

# Abelard to Eloise

*Brian Young*

You say your veil is made for want of me; 1

Why taunt our jealous God with Blasphemy?

Confound my resolution to abstain

With words, cut into page, you do profane.

I hoped that God might save us from our sin, 5

His grace might save us from our awful din.

Sometimes absence proves the tomb of love,

But from remembrance, torment from above.

My fire was covered with deceitful ash;

My love for you against God's will does clash. 10

My love for you not gone, not froze, not thawed

But burns me still, despite the sight of God.

I lie, amidst my tears, my Godly fear,

Your image plagues my mind, deafens God's ear.



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