

Edith

Speak, O my sister, O my spouse, speak, speak!

Sigh not, but utter the intense award
Of infinite love; arise, burn cheek by cheek!

Dart, eyes of glory; live, O lambent sword
O the heart's gold rushing over mount and moor

Of sunlit rapture! rise all runes above,
Dissolve thyself into one molten lure,

Invisible core of the visible flame of love!
Heart of the sun of rapture, whirling ever;

Strength of the sight of eagles, pierce the foam
Of ecstasy's irremeable river,

And race the rhythm of laughter to its home
In the heart of the woman, and evoke the light
Of love out of the fiery womb of night!