

L'AGE D'AIRAIN.

FRESH in the savage vigour of the time,  
The golden youth stands in the golden prime,  
Erect, acute, astrain. We look and long  
For those bronze lips to blossom into song.  
He is silent. We reflect. Ourselves grown old  
Yearn somewhat toward that sensuous glow of gold.

All this is folly. Rodin made him so,  
Evoked the strength, the goodliness, the glow.  
The form is little; in the mind there dwells  
Force to avail the childish heart that swells  
With aught that is. The golden prime is past—  
Aye! but a nobler gain is ours at last  
Who see man weary, but within our span  
The perfect promise of the overman.