

## A MEETING

To NORA

**V**IOLET skies all rimmed in tune,  
Soft blue light of the plenilune:  
*Oh, the sway of the idle moon!*

Silver-spangled on breech and breast,  
Groomed and curled as the gods love best,  
Over this softest night is strewn  
The glamour of Pierrot, sleep-caressed.

Thou who pantest for love—Oh, say,  
Whither away, oh, whither away  
Over the soft green swelling dune  
Hath he fled, to play with the new pink may?

Under the stars I lay trembling,  
Till I heard far out in the night to sing  
One who aroused me from my swoon,  
One who seemed to tremble and cling.

Tremble and cling to me! Hold me! ah!  
Brush my lips—so eager you are—  
Grant, oh, grant me love's fatal boon  
Under the tremulous light of a star!

In the pine-woods, as I passed by,  
I heard the birds together cry;—  
Oh, who lies there before the night's noon,  
Lying and weeping under the sky?  
Oh, but I blush, Pierrot, 'twas I!

*Violet skies, and the soft light strewn  
By the rhythmic sway of the idle moon.  
All is hushed in an idle tune.*