

Love and Laughter

*Originally published in the February
1918 edition of The International.*

My love is like a mountain stream
 Alive and sparkling in the sun —
The tossing spray, the foam and gleam,
 A rainbow ray, Hilarion!
 But in its deeps the currents run
So strong and pure, so cool and sweet —
 The honied hearts of snows unwon
By oread art of faery feet!

All grace, all gaiety, all gladness,
 The laughing face and opal fire!
Mockery mingling mirth and madness
 Teasing or tingling to desire!
 And all the while to love's own lyre
Her heart sings, tremulous and tender;
 Purity, passion, that respire
Firmly to fashion subtler splendour!

Now love shall wet the lips of laughter,
 And laughter brim the bowl of love.
Music of mirth before and after;
 Envy of earth about, above!
 Let all the world be drunken of
The vatted vintage of the Sun!
 Our Word, in Art, wing forth, the Dove
For God's own heart, Hilarion!