

AMBERGRIS

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A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS

OF

ALEISTER CROWLEY

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

MCMX

PREFACE

IN response to a widely-spread lack of interest in my writings, I have consented to publish a small and unrepresentative selection from the same. With characteristic cunning I have not included any poems published later than the Third Volume of my Collected Works.

The selection has been made by a committee of seven competent persons, sitting separately.

Only those poems have been included which obtained a majority vote.

This volume, thus almost ostentatiously democratic, is therefore now submitted to the British Public with the fullest confidence that it will be received with exactly the same amount of acclamation as that to which I have become accustomed.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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FROM A TALE OF ARCHAIS

Song

Ere the grape of joy is golden
 With the summer and the sun,
Ere the maidens un beholden
 Gather one by one,
To the vineyard comes the shower,
No sweet rain to fresh the flower
 But the thunder rain that cleaves,
 Rends and ruins tender leaves.

Ere the wine of perfect pleasure
 From a perfect chalice poured,
Swells the veins with such a measure
 As the garden's lord
Makes his votaries dance to, death
Draws with soft delicious breath
 To the maiden and the man.
 Love and life are both a span.

Ere the crimson lips have planted
 Paler roses, warmer grapes,
Ere the maiden breasts have panted,
 And the sunny shapes
Flit around to bless the hour,
Comes men know not what false flower:
 Ere the cup is drained, the wine
 Grows unsweet, that was divine.

All the subtle airs are proven
 False at dewfall; at the dawn
Sin and sorrow, interwoven,
 Like a veil are drawn
Over love and all delight.

Grey desires invade the white.
Love and life are but a span;
Woe is me! and woe is man!

FROM A TALE OF ARCHAIS

In Hollow Stones, Scawfell

Blind the iron pinnacles edge the twilight ;
Blind and black the ghylls of the mountain clefted,
Crag and snow-clad slope in a distant vision
Rise as before me.

Here (it seems) my feet by a tiny torrent
Press the moss with a glad delight of being :
Here my eyes look up to the riven mountain
Split by the thunder,

Rent and rifted, shattered of wind and lightning,
Smitten, scarred, and stricken of sun and tempest,
Seamed with wounds, like adamant, shod with iron,
Torn by the earthquake.

Still through all the stresses of doubtful weather
Hold the firm old pinnacles, sky-defying ;
Still the icy feet of the wind relentless.
Walk in their meadows.

Fields that flower not, blossom in no new springtide ;
Fields where grass nor herb nor abounding darnel
Flourish ; fields more barren, devoid, than ocean's
Pasture ungarnered.

Deserts, stone as arid as sand, savannahs
Black with wrecks, a wilderness evil, fruitless ;
Still, to me, a land of the bluest heaven
Studded with silver.

Castles bleak and bare as the wrath of ocean,
Wasted wall and tower, as the blast had risen,

Taken keep and donjon, and hurled the earthward,
Rent and uprooted.

Such rock-ruins people me tribes and nations,
Kings and queens and princes as pure as dawning,
Brave as day and true; and a happy people
Lulled into freedom;

Nations past the stormier times of tyrants,
Past the sudden spark of a great rebellion,
Past the iron gates that are thrust asunder
Not without bloodshed:

Past the rule of might and the rule of lying,
Free from gold's illusion, and free to cherish
Joys of life diviner than war and passion—
Falsest of phantoms.

Only now true love, like a sun of molten
Glory, surging up from a sea of liquid
Silver, golden, exquisite, overflowing,
Soars into starland.

Sphere on sphere unite in the chant of wonder
Star to star must add to the glowing chorus;
Sun and moon must mingle and speed the echo
Flaming through heaven.

Night and day divide, and the music strengthens,
Gathers roar of seas and the dirge of moorlands;
Tempest, thunder, birds, and the breeze of summer
Join to augment it.

So the sound-world, filled of the fire of all things,
Rolls majestic torrents of mighty music
Through the stars where dwell the avenging spirits
Bound in the whirlwind . . .

So the cliffs their Song . . . For the mist regathers,
Girds them bride-like, fit for the sun to kiss them ;
Darkness falls like dewfall about the hill-sides ;
 Night is upon me.

Now to me remain in the doubtful twilight
Stretches bare of flower, but touched with whispers,
Grey with huddled rocks, and a space of woodland,
 Pine-tree and poplar.

Now a stream to ford and a stile to clamber ;
Last the inn, a book, and a quiet corner . . .
Fresh as Spring, there kisses me on the forehead
 Sleep, like a sister.

FROM SONGS OF THE SPIRIT

The Goad

*αν υγρον αμπταιην
αιθερα πορσω γαιας Ελλαλιας
αστερας εσπερους
οιον, οιον αλγος επαθον, φιλαι*

EURIPIDES.

Amsterdam, *December 23rd*, 1897.

Let me pass out beyond the city gate.
 All day I loitered in the little streets
 Of black worn houses tottering, like the fate
 That hangs above my head even now, and meets
 Prayer and defiance as not hearing it.
 They lean, these old black streets! a little sky
 Peeps through the gap, the rough stone path is lit
 Just for a little by the sun, and I
 Watch his red face pass over, fade away
 To other streets, and other passengers,
 See him take pleasure where the heathen pray,
 See him relieve the hunter of his furs,
 All the wide world awaiting him, all folk
 Glad at his coming, only I must weep :
 Rise he or sink, my weary eyes invoke
 Only the respite of a little sleep ;
 Sleep, just a little space of sleep, to rest
 The fevered head and cool the aching eyes ;
 Sleep for a space, to fall upon the breast
 Of the dear God, that He may sympathise.
 Long has the day drawn out ; a bitter frost
 Sparkles along the streets ; the shipping heaves
 With the slow murmur of the sea, half lost

In the last rustle of forgotten leaves.
 Over the bridges pass the throngs; the sound,
 Deep and insistent, penetrates the mist—
 I hear it not; I contemplate the wound
 Stabbed in the flanks of my dear silver Christ.
 He hangs in anguish there; the crown of thorns
 Pierces that palest brow; the nails drip blood;
 There is the wound; no Mary by Him mourns,
 There is no John beside the cruel wood.
 I am alone to kiss the silver lips;
 I rend my clothing for the temple veil;
 My heart's black night must act the sun's eclipse;
 My groans must play the earthquake, till I quail
 At my own dark imagining. And now
 The wind is bitterer: the air breeds snow;
 I put my Christ away; I turn my brow
 Towards the south stedfastly; my feet must go
 Some journey of despair. I dare not turn
 To meet the sun; I will not follow him:
 Better to pass where sand and sulphur burn,
 And days are hazed with heat, and nights are dim
 With some malarial poison. Better lie
 Far and forgotten on some desert isle,
 Where I may watch the silent ships go by,
 And let them share my burden for awhile.
 Let me pass out beyond the city gate
 Where I may wander by the water still,
 And see the faint few stars immaculate
 Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill
 Their own desire within its icy stream.
 Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one
 Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,
 Move and move on, and never see the sun
 Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,
 Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,
 And stir the chill canal with manifold
 Rays of clear morning; never grow afraid
 When he dips down beyond the far fiat land,
 Know never more the day and night apart,

Know not where frost has laid his iron hand
Save only that it fastens on my heart ;
Save only that it grips with icy fire
These veins no fire of hell could satiate ;
Save only that it quenches this desire.
Let me pass out beyond the city gate.

FROM SONGS OF THE SPIRIT

Astrology

A lonely spirit seeks the midnight hour,
 When souls have power
To cast away one moment bonds of clay,
 And touch the day
With pallid, wistful lips beyond the earth,
 And bring to birth
New thoughts with which life long has travailed ;
 As if one dead
Should rise and utter secrets of the tomb,
 And from hell's womb
Or heaven's breast bring all the load of fears,
 Toils of long years,
Sorrows of life and agonies of death,
 Hard caught-up breath,
The labouring hands of love, the cheeks of shame,
 The gloomy flame
Of lust, the cruel torment of desire
 More than hell fire,
And bid them fade, as if the bryony
 Let her flower die,
And banished them through space, as if a star
 Dropped through the far
Vault of the sky, and, as a lamp extinct
 With blood-red tinct,
Went out. So lonely in mysterious night
 A wild, strange light
Flickers around the sacred head of man,
 And bids him scan
The scroll of heaven, and see if there be not,
 Black with no blot
Of cloud, but golden lettered on the blue
 That mothers dew,

This message of good hope, good trust, good fate,
And good estate :
Work on, hope ever, let your faith be built
Of gold ungilt ;
Your love exceed the starry vault for height,
The heaven for might ;
Your faith wax firmer than a ship at sleep
On the grey deep,
Anchored in some most certain anchorage
From ocean's rage ;
Your patience stand when mountains shake and quail
Before the gale
Of God's great tribulation. Make thee sure
Thou canst endure !
And work, work ever, sleep not, gird thy head
With garlands red
Of blood from swollen veins forced in bitter toil
To win some spoil
Of knowledge from the caverns of the deep !
So shall the steep
Pathways of heaven gleam with loftier fires
Than earth's desires.
So shall thou conquer Space, and lastly climb
The walls of Time,
And by the golden path the great have trod
Reach up to God !

FROM JEPHTHAH

Chorus of Maidens

O the time of dule and teen!
O the dove the hawk has snared!
Would to God we had not been,
We, who see our maiden queen,
Love has slain whom hate had spared.
Sorrow for our sister sways
All our maiden bosoms bared
To the dying vesper rays,
Where the sun below the bays
Of the West is stooping;
All our hearts together drooping,
Flowers the ocean bears.
All the garb that gladness wears
To a rent uncouth attire
Changed with cares;
Happy songs our love had made
Ere the sun had sunk his fire,
In the moonrise fall and fade,
And the dregs of our desire
Fall away to death.
Tears divide our labouring breath
That of our sister—O our sister!
Moon and sun and stars have kissed her!
She must touch the lips of death,
Touch the lips whose coldness saith:
Thou art clay.
Let us fare away, away
To the ice whose ocean gray
Tumbles on the beach of rock,
Where the wheeling vultures mock
Our distress with horrid cries;
Where the flower relenting dies,

And the sun is sharp to slay ;
Where the ivory dome above
Glimmers like the dawn of love
On the weary way ;
Where the ibex chant and call
Over tempest's funeral ;
Where the horn'd beast is shrill,
And the eagle hath its will,
And the shadows fall
Sharp and black, till day is passed
Over to the ocean vast ;
Where the barren rocks resound
Only to the rending roar
Of the shattering streams that pour
Rocks by ice eternal bound,
Myriad cascades that crowned
Once the far resounding throne
Of the mountain spirits strong,
All the treacherous souls that throng
Desolate abodes of stone,
Barren of all comely things,
Given to the splendid kings,
Gloomy state, and glamour dark,
Swooping jewel-feathered wings,
Eyes translucent with a spark
Of the world of fire, that swings
Gates of adamant below
Lofty minarets of snow.
Thence the towering flames arise,
Where the flashes white and wise
Find their mortal foe.
Let us thither, caring not
Anything, or any more,
Since the sorrow of our lot
Craves to pass the abysmal door.
Never more for us shall twine
Rosy fingers on the vine.
Never maiden lips shall cull
Myriad blossoms beautiful.

Never cheeks shall dimple over
At the perfume of the clover.
Never bosoms bright and round
Shall be garlanded and bound
With the chain of myrtle, wreathed
By the fingers of the maid
Each has chosen for a mate,
When the west wind lately breathed
Murmurs in the wanton glade
Of the day that dawneth late
In a maiden's horoscope,
Dawning faith and fire and hope
On the spring that only knew
Flowers and butterflies and dew,
Skies and seas and mountains blue,
On the spring that wot not of
Fruit and falling leaves and love.
Never dew-dashed foreheads fair
Shall salute the idle air.
Never shall we wander deep
Where the fronds of fern, asleep,
Kiss her rosy feet that pass
On the spangled summer grass,
Half awake, and drowse again.
Never more our feet shall stain
Purple with the joyous grape,
Whence there rose a fairy shape
In the fume and must and juice,
Singing lest our eyes escape
All his tunic wried and loose
With the feet that softly trod
In the vat the fairy god.
Never more our eyes shall swim
Looking for the love of him
In the magic moon that bent
Over maidens moon-content,
When the summer woods were wet
With our dewy songs, that set
Quivering all seas and snows,

Stars and tender winds that fret
Lily, lily, laughing rose,
Sighing, sighing violet,
Dusky pansy, swaying rush,
And the stream that flows
Singing, ringing softly: Hush!
Listen to the bird that goes
Wooing to the brown mate's bough;
Listen to the breeze that blows
Over cape and valley now
At the silence of the noon,
Or the slumber hour
Of the white delicious moon
Like a lotus-flower!
Let us sadly, slowly, to
To the silence of the snow!

FROM MYSTERIES

De Profundis

Blood, mist, and foam, then darkness. On my eyes
 Sits heaviness, the poor worn body lies
 Devoid of nerve and muscle; it were death
 Save for the heart that throbs, the breast that sighs.

The brain reels drowsily, the mind is dulled,
 Deadened and drowned by noises that are lulled
 By the harsh poison of the hateful breath.
 All sense and sound and seeing is annulled.

Within a body dead a deadened brain
 Beats with the burden of a shameful pain,
 The sullen agony that dares to think,
 And think through sleep, and wake to think again.

Fools! bitter fools! Our breaths and kisses seem
 Constrained in devilry, debauch, and dream:
 Lives logged in the morass of meat and drink,
 Loves dipped in Phlegethon, the perjured stream.

Behold we would that hours and minutes pass,
 Watch the sands falling in the eager glass;
 To wile their weariness is pleasure's bliss;
 But ah! the years! like smoke They fade, alas!

We weep them as they slip away; we gaze
 Back on the likeness of the former days—
 The hair we fondle and the lips we kiss—
 Roses grow yellow, and no purple stays.

Ah! the old years! Come back, ye vanished hours
 We wasted; come, grow red, ye faded flowers!

What boots the weariness of olden time
Now, when old age, a tempest-fury, lowers ?

Up to high God beyond the weary land
The days drift mournfully; His hoary hand
Gathers them. Is it so? My Foolish rime
Dreams they are links upon an endless band.

The planets draw in endless orbits round
The sun; itself revolves in the profound
Black wells of space; the comet's mystic track
By the strong rule of a closed curve is bound.

Why not with time? To-morrow we may see
The circle ended—if to-morrow be—
And gaze on chaos, and a week bring back
Adam and Even beneath the apple tree.

Or, like the comet, the wild race may end
Out into darkness, and our circle bend
Round to all glory, in a sudden sweep,
And speed triumphant with the sun to friend.

Love will not leave my home. She knows my tears,
My angers and caprices; still my ears
Listen to singing voices, till I weep
Once more, less sadly, and set hounds on fears.

She will not leave me comfortless. And why?
Through the dimmed glory of my clouded eye
She catches one sharp glint of love for her;
She will not leave me ever till I die:—

Nay, though I die! Beyond the distant gloom
Heaven springs, a fountain, out of Change's womb!
Time would all men within the grave inter:—
For Time himself shall no god find a tomb?

Glory and love and work precipitate
The end of man's desire—so sayeth Fate.

Man answers: Love is stronger, work more sure,
Glory more fadeless than her shafts abate.

Though all worlds fail, the pulse of Life be still,
God fall, all darken, she hath not her will

Of deeds beyond recall, that shall endure:
For us, these three divinest glasses fill,

Fill to the brim with lustrous dew, nor fail
To leave the blossom and the nightingale,

Loves earlier kiss, and manhood's glowing prime!
Let these suffice. Shall man or Fate prevail?

Low, we are blind, and dubious fingers grope
In Despair's dungeon for the key of Hope;

Lo, we are chained, and with a broken rhyme
Would file our fetters and enlarge our scope.

Yet ants may move the mountain; none is small
But he who stretches out no arm at all:

Toadstools have wrecked fair cities in a night:
One poet's song may bid a kingdom fall.

Add to thy fellow-men one ounce of aid—

The block begins to shift, the start is made:

The rest is thine; with overwhelming might
The balance changes, and the task is paid.

Join'st thou thy feeble hands in foolish prayer
To him thy brain hath moulded and set there

In thy brain's heaven? Such a god replies
As thy fears move. So men pray everywhere

What God there be, is real. By His might
Begot the universe within the night;

If He had prayed to His own mind's weak lies
Think'st thou the heaven and earth had stood upright?

