

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly
As once Elektra her sepulchral urn
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
The ashes at thy feet, behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
Through the ashen greyness, if thy foot in scorn
Could tread them out to darkness utterly
It might be well perhaps, but if instead
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow
The grey dust up ... those laurels on thine head
O my beloved, will not shield thee so
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred
The hair beneath, stand further off then! Go!

[Taken from the Elizabeth B.Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese"]