

“Commit not with man’s sworn spouse.”
King Lear.

AGAINST the fiat of that God discrowned,
Unseated by Man’s justice, and replaced,
By Law most bountiful and maiden-faced
And mother-minded : passing the low bound
Of man’s poor law we leapt at last and found
Passion ; and passing the dim halls disgraced
Found higher love and larger and more chaste,
A calm sphinx waiting in secluded ground.

Hear the sad rhyme of how love turned to lust,
And lust invigorated love, and love
Shone brighter for the stain it rose above,
Gathering roses from the quickening dust ;
And faith despoiled and desecrated trust
Wore pearlier plumes of a diviner dove.