Remember him, but smite! No workman hews
 His stone aright whose nerve arms refuse
 To ply the chisel, but are raised to ask
 A visionary foreman he may choose

From the distortions of a sodden mind.
 God did first work on earth when womankind
 He chipped from Adam's rib—a thankless task
 I wot his wisdom has long since repined.

Christ touched the leper and the widow's son;
 And thou wouldst serve the work the Perfect One
 Began, by folding arms and gazing up
 To heaven, as if thy work were rightly done.

I tell thee, he should say, if ye were met:
 "Thou hadst a talent"—ah, thou hast it yet
 Wrapped in a napkin! thou shalt drain the cup
 Of that damnation that may not forget

"The wasted hours!" Ah, bitter interest
 Of our youth's capital forgotten zest
 In all the pleasures of o'erflowing life,
 Wine tasteless, tired the brain, and cold the breast!

Ah! but if with it is one good deed wrought,
 One kind word spoken, one immortal thought
 Born in thee, all is paid: the weary strife
 Grows victory. "Love is all and Death is nought!"

Such an one wrote that work as I would meet,
 Lay my life's burden at his silver feet,
 Have him give ear if I say Master. Yea!
 I know no heaven, no honour, half so sweet!

He passed before me on the wheel of Time,
 He who knows no Time—the intense sublime
 Master of all philosophy and play,
 Lord of all love and music and sweet rime.

Follow thou him! Work ever, if thy heart
 Be fervent with one hope, thy brain with art,
 Thy lips with song, thine arm with strength to smite:
 Achieve some act; its name shall not depart.

Christ laid Love's corner-stone, and Cæsar built
 The tower of glory; Sappho's life was spilt
 From fervent lips the torch of song to ignite:
 Thou mayst add yet a stone—if but thou wilt.

And yet the days stream by; night shakes the day
 From his pale throne of purple, to allay
 The tremors of the earth; day smiteth dark
 With the swift poignard dipped in Helios ray.

The days stream by; with lips and cheeks grown pale
 On their indomitable breast we sail.
 There is a favouring wind; our idle bark
 Lingers, we raise no silk to meet the gale.

The bank slips by; we gather not its fruit.
 We plant no seed, we irrigate no root
 True men have planted; and the tare and thorn
 Spring to rank weedy vigour; poisons shoot

Into the overspreading foliage;
 So as days darken into weary age
 The flowers are fewer; the weeds are stronger born,
 And hands are grown too feeble to assuage

Their venom; then, the unutterable sea!
 Is she green-cinctured with the earlier tree
 Of life? Do blossoms blow, or weeds create
 A foul rank undergrowth of misery?

From the deep water of the bitterest brine
 Drowned children raise their arms; their lips combine
 To force a shriek; bid them go contemplate
 The cold philosophy of Zeno's shrine?

Nay, stretch a hand! Although their eagle clutch
O'erturn thy skiff, yet it is overmuch

To grieve for that: life is not so divine—
I count it little grief to part with such!

We are wild serpents in a ring of fire;
Our necks stretch out, our haggard eyes aspire
In desperation; from the fearful line
Our coils revulse in impotence and ire.

An idle song it was the poet sang,
A quavering note—no brazen kettle's clang,
But gentle, drooping, tearful. Nay, achieve!
I can remember how the finish rang

Clear, sharp, and loud; the harp is glad to die
And give the clarion one note silver-high.
It was too sweet for music, and I weave
In vain the tattered woof of memory.

Ashes and dust!
Cold cinders dead!
Our swords are rust;
Our lives are fled
Like dew on glass.
In vain we lust;
Our hopes are sped,
Alas! alas!
From heaven we are thrust, we have no more trust.
Alas!

Gold hairs and gray!
Red lips and white!
Warm hearts, cold clay!
Bright day, dim night!
Our spirits pass
Like the hours away.
We have no light,
Alas! alas!

We have no more day, we are fain to say
 Alas!

In Love's a cure
 For Fortune's hate ;
 In Love's a lure
 Shall laugh at Fate ;
 We have tolled Death's knell ;
 All streams are pure ;
 We are new-create ;
 All's well, all's well!
 We have God to endure, we are very sure
 All's well!

In such wise rang the challenge unto Death
 With clear high eloquence and happy breath ;
 So did a brave sad heart grow glad again
 And mock the riddle that the dead Sphinx saith.

When I am dead, remember me for this
 That I bade workers work, and lovers kiss ;
 Laughed with the Stoic at the dream of pain,
 And preached with Jesus the evangel bliss.

When I am dead, think kindly. Rail my song!
 'Twas the poor utterance of an eager tongue ;
 I stutter in my rime? my heart was full
 Of greater longings, more divinely wrung

By love and pity and regret and trust,
 High hope from heaven that God will be just,
 Spurn not the child because his mind was dull,
 Still less condemn him for his father's lust.

Yet I think priests shall answer Him in vain :
 Their gospel of disgrace, disease, and pain,
 Shall move His heart of Love to such a wrath
 O Heart! Turn back and look on Love again!

Behold, I have seen visions, and dreamed dreams !
My verses eddy in slow wandering streams,
 Veer like the wind, and know no certain path—
Yet their worst shades are tinged with dawning beams !

I have dreamed life a circle or a line,
Called God, and Fate, and Chance, and Man, divine :
 I know not all I say, but through it all
Mark the dim hint of ultimate sunshine !

Remember me for this ! And when I go
To sleep the last sleep in the slumberous snow,
 Let child and man and woman yet recall
One little moment that I loved you so !

Let some high pinnacle my tombstone be,
My epitaph the murmur of the sea,
 The clouds of heaven be fleeces for my pall,
My unknown grave the cradle of the free.

FROM MYSTERIES

Beside the River

Rain, rain in May. The river sadly flows,
 A sullen silver crossed with sable bars,
 Damp, gloomy, shivering, while reluctant stars,
 Between swart masses of thick clouds that close,
 Drive with drooped plumes their wing'd cars
 Towards sleep, the scythe of woes.

Woes, woes in Spring. Ere summer deepeneth
 The pink of roses to a purpler tint;
 Ere ripening corn shafts back the sudden glint
 Of sunshine that brings healing with the breath
 Of western winds that sign, they hint
 Of sleep, twin soul with death.

Death, death ere dawn. The night is over dark;
 Trees are grown terrible; the shadows wan
 Make shudder all the tense desires of man;
 No gleam of moonlight bears the golden mark
 Of sunny lips, nor shines upon
 Our sleep—Love's birchen bark.

Love, love to-night. To-night is all we know,
 Is all our care; lips joined to lips we lie,
 Tender hands touching, hearts in tune to die,
 With willing kiss reluctant to let go;
 So sweet love's last enduring sigh
 For sleep, so sure, so slow.

Sleep, sleep to-night. Our arms are intertwined;
 Breath desires breath and hand imprisons hand;
 Breezes cool faces, rosy with the brand
 Of long sweet kisses; sun shall dawn and find
 Two lovers who have passed the land
 Of sleep—and found Death kind.

FROM MYSTERIES

Perdurabo

Exile from humankind! The snow's fresh flakes
Are warmer than men's hearts. My mind is wrought
Into dark shapes of solitary thought
That loves and sympathises, but awakes
No answering love or pity. What a pang
Hath this strange solitude to aggravate
The self-abasement and the blows of Fate!
No snake of hell that so severe a fang!

I am not lower than all men—I feel
Too keenly. Yet my place is not above,
Though I have this—unalterable Love
In every fibre. I am crucified
Apart on a long burning crag of steel,
Tortured, cast out; and yet—I shall abide

FROM MYSTERIES

In the Woods with Shelley

Sing, happy nightingale, sing ;
 Past is the season of weeping ;
 Birds in the wood are on wing,
 Lambs in the meadow are leaping.
 Can there be any delight still in the buttercups
 sleeping?

Dawn, paler daffodil, dawn ;
 Smile, for the winter is over ;
 Sunlight makes golden the lawn,
 Spring comes and kisses the clover ;
 All the wild woodlands await poet and songster and
 lover.

Linger, dew, linger! and gem
 All the fresh flowers in the garland!
 Blossom, leaf, bud and green stem
 Flash with your light to some far land,
 Where men shall wonder if you be not a newly-
 born starland.

Ah! The sweet scents of the woods!
 Ah! the sweet sounds of the heaven!
 Sights of impetuous floods,
 Foam like the daisy at even,
 Folding o'er passionate gold petals that sunrise had
 riven!

See, like my life is the stream
 Now its desire is grown quiet ;
 Life was a passionate dream
 Once, when light fancy ran riot,

Now, ere youth fades, flows in peace past woody bank
and green eyot.

Highest, white heather and rock,
Mountain and pine, with young laughter,
Breezes that murmur and mock
Duller delights to come after,
Wild as a swallow that dives whither the sea wind
would waft her.

Lower, an ocean of flowers,
Trees that are warmer and leafier,
Starrier, sunnier hours
Spurning the stain of all grief here,
Bringing a quiet delight to us, beyond our belief
here.

Lastly, the uttermost sea,
Starred with the flakes of spray sunlit,
Blue as its caverns that be
Crystal, resplendent, yet unlit;
So like a mother receives the kiss of the dainty-lip
runlet.

Here the green moss is my seat,
Beech is the canopy o'er me,
Calm and content the retreat;
Man, my worst foe, cannot bore me;
Life is a closed book behind—Shelley an open be-
fore me.

Shelley's own birds are above
Close to me (why should they fear me?)
May I believe it—that love
Brings his bright spirit so near me
That, should I whisper one word—Shelley's swift
spirit would hear me?

Heaven is not very far;
Soul unto soul may be calling
When a swift meteor star
Through the quick vista is falling.
Loose but your soul—shall its wings find the white
way so appalling?

Heaven, as I understand,
Nearer than some folk would make it!
God—should you stretch out a hand,
Who can be quicker to take it?
Then you have pacted an oath—judge you if He will
forsake it!

I have had hope in the spring—
Trust that the God who has given
Flowers, and the thrushes that sing
Dawnwards all night, and at even
Year after year, will be true now we are speaking of
heaven.

FROM THE FATAL FORCE

Chorus

In the ways of the North and the South
 Whence the dark and the dayspring are drawn,
We pass with the song of the mouth
 Of the notable Lord of the Dawn.
Unto Ra, the desire of the East, let the clamour of
 singing proclaim
 The fire of his name!

In the ways of the East and the West
 Whence the night and the day are discrowned,
We pass with the beat of his breast,
 And the breath of his crying is bound.
Unto Toun, the low Lord of the West, let the noise
 of our chant be the breath
 Proclaiming him Death!

In the ways of the depth and the height,
 Where the multitude stars are at ease,
There is music and terrible light,
 And the violent song of the seas.
Unto Mou, the most powerful Lord of the South, let
 our worship declare
 Him Lord of the Air!

In the mutable fields that are sown
 Of a seed that is whiter than noon
Whose harvest is beaten and blown
 By the magical rays of the moon,
In the caverns and wharves of the wind, in the
 desolate seas of the air,
 Revolveth our prayer!

In the sands and the desert of death,
In the horrible flowerless lands,
In the fields that the rain and the breath
Of the sun make as gold as the sands
With ripening wheat, in the earth, in the infinite
realm of its seed,
The hearts of us bleed!

In the wonderful flowers of the foam,
Blue billows and breakers grown grey,
When the storm sweeps triumphantly home
From the bed of the violate day,
In the furious waves of the sea, wild world of tem-
pestuous night,
Our song is as light!

In the tumult of manifold fire,
Multitudinous mutable feet
That dance to an infinite lyre
On the heart of the world as they beat,
In the flowers of the bride of the flame, in the war-
rior Lord of the Fire,
There burns our desire!

FROM THE FATAL FORCE

Chorus

Slow wheels of unbegotten hate
And changeless circles of desire,
Formless creations uncreate,
Swift fountains of ungathered fire,
The mist counterpoise of time,
Dim winds of ocean and sublime
Pyramids of forgotten foam
Whirling, vague cones of shapeless sleep
And infinite dreams, and stars that roam,
And comets moving through the deep
Unfathomable skies,
Darker for moonlight, and the glow-worm eyes
Of dusky women that were stars,
And paler curves of the immutable bars
That line the universe with light,
Great eagle-flights of mystic moons
That dip, while the dull midnight swoons
About the skirts of Night:
These bowed and shaped themselves and said:
"It shall be thus!"
And the intolerable luminous
Death that is god bent down his head
And answered: Thus, immutably,
Above all days and deeds, shall be!
And the great Light that is above all gods
Lifted his calm brow, spake, and all the seas,
And all the air, and all the periods
Of seasons and of stars gave ear, and these
Vaults of the heaven heard
The great white light that shaped its secrecies
Into one holy terrible word,
Higher than all words spoken; for he said:

“Death is made change, and only change is dead.”
For the most holy spirit of a man
Burns through the limit of the wheels that ran
Through all the unrelenting skies
When Icarus died,
And leaps, the flight of wise omnipotent eyes,
When Dædalus espied
An holy habitation for the shrine
Solitary, mid the night of broken brine
That foamed like starlight round the desolate shore.
So to the mine of that crystalline ore
Golden, the electric spark of man is drawn
Deep in the bosom of the world, to soar
New-fledged, an eagle to the dazzling dawn
With lidless eyes undazzled, to arise,
Song of the morning, to the Southern skies ;
And fling its wild chant higher at the fall
Of eve, and of bright Hyperion ;
To mix its fire with dew, to call
The spirit of the limitless air, made one
In the amazing essence of all light
Limitless, emanation of the might
Of the great Light above all gods, the fire
Of our supreme desire.
So out of grievous labyrinths of the mind
The soul’s desire may find
Some passionate thread, the clear note of a bird,
To make the dark ways of the gods as light,
To bring forth music from slow chants unheard,
And visions from the fathomless night.
So is the spirit of the loftier man
Made holy and most strong against his fate ;
So is the desolate visage of the wan
Lord of Amenti covered, and the gate
Of Ra made perfect. So the waters flow
Over the earth, throughout the sea,
Till all its deserts glow,
And all its salt springs vanish, and night flee
The pinions of the day wide-spread, and pure

Fresh fountains of sweet water that endure
Assume the crown of the wide world, and lend
A star of many summits to his head
That rules his fate and compasses his end,
And seeks the holy mountain of the dead
To draw dead fire, and breathe, and give it life!
But thou, be strong for strife,
And, as a god, cry out, and let there be
The mark of many footsteps on the sea
Of angels hastening to fulfil
Thy supreme, single will!
Alone, intense, unmoved, not made for change,
Let thy one godhead rise
To move like morning, and like day to range,
A furnace for the skies,
That all men cry: The uncreated God!
Formless, ineffable, just, whose period
Is as his name, Eternity! So bear
The sceptre of the air!
So mayest thou avenge, all-seeing, blind,
The wrath of this consuming fire, that licks
The rafters and the portals of the house,
The gateways of the kingdom, where behind
Lurk ruinous fates and consequence; where fix
Their fangs the scorpions; where hide their brows
The shamed protectors of the Egyptian land.
Go forth avenging; men shall understand
And worship, seeing justice as a spouse
Lean on thine iron hand.
For Murder walks by night, and hides her face,
But righteous Wrath in the light, and knows his place;
For hate of a mother is ill, and the lightning flashes
But foil a harlot's will, burn the earth to ashes,
Cleans the incestuous sty of a whore's desire
Scatter the dung to the sky, and burn her with fire!
So the avenging master shall cleanse his fate of shame,
Set his seal of disaste, a royal seal to his name.

FROM THE FATAL FORCE

Chorus

Through fields of foam ungarnered sweeps
 The fury of the wind of dawn ;
 Through fiery desolation creeps
 The water of the wind withdrawn.
 With fire and water consecrate
 The foam and fire are recreate.
 With air uniting fire and water,
 The springtide's unbegotten daughter
 Blossoms in oceans of blue air,
 Flowers of new spring to bear.

The sorrowful twin fishes glide
 Silent and sacred into sleep ;
 The joyful Ram exalts his pride,
 Seeing the forehead of the deep
 Glow from his palace, as the sun
 Leaps to the spring, whose coursers run
 Flaming before their golden master,
 As death and winter and disaster
 Fall from the Archer's bitter kiss
 Fast to their mute abyss.

