

# She is a thing that worships air

She is a thing that worships air and is it,  
breathes and has learned its very name.  
She is a creature of the Earth, and when I visit,  
it comes to me I cannot say the same.

She is a drinker of the holy wool and water;  
she is a wearer of the cotton and the wheat.  
She is a victim of the happy looks of God  
but will, I fear, his reservoirs deplete.

She is a human in the first and second acts  
of life; she is a lover in the last.  
She eats with death, and there will be no more of her,  
nor him, when they have finished their repast.