

PANTHEA.

*A Tribute to Universal Nature, the Mother of all things, and the Source of all Life.*

*A Song of Woman and her Gifts: the Form Side of Earth, wherethrough Life enters and re-enters.*

*Of the Renewal of all Nature in the divine Motherhood of all Worlds. A Song of the Great Sea.*

PANTHEA.



Leave thou the Islands of thy rearing : come  
Unto the shadowy pools ; Night's silver ring  
Chains thee. Art thou not charmed ? does  
evening  
Not make thee silent ? Yea : for thou art dumb  
Here in thy Forest. Here are silences  
Profounder than deep breath. Thou canst not hear  
Even the murmur of the Atmosphere  
Borne on the wings of the delightful breeze  
Of Night. The vermeil shadows change for thee,  
For thee all form takes wing ; the hour is fled ;  
There is no breath of life : all life is dead  
Because of thee, and thy fair symmetry.  
Have I not passed upon thy way ? Have I  
Not been within thee, and spent out my soul  
In thee ? Immortal, art thou not the whole  
Of life, for whose sole lack all life would die ?  
Thou art the Way to life ; from thee shall spring  
What is to come ; and in thy depths are laid  
The Virgin's death : the passing of the Maid.

The fur, the down, the wings ; yea ! Everything  
Is thine. And I, because indeed I love thee,  
Because in joy I make myself thy slave,  
Yearn utterly for thy warm, sheltering cave :  
And entering find thy strange, dark moss above thee,  
The scented down of love. Thy scent is sweeter  
Than virgin honey from an earthly maid ;  
Soon shall I enter in thine evening shade,  
And my rime fade into the unerring metre  
Of thine eternal Song. Art thou not deep  
As time ? Is not thy touch more ripely rare  
Than even the frondage of thy maidenhair ?  
Dost thou not bring at last the sweetest sleep  
Wherefrom man wakes ? Therefore I worship thee  
In thine own woods : therefore I celebrate  
Thee, who art lady of Love, and friend of Fate,  
Who bringest all my fiercest joy to me.  
What rhytmth is like thine ? Earth's pulses beat  
In thee : the heart of love thou art. Thy touch  
Brings life to softest birth : ah, grip ! ah, clutch  
Thy lover in thy force : lend him thy heat,  
That, in thy soft entrancements lying dead,  
He may arise anew, seek thee again :  
Whence shall come glorious maids and laughing  
men,  
To clasp and kiss. Is not thy hue more red

Than dawn's? Doth not thy tongue bring forth  
more joy  
Than any song of man's? Dost thou not bouy  
Men's souls with beauty? Are thy lips not fed  
With man's fierce love? Maiden of Fate and Time,  
I worship in truth and spirit: come to me  
Who adore thee: I would give my soul to thee  
For one swift echo of thee, one true rime  
Of love. Come then! In thine enchanting cave  
Thy lover spends his life for thee, my sweet  
Immortal one! Thy lover at thy feet  
Is lying now; nor vainly shall he crave  
Thy wine, thy scent, thy touch. No more! For soon  
Deep night must come, and I from hence shall pass  
Over thy dewy woods, thy murmuring grass,  
To lie at ease in thine enchanted swoon,  
O lady of the Mirage and the Moon,