

THE NINTH DAY.

“How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit  
Before thou make a trial of her love?”

1 *Henry VI.*

I WAS most weary of my work: the mind  
Shuddered at all the wonders it had written,  
And the whole body by the spirit smitten  
Groaned: so I went and left my love behind,  
Danced the gross “hula,” hardly disinclined,  
By a new lust emphatically bitten;  
And so in flames at harlot glances litten  
I sought that solace I shall never find.

Fool! not to tell her. Triple fool to fly  
The sunny glance, the moonlight meditation,  
For even the light of heaven. How much worse  
The dark antithesis, the coarser curse  
Of Eden! Pass, O shadows of creation,  
Into the daybreak of Eternity!