

JUAN SEBASTIAN CORNET ARCE • **BALLAD TO A WOMAN**

Winter floated in the air when she came
Yet summer flourished for me all the same,
Because by order of some godly whim
Sunlight blazed in this fairy without kin.

Each smile she gave was a rose born in May;
For me, them, or the rest, I cannot say.
All I dare affirm, avow, and decree
Is that she alone lapped my heart in glee.

Because no sunlight appeared on that day
She just had to turn into a sun ray;
And whatever eyes were coming her way
In guilt and disgrace were glancing away.

All of her words were musical sonnets
Twinkling in and out like pretty comets,
But it was her smile, by the great Heaven,
What cheered me that sad morning at seven.

I ask how it is that all about her
Sounded exactly like lovely Wagner?
What prophet of music and poesy
Envisioned her coming in prophecy?

Wish that I could hear all of her prayers
In the name of us all, sinful players.
How blissful it must be to wake to her smile
So sunny, loveable, and free of guile.