The pale sweet blooms of lotus burn ;
 The scent of spring is in the soul ;
 Men's spirits to the loftiest turns ;
 Light is extended and made whole.
 The waters of the whispering Nile
 Lisp of their loves a little while,
 Then break, like songsters, into sighing,
 Because the lazy days are dying ;
 And swift and tawny streams must rise
 World's world to fertilise

The lotus is afire for love,
 Its yearnings are immortal still ;
 But in its bosom, fed thereof,
 Lust, like a child will have his will.
 Immortal fervour, strangely blent
 With mystic sensual sacrament,
 Fills up its cup, its petals tremble
 With faint desires that dissemble
 The fierce intention to be wed
 One with the spring sun's head.

The fountains of the river yearn
 Toward the sacred temple-walls,
 They foam upon the sands that burn
 With spring's delirious festivals.
 They flash upon the gleaming ways,
 They cry, they chant aloud the praise
 Of Isis, and our temple kisses
 Their flowery water-wildernesses,
 Whose foamheads nestle to the stones
 With slumberous antiphones.

All birds and beasts and fish are fain
 To mingle passion with the hope
 All creatures hold, that cycled pain
 May make its stream the wider scope
 Of many lives and changing law,
 Till to the sacred fountains draw
 Essences of dim being, mated
 With lofty substance uncreated,
 Concluding the full period
 That makes all being God.

FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST

The May Queen

(old style)

It is summer and sun on the sea,
The twilight is drawn to the world :
We linger and laugh on the lea,
The light of my spirit with me,
Sharp limbs in close agony curled.

The noise of the music of sleep,
The breath of the wings of the night,
The song of the magical deep,
The sighs of the spirits that weep,
Make murmur to tune our delight.

Slow feet are our measures that move ;
Swift songs are more soft than the breeze ;
Our mouths are made mute for our love ;
Our eyes are made soft as the dove ;
We mingle and move as the seas.

The light of the passionate dawn
That kissed us, and would not awaken,
Grew golden and bold on the lawn ;
The rays of the sun are withdrawn
At last, and the blossoms are shaken.

Oh, fragrant the breeze is that stirs
The grasses around us that lean !
Oh, sweet is the whisper that purrs
From those wonderful lips that are hers,
From the passionate lips of a queen.

A queen is my lover, I say,
 With a crown of the lilies of light—
For a maiden they crowned her in May,
For the Queen of the Daughters of Day
 That are flowers of the forest of Night.

They crowned her with lilies and blue,
 They crowned her with yellow and roses ;
They gave her a sceptre of rue,
And a girdle of laurel and yew,
 And a basket of pansies in posies.

They led her with songs by the stream ;
 They brought her with tears to the river ;
They danced as the maze of a dream ;
They kissed her to roses and cream,
 And they cried, Let the queen live for ever !

They took her, with all of the flowers
 They had girded her with for God's daughter ;
They cast her from amorous bowers
To the river, the horrible powers
 Of the Beast that lurks down by the Water !

My way was more swift than a bow
 That flings out its barb to the night :
My sword struck the infinite blow
That smote him, and blackened the flow
 Of the amorous river of light.

I plunged in the stream, and I drew
 My queen from the clasp of the water ;
I crowned her with roses and blue,
With yellow and lilies anew ;
 I called her my love and God's daughter !

I gave her a sceptre of may ;
 I gave her a girdle of green ;
I drew her to music and day ;

I led her the beautiful way
To the land where the Winds lie between.

So still lingers sun upon sea ;
Still twilight draws down to the world ;
The light of my spirit is she ;
The soul of her love is in me ;
Lithe kisses with music are curled.

Like light on the meadows we dwell ;
Like twilight clings heart unto heart ;
Like midnight the depth of the spell
Our love weaves, and stronger than hell
The guards of our palace of art.

We are one as the dew that is drawn
By the sun from the sea : we are curled
In curves of delight and of dawn,
On the lone, the immaculate lawn,
Beyond the wild way of the world.

FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST

The Reaper

In middle music of Apollo's corn
 She stood, the reaper, challenging a kiss ;
 The lips of her were fresher than the morn,
 The perfume of her skin was ambergris ;
 The sun had kissed her body into brown ;
 Ripe breasts thrown forward to the summer breeze ;
 Warm tints of red lead fancy to the crown,
 Her coils of chestnut, in abundant ease,
 That bound the stately head. What joy of youth
 Lifted her nostril to respire the wind ?
 What pride of being ? What triumphal truth
 Acclaimed her queen to her imperial mind ?

I watched, a leopard, stealthy in the corn,
 As if a tigress held herself above ;
 My body quivered, eager to be torn,
 Stung by the snake of some convulsive love !
 The leopard changed his spots ; for in me leapt
 The mate, the tiger. Murderous I sprang
 Across the mellow earth : my senses swept,
 One torrent flame, one soul-dissolving pang.
 How queenly bent her body to the grip !
 How lithe it slips, her bosom to my own !
 The throat leans back, to tantalise the lip :—
 The sudden shame of her is over thrown !
 O maiden of the spirit of the wheat,
 One ripening sunbeam thrills thee to the soul,
 Electric from red mane to amber feet !
 The blue skies focus, as a burning bowl,
 The restless passion of the universe
 Into our mutual anger and distress,
 To be forbidden (the Creator's curse)

To comprehend the other's loveliness.
 We cannot grasp the ecstasy of this ;
 Only we strain and struggle and renew
 The utter bliss of the unending kiss,
 The mutual pang that shudders through and through,
 Repeated and repeated, as the light
 Can build a partial palace of the day.
 So in our anguish for the infinite,
 One moment gives, the other takes away.
 (I, the mere rimer, she, the queen of rime,
 As sweeps her sickle in the falling wheat,
 Her body's sleek intoxicating time,
 The music of the motion of her feet !)

I swoon in that imperial embrace—
 Lay we asleep till evening, or dead ?
 I knew not, but the wonder of her face
 Grew as the dawn and never satiated.
 She knew not in her strong imperial soul
 How hopeless was the slavery of life,
 How by the part man learns to love the whole,
 How each man's mistress calls herself a wife.
 I tired not of the tigress limbs and lips—
 Only, my soul was weary of itself,
 Being so impotent, who only sips
 The dewdrops from the flower-cup of an elf,
 Not comprehending the mysterious sea
 Of black swift waters that can drink it up,
 Not trusting life to its own ecstasy,
 Not mixing poison with the loving-cup.
 I, maker of mad rimes, the reaper she !
 We lingered but a day upon the lawn.
 O Thou, the other Reaper ! come to me !
 Thy dark embraces have a germ of Dawn !

FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST

The Palace of the World

The fragrant gateways of the dawn
Teem with the scent of flowers.
The mother, Midnight, has withdrawn
Her slumberous kissing hours :
Day springs, with footsteps as a fawn,
Into her rosy bowers.

The pale and holy maiden horn
In highest heaven is set.
My forehead, bathed in her forlorn
Light, with her lips is met ;
My lips, that murmur in the morn,
With lustrous dew are wet.

My prayer is mighty with my will ;
My purpose as a sword
Flames through the adamant, to fill
The gardens of the Lord
With music, that the air be still,
Dumb to its mighty chord.

I stand above the tides of time
And elemental strife ;
My figure stands above, sublime,
Shadowing the Key of Life,
And the passion of my mighty rime
Divides me as a knife.

For secret symbols on my brow,
And secret thoughts within,
Compel eternity to Now,
Draw the Infinite within.

Light is extended. I and Thou
Are as they had not been.

So on my head the light is one,
Unity manifest ;
A star more splended than the sun
Burns for my crown'd crest ;
Burns, as the murmuring orison
Of waters in the west.

What angel from the silver gate
Flames to my fierier face ?
What angel, as I contemplate
The unsubstantial space,
Move with my lips the laws of Fate
That bind earth's carapace ?

No angel, but the very light
And fire and spirit of Her,
Unmitigated, eremite,
The unmanifested myrrh,
Ocean, and night that is not night,
The mother-mediator.

O sacred spirit of the Gods !
O triple tongue ! Descend,
Lapping the answering flame that nods,
Kissing the brows that bend,
Uniting all earth's periods
To one exalted end !

Still on the mystic Tree of Life
My soul is crucified :
Still strikes the sacrificial knife
Where lurks some serpent-eyed
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife
Desire, the suicide !

Before me dwells the Holy One
Anointed Beauty's King ;
Behind me, mightier than the Sun,
To whom the cherubs sing,
A strong archangel, known of none,
Comes crowned and conquering.

An angel stands on my right hand
With strength of ocean's wrath ;
Upon my left the fiery brand,
Charioted fire smites forth :
Four great archangels to withstand
The furies of the path.

Flames on my front the fiery star,
About me and around.
Pillared, the sacred sun, afar,
Six symphonies of sound ;
Flames, as the Gods themselves that are ;
Flames, in the abyss profound.

The spread arms drop like thunder ! So
Rings out the lordlier cry,
Vibrating through the streams that flow
In ether to the sky,
The moving archipelago,
Stars in their seigneury.

Thine be the kingdom ! Thine the power !
The glory triply thine !
Thine, through Eternity's swift hour
Eternity, thy shrine
Yea, by the holy lotus-flower,
Even mine !

FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST

The Rosicrucian

I see the centuries wax and wane.
 I know their mystery of pain,
 The secrets of the living fire,
 The key of life : I live : I reign :
 For I am master of desire.

Silent, I pass amid the folk
 Caught in its mesh, slaves to its yoke.
 Silent, unknown, I work and will
 Redemption, godhead's master-stroke,
 And breaking of the wands of ill.

No man hath seen beneath my brows
 Eternity's exultant house.
 No man hath noted in my brain
 The knowledge of my mystic spouse.
 I wait the centuries wax and wane.

Poor, in the kingdom of strong gold,
 My power is swift and uncontrolled.
 Simple, amid the maze of lies ;
 A child, among the cruel old,
 I plot their stealthy destinies.

So patient, in the breathless strife ;
 So silent, under scourge and knife ;
 So tranquil, in the surge of things ;
 I bring them from the well of Life,
 Love, from celestial water-springs !

From the shrill fountain-head of God
 I draw out water with the rod

Made luminous with light of power.
 I seal each æon's period,
 And wait the moment and the hours.

Aloof, alone, unloved, I stand
 With love and worship in my hand.
 I commune with the Gods: I wait
 Their summons, and I fire the brand
 I speak their Word: and there is Fate.

I know no happiness, no pain,
 No swift emotion, no disdain,
 No pits: but the boundless light
 Of the Eternal Love, unslain,
 Flows through me to redeem the night.

Mine is a sad slow life: but I,
 I would not gain release, and die
 A moment ere my task be done.
 To falter now were treachery—
 I should not dare to greet the sun!

Yet, in one hour I dare not hope,
 The mighty gate of Life May ope,
 And call me upwards to unite
 (Even my soul within the scope)
 With That Unutterable Light.

Steady of purpose, girt with Truth,
 I pass, in my eternal youth,
 And watch the centuries wax and wane:
 Untouched by Time's corroding tooth,
 Silent, immortal, unprofane!

My empire changes not with time.
 Men's kingdoms caldent as a rime
 Move me as waves that rise and fall.
 They are the parts, that crash or climb;
 I only comprehend the All.

I sit, as God must sit: I reign.
Redemption from the threads of pain
 I weave, until the veil be drawn.
I burn the chaff, I glean the grain;
 In silence I await the dawn.

FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST

The Athanor

Libertine touches of small fingers creep

Among my curls to-night: pale ghastly kisses,
Like mournful ghosts roused from their ruined sleep

By clamorous cries of murder. Strange abysses
Loom in the vista keen eyes penetrate,
Vague forecasts of immeasurable fate.

O thou belov'd blood, that wells and weeps!

O thou belov'd mouth, that beats and bleeds!

O mystic bosom where some serpent sleeps,

Sweet mockery of a thousand saintlier creeds!

Even I, that breathe your perfume, taste your breath,
Know, even this hour, ye are not life, but death!

No death ye bring more godlike than desire,

When seas roar tempest-lashed, and foam is flung
Raging on pitiless crags, and gloomy fire

Lurks in the master-cloud; corpses are swung
Helpless and horrible in trough and crest—
That death were music, and the lord of rest.

No death ye bring as when the storm is rolled,

An imminent giant on the sun-ripped snows,
Where icy fingers grip the overbold

Son of their secrets, and like springes close
On his choked throat and frozen body—Nay!

That death were twilight, and the gate of Day!

No death ye bring as his, that grips the flag

In desperate fingers, and with bloody sword
Flames up the thundering breach, while bastioned crag,
Glacis, and pent-house belch their monstrous horde

Of hideous engines shattering—this strife
Clears the straight road of Glory and of Life!

Nay: but the hateful death that stings the soul
 Into rebellion; the insensate death
That chokes its own delight with words that roll
 Mightier-mouthed than the archangel's breath;
The death that murders courage ere it drink
The soul's own life-blood on the desperate brink!

So, from the languid fingers in my curls
 And dreamy worship of a woman's eyes,
I look beyond the miserable whirls
 Of foolish measures woven in the skies;
Beyond the thoughtless stars: beyond God's sleep:
 Beyond the deep: beneath the deadly deep!

Infinite rings of luminous ether move
 At first amid the blackness that I seek:
Infinite motion and amazing love
 Deaden the lustre of the night. I speak
The cry of silence, that is heard unspoken;
That, being heard, rings evermore unbroken.

Silence, deep silence. Not a shudder stirs
 The vast demesne of unforgetful space,
No comet's lunatic rush; no meteor whirs,
 No star dares breathe, no planet knows his place
In that supreme unquiet quietude.
I am the master of my own deep mood.

I am the master. Yea, no doubt I rule
 The whole mad universe by will extended—
Who whispers then, O miserable fool!
 This night thy might and majesty are ended;
Thy soul shall be required of thee? I heard
This voice, and knew it for my proper word!

Yea, mine own voice : the higher spirit speaks,
 Stemming the hands that guide, the arms that hold,
 Even the infinite brain : that spirit seeks
 A loftier down of more ephemeral gold—
 Ephemeral, and eternal. Droop thine head,
 O God! for thou must suffer this, I said.

Droop thy wide pinions, O thou mortal God!
 Sink thy vast forehead, and let Life consume
 The miserable life thy feet have trod
 Beneath them, that thine own life in its doom
 Fall, in its resurrection to arise ;
 Stoop, that its holier hope may cleave the skies.

Power, power, and power! O single sacrifice
 On thine own altar : let thy savour steam
 Up, through the domes of broken Paradise ;
 Up, by Euphrates unimagined stream ;
 Up, by strange river and mysterious lawn
 To some impossible diadem of dawn !

So the more orderly ruling of events
 Shall change and blossom to a finer flower,
 Until it serve to worlds and elements
 For aspiration in the nobler hour—
 No mere repression, but the hope and crown
 Of fallen hierarchies no more cast down.

O misery of triple love and grief
 And hope! O joy of hatred and despair
 And happiness! The little hour is brief,
 And the lithe fingers soothe the listless hair
 Less, and the kisses swoon to tenderer signs
 And little sobs of sleeping ecstasies.

No! for the envy of the infinite
 Crushes the juice from out the poppy's stem,
 And brown-stained fingers wring the petals white,
 And weary lips seek lotus-life in them

Vainly: the lotus burns above the tomb—
 Yea, but in thought's unfathomable womb!

For spiritual life and love and light
 Climb the swayed ladder of our various fate;
 The steep rude stair that mocks the hero's might,
 Casts off the wise, and crumbles with the great.
 Yet from the highest crown no blossom fell,
 Save one, to bring salvation unto Hell.

O angel of my spiritual desire!
 O luminous master of the silver feet!
 O passionate rose of infinite white fire!
 O cross of sacrifice made bitter-sweet!
 O wide-wing, star-brow, veritable lord!
 O mystic bearer of the flaming sword!

O brows half seen, O visionary star
 Seen in the fragrant breezes of the East!
 O lover of my love, O avatar
 Of the All-One, O mystical High Priest!
 O thou before whose eyes my weak eyes fail,
 Wonderful warden of the Holy Grail!

O thou, mine angel, whom these eyes have seen,
 These hands have handled, and this mouth has kissed!
 O thou, the very tongue of fire, the clean
 Sweet-scented presence of a holier Christ!
 Listen, and answer, and behold! My wings
 Droop, O thou stronger than the immortal kings!

My flame burns dim! O bring the broken jar
 And alabaster casket, and dispense
 The oil that flows from that supernal star,
 And holy fountains of the Influence.
 Bring peace, and strength, and quicken in my heart
 Mastery of night-fear and the day-flung dart.

