

ICARE.

ICARUS cries; "My love is robed in light  
And splendour of the summits of the sun.  
Wing, O my soul, thy plumed caparison  
Through ninety million miles of space beyond sight!  
Utmost imagination's eagle-flight  
Out-soar!" But he, by his own force undone,  
His peacock pinions molten one by one,  
Falls to black earth through the impassive night.

Lo! from uprushing earth arises love  
Ardent and secret, scented with the night,  
Amorous, ready. Sing the awakening bliss  
That catches him, from the inane above  
Hurled—nay, drawn down! What uttermost delight  
Dawns in that death! Icarus and Gaia kiss.