

SONNET.

FOR G. F. KELLY'S DRAWING OF AN HERM-
APHRODITE.

O BODY pale and beautiful with sin !
 O breasts with venom swollen by the snakes
Of passion, whose cold slaver slimes and slakes
Thy soul-consuming fevers that within
Thy heart the fires of hell on earth begin !
 O heart whose yearning after truth forsakes
 The law of love ! O heart whose ocean breaks
In sterile foam against some golden skin !

O thou whose body is one perfect prayer,
 One long regret, one agony of shame,
Lost in the fragrance, speeding, subtle and rare,
 Up to the sky, an avenue of flame !
My soul, thy body, in the same sin curled,
With vivid lust annihilate the world.