

## **a second troy**

That she should choose solitude or  
The love of a mountain, or other men  
He could not blame her, nor  
That she should inspire  
In him a loyal and constant memory.  
*Had they but courage equal to desire?*  
But her courage was not in question  
Being what she was, focused and strong  
And most capable of inflicting an impression -  
Even in her steadfast absence he yearns;  
The myth folds over on itself  
And like another Troy he burns.