

Emma's Anguish

Emma Lou Thayne

Joseph, Joseph,
 How has the night persuaded you?
What bed but this?
What arms but mine?
What devil angel invaded to
Denounce our bliss,
Make mockery of calls I thought divine?

Joseph, Joseph,
 Where the love that spawned our bliss?
The press of hearts,
The urgent need?
How on this pillow any wish but for your kiss?
How rent in parts
The journey of your more than precious seed?

Joseph, Lord of Joseph,
 Hear my call!
Bless my woman's knowing this can't be all.
 This can't be all.