

## LE GOUT DE L'INFINI

I adore Thee as I do the Vault of Night,  
(O Vase of Sadness! Silence of great might!)  
And love Thee more that Thou escapest me  
Dazzling my dreams, ironic subtlety  
That still adds league to league—leagues limitless  
That keep the azure abyss from my caress!

I grip God's throat, I grapple Him to terms—  
So, to a corpse, a choir of coffin-worms!  
Ah beast! I love thee, cruel and uncontrolled,  
Even to that ice that burns when fire is cold.