

FAUNESSE.

THE veil o' th' mist of the quiet wood is lifted to the  
seer's gaze ;  
He burns athwart the murky maze beyond into be-  
atitude.

A solemn rapture holds the faun ; and holy joy  
sucks up the seer  
Within its rose-revolving sphere, the orient oval of  
the dawn.

Light's graven old cartouche is sealed upon the for-  
est ; groves are gray  
With filtered glammers of the day, the steely ray  
flung off his shield.

She kneels, yon spirit of the earth ; she keels and  
looks toward the east.  
In her gray eyes awakes the beast from slumber  
into druid mirth.

She is amazed, she eager, she, exotic orchid of the  
glade !  
She waits the ripe, exultant blade, life tempered by  
eternity.

And I who witness am possessed by awe grown  
crimson with desire,  
Its iron image wrapped in fire and branded idly on  
my breast.

Her face is bronze, her skin is green, as woods and  
suns would have it so.

Her secret wonders grow and glow, limned in the  
luminous patine.

Worship, the sculptor's, clean forgot in worship of  
her body lithe,  
And time forgotten with his scythe, and thought,  
the Witenagemot.

Confused in rapture ; peace is culled a flower from  
the arboreal root,  
The vision dulled, the singer mute, shattered the  
lute, the song annulled.