowd intrudes
Where rival ship meets no incentive
To impale its reckless course
(1, 2, 3, 4)

Where all is lulled
To peace and quiet
Is of all places
The most appropriate
To illuminate

The sparkling fires of love
And receive in turn the electro-darts
Of sweet devotion

Sparkling fires
Electro-darts