

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

“The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land.”

Comedy of Errors.

QUITE careless whether golden gales of wind
Fling our boat forward, or the storm and spark
Of lightning lamp or shroud us in the dark,
Careless if ever land again we find,
Careless of all things (this love being blind),
We put to sea. O gladly stand and mark
The diamond headland fall behind our barque,
Wrapped in shrine-shadow of love's central mind !

We are alone to-day on the strange sea,
Divider of the dawn's divinity
From sunset's splendour : our eternal noon
Of love reck's little of eternity—
And though the moon is dying, ourselves may
swoon,
One deathless shape of the large-breasted moon.