Lullaby (1969–1971)

Lullay, lullay, like a child,
Shiver in sleep, thou art beguiled.

Pity the sensuous caravan
That shuffles in thy body’s sleep;
I have thee bounded in my arms
And will thy safety silent keep,
Will turn to seek thy gaze awake,
Thine open eyes curved and wild
As turneth earth to the waning moon.
Lullay, my darling, like a child,
Shiver in sleep, thou art beguiled.

We shelter in the waning eaves
Over the night, beneath the rain,
In autumn’s middle, and where the year
Slants to the earth and back again.
Beguile thee, love, from slivering time
And I shall guard thee yet awhile
From the nakedness that children fear;
And so besleep thee like a child
While as in sleep thou art beguiled.