

## THE HAWK AND THE BABE

*To Raymond Radclyffe*

I THAT am an hawk of gold  
Proud in adamantine poise  
On the pillars of torquoise,  
See, beyond the starry fold  
Where a darkling orb is rolled.

There, beneath a grove of yew,  
Plays a babe. Should I despise  
Such a foam of gold, and eyes  
Burning berylline, so blue  
That the sun seems peeping through?

Did I swoop, were Heaven amazed?  
With my beak I strike but once;  
Out there leap a million suns.  
Through the universe that blazed  
Screams their light, and death is dazed.

In my womb the babe may leap;  
Seek him not within mine eye!  
Nor demand thou of me why  
I should plunge from crystal steep  
Like a plummet to the deep!

See yon solitary star!  
What a world of blackness wraps  
Round it! Unimagined gaps!  
Let it be! Content thy car  
With the voyage to things that are!

Nor, an thou perchance behold  
How I plunge and batten on

Earth's exenterate carrion,  
Deem torquoise match midden-mould  
Or deny the Hawk of Gold!