

RODIN
VI
Paolo and Francesca

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Paolo ignites, Francesca is consumed.
Loosened she lies, and breathes great gasps of love;
He, like a hunter, hungers, leaps above,
Attains, exults, despairs. This love is doomed,
Were there no hell. In granite walls entombed
Lies the true spirit and the soul thereof.
The body is here—yet is it not enough,
These litanies unchanted, unperfumed?

Live in the shuddering marble they remain:
Here is the infinite credo of pure pain.
Here let life's agony take hold enough
Of all that lives; let partial tears for them
Wake knowledge, brain-dissolving diadem
Of white-hot woe upon the brows of love!