Yea! from the limit of the fallen day,
 And barren ocean of ungathered Time,
 Bring Night, and bring Eternity, and stay
 With white wings pointing where tired feet may climb:
 Even the pathway where shed blood ran deep
 To build red roses in the land of Sleep.

O guardian of the pallid hours of night!
 O tireless watcher of the smitten noon!
 O sworded with the majesty of light,
 O girded with the glory of the moon!
 Angel of absolute splendour! link of mine
 Old weary spirit with the All-Divine!

Ship that shalt carry me by many winds
 Driven on limitless ocean! Mighty sword,
 By which I force that barrier of the mind's
 Miscomprehension of its own true lord!
 Listen, and answer, and behold my brow
 Fiery with hope! Bend down, and touch it now!

Press the twin dawn of thy desirous lips
 In the swart masses of my hair; bend close,
 And shroud all earth in masterless eclipse,
 While my heart's murmur though thy being flows,
 To carry up the prayer, as incense teems
 Skyward, to those immeasurable streams!

Breathe the creative Sigh upon my mouth
 That even the body may become the soul:
 Cry, as the chain'd Eagle of the South,
 "A house of death," and make my spirit whole!
 Touch with pure balm the five mysterious wounds!
 Come! come away! but not your mighty sounds!

O wind of all the world! O silent river!
 O sea of seas! O flower of all the flowers!
 O fire! O spirit! Beam thou on for ever
 Through æons of illimitable hours!

Kiss thou my forehead, let thy tender breath
Woo me to life, and my desire to death!

I shall be ready for it by-and-by,
That sharp initiation, when the whole
Body is torn with sundering pangs, and I
The very conscious essence of the soul,
Am rent with agony, as when the pale
Christ heard the shriek of the dividing veil.

That awful mystery, its heart torn out,
Palpitates on the altar-stone of life:
That broken self, that hears the triumph-shout
Of its own voice beneath the falling knife,
When, like a bad dream changing, swiftly grows
A new soul's joy, a fuller-petalled rose.

Many the spirits broken for one man;
Many the men that perish to create
One God the more; many the weary and wan
Old Gods that die to constitute a Fate:
How many Fates then, think you, must control
The stainless aspiration of the soul?

Not one. I tell you, destiny is sure,
Yet moves no finger: though it tune my tongue,
My tongue shall tune it too: my words endure
As destiny decays: my hands are flung
In prayer to Heaven nay, to mine own crown,
To raise myself, and not to drag it down!

O holiest Lord of the divine white flame
Of brilliance sworded in the temple sky!
O thou who knowest my most secret name,
Who whisperest when only thou and I
Make up our universe: bestow thy kiss:
Arise! Come, let us pierce the old abyss!

Rise! Move! Appear! Let us go forth together,
 Into the solemn passionless profound,
Into the darkness, and the thrilling weather,
Into the silence louder than all sound,
 Into the vast implacable inane!
Come, let us journey thither once again!

FROM TANNHÄUSER

Shepherd Boy's Song

O Gretchen, when the morn is gray,
Forsake thy flocks and steal away
To that low bank where, shepherds say,
 The flowers eternal are.
Thine eyes should gleam to see me there,
 As fixed upon a star.
And yet thy lips should make a tune,
 And match me unaware—
So steals the sun beside the moon
 And hides her lustre rare.
The bloom upon the peach is fine ;
The blossom on thy cheek is mine !
 O kiss me—if you dare !
I called thee by the name of love
That mothers fear and gods approve,
 And maidens blush to say—
O Gretchen, meet me in the dell
We know and love, who love so well,
 While morn is cold and gray !
So match thy blushes to the dawn ;
 Thy bosom to the rising moon,
Until our loves to earth have drawn
 Some new bewitching tune.
Come, Gretchen, in the dusk of day,
Where nymphs and dryads creep away
Beneath the oaks, to laugh and play
 And sink in lover's swoon.
We'll sing them sister songs, and show
What secrets mortal lovers know.

FROM TANNHÄUSER

Tannhäuser's Song

In the Beginning God began
 And saw the Night of Time begin ;
 Chaos, a speck ; and space, a span ;
 Ruinous cycles fallen in,
 And Darkness on the Deep of Time.
 Murmurous voices call and climb ;
 Faces, half-formed, arise ; and He
 Looked from the shadow of His throne,
 The curtain of Eternity ;
 He looked—and saw Himself alone,
 And on the sombre sea, the primal one,
 Faint faces, that might not abide ;
 Flicker, and are fordone.
 So were they caught within the spacious tide,
 The sleepy waters that encased the world
 Monsters rose up, and turned themselves, and curled
 Into the deep again.

The darkness brooded, and the bitter pain
 Of chaos twisted the vast limbs of time
 In horrid rackings : then the spasm came :
 The Serpent rose, the servant of the slime,
 In one dark miracle of flame
 Unluminous and void : the silent claim
 Of that which was, to be : the cry to climb,
 The bitter birth of Nature : uttermost Night
 Dwelt, inaccessible to sound and sight ;
 Shielded from Voice, impervious to Light.

Lo! on the barren bosom, on the brine,
 The spirit of the Mighty One arose,
 A flickering light, a formless triple flame,

The self-begotten, the impassive shrine,
The seat of Heaven's archipelagoes ;
Yet lighted not the glory whence it came,
Nor shone upon the surface of the sea.
Time, and the Great One, and the Nameless Name,
Held in their grip the child, Eternity.
Silence and Darkness in their womb withheld
That spiritual fire, and brooded still :
Nature and Time, their soleness undispeled,
Ever awaiting the eternal Will.
And Law was unbegotten : uttermost Night
Dwelt, inaccessible to sound and sight
Shielded from Voice, impervious to Light.

Then grew within the barren womb of this
The Breath of the Eternal and the Vast,
Softer than dawn, and closer than a kiss—
And lo! the chaos and the darkness passed!
At the creative sigh the Light became.
Chaos rolled back in the abundant flame.
The vast and mystic Soul,
The firmament, a living coal,
Flamed twixt the glory and the sea below.
The whirling force began. The atom whirled
In vortices of flashing matter : wild as snow
On mountain tops by the wind-spirits hurled,
Blinding and blind, the sparks of spirit curled
Each to its proper soul ; the wide wheels flow,
Orderly streams, and lose the rushing speed,
Meet, mingle, marry. Fire and air express
Their dew and winds of molten loveliness,
Fine flakes of arrowy light, the dawn's first deed,
Metallic showers and smoke self-glittering
For man an on. Wild the pennons spring
Of streaming flame ! Then, surging from the tide,
Grew the desirable, the golden one,
Separate from the sun.
Now fire and air no more exult, exceed,
Are balanced in the sphere. The waters wide

Glow on the bosom of fixed earth; and Need,
The Lady of Beginning, also was.
Thus was the firmament a vital glass,
The waters as the vessel of the soul;
Thus earth, the mystic basis of the whole,
Was smitten through with fire, as chrysopras,
Blending, uniting and dividing it,
Volcanic, airy, and celestial.

I rose within the elemental ball,
And lo! the Ancient One of Days did sit!
His head and hair were white as wool, his eyes
A flaming fire: and from the splendored mouth
Flashed the Eternal Sword!
Lo! Lying at his feet as dead, I saw
The leaping-forth of Law:
Division of the North wind and the South,
The lightning of the armies of the Lord;
East rolled asunder from the rended West;
Height clove the depth: the Voice begotten said:
“Divided be thy ways and limited!”
Answered the reflux and the indrawn breath:
“Let there be Life, and Death!”

FROM THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY

A Death in Thessaly

Μόνος Θεῶν γάρ Θάνατος οὐ δῶρων ἐρά
—ÆSCH., *Fr. Niobe.*

Farewell! O Light of day, O torch Althæan!
The strange fruits lure me of Persephone;
I raise the last, the memorable pæan,
Storm-throated, mouthed as cave-rolling sea;
I lift the cup: deep draughts of blue Lethean!
My wine to me.

O lamentable season of Apollo,
When swoops his glory to the golden wave!
As all his children, so their lord shall follow!
The flower he slew, the maiden he would save,
As Itylus, light woven, tuned! O swallow,
Bewail their grave!

The gracious breast of Artemis may light me
To men—yet loved I ever Artemis?
Surely the vine-song and the dance delight me,
The sea-blue bowers where Aphrodite is.
Terrible gods and destinies excite me,
The strange sad kiss.

Thus may no moon tell Earth my story after,
No virgin sing my fame as virginal.
Yet some night-leaves the southern stream may waft her,
Some amorous nymph across the wood may call
A loud made chant; love, tears, harsh sombre laughter.
No more at all.

Oh, mother, Oh, Demeter, in my burthen
 Let me assume my sorrow singular ;
 A branching temple and an altar earthen,
 A fire of herbs, a clayen water-jar ;
 An olive grove to bind the sacred girth in
 Lone woods afar.

Let life burn gently thence, as when the ember
 In one faint incense-puff to shrineward dies.
 No care, no pain, no craving to remember,
 One leap toward the knees and destinies,
 Where shine Her lips like flames, Her breasts like amber,
 Like moons Her eyes.

For my heart turns—ah still!—in Sorrow's traces,
 Where sad chill footprints pash the sodden leaves ;
 Where ranged around me are the cold, gray faces ;
 Fallon on the stubble are the rotten sheaves ;
 The vicious ghosts abound ; and Chronos paces
 No soul deceives.

Yet my heart looks to Madness as its mother,
 Remembering who once caught me by the well ;
 And strange loves of that misshapen Other,
 The feast of blood, the cold enchanted dell,
 Where fire was filtered up through earth to smother
 Sick scents of hell.

And that wild night when vine-leaves wooed and clustered
 Round my wild limbs, and like a women I went
 Over the mountains—how the Northwind blustered!—
 And slew with them the beast, and was content.
 The madness :—Oh! the dreadful light that lustred
 The main event.

Ay! the wild whirlings in the woodland reaches ;
 The ghastly smile upon the Stone God's lip ;
 The rigid tremors, anguish that beseeches
 From eye to eye fresh fervours of the whip ;

The mounded moss below the swaying beeches—
 Kiss me and clip!

Why! the old madness grows!—how feebly lying
 Smooth by this bay where waves are tender flowers.
 Winds, soft as the old kisses were, are sighing.
 Clouds drift across the sun for silken bowers.
 The moon is up—an hastening nymph! I, dying,
 Await the Hours.

And thou, Persephone, I know thy story,
 That I must taste the terror of thy wrong:
 How Hades ride across the promontory,
 Snatch my pale body in mid over-song,
 Drag me from sight of my Apollo's glory
 With horses strong.

Nay! as Apollo half the day is shrouded,
 As Artemis twice seven nights is dark;
 Surely he shines in other lands unclouded,
 Surely her shaft shall find another mark.
 So dawns the day on Acheron ghost-crowded,
 And on my bark.

I know not how yon world may prove, nor whither
 Hermes conduct me to what farther end.
 Yet if these bays abide, this heart not wither,
 It cannot be I shall not find a friend.
 Some pale immortal lover draw me thither!
 To kiss me bend!

Moreover, as Apollo re-arisen
 Flames, with a roaring of the morning sea,
 Up from the stricken gray, the iron-barred prison,
 Flashes his face again upon the lea,
 And diamond dew the woodland ones bedizen;
 So—so for me!

Some forty years this earth knew song and passion
 Pour from my lips, saw gladness in mine eyes!
Some forty shall I sing some other fashion,
 Dance in strange measures, change the key of sighs.
Then rise in Thessaly again, Thalassian!
 Only, more wise.

FROM ORACLES

The Hermit's Hymn to Solitude

I.

Mightiest Self! Supreme in Self-Contentment!
 Sole Spirit gyring in its own ellipse;
 Palpable, formless, infinite presentment
 Of thine own light in thine own soul's eclipse!
 Let thy chaste lips
 Sweep through the empty æthers guarding thee
 (As in a fortress girded by the sea
 The ranging winds and wings of air
 Lift the wild waves and bear
 Innavigable foam to seaward), bend thee down,
 Touch, draw me with thy kiss
 Into thine own deep bliss,
 Into thy sleep, thy life, thy imperishable crown!
 Let that young godhead in thine eyes
 Pierce mine, fulfil me of their secrecies,
 Thy peace, thy purity, thy soul impenetrably wise.

II.

All things which are complete are solitary;
 The circling moon, the unconscious drift of stars,
 The central systems. Burn they, change they, vary?
 Theirs is no motion beyond the eternal bars.
 Seasons and scars
 Stain not the planets, the unfathomed home,
 The spaceless, unformed faces in the dome
 Brighter and blacker than all things,
 Borne under the eternal wings
 No whither; solitary are the winter woods
 And caves not habited,
 And that supreme grey head
 Watching the groves: single the foaming amber floods,

And O! most lone
 The melancholy mountains shrine and throne,
 While far above all things God sits, the ultimate alone!

III.

I sate upon the mossy promontory
 Where the cascade cleft not his mother rock,
 But swept in whirlwind lightning foam and glory,
 Vast circling with unwearying luminous shock
 To lure and lock
 Marvellous eddies in its wild caress;
 And there the solemn echoes caught the stress,
 The strain of that impassive tide,
 Shook it and flung it high and wide,
 Till all the air took fire from that melodious roar;
 All the mute mountains heard,
 Bowed, laughed aloud, concurred,
 And passed the word along, the signal of wide war.
 All earth took up the sound,
 And, being in one tune securely bound,
 Even as a star became the soul of silence most profound.

IV.

Thus there, the centre of that death that darkened,
 I sat and listened, if God's voice should break
 And pierce the hollow of my ear that hearkened,
 Lest God should speak and find me not awake—
 For his own sake.
 No voice, no song might pierce or penetrate
 That enviable universal state.
 The sun and moon beheld, stood still.
 Only the spirit's axis, will,
 Considered its own soul and sought a deadlier deep,
 And in its monotone mood
 Of supreme solitude
 Was neither glad nor sad because it did not sleep;
 But with calm eyes abode
 Patient, its leisure the galactic load,
 Abode alone, nor even rejoiced to know that it was God.

V.

All change, all motion, and all sound, are weakness!
 Man cannot bear the darkness which is death.
 Even that calm Christ, manifest in meekness,
 Cried on the cross and gave his ghostly breath,
 On the prick of death,
 Voice, for his passion could not bear nor dare
 The interlunar, the abundant air
 Darkened, and silence on the shuddering
 Hill, and the unbeating wing
 Of the legions of His Father, and so died.
 But I, should I be still,
 Poised between fear and will?
 Should I be silent, I, and be unsatisfied?
 For solitude shall bend
 Self to all selffulness, and have one friend,
 Self, and behold one God, and be, and look beyond the End.

VI,

O Solitude! how many have mistaken
 Thy name for Sorrow's, or for Death's or Fear's!
 Only thy children lie at night and waken—
 How shouldst thou speak and say that no man hears?
 O soul of Tears!
 For never hath fallen as dew thy word,
 Nor is thy shape showed, nor as Wisdom's heard
 Thy crying about the city
 In the house where is no pity
 But in the desolate halls and lonely vales of sand:
 Not in the laughter loud,
 Nor crying of the crowd,
 But in the farthest sea, the yet untravelled land.
 Where thou has trodden, I have trod;
 Thy folk have been my folk, and thine abode
 Mine, and thy life my life, and thou, who art thy
 God, my God.

VII.

Draw me with cords that are not ; witch me chanted
Spells never heard nor open to the ear,
Woven of silence, moulded in the haunted
Houses where dead men linger year by year.
I have no fear
To tread thy far irremeable way
Beyond the paths and palaces of day,
Beyond the night, beyond the skies,
Beyond eternity's
Tremendous gate ; beyond the immanent miracle.
O secret self of things !
I have nor feet nor wings
Except to follow far beyond Heaven and Earth and Hell,
Until I mix my mood
And being in thee, as in my hermit's hood
I grow the thing I contemplate that selfless solitude !

FROM ORACLES

On Waikiki Beach

Upheaved from chaos, through the dark sea hurled,
 Through the cleft heart of the amaz'd sea,
 Sprang, mid deep thunderous throats of majesty,
 Titanic, in the waking of the world ;
 Sprang, one vast mass of spume and molten fire,
 Lava, tremendous waves of earth ; sprang higher
 Than the sea's crest volcano-torn, to be
 Written in Cyclopean charactery,
 Hawaii. Here she stands
 Queen of all laughter's lands
 That dance for dawn, lie tranced in leisured noon,
 Dreaming through day towards night,
 Craving the perfumed light
 Of the stars lustrous, and the gem-born moon.
 Dewy with clustered diamond,
 The long land swoons to sleeps: the sea sleeps
 and yet wakes beyond.

