

MARGARET.

THE moon spans Heaven's architrave ;
Stars in the deep are set ;
Written in gold on the day's grave,
"To love, and to forget ;"
And sea-winds whisper o'er the wave
The name of Margaret.

A heart of gold, a flower of white,
A blushing flame of snow,
She moves like latticed moons of light—
And O! her voice is low,
Shell-murmurs borne to Amphitrite,
Exulting as they go.

Her stature waves, as if a flower
Forgot the evening breeze,
But heard the charioted hour
Sweep from the farther seas,
And kept sweet time within her bower,
And hushed mild melodies.

So grave and delicate and tall—
Shall laughter never sweep
Like a moss-guarded waterfall
Across her ivory sleep?
A tender laugh most musical?
A sigh serenely deep?

She laughs in wordless swift desire
A soft Thalassian tune ;
Her eyelids glimmer with the fire
That animates the moon ;

Her chaste lips flame, as flames aspire
Of poppies in mid-June.

She lifts the eyelids amethyst,
And looks from half-shut eyes,
Gleaming with miracles of mist,
Gray shadows on blue skies ;
And on her whole face sunrise-kissed,
Child-wonderment most wise.

The whitest arms in all the earth
Blush from the lilac bed.
Like a young star even at its birth
Shines out the golden head.
Sad violets are the maiden girth,
Pale flames night-canopied.

O gentlest lady! Lift those eyes,
And curl those lips to kiss!
Melt my young boyhood in thy sighs,
A subtler Salmacis!
Hide, in that peace, these ecstasies ;
In that fair fountain, this !

She fades as starlight on the stream,
As dewfall in the dell ;
All life and love, one ravishing gleam
Stolen from sleep's crucible ;
That kiss, that vision is a dream :—
And I—most miserable !

Still Echo wails upon the steep,
“To love—and to forget !”
Still sombre whispers from the deep
Sob through Night's golden net,
And waft upon the wings of sleep
The name of Margaret.