**Saul at Jeshimon [First Variant] (1967)**

*And Saul lay in his tent, and the people pitched round about him... then said Abishai to David, God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day... and David said to Abishai, Destroy him not... but I pray thee, take now the spear that is at his bolster, and the cruse of water, and let us go...*

1 Samuel 26: 5–11

*Through shadows over the seductive sand*
*And across shapes I know better than sleep*
*Comes David, where we lie upon the slope;*
*As Jonathan dreams sweetly of his friend*
*Not knowing I am wakeful without end.*
*The lion child that I have hunted creeps*
*Into the tent for water*
*which now drops*
*Forever, into the terrifying sand.*

*Spilled water. Two men in my dream, lovestruck,*
*Lie with an ancient tome between their hands,*
*Passion an animal, haughty and fierce —*
*But turn again to the desired book;*
*And all our vain desires fall like tears*
*Upon the dumb and multitudinous sand.*