Here, in the crescent beach and bay, the sea,
 Curven and carven in warm shapes of dream,
 Answers the love-song of the liliated stream,
 And moves to bridal music. Stern and free,
 The lion-shapen headland guards the shore ;
 The ocean, the bull-throated, evermore
 Roars ; the vast wheel of heaven turns above,
 Its rim of pain, its jewelled heart of love ;
 Sun-waved, the eagle wing
 Of the air of feathered spring
 Royally sweeps, and on the musical merge
 Watches alone the man.
 O silvern shape and span
 Of moonlight, reaching over the grey, large

Breast of the surf-bound strand,
 Life of the earth, God's child, Man's bride, the light
 of the sweet land!

Are emeralds ever a spark of this clear green,
 Or sapphires hints of this diviner blue,
 Or rubies shadows of this rosy hue,
 Or light itself elsewhere so clear and clean?
 For all the sparkling dews of heaven fallen far
 Crystalline, fixed, forgotten (as a star
 Forgets its nebulous virginity)
 Are set in all the sky and earth and sea.
 Shining with solar fire,
 The single-eyed desire
 Of scent and sound and sight and sense perfuses
 The still and lambent light
 Of the essential night;
 And all the heart of me is fain, and muses,
 As if for ever doomed to dream
 Or pass in peace Lethean adown the grey Lethean
 stream.

So deep the sense of beauty, and so keen!
 The calm abiding holiness of love
 Reigns; and so fallen from the heights above
 Immeasurable, the influence unseen
 Of music and of spiritual fire,
 That the soul sleeps, forgotten of desire,
 Only remembering its God-like birth
 Reflected in the deity of earth,
 Becometh even as God.
 The pensive period
 Of night and day beats like a waving fan
 No more, no more; the years,
 Reft of their joys and fears,
 Pass like pale faces, leave the life of man
 Untroubled of their destinies,
 Leave him forgotten of life and time, immortal, calm
 and wise.

Only the ceaseless surf on coral towers,
The changeless change of the unchanging ocean,
Laps the bright night, with unsubstantial motion
Winnowing the starlight, plumed with feathery flowers
Of foam and phosphor glory, the strange glow
Of the day's amber fallen to indigo,
Lit of its own depth in some subtle wise,
A pavement for the footsteps from the skies
Of angels walking thus
Not all unseen of us,
Nor all unknown, nor unintelligible,
When with souls lifted up
In the Cadmean cup,
As incense lifted in the thurible,
We know that God is even as we,
Light from the sky, and life on earth, and love be-
neath the sea.

FROM ALICE: AN ADULTERY

Margaret

The moon spans Heaven's architrave ;
Stars in the deep are set ;
Written in gold on the day's grave,
"To love, and to forget ;"
And sea-winds whisper o'er the wave
The name of Margaret.

A heart of gold, a flower of white,
A blushing flame of snow,
She moves like latticed moons of light—
And O! her voice is low,
Shell murmurs borne to Amphitrite,
Exulting as they go.

Her stature waves, as if a flower
Forgot the evening breeze,
But heard the charioted hour
Sweep from the father seas,
And kept sweet time within her bower,
And hushed mild melodies.

So grave and delicate and tall—
Shall laughter never sweep
Like a moss-guarded waterfall
Across her ivory sleep?
A tender laugh most musical?
A sigh serenely deep?

She laughs in wordless swift desire
A soft Thalassian tune ;
Her eyelids glimmer with the fire
That animates the moon :

Her chaste lips flame, as flames aspire
Of poppies in mid-June.

She lifts the eyelids amethyst,
And looks from half-shut eyes,
Gleaming with miracles of mist,
Grey shadows on blue skies ;
And on her whole face sunrise kissed,
Child-wonderment most wise.

The whitest arms in all the earth
Blush from the lilac bed.
Like a young star even at its birth
Shines out the golden head.
Sad violets are the maiden girth,
Pale flames night-canopied.

O gentlest lady! Lift those eyes,
And curl those lips to kiss!
Melt my young boyhood in thy sighs,
A subtler Salmacis!
Hike, in that peace, these ecstasies ;
In that fair fountain, this !

She fades as starlight on the stream,
As dewfall in the dell ;
All life and love, one ravishing gleam
Stolen from sleep's crucible ;
That kiss, that vision is a dream :—
And I—most miserable !

Still Echo wails upon the steep,
“To love—and to forget !”
Still sombre whispers from the deep
Sob through night's golden net,
And waft upon the wings of sleep
The name of Margaret.

FROM ALICE: AN ADULTERY

Red Poppy

I have no heart to sing.
What offering I may bring,
 Alice, to thee?
My great love's lifted wing
Weakens, unwearying,
 And droops with me,
Singing the sun-kindled hair
Close in the face more fair,
The sweet soul shining there
 For God to see.

Surely some angel shed
Flowers for the maiden head,
 Ephemeral flowers!
I yearn, not comforted.
My heart is vainly bled
 Through age-long hours.
To thee my spirit turns;
My bright soul aches and burns,
As a dry valley yearns
 For spring and showers.

Splendid, remove, a fane
Alone and unprofane
 I know thy breast.
These bitter tears of pain
Flood me, and fall again
 Not into rest.
Me, whose sole purpose is
To gain one gainless kiss,
And make a bird's my bliss,
 Shrined in that nest.

O fearful firstling dove!
 My dawn and spring of love,
 Love's light and lure!
 Look (as I bend above)
 Through bright lids filled thereof
 Perfect and pure,
 Thy bloom of maidenhood.
 I could not: if I could,
 I would not: being good,
 Also endure!

Cruel, to tear or mar
 The chaliced nenuphar;
 Cruel to press
 The rosebud; cruel to scar
 Or stain the flower-star
 With mad caress.
 But crueller to destroy
 The leaping life and joy
 Born in a careless boy
 From lone distress.

More cruel then art thou
 The calm and chaste of brow,
 If thou dost this.
 Forget the feeble vow
 Ill sworn; all laws allow
 Pity, that is
 Kin unto love, and mild
 List to the sad and wild
 Crying of the lonely child
 Who asks a kiss.

One kiss, like snow, to slip,
 Cool fragrance from thy lip
 To melt on mine;
 One kiss, a white-sail ship
 To laugh and leap and dip
 Her brows divine;

One kiss a starbeam faint
 With love of a sweet saint,
 Stolen like a sacrament
 In the night's shrine!

One kiss, like moonlight cold
 Lighting with floral gold
 The lake's low tune :
 One kiss, one flower to fold,
 On its own calyx rolled,
 At night, in June!
 One kiss, like dewfall, drawn
 A veil o'er leaf and lawn—
 Mix night, and noon, and dawn,
 Dew, flower, and moon!

One kiss, intense, supreme!
 The sense of Nature's dream
 And scent of Heaven
 Shown lin the glint and gleam
 Of the pure dawn's first beam,
 With earth for leaven ;
 Moulded of fire and gold,
 Water and wine to fold
 Me in its life, and hold!—
 In all but seven!

I would not kiss thee, I!
 Lest my lip's charactery
 Ruin thy flower.
 Curve thou one maidenly
 Kiss, stooping from thy sky
 Of peace and power!
 Thine only be the embrace!—
 I move not from my place,
 Feel the exultant face
 Mine for an hour!

FROM ALICE: AN ADULTERY

Alice

The roses of the world are sad,
The water-lilies pale,
Because my lover takes her lad
Beneath the moonlight veil.
No flower may bloom this happy hour—
Unless my Alice be the flower.

The stars are hidden in dark and mist,
The moon and sun are dead,
Because my love has caught and kissed
My body in her bed.
No light may shine this happy night—
Unless my Alice be the light.

So silent are the thrush, the lark!
The nightingale's at rest,
Because my lover loves the dark,
And has me in her breast.
No song this happy night be heard!—
Unless my Alice be the bird.

The sea that roared around the house
Is fallen from alarms,
Because my lover calls me spouse,
And takes me to her arms.
This night no sound of breakers be!—
Unless my Alice be the sea.

Of man and maid in all the world
Is stilled the swift caress,
Because my lover has me curled
In her own loveliness.

No kiss be such a night as this!—
Unless my Alice be the kiss.

No blade of grass awaiting takes
The dew fresh-fallen above,
Because my lover swoons, and slakes
Her body's thirst of love.
This night no dewfall from the blue!—
Unless my Alice be the dew.

This night O never dawn shall crest
The world of wakening,
Because my lover has my breast
On hers for dawn and spring.
This night shall never be withdrawn—
Unless my Alice be the dawn.

FROM THE ARGONAUTS

Chorus of Shipbuilders

The sound of the hammer and steel!
The song of the level and line!
The whirr of the whistling wheel!
The ring of the axe on the pine!

The joy of the ended labour,
As the good ship plunges free
By sound of pipe and tabor
To front the sparkling sea!

The mystery-woven spell!
The voyage of golden gain!
The free full sails that swell
On the swell of the splendid main!

The song of the axe and the wedge!
The clang of the hammer and chain!
Keen whistle of chisel and edge!
Smooth swish of the sliding plane!

Hail to the honour of toil!
Hail! to the ship flown free!
Hail! to the golden spoil,
And the glamour of all the sea!

FROM THE ARGONAUTS

At Waikiki

Light shed from seaward over breakers bending
 Kiss-wise to the emerald hollows: light divine
 Whereof the sun is God, the sea his shrine;
 Light in vibrations rhythmic; light unending;
 Light sideways from the girdling crags ex-tending
 Unto this lone and languid head of mine;
 Light, that fulfils creation as with wine,
 Flows in the channels of the deep: light, rending
 The adamantine columns of the night,
 Is laden with the love-song of the light.

Light, pearly-glimmering through dim gulf and hollow,
 Below the foam-kissed lips of all the sea;
 Light shines from all the sky and up to me
 From the amber floors of sand: Light calls Apollo!
 The shafts of fire fledged of the eagle follow
 The crested surf, and strike the shore, and flee
 Far from green cover, nymph-enchanted lea,
 Fountain, and plume them white as the sea-swallow,
 And turn and quiver in the ocean, seeming
 The glances of a maiden kissed, or dreaming.

Light, as I swim through rollers green and gleaming,
 Sheds its most subtle sense to penetrate
 This heart I thought impervious to Fate.
 Now the sweet light, the full delight, is beaming
 Through me and burns me: all my flesh is teeming
 With the live kisses of the sea, my mate,
 My mistress, till the fires of life abate
 And leave me languid, man-forgotten, deeming
 I see in sleep, in many-coloured night,
 More hope than in the flame-waves of the light.

Light! ever light! I swim far out and follow
The footsteps of the wind, and light invades
My desolate soul, and all the cypress shades
Glow with transparent lustre, and the hollow
I thought I had hidden in my heart must swallow
The bitter draught of Truth; no Nereid maids
Even in my sea are mine: the whole sea's glades
And hills and springs are void of my Apollo—
The Sea herself my tune and my desire!
The Sun himself my lover and my lyre!

FROM THE ARGONAUTS

The Harbour, Vera Cruz

I hear the waters faint and far,
And look to where the Polar Star,
Half hidden in the haze, divides
The double chanting of the tides ;
But, where the harbour's gloomy mouth
Welcomes the stranger to the south,
The water shakes, and all the sea
Grows silver suddenly.

As one who standing on the moon
Sees the vast horns in silver hewn,
Himself in darkness, and beholds
How silently all space unfolds
Into her shapeless breast the spark
And sacred phantom of the dark ;
So in the harbour-horns I stand
Till I forget the land.

Who sails through all that solemn space
Out to the twilight's secret place,
The sleepy waters move below
His ship's imaginary flow.
No song, no lute, so lowly chaunts
In woods where still Arisbe haunts,
Wrapping the wanderer with her tresses
Into untold caresses.

For none of all the sons of men
That hath known Artemis, again
Turns to the warmer earth, or vows
His secrets to another spouse.
The moon resolves her beauty in

The sea's deep kisses salt and keen ;
The sea assumes the lunar light,
And he—their eremite !

In their calm intercourse and kiss
Even hell itself no longer is ;
For nothing in their love abides
That passes not beneath their tides,
And who so bathes in light of theirs,
And water, changes unawares
To be no separate soul, but be
Himself the moon and sea.

Not all the wealth that flowers shed,
And sacred streams on that calm head ;
Not all the earth's spell-weaving dream
And scent of new-turned earth shall seem
Again indeed his mother's breast
To breathe like sleep and give him rest ;
He lives or dies in subtler swoon
Between the sea and moon.

So standing, gliding, undeterred
By any her alluring word
That calls from older forest glades,
My soul forgets the gentle maids
That wooed me in the scarlet bowers,
And golden cluster-woof of flowers ;
Forgets itself, content to be
Between the moon and sea.

No passion stirs their depth, nor moves ;
No life disturbs their sweet dead loves ;
No being holds a crown or throne ;
They are, and I in them, alone :
Only some lute-player grown star
Is heard like whispering flowers afar ;
And some divided, single tune
Sobs from the sea and moon.

Amid thy mountains shall I rise,
O moon, and float about thy skies?
Beneath thy waters shall I roam,
O sea, and call thy valleys home?
Or on Dædalian oarage fare
Forth in the interlunar air?
Imageless mirror-life! to be
Sole between moon and sea.

FROM THE ARGONAUTS

The Song of the Siren, Leucosia

O Lover, I am lonely here !
O lover, I am weeping !
Each pearl of ocean is a tear
Let fall while love was sleeping.

A tear is made of fire and dew
And saddened with a smile ;
The sun's laugh in the curving blue
Lasts but a little while.

The night-winds kiss the deep : the stars
Shed laughter from above ;
But night must pass dawn's prison bars :
Night hath not tasted love.

With me the night is fallen in day ;
The day swoons back to night ;
The white and black are woven in gray,
Faint sleep of silken light.

A strange soft light about me shed
Devours the sense of time :
Hovers about my sleepy head
Some sweet persistent rime.

Beneath my breast my love may hear
Deep murmur of the billows—
O gather me to thee, my dear,
On soft forgetful pillows !

O gather me in arms of love
As maidens plucking posies,

Or mists that fold about a dove,
Or valleys full of roses!

O let me fade and fall away
From waking into sleep,
From sleep to death, from gold to gray,
Deep as the skies are deep!

O let me fall from death to dream,
Eternal monotone;
Faint eventide of sleep supreme
With thee and love alone!

A jewelled night of star and moon
Shall watch our bridal chamber,
Bending the blue rays to the tune
Of softly-sliding amber.

Dim winds shall whisper echoes of
Our slow ecstatic breath,
Telling all worlds how sweet is love,
How beautiful is death.

FROM THE ARGONAUTS

Hong Kong Harbour

Over a sea like stained glass
At sunset like a chrysopras :—
 Our smooth-oared vessel over-rides
 Crimson and green and purple tides.
Between the rocky isles we pass,
And greener islets gay with grass ;
 Between the over-arching sides
 Our pinnacle glides.

Just by the mænad-haunted hill
Songs rise into the air, and thrill,
 Like clustered birds at evening
 When love outlingers rain and spring.
Faint faces of strange dancers spill
Their dewy scent ; and sweet and chill
 The wind comes faintly whispering
 On wanton wing.

Between the islands sheer and steep
Our craft treads noiseless o'er the deep,
 Turned to the gold heart of the west,
 The sun's last sigh of love expressed
Ere the lake glimmer, borrow sleep
From clouds and tinge their edges ; weep
 That night brings love not to his breast,
 But only rest.

We move toward the golden track
Shed in the water : we look back
 Eastward, where rose is set to warn
 Promise and prophecy of dawn
Reflected, lest the ocean lack

In any space serene or slack
 Some colour, blushing o'er the fawn
 Dim-lighted lawn.

And under all the shadowy shapes
 Of steep and silent bays and capes
 The water takes its darkest hue;
 Catches no laughter from the blue;
 No purple ray or god escapes,
 But dim green shadow comes and drapes
 Its lustre: thus the night burns through
 Tall groves of yew.

Thither, ah thither! Hollow vales
 Trembling with early nightingales!
 Languish, O sea of sleep! Young moon
 Dream on above in maiden swoon!
 None daring to invoke the gales
 To shake our sea, and swell our sails.
 Not song, but silence, were a boon—
 Save for this tune.

Round capes grown darker as night falls,
 We see at last the splendid walls
 That ridge the bay; the town lies there
 Lighted (the temple's hour for prayer)
 At grave harmonious intervals.
 The grand voice of some seaman calls,
 Just as the picture fades, aware
 How it was fair.

