

The One

Hard is the life of the one who is sad;
One cause remains for the one to be glad.
Now is the time to seek life that was lost;
The one perceives grace as he counts the cost:

The weight on the one has been seen to be heavy;
A load laid lightly that the lover did levy.
That load was laid by a lover by design;
The one does now know that the burden was benign.

Glad is the one who is pursued by the lover,
Hounded by another that is ever wholly other,
Found by the other through an error that was covered,
And freed from the burden by which one may be smothered.

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