RODIN

Le Baiser.

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Infinite delicacy in great strength
Holds the white girl and draws her into love.
All her lithe subtlety, her lovely length,
Is sealed in the embrace about, above
Her visible life. What mastery of repose,
Compulsion of motion lurks for us therein

As we gaze back on Greece, as Nature glows, Simple and sacred, with no thought of sin, Yet born to trouble us, to fascinate. Here we are, back i' th' springtime of the eart; God above man; and above God, dire fate. Ancient cosmogony of peace and mirth! Careless, we careless, do invoke thy rime Of the ancient rapture of the olden time.