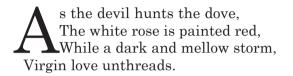
## As the Devil Hunts the Dove

BERNARDO AGUILAR



And in the devil's chase The garden's pears grow anew, But the evil snake, and its venomous fangs, Suck their nectar, and sweetest dew.

Quenched of its thirst, the snake Will scoff the spring buds whole, As with its eyes poison the land With thoughts of deflowered joys.

In the chamber hidden amidst That secret guarded trove Blazing passion, gentle love, and pain, The devil, with golden threads, will sew.