

# Eros Turannos

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

She fears him, and will always ask  
    What fated her to choose him;  
She meets in his engaging mask  
    All reasons to refuse him;  
But what she meets and what she fears  
Are less than are the downward years,  
Drawn slowly to the foamless weirs  
    Of age, were she to lose him.

Between a blurred sagacity  
    That once had power to sound him,  
And Love, that will not let him be  
    The Judas that she found him,  
Her pride assuages her almost,  
As if it were alone the cost.—  
He sees that he will not be lost,  
    And waits and looks around him.

A sense of ocean and old trees  
    Envelops and allures him;  
Tradition, touching all he sees  
    Beguiles and reassures him;  
And all her doubts of what he says  
Are dimmed with what she knows of days—  
Till even prejudice delays  
    And fades, and she secures him.

The falling leaf inaugurates  
    The reign of her confusion;  
The pounding wave reverberates  
    The dirge of her illusion;  
And home, where passion lived and died,  
Becomes a place where she can hide,  
While all the town and harbor side  
    Vibrate with her seclusion.

We tell you, tapping on our brows,  
The story as it should be,—  
As if the story of a house  
Were told, or ever could be;  
We'll have no kindly veil between  
Her visions and those we have seen,—  
As if we guessed what hers have been,  
Or what they are or would be.

Meanwhile we do no harm; for they  
That with a god have striven,  
Not hearing much of what we say,  
Take what the god has given;  
Though like waves breaking it may be,  
Or like a changed familiar tree,  
Or like a stairway to the sea  
Where down the blind are driven.

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