

AN HYMN TO DIANA.

*Of the worship of Diana; the Tragedy of Woman in the Creation of Form. The Secret of the Eremite, who may attain but by Renunciation.*

*Division the Cause of all Life; and hence the Cause of the End of all Worlds.*

*A Lament for Virginity, which is lost in vain, being Unattainable save by a new Birth.*

AN HYMN TO DIANA.



he dials of the night have shown  
The hour of moon-dawn: soon  
The glamour of the Silver Stone  
Will pierce cold earth. Ah, moon,  
My moon: when cold and cold  
shall meet,  
There shall be love: and love is  
heat.

Pine-trees are murmuring in the woods  
Of Night: the winds are chill;  
Do you recall the strange old moods,  
Diana? Are you still  
The lady of the secret shrine  
Where once you loved me, and  
were mine?

Do you recall as I recall ?

For I remember still  
An old dark rushing waterfall  
By a green somber hill,  
Or somber then it seemed to be,  
Until you came to ravish me.

It is so old, it is so old

I know not now a time  
When it was not : old lives untold  
Beneath their gift of rime.  
And I remember as I write  
The gift of thee, the gift of night.

From out a multitude of sounds,

From worlds of dream and deed,  
An olden singing-band surrounds  
The bursting of the seed.  
Your seed is spent, Diana ; you  
Are queen of Dream : your dreams  
are true.

It was the shadow of a hill,

The whisper of a pine,  
The singing of a star, a chill  
That crept along my spine,  
That made me yours, and gave  
me you ;  
You are a dream, and you are true

Night-blue and serpent-silver rayed  
    Around you, as you came  
Betwixt the pillars: and a shade  
    Fell far, to hide your shame,  
        When you descended unto me,  
        A triumph of virginity.

So dreams come true! So Virgins give  
    The prophets' gift of song!  
I, that was once a fugitive,  
    On your old shame grow strong!  
        And yet, ah! for my peace of Will,  
        I would you were a virgin still.

Still must the poet follow dreams;  
    They turn to life: he dies,  
Yet sees in all the starry streams  
    New worlds, new prophecies:  
        He may not strive in act, for still  
        He watches the evolving Will.

Foolish they be who follow stars,  
    Mad, they who long for thee;  
Sorer than any earth-born scars  
    Is thy virginity  
        To him to whom thou givest it:  
        This is the end of woe and wit.

Once, only once, may man know thee ;  
Hence poets die in pain  
For lack of that virginity  
That, knowing, they were slain  
For knowing. O inverted Will!  
I, having known, would know  
thee still.

But once ! And though the world should crack,  
And be, dead Moon, as thee,  
The wandering spirit would come back  
And yearn : and the Great Sea  
Should quench not all his fires of  
love  
For thee, dead in thy Sacred  
Grove.

For thou wast slain in planet-birth :  
Take hence revenge on man !  
Thou 'wilderest with thy dreams the earth ;  
On poets is thy ban.  
Thy prophets men must slay  
anew,  
For that they see thy dreams are  
true.

Be thy dominion still on us,  
    Actæons of our age ;  
Slain still be Beauty, dolorous  
    In thine immortal rage.  
        Raped by the Sun, thou slayest  
                                    them  
        Who serve beneath His diadem.

O Moon, immortal in thy death,  
    Mortal, thou livest still,  
Still, still to tempt our amorous breath  
    To pierce thy virgin Will.  
        As woman still dost thou return,  
        And for thine ice we burn ! we  
                                    burn !

Slay ! Slay ! It must be ! From thine ice  
    Are kindled all our fires :  
There is no man may know thee twice,  
    O Virgin ! As our sires,  
        Shall we be slain by the  
                                    moon-breath :  
    Unknowing thee, be ours sweet  
                                    death.

In death shall we return to thee !  
Here, by the somber Hill,  
Be wasted my virginity  
To thine immortal Will.  
O Will perverse ! unending swoon !  
Immortal death with thee,  
O Moon !

Leave, leave thy shadows : it is said,  
Thy rede ; immortal still,  
Thy song is sung : thy fire is dead,  
Moonfire, the waste of Will.  
O dread Diana ! Shade thy light,  
Lest man should grow Herma-  
phrodite.