FROM THE ARGONAUTS

At Prome

When the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted
at the glance
Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms dance
With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn,
and with the bloom
Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden valley's gloom:
Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the solemn ways
Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry rays;
Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and all its peace;
And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard sounds hush and cease.
In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of death and birth,
In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a heaven and earth
Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever dear,
Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful tear.
These are with me, these are of me, these approve me, these obey,
Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of the night and day.
These are real, these illusion: I am of them, false or frail,
True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-veil,

Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world
beneath its stem ;
Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counter-
part in them.
As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,
Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to dis-
appear,
Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing
bud dissever :
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are
nothingness for ever.
In the bless'd, the enlightened, perfect eyes these
visions pass,
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no
stain upon the glass.
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last cer-
tain calm of will,
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and
grow still.
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's ut-
most flame,
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and
form and name !
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre ; lake, rise up in
mist to sun ;
Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Mas-
ter's work is done.
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and
sweet and strong,
Cleanse the world with light of healing in the an-
cient House of Wrong !
Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being
tossed !
Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether
lost !

FROM THE STAR AND THE GARTER

Song

Make me a roseleaf with your mouth,
And I will waft it through the air
To some far garden of the South,
The herald of our happening there!

Fragrant, caressing, steals the breeze;
Curls into kisses on your lips:—
I know interminable seas,
Winged ardour of the stately ships,

Space of incalculable blue
And years enwreathed in one close crown,
And glimmering laughters echoing you
From reverend shades of bard's renown:—

Nature alive and glad to hymn
Your beauty, my delight: her God
Weary, his old eyes sad and dim
In his intolerable abode.

All things that are, unknown and known,
Bending in homage to your eyes;
We wander wondering, lift alone
The world's grey load of agonies.

Make me a roseleaf with your mouth,
That all the savour steal afar
Unto the sad awaiting South,
Where sits enthroned the answering Star.

FROM THE STAR AND THE GARTER

Song

To sea! To sea! The ship is trim;
The breezes bend the sails.
They chant the necromantic hymn,
Arouse Arabian tales!

To sea! Before us leap the waves;
The wild white combers follow.
Invoke, ye melancholy slaves,
The morning of Apollo!

There's phosphorescence in the wake,
And starlight o'er the prow;
One comet, like an angry snake,
Lifts up its hooded brow.

The black grows grey toward the East:
A hint of silver glows.
Gods gather to the mystic feast
On interlunar snows.

The moon is up full-orbed: she glides
Striking a snaky ray
Across the black resounding tides,
The sepulchre of day.

The moon is up: upon the prow
We stand and watch the moon.
A star is lusted on your brow;
Your lips begin a tune,

A long, low tune of love that swells
Little by little, and lights

The overarching miracles
Of love's desire, and Night's.

It swells, it rolls to triumph-song
Through luminous black skies;
Thrills into silence sharp and strong,
Assumes its peace, and dies.

There is the night: it covers close
The lilies folded fair
Of all your beauty, and the rose
Half hidden in your hair.

There is the night: unseen I stand
And look to seaward still:
We would not look upon the land
Again, had I my will.

The ship is trim: to sea! to sea!
Take life in either hand,
Crush out its wind for you and me,
And drink, and understand!

Rosa Mundi

1. Rose of the world!

Red glory of the secret heart of love!
Red flame, rose red, most subtly curled
Into its own infinite flower, all flowers above!
Its flower in its own perfumed passion,
Its faint sweet passion, folded and furled
In flower fashion;
And my deep spirit taking its pure part
Of that voluptuous heart
Of hidden happiness!

2. Arise, strong bow of the young child Eros!
(While the maddening moonlight, the memoried caress
Stolen of the scented rose
Stirs me and bids each racing pulse ache, ache!)
Bend into an agony of art
Whose cry is ever rapture, and whose tears
For their own purity's undivided sake
Are molten dew, as, on the lotus leaves
Silver-coiled in the Sun
Into green-girded spheres
Purer than all a maiden's dream enweaves,
Lies the unutterable beauty of
The Waters. Yea, arise, divinest dove
Of the Idalian, on your crimson wings
And soft grey plumes, bear me to yon cool shrine
Of that most softly-spoken one,
Mine Aphrodite! Touch the imperfect strings,
O thou, immortal, throned above the moon!
Inspire a holy tune
Lighter and lovelier than flowers and wine
Offered in gracious gardens unto Pan
By any soul of man!

3. In vain the solemn stars pour their pale dew
Upon my trembling spirit; their caress
Leaves me moon-rapt in waves of loveliness
All thine, O rose, O wrought of many a must
In Music, O thou strength of ecstasy
Incarnate in a woman-form, create
Of her own rapture, infinite, ultimate,
Not to be seen, not grasped, not even imaginable,
But known of one, by virtue of that spell
Of thy sweet will toward him: thou, unknown,
Untouched, grave mistress of the sunlight throne
Of thine own nature; known not even of me,
But of some spark of woven eternity
Immortal in this bosom. Phosphor paled
And in the grey upstarted the dread veiled
Rose light of dawn. Sun-shaped shone thy spears
Of love forth darting into myriad spheres,
Which I the poet called this light, that flower,
This knowledge, that illumination, power
This and love that, in vain, in vain, until
Thy beauty dawned, all beauty to distil
Into one drop of utmost dew, one name
Choral as floral, one thin, subtle flame
Fitted to a shaft of love, to pierce, to endue
My trance-rapt spirit with the avenue
Of perfect pleasures, radiating far
Up and up yet to where thy sacred star
Burned in its brilliance: thence the storm was shed
A passion of great calm about this head,
This head no more a poet's; since the dream
Of beauty gathered close into a stream
Of tingling light, and, gathering ever force
From thine own love, its unextended source,
Became the magic utterance that makes Me,
Dissolving self into the starless sea
That makes one lake of molten joy, one pond
Steady as light and hard as diamond;
One drop, one atom of constraint intense,
Of elemental passion corning sense,

All the concentrated music that is I.
 O! hear me not! I die;
 I am borne away in misery of dumb life
 That would in words flash forth the holiest heaven
 That to the immortal God of Gods is given,
 And, tongue-tied, stammers forth—my wife!

4. I am dumb with rapture of thy loveliness.
 All metres match and mingle; all words tire;
 All lights, all sounds, all perfumes, all gold stress
 Of the honey-palate, all soft strokes expire
 In abject agony of broken sense
 To hymn the emotion tense
 Of somewhat higher—O! how highest!—than all
 Their mystery: fall, O fall,
 Ye unavailing eagle-flights of song!
 O wife! these do thee wrong.

5. Thou knowest how I was blind;
 How for mere minutes thy pure presence
 Was nought; was ill defined;
 A smudge across the mind,
 Drivelling in its brutal essence,
 Hog-wallowing in poetry,
 Incapable of thee.

6. Ah! when the minutes grew to hours,
 And yet the beast, the fool, saw flowers
 And loved them, watched the moon rise, took delight
 In perfumes of the summer night,
 Caught in the glamour of the sun,
 Thought all the woe well won.
 How hours were days, and all the misery
 Abode, all mine: O thou! didst thou regret?
 Was thou asleep as I?
 Didst thou not love me yet?
 For, know! the moon is not the moon until
 She hath the knowledge to fulfil
 Her music, till she know herself the moon.

So thou, so I! The stone unhewn,
 Foursquare, the sphere of human hands immune,
 Was not yet chosen for the corner-piece
 And keystone of the Royal Arch of Sex;
 Unsolved the ultimate x ;
 The virginal breeding breeze
 Was yet of either unstirred;
 Unspoken the Great Word.

7. Then on a sudden, we knew. From deep to deep
 Reverberating, lightning unto lightning
 Across the sundering brightening
 Abyss of sorrow's sleep,
 There shone the sword of love, and struck, and clove
 The intolerable veil,
 The woven chain of mail
 Prudence self-called, and folly known to who
 May know. Then, O sweet drop of dew,
 Thy limpid light rolled over and was lost
 In mine, and mine is thine.
 Peace, ye who praise! ye but disturb the shrine!
 This voice is evil over against the peace
 Here in the West, the holiest. Shaken and crossed.
 The threads Lachesis wove fell from her hands.
 The pale divided strands
 Were taken by thy master-hand, Eros!
 Her evil thinkings cease,
 Thy miracles begin.
 Eros! Eros!—Be silent! It is sin
 Thus to invoke the oracles of order
 Their iron gates to unclose.
 The gross, inhospitable warder
 Of Love's green garden of spice is well awake.
 Hell hath enough of Her three-headed hound;
 But Love's severer bound
 Knows for His watcher a more fearful shape,
 A formidable ape
 Skilled by lack art to mock the Gods profound
 In their abyss of under ground.

Beware! Who hath entered hath no boast to make,
 And conscious Eden surelier breeds the snake.
 Be silent! O! for silence sake!

8. That asks the impossible Smite! Smite!
 Profaned adytum of pure light,
 Smite! but I must sing on.
 Nay! can the orison
 Of myriad fools provoke the Crowned-with-Night
 Hidden beyond sound and sight
 In the mystery of His own high essence?
 Lo, Rose of all the gardens of the world,
 Did thy most sacred presence
 Not fill the Real, then this voice were whirled
 Away in the wind of its own folly, thrown
 Into forgotten places and unknown.
 So I sing on!
 Sister and wife, dear wife
 Light of my love and lady of my life,
 Answer if thou canst from the unsullied place,
 Unveiling for one star-wink thy bright face!
 Did we leave then, once cognisant,
 Time for some Fear to implant
 His poison? Did we hesitate?
 Leave but one little chance to Fate?
 For one swift second did we wait?
 There is no need to answer: God is God,
 A jealous God and evil; with His rod
 He smiteth fair and foul, and with His sword
 Divideth tiniest atoms of intangible time,
 That men may know He is the Lord.
 Then, with that sharp division,
 Did He divide our wit sublime?
 Our knowledge bring to nought?
 We had no need of thought.
 We brought His malice in derision.
 So thine eternal petals shall enclose
 Me, O most wonderful lady of delight,
 Immaculate, indivisible circle of night,
 Inviolatè, invulnerable Rose!

9. The sound of my own voice carries me on.
 I am as a ship whose anchors are all gone,
 Whose rudder is held by Love the indomitable—
 Purposeful helmsman! Were his port high Hell,
 Who should be fool enough to care? Suppose
 Hell's waters wash the memory of this rose
 Out of my mind, what misery matters then?
 Or, if they leave it, all the woes of men
 Are as pale shadows in the glory of
 That passionate splendour of Love.

10. Ay! my own voice, my own thoughts. These,
 then, must be
 The mutiny of some worm's misery,
 Some chained despair knotted into my flesh,
 Some chance companion, some soul damned afresh
 Since my redemption, that is vocal at all,
 For I am wrapt away from light and call
 In the sweet heart of the red rose.
 My spirit only knows
 This woman and no more; who would know more
 I, I am concentrate
 In the unshakable state
 Of constant rapture. Who should pour
 His ravings in the air for winds to whirl,
 Far from the central pearl
 Of all the diadem of the universe?
 Let God take pen, rehearse
 Dull nursery tales; then, not before, O rose,
 Red rose! shall the beloved of thee,
 Infinite rose! pen puerile poetry
 That turns in writing to vile prose.

11. Were this the quintessential plume of Keats
 And Shelley and Swinburne and Verlaine,
 Could I outsoar them, all their lyric feats,
 Excel their utterance vain
 With one convincing rapture, beat them hollow
 As an ass's skin; wert thou, Apollo,

Mere slave to me, not Lord—thy fieriest flight
 And stateliest shaft of light
 Thyself thyself surpassing; all were dull,
 And thou, O rose, sole, sacred, wonderful,
 Single in love and aim,
 Double in form and name,
 Triple in energy of radiant flame,
 Informing all, in all most beautiful,
 Circle and sphere, perfect in every part
 High above hope of Art:
 Though, be it said! thou art nowhere now,
 Save in the secret chamber of my heart,
 Behind the brass of my anonymous brow.

12. Ay! let the coward and slave who writes write on!
 He is no more harm to Love than the grey snake
 Who lurks in the dusk brake
 For the bare-legged village-boy, is to the Sun,
 The Sire of Life.
 The Lover and the Wife,
 Immune, intact, ignore. The people hear;
 Then, be the people smitten of grey Fear,
 It is no odds!

13. I have seen the eternal Gods
 Sit, star-wed, in old Egypt by the Nile;
 The same calm pose, the inscrutable, wan smile
 On every lip alike.
 Time hath not had his will to strike
 At them; they abide, they pass through all.
 Though their most ancient names may fall,
 They stir not nor are weary of
 Life, for with them even as with us, Life is but Love.
 They know, we know; let, then, the writing go!
 That, in the very deed, we do not know.

14. It may be in the centuries of our life
 Since we were man and wife
 There stirs some incarnation of that love.

Some rosebud in the garden of spices blows,
 Some offshoot from the Rose
 Of the World, the Rose of all Delight,
 The Rose of Dew, the Rose of Love and Night.
 The Rose of Silence, covering as with a vesture
 The solemn unity of things
 Beheld in the mirror of truth,
 The Rose indifferent to God's gesture,
 The Rose on moonlight wings
 That flies to the House of Fire,
 The Rose of Honey in Youth!
 Ah! No dim mystery of desire
 Fathoms this gulf! No light invades
 The mystical musical shades
Of a faith in the future, a dream of the day
When athwart the dim glades
Of the forest a ray
Of sunlight shall flash and the dew die away!

15. Let there then be obscurity in this!
 There is an after rapture in the kiss.
 The fire, flesh, perfume, music that outpaced
 All time, fly off; they are subtle: there abides
 A secret and most maiden taste;
 Salt, as of the invisible tides
 Of the molten sea of gold
 Men may at times behold
 In the rayless scarab of the sinking sun;
 And out of that is won
 Hardly, with labour and pain that are as pleasure,
 The first flower of the garden, the stored treasure
 That lies at the heart's heart of eternity.
 This treasure is for thee.

16. O! but shall hope arise in happiness?
 That may not be.
 My life is like a golden grape; the veins
 Peep through the ecstasy
 Of the essence of ivory and silk,

Pearl, moonlight, mother-milk
 That is her skin ;
 Its swift caress
 Flits like an angel's kiss in a dream ; remains
 The healing virtue ; from all sin,
 All ill, one touch sets free.
 My life is like a star—oh fool! oh fool!
 Is not thy back yet tender from the rod ?
 Is there no learning in the poet's school ?
 Wilt thou achieve what were too hard for God ?
 I call Him to the battle ; ask of me
 When the hinds calve ? What of eternity
 When he built chaos ? Shall Leviathan
 Be drawn out with an hook ? Enough ; I see
 This I can answer—or Ernst Haeckel can !
 Now, God Almighty, rede this mystery !
 What of the love that is the heart of man ?
 Take stars and airs, and write it down !
 Fill all the interstices of space
 With myriad verse—own Thy disgrace !
 Diminish Thy renown !
 Approve my riddle ! This Thou canst not do.

17. O living Rose ! O dowered with subtle dew
 Of love, the tiny eternities of time,
 Caught between flying seconds, are well filled
 With these futilities of fragrant rime ;
 In Love's retort distilled,
 In sunrays of fierce loathing purified,
 In moonrays of pure longing tried,
 And gathered after many moons of labour
 Into the compass of a single day,
 And wrought into continuous tune,
 One laughter with one languor for its neighbour,
 One thought of winter with one word of June,
 Muddled and mixed in mere dismay,
 Chiselled with the cunning chisel of despair,
 Found wanting, well aware
 Of its own fault, even insistent

Thereon; some fragrance rare
 Stolen from my lady's hair
 Perchance redeeming now and then the distant
 Fugitive tunes.

18. Ah! Love! the hour is over!
 The moon is up, the vigil overpast.
 Call me to thee at last,
 O Rose, O perfect miracle lover,
 Call me! I hear thee though it be across
 The abyss of the whole universe,
 Though not a sigh escape, delicious loss!
 Though hardly a wish rehearse
 The imperfection underlying ever
 The perfect happiness.
 Thou knowest that not in flesh
 Lies the fair fresh
 Delight of love; not in mere lips and eyes
 The secret of these bridal ecstasies,
 Since thou art everywhere,
 Rose of the World, Rose of the Uttermost
 Abode of Glory, Rose of the High Host
 Of Heaven, mystic, rapturous Rose!
 The extreme passion glows
 Deep in this breast; thou knowest (and love knows)
 How every word awakes its own reward
 In a thought akin to thee, a shadow of thee;
 And every tune evokes its musical Lord;
 And every rime tingles and shakes in me
 The filaments of the great web of love.

