

## A JEALOUS LOVER

### I

I have an idol wrought of stainless gold  
    Before whose feet I bow, in whose delight  
    I am content to live, whose spells of might  
Are smiles that gleam, are tears that glisten cold  
On the fair cheek that blushes if I praise;  
    Are warm ripe kisses in the softer hours  
    When love is perfect blossom of sweet flowers,  
Are shadowed glances of pure lovelight rays  
From clear blue eyes, are wonderful caresses  
    When love is golden autumn of sweet fruit.  
    What other worship can usurp my days  
When I may lie amid her sunny tresses  
    Enraptured by the music of her lute  
    One long calm love, one heart's delight always?

### 2

Bright spheres of heaven, firefly gleams, fair ghosts  
    Laugh lightly to the silver globe of night  
    That glitters on green fields, and on the sea  
Ripples break foamless, where the golden coasts  
    Echo their mellow cadence. Such delight  
Is on me I would fain sigh into sleep

Until my love comes forth to dream with me  
Of silent words of love and peopled stars  
Where we may live and love and never weep  
Nor yet be weary. The last ruby bars  
Are sunk beneath the sea. The shadows creep  
More on me as I quicken with desire  
My love is all of gold, my faith is deep  
Lit with my heart's imperishable fire.

3

Pale spectres of the stars, corpse-lights, bad-ghosts  
Sicken the icy glamour of the moon  
Upon the vacant earth; and where the sea  
Marshals sepulchral billows, obscene hosts  
Of harpies gibber weirdly. I should swoon  
For the silence, rolled not some dread minstrelsy  
In fearful anguish on the shuddering air,  
Breathing out terror and lightning to the night  
That wildly echoes back Hell's venomous spite,  
And shrieks aloud the watchword of despair  
To draw each painracked nerve more tense and gray  
For I am alone, unloved, in murk and gloom,  
Unloved, unfriended, fittest for the tomb,  
Who worshipped golden feet and found them clay.

She creeps alive upon the tawny sands,  
False glittering woman, girt about with lies!  
She steals toward me, the tigress sleek and fierce!  
Destroying devil, with long sinuous hands  
And hate triumphant in blue-murderous eyes!  
I nerve myself to spring upon and pierce  
With maddening fangs those firm white bosom towers,  
To tear those lithe voluptuous limbs apart  
And glut my ravening soul with vengeance. Heart  
Quickens as she draws near; the scent of flowers  
Breathes round her damned presence. Shall she live  
To triumph with those tainted lips of song—  
She whispered 'Dearest, I have kept thee long'.  
I flung myself before her, 'Love, forgive!'