

He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

Words: William Butler Yeats, from *The Wind Among the Reeds*, 1899

Music eventually, perhaps.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

This used to be one of my favorites back when I was young, lonely, and depressed. Some day it may acquire music. Somewhere in the house I have a necklace of blue and white beads, where each blue bead represents a letter of this poem. It was given to me by the young lady who took my virginity, one magical night in the summer of 1970. It wasn't love, but seemed something stranger and more mystical to me. Might have been simple pity on her part, though I think not. I think she was a little surprised to have been my first.