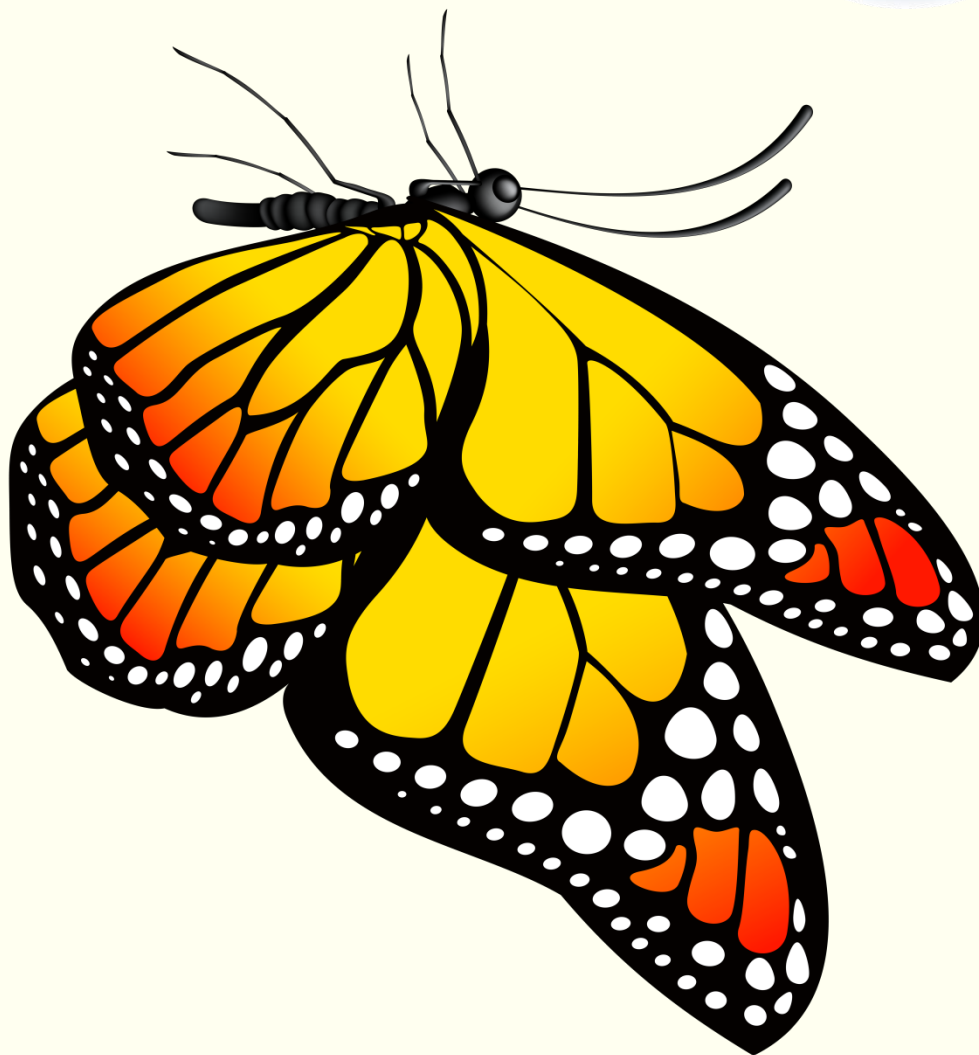
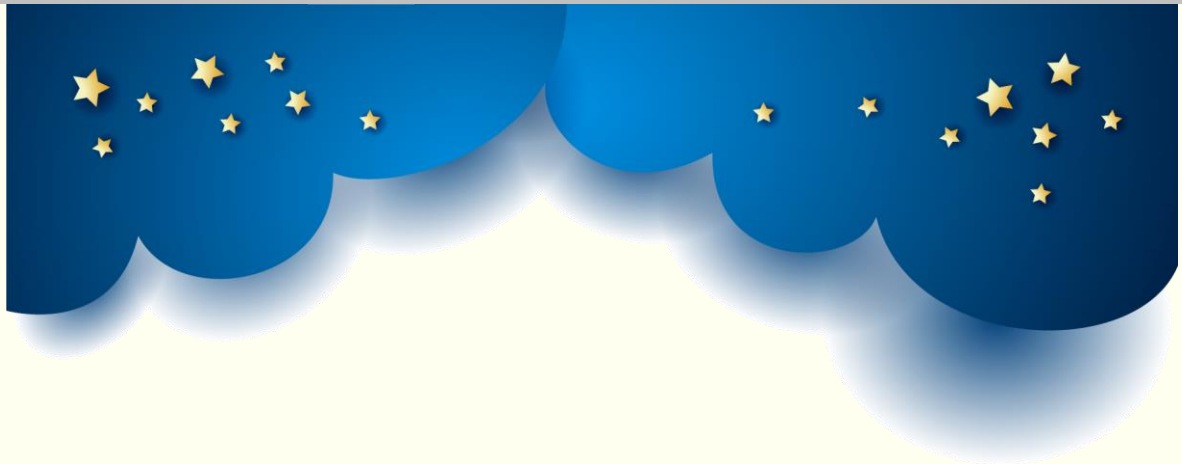


*The devotion of
the moth for the star*



One word is too often profaned

Composed in 1822 by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), and published in the *Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by John and Henry L. Hunt, 1824.

*One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.*

*I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?*

