

THE FORTY-FIFTH DAY.

“Peace, fool! I have not done.”

*Troilus and Cressida.*

THOU knowest, O love, how tired our bodies grow  
Forgotten in quick converse, love to love ;  
How the flame flickers of the ghost above,  
The spirit's kiss ; the sleepless to-and-fro  
Movement of love's desire too strong to know  
Or care for that it takes its substance of—  
As if life's burden were not drear enough  
Or death's deliverance not so far and slow.

Our bodies almost perish, with one thought  
Crowned and completed, consecrate and shrined :  
A perfect temple of fine amber wrought,  
Whose shrine's the body and whose lamp the mind.  
The heart is priest and sacrifice in one ;  
And, where it sinned or sorrowed, shall atone.