

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 rhytmh 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,