

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY.

“The carcass of a beauty spent and done.”  
*Lover's Complaint.*

ONE day from landing. Kamakura sees  
Pass to the might shrine and shape of bronze  
Me, pilgrim, murmuring pious orisons,  
Taking my refuge in that House of Peace,  
And after, sees my love, and doth not please.  
She was too young to know that shrine the Son's,  
Or see the Virgin's House in Kwan-se-on's;  
And when I told her, flushed, and bade me cease.

I ceased indeed! All hope of mental flower  
She shattered in five minutes: following lust,  
All intellectual communing did pass,  
And all respect of mind: but love's high tower,  
Stricken of lightning, stood: not fallen in dust,  
Beautiful fragments as of a Greek vase.