

LUCIUS BY THE SEA-SHORE.

*Lucius, the Hero of the Romance of **The Golden Ass**, supplicates the Goddess Isis that he may be Restored to his own Form.*

Standing by the Sea at Midnight the Goddess appears to him.

After the Performance of the Mysteries of Isis on the ensuing Day, his Prayer is granted, and after his many tragic Adventures, he is changed back to his own Shape.

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low glides the Moon over the fruitful Sea ;
All her attendant Stars sing Harmony
With her enchanted Song: She is the Boat
Of Beauty, and therein my Visions float
Unto thee, O my tenderest Acolyte :
She who is thine, thine Isis, who is Night.

With Thine Increase swell all things ; when Thou
failest
Life fails with Thee : slow shrinking as Thou
palest,
O Isis, O my Mother, who art I
Immirrored in thy motion in the Sky !
All Plants, all Beasts, all Stones, all Dreams are
Thine ;
For in Thee grow all Lives, in Thee divine.

All things are full of Thee, O Lady of Night,
O Sun of Night, O Lady of Delight :
All Stars are Flowers in Thy secret Garden :
All Lives beneath Thy Cestus swell and harden :
O Thou ; the softest Dreams to Thee respond,
To Thee, the Harder than a Diamond.

Touch with Thy Lips that Sea whereby I stand,
And let me see the Sun upon Thine Hand,
The Moon upon my Lips, let Thy Stars fall
From Thy wet Locks, in Dew celestiall :
I dip me seven Times as the Waves pass,
Even as once our wise Pythagoras.

Art Thou not big with Star and milky Moon ?
Thy Sons are Suns : O virginal Typhoon
Of Time ! Thou standest, and Thy Worlds rejoice !
Thou sleepest : falling Stars obey the Voice
—The dreaming Voice—of Isis : Thou wast I
When I was he who broke from that vast Sky.

Even through me the Gods pass one by one,
Die with Thy Moon, live with Thy sweating Sun,
Blaze with Thy Stars, awaken with Thy Lyre,
Frown with Thy Frost, make merry with Thy Fire,
Swell great in Summer, in Thine Autumn sing,
Die in Thy Winter, to be born in Spring.

In alien Woods I sing, O Isis mine ;
My Songs are nothing Worth to Thee, divine
Little lithe Virgin of my Love : Who art
My Mother and my Maiden and my Heart.
I knew Thy Couch : a Babe, a Man, and dead
I lay with Thee : within thy Maidenhead.

I lay within Thee ; and Thou wast my Tomb :
I grew within Thee ; and Thou wast my Womb :
I lay with Thee that Night of Time all Life
Slept ; O mine Isis ; and Thou wast my Wife.
O virgin of the World, by the Great Sea
I live, I love, I die, I sleep in Thee

Mine be the Roses of Thy willing Womb !
Mine be the Lilies of Thy secret Tomb !
Mine be the Passion-Flower that is sown
Unseen : about the World in Beauty blown ;
Mine be the Root, the Pollen, and to Thee
The laughing Babe : O Isis bear with me !

Ah, Sun at Midnight ! I shall pass anew
The brazen Gates, but dally still with you :
Until—until—what matter ? I shall pass
Even as once the wise Pythagoras.
No other Name, no other Word be said ;
It is the Hour : the Sun is overhead.