19. O Rose all roses far above
 In the garden of God's roses,
 Sorrowless, thornless, passionate Rose, that lies
 Full in the flood of its own sympathies
 And makes my life one tune that curls and closes
 On its won self delight;
 A circle, never a line! Safe from all wind,
 Secure in its own pleasure-house confined,

Mistress of all its moods,
Matchless, serene, in sacred amplitudes
Of its own royal rapture, deaf and blind
To aught but its own mastery of song
And light, shown ever as silence and deep night
Secret as death and final. Let me long
Never again for aught! This great delight
Involves me, weaves me in its pattern of bliss,
Seals me with its own kiss,
Draws me to thee with every dream that glows.
Poet, each word! Maiden, each burden of snows
Extending beyond sunset, beyond dawn!
O Rose, inviolate, utterly withdrawn
In the truth:—for this is truth; Love knows!
Ah! Rose of the World! Rose! Rose!

OTHER LOVE SONGS

Dora

Dora steals across the floor
Tiptoe ;

Opens then her rosy door,
Peeps out.

“Nobody! And where shall I
Skip to?”

Dora, diving daintily,
Creeps out.

“To the woodland! Shall I find
Crowtoe,

Violet, jessamine! I’ll bind
Garlands.

Fancy I m a princess. Where
Go to?

Persia, China, Finisterre?
Far lands!”

Pity Dora! Only one
Daisy

Did she find. The sulking sun
Slept still.

Dora stamped her foot. Aurora
Lazy

Stirred not. Hush! A footstep. Dora
Kept still.

What a dreadful monster! Shoot!
Mercy!

(*Twas a man.) Suppose the brute
Are her?

By-and-by the ruffian grows
“Percy.”

And she loves him now she knows
Better.

OTHER LOVE SONGS

Norah

Norah, my wee shy child of wonderment,
 You are sweeter than a swallow-song at dusk!
 You are braver than a lark that soars and trills
 His lofty laughter of love to a hundred hills!
 You lie like a sweet nut within the husk
 Of my big arms; and uttermost content
 I have of you, my tiny fairy, eh?
 Do you live in a flower, I wonder, and sleep and pray
 To the good God to send you dew at dawn
 And rain in rain's soft season, and sun betimes,
 And all the gladness of the afterglow
 When you come shyly out of the folded bud,
 Unsheathe your dainty soul, bathe it in blood
 Of my heart? Do you love me? Do you know
 How I love you? Do you love these twittering rimes
 I string you? Is your tiny life withdrawn

Into its cup for modesty when I sing
 So softly to you and hold you in my hands,
 You wild, wee wonder of wisdom? Now I bring
 My lips to your body and touch you reverently,
 Knowing as I know what Gabriel understands
 When he spreads his wings above for canopy
 When you would sleep, you frail angelic thing
 Like a tiny snowdrop in its own life curled—
 But oh! the biggest heart in all the world!

OTHER LOVE SONGS

Edith

Speak, O my sister, O my spouse, speak, speak!

Sigh not, but utter the intense award
Of infinite love; arise, burn cheek by cheek!

Dart, eyes of glory; live, O lambent sword
O the heart's gold rushing over mount and moor

Of sunlit rapture! rise all runes above,
Dissolve thyself into one molten lure,

Invisible core of the visible flame of love!
Heart of the sun of rapture, whirling ever;

Strength of the sight of eagles, pierce the foam
Of ecstasy's irremeable river,

And race the rhythm of laughter to its home
In the heart of the woman, and evoke the light
Of love out of the fiery womb of night!

OTHER LOVE SONGS

Rose

Rose on the breast of the world of spring,
I press my breast against thy bloom,
My subtle life drawn out to thee: to thee its moods
and meanings cling.
I pass from change and thought to peace, woven on
love's incredible loom,
Rose on the breast of the world of spring!
How shall the heart dissolved in joy take form and
harmony and sing?

How shall the ecstasy of light fall back to music's
magic gloom?
O China rose without a thorn, O honey-bee with-
out a sting!

The scent of all thy beauty burns upon the wind.
The deep perfume
Of our own love is hidden in our hearts, the invul-
nerable ring.
No man shall know. I bear thee down unto the tomb,
beyond the tomb,
Rose on the breast of the world of spring!

OTHER LOVE SONGS

Eileen

Under the stars the die was cast to win.
The moonrays stained with pale embroidered bars
The iridescent shimmer of your skin,
 Under the stars.

Great angels drove their pearl-interwoven cars
Through the night's racecourse : silence stood within
The folded cups of passion's nenuphars.

You were my own ; sorrowless, without sin,
That night this night. Sinks the red eye of Mars ;
The hand of Hermes guides us as we spin
 Under the stars.

OTHER LOVE SONGS

Helene

Could ivory blush with a stain of the sunset on high-
lands

Of snow: could the mind of me span
The tenderness born of the dew in immaculate is-
lands

Virgin of maculate man:
Could I mingle the Alps and Hawaii; Strath Ness
and Aapura and Bai;
Kashmir and Japan:

Could lilies attain to the life of the Gods: could a
comet

Attain to the calm of the moon:
I would mingle them all in a kiss, and draw from it
The soul of a sensitive tune.
All lovers should hear it and know it: not needing
the words of a poet
In ebony hewn.

O beam of discovery under the eyelids awakening
The sense of delight! O assent
Slow dawning through cream into roses! O white
bosom shaking
The myrtles of magical scent
In the groves of the heart! O the pleasure that
runs over all overmeasure,
The wine of Event!

Overmastered the hurl of the world in the hush of
our rapture;
Entangled the bird of success

In the snare of bewildering fancies. We capture
Delight in the toils of a tress
Rough gilded of sunlight and umber with virginal
shadows of slumber
Ah! sorrow, regress!

Till the idle abyss of eternity swoon to our pinions
With music of wings as we fly
Through the azure of dreams, and the purple of
mighty dominions
Exalted, afoam in the sky;
And to us it were wiser and sweeter to ruin the
race of the metre,
And song were to die.

FROM GARGOYLES

Song

Dance a measure
 Of tiniest whirls!
Shake out your treasure
 Of cinnamon curls!
Tremble with pleasure,
 O wonder of girls!

Rest is bliss,
 And bliss is rest,
Give me a kiss
 If you love me best!
Hold me like this
 With my head on your breast!

FROM GARGOYLES

Said

The spears of the night at her onset
Are lords of the day for a while,
The magical green of the sunset,
The magical blue of the Nile.

 Afloat are the gales
 In our slumberous sails
On the beautiful breast of the Nile.

We have swooned through the midday, ex-hausted
By the lips—they are whips—of the sun,
The horizon befogged and befrosted
By the haze and the greys and the dun
 Of the whirlings of sand
 Let loose on the land
By the wind that is born of the sun.

On the water we stand as a shadow,
A skeleton sombre and thin
Erect on the watery meadow,
As a giant, a lord of the Jinn
 Set sentinel over
 Some queen and her lover
Beloved of the Gods and the Jinn.

We saw the moon shudder and sink
In the furnace of tremulous blue ;
We stood on the mystical brink
Of the day as it sprang to us through
 The veil of the night,
 And the babe of the light
Was begotten in the caves of the dew.

My love and I were awake
 When the noise of the dawn in our ears
 Burst out like a storm or a snake
 Or the rush of the Badawi spears.
 Dawn of desire!
 But thy kiss was as fire
 To thy lovers and princes and peers.

Then the ruin of night we beheld,
 As the sun stormed the heights of the sky
 With his myriad swords, and compelled
 The pale tremblers, the planets, to fly.
 He drave from their place
 All the stars for a space,
 From their bastioned towers in the sky.

Thrilled through to the marrow with heat
 We abode (as we glode) on the river.
 Every arrow he launched from his seat,
 From the white inexhaustible quiver,
 Smote us right through,
 Smote us and slew,
 As we rode on the rapturous river.

Sweet sleep is perfection of love.
 To die into dreams of my lover,
 To wake with his mouth like a dove
 Kissing me over and over!
 Better sleep so
 Than be conscious, and know
 How death hath a charm to discover.

Ah! float in the cool of the gloaming!
 Float wide in the lap of the stream
 With his mouth ever roving and homing
 To the nest where the dove is adream.
 Better wake so
 Than be thinking, and know
 That at best it is only a dream.

So turn up thy face to the stars!
In their peace be at peace for awhile!
Let us pass in their luminous cars
As a sob, as a sigh, as a smile!
 Love me and laze
 Through the languorous days
On the breast of the beautiful Nile!

FROM GARGOYLES

Prayer

The light streams stronger through the lamps of sense.
 Intelligence
 Grows as we go. Alas: its icy glimmer
 Show dimmer, dimmer
 The awful vaults we traverse. Were the sun
 Himself the one
 Glory of space, he would but illustrate
 The night of Fate.
 Are not the hosts of heaven in vain arrayed?
 Their light dismayed
 Before the vast blind spaces of the sky?
 O galaxy
 Of thousands upon thousands closely curled!
 Your golden world
 Incalculably small, its closest cluster
 Mere milky lustre
 Staining the infinite darkness! Base and blind
 Our minion mind
 Seeks a great light, a light sufficient, light Insuf-
 ferably bright,
 Hence hidden for an hour: imagining
 This vast vain thing,
 We call it God, and Father. Empty hand
 And prayer unplanned
 Stretch fatuous to the void. Ah! men my friends,
 What fury sends
 This folly to intoxicate your hearts?
 Dread air disparts
 Your vital ways from these unsavoury follies.
 Black melancholies
 Sit straddled on your bended backs. The throne Of
 the unknown

Is fit for children. We are too well ware
 How vain is prayer,
 How nought is great, since all is immanent,
 The vast content
 Of all the universe unalterable.
 We know too well
 How no one thing abides awhile at all,
 How things fall,
 Fall from their seat, the lamentable place,
 Before their face,
 Weary and pass and are no more. So we,
 Since hope must be,
 Look to the future, to the chance minute
 That life may shoot
 Some flower at least to blossom in the night,
 Since vital light
 Is sure to fail us on the hideous way.
 What? Must we pray?
 Verily, O thou littlest babe, too weak
 To stir or speak,
 Capable hardly of a thought, yet seed
 Of word and deed?
 To thine assured fruition we may trust
 This weary dust.
 We who are old, and palsied, (and so wise!)
 Lift up our eyes
 To little children, as the storm-tossed bark
 Hails in the dark
 Some hardly visible harbour light; we hold
 The hours of gold
 To our own breasts, whose hours are iron and brass:—
 So swift they pass
 And grind us down: we hold the wondrous light
 Our scattering sight
 Yet sees, the one star in a night of woe.
 We trust, and so
 Lift up our voices in the dying day
 Indeed to pray:
 “O little hands that are so soft and strong,”
 “Lead us along!”

FROM GARGOYLES

The King-Ghost

The King-Ghost is abroad. His spectre legions
 Sweep from their icy lakes and bleak ravines
 Unto these weary and untrodden regions
 Where man lies penned among his Might-have-beens.
 Keep us in safety, Lord,
 What time the King-Ghost is abroad!

The King-Ghost from his grey malefic slumbers
 Awakes the malice of his bloodless brain.
 He marshals the innumerable numbers
 Of shrieking shapes on the sepulchral plain.
 Keep us, for Jesu's sake,
 What time the King-Ghost is awake!

The King-Ghost wears a crown of hopes forgotten ;
 Dead loves are woven in his ghastly robe ;
 Bewildered wills and faiths grown old and rotten
 And deeds undared his sceptre, sword, and globe.
 Keep us, O Mary maid,
 What time the King-Ghost goes arrayed!

The Hell-Wind whistles through his plumeless pinions ;
 Clanks all that melancholy host of bones ;
 Fate's principalities and Death's dominions
 Echo the drear discord, the tuneless tones.
 Keep us, dear God, from ill,
 What time the Hell-Wind whistles shrill.

The King-Ghost hath no music but their rattling ;
 No scent but death's grown faint and fugitive ;
 No light but this their leprous pallor battling
 Weakly with night. Lord, shall these dry bones live ?

O keep us in the hour
Wherein the King-Ghost hath his power!

The King-Ghost girds me with his gibbering creatures,
My dreams of old that never saw the sun.
He shows me, in a mocking glass, their features,
The twin fiends Might-have-been and Should-have-done.
Keep us, by Jesu's ruth,
What time the King-Ghost grins the truth!

The King-Ghost boasts eternal usurpature ;
For in this pool of tears his fingers fret
I had imagined, by enduring nature,
The twin gods "Thus-will-I" and "May-be-yet."
God, keep us most from ill,
What time the King-Ghost grips the will!

Silver and rose and gold what flame resurges ?
What living light pours forth in emerald waves ?
What inmost Music drowns the clamorous dirges ?
—Shrieking thy fly, the King-Ghost and his slaves.
Lord, let Thy Ghost indwell,
And keep us from the power of Hell!
Amen.

FROM RODIN IN RIME

Tete de Femme (Musee du Luxembourg)

It shall be said, when all is done,
 The last line written, the last mountain
 Climbed, the last look upon the sun
 Taken, the last star in the fountain
 Shattered, that you and I were one.

What shall they say, who come apace
 After us, heedless, gallant? Seeing
 Our statues, hearing of our race
 Heroic tales, half-doubted, being
 So far beyond a rime to trace.

What shall they say? For secret we
 Have held our love, and holy. Splendour
 Of light, and music of the sea,
 And eyes and heart serene and tender,
 With kisses mingled utterly

These were our ways. And who shall know?
 What warrior bard our nuptial glories
 Shall sing? Historic shall we go
 Down through our country's golden stories?
 Shall lovers whisper "Even so

As he loved her do I love you?"
 So much they shall know, surely; never
 The truth, how lofty and fresh as dew
 Our love began, abode for ever:
 They cannot know us through and through.

We have exceeded all the past.
 The future shall not build another.

This is the climax, first and last.

 We stand upon the summit. Mother
Of ages, daughter of ages, cast

The fatal die, and turn to death!

 Let evolution turn, involving
As when the gray sun sickeneth—
 Ghostly September! so dissolving
Into the pale eternal breath.

When all is done, shall this be said.

 When all is said, shall this be done,
The æon exhaust and finishéd,
 And slumber steal upon the sun,
My dear, when you and I are dead.

FROM RODIN IN RIME

Reveil D'Adonis

Adonis, awake, it is day; it is spring!
It is dawn on the lea, it is light on the lake!
The fawn's in the bush and the bird's on the wing!
Adonis, awake!

Adonis, awake! We are colour and song
And for, we are muses most tender to take
Thy life up to Art that was lost over long.
Adonis, awake!

Adonis, awake! thou has risen above
The fear in the forest, the brute in the brake.
Thou art sacred to shrines that are higher than Love!
Adonis, awake!

FROM RODIN IN RIME

Acrobates

My little lady light o' limb
 Twirls on her lover's twisting toes.
 Lithe as a lynx, red as a rose,
She spins aloft and laughs at him.
So gay the pose, so quaint the whim,
 One stares and stares: it grows and grows.

So swift the air she seems to skim
 One's senses dazzle; wonder glows
 Warm in one's veins like love—who knows?
One follows till one's eyes are dim
My little lady light o' limb.

FROM RODIN IN RIME

Faunesse

The veil o' th' mist of the quiet wood is lifted to the
seer's gaze ;
He burns athwart the murky maze beyond into be-
atitude.

A solemn rapture holds the faun : an holy joy sucks
up the seer
Within its rose-revolving sphere, the orient oval of
the dawn.

Light's graven old cartouche is sealed upon the for-
est : groves are gray
With filtered glammers of the day, the steely ray flung
off his shield.

She kneels, yon spirit of the earth ; she kneels and
looks toward the east.
In her gray eyes awakes the beast from slumber
into druid mirth.

She is amazed, she, eager, she, exotic orchid of the
glade !
She waits the ripe, exultant blade, life tempered by
eternity.

And I who witness am possessed by awe grown
crimson with desire,
Its iron image wrapped in fire and branded idly on
my breast.

Her face is bronze, her skin is green, as woods and
suns would have it so.

Her secret wonders grow and glow, limned in the
luminous patine.

