

## DOLLIE

*To Dollie*

**D**OLLIE! A dimple of laughter  
In the cheek of the amorous god!  
    (The starlight breaks through the cloud!)  
She weaves her a smile-veil, and after  
    She simulates sleep with a nod—  
    She is wise, she is simple and proud,  
    —And the starlight breaks through the cloud!

A ripple of curl in the foaming  
    Gold locks of the god o' the world—  
A lock that needs never uncombing,  
    Because it comes never uncurled—  
    A ripple of laughter,  
    White starlight, and after,  
    A gleam in the eyes of the world!

Dollie laughs low on the plaining  
    Of love in despair at her feet,  
Dollie's low laughter restraining  
    The love-words so passionate-sweet;  
Dollie is simple and sweet,

Dollie's low laughter restrains  
The languishing swain at her feet,  
She heeds him not while he complains  
—The nymph with the wise-loving brains—  
Most passionate-pleading of swains.

Jolly the folly of Dollie!  
The maid with the laughing blue eyes  
That never knew yet melancholy;  
Simple and jolly and wise—  
Wise in the amorous folly  
That the tantalized lover restrains,  
Simple and silly and—Dollie!  
The wench with the wise-loving brains.

But after, Eros! Oh, but after—  
After the dallying-time—  
Dollie's low lyrical laughter  
Grows an epic of lyrical rime.  
So this delicate lyric I waft her,  
To sail with the wind of my rime.  
This I wrote on the day after,  
After the dallying-rime.