

THE TWENTIETH DAY.

“‘Val.’ How long hath she been deformed?
‘Speed.’ Ever since you loved her.”

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

AGAIN the unveiled goddess of delight
Watched us at midnight: there my lover lay
Child-breasted, maiden as the rose of day
Dawning on snowy mountains: through deep
night
Her body gleamed self-luminously white
With the sweet soul that sundered the quick
clay,
And all her being was a sense of May;—
Scent conquering colour, soul out-running sight.

Not with the Lysian, nor Iacchian dew
Of frenzy covered, but with warmer flakes
Of Aphrodite shed upon our life,
We clung still closer, till the soul ran through
Body to body, twined like sunny snakes,
Sinlessly knowing we were man and wife.