Worship, the sculptor's, clean forgot in worship of her
body lithe
And time forgotten with his scythe, and thought, the
Witenagemot,
Confused in rapture: peace is culled a flower from
the arboreal root,
The vision dulled, the singer mute, shattered the
lute, the song annulled.

FROM RODIN IN RIME

Balzac

Giant, with iron secrecies ennighted,
Cloaked, Balzac stands and sees. Immense disdain,
Egyptian silence, mastery of pain,
Gargantuan laughter, shake or still the ignited
Stature of the Master, vivid. Far, affrighted,
The stunned air shudders on the skin. In vain
The Master of "La Com die Humaine"
Shadows the deep-set eyes, genius-lighted.

Epithalamis, birth-songs, epitaphs,
Are written in the mystery of his lips.
Sad wisdom, scornful shame, grand agony
In the coffin-folds of the cloak, scarred mountains, lie,
And pity hides i' th' heart. Grim knowledge grips
The essential manhood. Balzac stands, and laughs.

FROM ORPHEUS

The Hours

Darkness and daylight in divided measure
Gather as petals of the sunflower,
In many seasons seek the lotus-treasure,
Following as dancing maidens, mute for pleasure,
The fervent flying footsteps of the Hour.

The sun looks over the memorial hills,
The trampling of his horses heard as wind ;
He leaps and turns, and all his fragrance fills
The shade and silence ; all the rocks and rills
Ring with the triumph of his steeds behind.

The bright air winnowed by the plumeless leapers
Laughs, and the low light pierces to the bed
Where lovers linger, where the smiling sleepers
Stir, and the herds unmindful of their keepers
Low for pure love of morning's dewy hand.

The morning shakes its ocean-bathed tresses,
The bright sun broadens over all the earth.
The green leaves fall, fall into his caresses,
And all the world's heart leaps, again addresses
Its life, and girds it in the golden girth.

Then noon full-fashioned lies upon the steep.
The large sun sighs and turns his bridle-rein,
Thinks of the ocean, turns his heart to sleep,
Laughing no longer, not yet prone to weep,
Feeling the prelude of the coming pain.

The hills and dales are dumb beneath the heat,
And all the world lies tranced or mutely dreaming,

Save some low sigh caught up where pulses beat
 Of warm love waiting in the arboreal seat
 Till the shade lengthen on the lawn light-gleaming.

Now all the birds change tune, and all the light
 Glows lowlier, musing on departed day.
 Strange wings and sombre, heralding the night,
 Fleet far across the woods; and gleaming bright
 The evening star looks from the orient way.

Shadow and silence deepen: all the woods
 Take on a tenderer phrase of musical
 Breezes: the stream-sought homes and solitudes
 Murmur a little where the maiden moods
 Are sadder as the evening's kisses fall.

Like silver scales of serpenthood they fall
 Across the blind air of the evening;
 Shadowy ghosts arise funereal
 And seek unspeakable things; and dryads call
 The Satyr-company to the satyr-king.

And all the light is over; but the sky
 Shudders with blanched light of the unrisen
 moon.

The night-birds mingle their sad minstrelsy
 For daylight's requiem: and the sea's reply
 Now stirs across the land's departed tune.

The moon is up: the choral crowd of stars,
 Shapen like strange or unknown animals,
 Move in their measure: beyond fiolian bars
 The clustering winds, moving as nenuphars,
 Gather and muse before the midnight calls.

The darkness is most deep in hollow dells.
 There, blacker than Cocytus, lurk the shades
 Darker than death's, more terrible than hell's,
 Uttering unwritten words: the silent wells
 Keep their sweet secret till the morning maids

Bring their carved pitchers to the moss-grown side.

For now beyond, below the east, appears
A hint as if a band, silvern and wide,
The girdle of some goddess amber-eyed,
Rose from the solemn company of the spheres.

The sky is tinged, as if the amorous flesh

Of that same queen shone through the girdle drawn
By her own kissing fevour through its mesh.
Last, glory of godhead! flickers, flames the fresh
First faint frail rose and arrow of the dawn.

FROM ORPHEUS

Autumn

Full amber-breasted light of harvest-moon,
 And sheaves of corn remembering the un
 Laughing again for love of that caress
 When night is fallen, and the sleepy swoon
 Of warm waves lap the shoreland, one by one ;
 Forgetful kisses like a dream's possess
 All the low-lying land,
 And statelier than the swaying form
 Of some loud God, lifting the storm
 In his disastrous hand,
 Steps the sweet-voiced, the mellow motherhood
 Glad of the sun's kiss, full of life, well wooed
 And won and brought to his bed,
 Proud of her rhythm in the lusty kiss,
 Triumphant and exulting in the mood
 Wherein her being is
 Crowned with a husband's head,
 And left in solitude which is not solitude.

She strides with mighty steps across the glade
 Laughing, her bosom swelling with the milk
 Born of a million kisses : leaps her womb
 Pregnant with fruits, and latter flowers, and shade
 Of the great cedar-groves : soft, soft as silk,
 Her skin glows amber, silvered with the bloom
 Mist-like of the moon's light,
 A slumberous haze of quietude
 Shed o'er the hardy limbs, and lustihood,
 And boldness, and great might.
 Earth knows her daring daughter, and the sea
 Breaks into million-folded mystery
 Of flower-like flashes in the pale moonrise,

Exulting also, now the sun is faded,
 With joy of her supreme fertility
 And glowing masteries
 Of autumn summer-shaded,
 The golden fruit of all the blossoming sky.
And now the watcher to the bright breasts blind
 Loses the seemly shape, the loud swift song;
Now the moon falls, and all the gold is gone,
And round the storm-caught shape hard gusts of wind
 Blow, and her leaves are torn, a flying throng
 Of orange and purple and red; the sombre sun
Shines darkly in her breast
 But wakes no joy therein,
 And all his kisses sharp and keen
Bring only now desire of rest,
 Not their old rapture: the warm violet eyes
 Melt into sweet hot tears; subtler the sighs
 Are interfused of death;
The brave bright looks grow duller,
 And fear is mingled with love's ecstasies
 Again, and all her breath
Fails, and the shape and colour
 Fade, fail, are lost in the sepulchral sea's.

FROM ORPHEUS

Invocation of Hecate

O triple form of darkness! Sombre splendour!
 Thou moon unseen of men! Thou huntress dread!
 Thou crown'd demon of the crownless dead!
 O breasts of blood, too bitter and too tender!
 Unseen of gentle spring,
 Let me the offering
 Bring to thy shrine's sepulchral glittering!
 I slay the swart beast! I bestow the gloom
 Under the waning moon,
 At midnight hardly lightening the East;
 And the black lamb from the black ewe's dead womb
 I bring, and stir the slow infernal tune
 Fit for thy chosen priest.

Here where the band of Ocean breaks the road
 Black-trodden deeply-stooping to the abyss,
 I shall salute thee with the nameless kiss
 Pronounced toward the uttermost abode.
 Of thy supreme desire.
 I shall illumine the fire
 Whence thy wild stryges shall obey the lyre,
 Whence thy Lemurs shall gather and spring round,
 Girdling me in the sad funereal ground
 With faces turn'd back,
 My face averted! I shall consummate
 The awful act of worship, O renowned
 Fear upon earth, and fear in hell, and black
 Fear in the sky beyond Fate!

I hear the whining of thy wolves! I hear
 The howling of the hounds about thy form,
 Who comest in the terror of thy storm,

And night falls faster, ere thine eyes appear
 Glittering through the mist.
 O face of woman unkissed
 Save by the dead whose love is taken ere they wist!
Thee, thee I call! O dire one! O divine!
I, the sole mortal, seek thy deadly shrine,
 Pour the dark stream of blood,
 A sleepy and reluctant river
Even as thou drawest, with thine eyes on mine,
 To me across the sense-bewildering flood
 That holds my soul for ever!

FROM ORPHEUS

The Regaining of Eurydice

The magical task and the labour is ended ;
The toils are unwoven, the battle is won ;
My lover comes back to my arms, to the splendid
Abyss of the air and abode of the sun.
The sword be assuaged, and the bow be unbended !
The labour is past, and the victory won.

The arrows of song through Hell cease to hurtle.
Away to the passionate gardens of Greece,
Where the thrush is awake, and the voice of the turtle
Is soft in the amorous places of peace,
And the tamarisk groves and the olive and myrtle
Stir ever with love and content and release.

O bountiful bowers and O beautiful gardens !
O isles in the azure Ionian deep !
Ere ripens the sun, ere the spring-wind hardens
Your fruits once again ye shall have me to keep.
The sleep-god laments, and the love-goddess pardons,
When love at the last sinks unwearied to sleep.

The green-hearted hours shall burst into flowers.
The winds shall waft roses from uttermost Ind.
Our nuptial dowers shall be birds in our bowers,
Our couches the delicate heaps of the wind,
Where the lily-bloom showers all its light, and the powers
Of earth in our twinning are wedded and twinned.

FROM ORPHEUS

The Mænads invoke Dionysus

Hail, child of Semel!
 To her as unto thee
 Be reverence, be deity, be immortality!

Shame! treachery of the spouse
 Of the Olympian house,
 Hera! thy grim device against the sweet carouse!

Lo! in red roar and flame
 Did Zeus descend! What claim
 To feel the immortal fire had then the Theban dame!

Caught in that fiery wave
 Her love and life she gave
 With one last kissing cry the unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire
 Of Bromius—hunter dire!—
 Didst snatch the unborn babe from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy
 That offspring melancholy
 Didst hide, didst feed, on light, ambrosia, and moly.

Ay! and with serpent hair
 And limbs divinely fair
 Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate
 We dare commemorate,
 Twining in lovesome curls the spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysus, here!
Be close, be quick, be near,
Whispering enchanted words in every curving ear!

O Dionysus, start
As the Apollonian dart!
Bury thy horned head in every bleeding heart!

FROM ORPHEUS

Orpheus invokes the Lords of Khem

Unity uttermost showed,
 I adore the might of thy breath,
 Supreme and terrible God
 Who makest the Gods and death
 To tremble before thee :—
 I, I adore thee!

O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,
 Whose face is like an emerald ;
 Whose crown is indigo as night ;
 Smaragdine snakes about thy brow
 Twine, and the disk of flaming light
 Is on thee, seated in the prow
 Of the Sun's bark, enthrones above
 With lapis-lazuli for love
 And ruby for enormous force
 Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
 With leopard's spell, and golden sound
 Of planets choral in their course !

O thou self-formulated sire !
 Self-master of thy dam's desire !
 Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light ;
 Thine heart a secret sun of flame !
 I adore the insuperable might :
 I bow before the unspoken Name.

For I am Yesterday, and I
 To-day, and I to-morrow, born
 Now and again, on high, on high
 Travelling on Dian's naked horn !
 I am the Soul that doth create

The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.
 I come from the sequestered state ;
 My birth is from the House of Death.

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnacled
 That watch upon the universe !
 Ye that the bier of God beheld !
 That bore it onwards, ministers
 Of peace within the House of Wrath,
 Servants of him that cometh forth
 At dawn with many coloured lights
 Mounting from underneath the North,
 The shrine of the celestial Heights !

He is in me, and I in Him !
 Mine is the crystal radiance
 That filleth æthyr to the brim
 Wherein all stars and suns may dance.
 I am the beautiful and glad,
 Rejoicing in the golden day.
 I am the spirit silken-clad
 That fareth on the fiery way.
 I have escaped from Him, whose eyes
 Are closed at eventide, and wise
 To drag thee to the House of Wrong:—
 I am armed! I am armed! I am strong! I am strong!
 I make my way: opposing horns
 Of secret foemen push their lust
 In vain: my song their fury scorns ;
 They sink, they grovel in the dust.

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!
 Inscrutable and infinite!
 Let Orpheus journey forth to see
 The Disk in peace and victory!
 Let him adore the splendid sight,
 The radiance of the Heaven of Nu ;
 Soar like a bird, laved by the light,
 To pierce the far eternal blue !

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill
 Hast touched with strength, and they are shivered!
 The way is open unto will!
 The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he
 That hath looked forth upon the Bier
 That goeth to the House of Rest!
 His heart is lit with melody;
 Peace in his house is master of fear;
 His holy Name is in the West
 When the sun sinks, the royal rays
 Of moonrise flash across the day's!

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty hawk of gold!
 From the golden egg I gather, and my wings the world
 unfold.
 I alight in mighty splendour from the thron'd boats of
 light;
 Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the Lords of
 Night.
 Yea, with gladness did they pæan, bowing low be-fore
 my car,
 In my ears their homage echoed from the sunrise to
 the star.
 I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely hawk of gold,
 I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy of old.
 Lo! I am come to face the dweller in the sacred snake
 of Khem;
 Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to measure
 force with them!
 Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the earth's be-
 fore the Sun,
 As the earth's before the sunset, and the God and I are
 One.
 I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by clean endeav-
 our;
 I am shaped as men and women, fair for ever and for
 ever.

FROM ORPHEUS

The Star-Goddess sings of Orpheus dead

Enough. It is ended, the story
 Of magical æons of song;
 The sun is gone down in his glory
 To the Houses of Hate and of Wrong.
 Would ye see if he rise?
 In Hesperian skies
 Ye may look for his rising for long.

The magical æon beginneth
 Of song in the heart of desire,
 That smiteth and striveth and sinneth,
 But burns up the soul of the lyre:—
 There is pain in the note:—
 In the sorcerer's throat
 Is a sword, and his brain is afire!

Long after (to men: but a moment
 To me in my mansion of rest)
 Is a sundawn to blaze what the glow meant
 Seen long after death in the west;
 A magical æon!
 Nor love-song nor pæan,
 But a flame with a silvery crest.

There shall rise a sweet song of the soul
 Far deeper than love or distress;
 Beyond mortals and gods shall it roll;
 It shall find me, and crave, and caress.
 Ah! me it shall capture
 In torrents of rapture;
 It shall flood me, and fill, and possess.

For brighter from age unto age
 The weary old world shall renew
 Its life at the lips of the sage,
 Its love at the lips of the dew.
 With kisses and tears
 The return of the years
 I sure as the starlight is true.

Yet the drift of the stars is to beauty,
 To strength, and to infinite pleasure.
 The toil and the worship and duty
 Shall turn them to laughter and leisure.
 Were the world understood
 Ye would see it was good,
 A dance to a delicate measure.

Ye fools, interweaving in passion
 The lyrical light of the mind!
 Go on, in your drivelling fashion!
 Ye shall surely seek long and not find.
 From without ye may see
 All the beauty of me,
 And my lips that their kisses are kind.

For Eurydice once I lamented ;
 For Orpheus I do not lament :
 Her days were a span, and demented ;
 His days are for aye, and content.
 Mere love is as nought
 To the love that is Thought,
 And idea is more than event.

O lovers! O poets! O masters
 Of me, ye may ravish my frown!
 Aloof from my shocks and disasters!
 Impatient to kiss me, and crown!
 I am eager to yield.
 In the warrior field
 Ye shall fight me, and fasten me down.

O poets! O masters! O lovers!
 Sweet souls of the strength of the sun!
 The couch of eternity covers
 Our loves, and our dreams are as done.
 Reality closes
 Our life into roses;
 We are infinite space: we are one.

There is one that hath sought me and found me
 In the heart of the sand and the snow:
 He hath caught me, and held me, and bound me,
 In the lands where no flower may grow
 His voice is a spell,
 Hath enchanted me well!
 I am his, and I will it or no.

But I will it, I will it, I will it!
 His speck of a soul in its cars
 Shall lift up immensity! fill it
 With light of his lyrical bars.
 His soul shall concentrate
 All space; he shall enter
 The beautiful land of the stars.

He shall know me eternally wedded
 To the splendid and subtle of mind;
 For thee pious, the arrogant-headed,
 He shall know they nor seek me nor find.
 O afloat in me curled!
 Cry aloud to the world
 That I and my kisses are kind!

O lover! O poet! O maiden
 To me in my magical way!
 Be thy songs with the wilderness laden!
 Thy lyre be adrift and astray:—
 So to me thou shalt cling!
 So to me thou shalt sing
 Of the beautiful law of the day!

I forbid thee to weep or to worship ;
I forbid thee to sing or to write !
The Star-Goddess guideth us her ship ;
The sails belly out with the light.
Beautiful head !
We will sing on our bed
Of the beautiful law of the Night !

We are lulled by the whirr of the stars ;
We are fanned by the whisper, the wind ;
We are locked in unbreakable bars,
The love of the spirit and mind.
The infinite powers
Of rapture are ours ;
We are one, and our kisses are kind.