

## XXIII

### PROTOPLASM

ALTHOUGH I cannot leave these bitter leas,  
And whisper wiser than the southern breeze,  
And mix my master music with the sea's;

Although I shiver and you smile; heap coal  
And you stand laughing where the long waves roll;  
There is a sympathy of soul to soul.

Not Scylla, not the iron Symplegades  
Shall bar that vessel, in delighted ease  
Winning her way by stainless sorceries.

Though I be melancholy and thou fair,  
And I be dark and thou too high for care;  
Both yet may strive in serener air,

Clasping the vast, the immeasurable knees;  
Searching the secrets of the calm decrees  
Of Hermes gray or gold Musagetes!

Is there another? Unprofane, aware,  
See me secreted, silent, everywhere.  
And then consider! Dos thou dare to dare?

The live sun leaps by invisible degrees;  
The blessed moon grows slowly through the trees;  
And fire has fire's ingressive agonies.

I everywhere abide, and I control  
Olympian glories and the Pythian goal.  
What isle unfurls yonder life's glimmering scroll?

This be thy shrine, and all its splendours these!  
Awake to dream! Two desolate nuditities  
Woven through sculpture into ecstasies.