

Martin Robertson

Virgil's Farewell to Dante

Of eternity in Hell
I had passed thirteen hundred years.
Not ice or fire, no shrieks, no tears,
but hopeless ill yearning for well.
Then—music of the spheres,
light—your Lady broke the spell
of eternity in Hell.
I had passed thirteen hundred years
of paralysed yearning. All fell
away in action, hopes, fears
for you. Eternal bliss nears
for you, for me the parallel
of eternity in Hell.