

THE CREATION OF EVE

AFTER BLAKE'S PICTURE

To Reginald B. Haselden

SOFTLY she rises, with a child's clear eyes;
The male still sleeps, the god instructeth her
Who, with his fellows, did of late confer
On her, who should complete this paradise;—
In perfect wisdom he has made her rise;
She stands new-born, the utmost worshipper,
For in her being's depths doth slowly stir
The royal knowledge: she is wholly wise.

The mystic moon o'erhangs her, whence of late
The gods to earth transferred their charge, and she,
The perfect Mother of the Uncreate,
Hath taken to her flesh, that is to be
The way of carnal birth, the door of fate
Betwixt the borders of Infinity.