

## ROSA COELI

ROSE of the World!  
Ruby with blood from the bright veins of God  
Caught in the chalice of your heart, and pearled  
With dew at many a melting period  
When the amethyst lustre of your eyes dissolves  
The veil that hides your naked splendour  
From these infirm resolves  
And halting loves of your poor poet's soul  
With radiance mild and tender,  
So that I see awhile the golden goal!  
Yea! all your light involves  
Me, me tenebrous, me too cold and base  
Ever to kindle to the maiden face  
(Three years my wife, three years of me unwon!)  
That would be mine, be mine,  
Were I but man enough  
To endure the rapture of that sudden sun  
The knowledge of your love,  
The assumption of me into that sweet shrine