

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

FROM THE LATIN.

*A Poem of the Rejuvenation of the World in Spring
by Venus and Cupid.*

*Venus and the Loves arrange the Amours of all Life :
the World of Creatures is summoned to Participate in the
Divine Rites of Love and Procreation.*

*The whole Earth swells : quickened to new Life by the
Power of Love.*

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.



Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ;
 whoever has loved shall love anew !
Now is the Spring, the Spring of singing,
 Spring when re-birth of the world is due ;
In Spring the Loved agree together ; in Spring the
 birds all marry again ;
The woodland shakes its long green hairs—the
 woodland quickened by vernal rain ;
Tomorrow the Lady who matches the Loves under
 the shade of the woodland grove
Will weave the sprigs of greenest myrtle into bowers
 for laughing love ;
Tomorrow from her exalted throne Dione will render
 her judgements true :
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

In Spring the great Deep from her spuming womb,
 quicken'd to life by supernal blood,
Formed Dione, who swam with blue-haired Nerèids
 and dolphin-horses along the flood :
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

Dione tinges the year to purple with star-stone
 blossoms, and hers is the clew
That draws buds to swell at Favonus' kiss in the
 warmth of the bed of bridal air ;
The water humid with brilliant dew left by the night
 she scatters, and there
Glittering dew-drops tremble, tremble with rounded
 weight ; and each little dew-star
Depends by the weight of its own little sphere ; the
 dews that the stars rain down afar
In the night serene, at dawn shall loose from their
 robes of æther the virgin nipples
Revealing the purple blush of the blossom ; on the
 morrow Dione's order ripples,
That virgins shall wed with roses all dewy, roses
 with Cyprian blood re-flamed,
And the amorous kiss, and of fire and gems, and of
 purple sunlight. Shall dawn be ashamed
To ravish his bride, her last knot loosed, that blushing
 and crimson lay hid from view ?
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

Into the myrtle groves Dione has sent her Nymphs ;
her boy withal
Companions them, but shorn of arrows, lest he
should mar the festival ;
Go forth, ye Nymphs, for idle is Love unarmed ; the
fiat is made ; he goes
Naked, unarmed, lest woe should be from the arrow
or bow or the torch of Eros.
'Ware, ye Nymphs ! for fair is Love ; and Love is
full-armed with naked thew !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Venus sends unto thee, Virgin of Delos, virgins of
shamefastness matching to thine !
This we implore thee ; let not the grove be bloodied
with slaughter of beasts ; incline,
If a virgin may, to come at her will ; to come, if a
virgin may, to her woods :
Three nights shalt thou see the thronging lovers pass
in their flower-crowned multitudes
To the groves of myrtle ; where Ceres and Bacchus
and God o' the Poets shall set their sigil.
Yield, O Delia ! The woods for Dione ! All night
sound the songs through the woods for
the Vigil !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

By Dione's will shall arise an altar of Hybla blooms ;
she herself will sue,
And the Graces shall aid her. Pour forth, O Hybla
all the blossoms the year may yield !
Dione shall sway an empire of blossom, wide-
extended as Enna's field.
Hither, ye maids of forest and mountain ! From
grove, wood, fountain be all revealed !
The Mother of winged Desire commands ye girls :
'Ware Love of the naked thew !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

With newly-awakened flowers the lover shall build
green bowers ; tomorrow will see
The day, in æons vanished away, of the primal
Spring's first ecstasy.
Then in the Archetypal Sphere was formed the
world by the Vernal Lord ;
Into the womb of his darling Earth was the flowing
river of passion poured.
Huge grew the body of Earth, who fed the myriad
myriad lives re-bidden ;
She, the Great Mother, rules bloods and brains by the
spirit diffused of the Knowledge Hidden :
She rules the Great Deep, the lands, the skies ;
wherever is space for the seed to flow,
Hers is that Path ; by her sole Will the ways of
begetting all life shall know.

Tomorrow for love who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Dione transferred to Latian lands the Trojans ; she
gave to her son to woo
A Laurentian maiden ; a sacred virgin Mars got of her
joyance ; the raping-raid
Of Romans on Sabines she taught, whence sprang
Quirites and Rhamnes, from whom, for
the aid
Of Romulus' line, through the ages at last the
imperial sires of the Cæsars ensure.
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Fields swell for pleasure : feeling Venus. The legend
is living how young love grew
On the breast of a meadow when borne by Dione,
and how first she fed him on flower-soft
dew.
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Behold ! Now bulls outspread their lusty thighs for
love where flowers the gorse ;
All the world is saved by love, enclasped in the
yoking-bond. Behold ! By the force

Of love how the ewes flock under the shade to marry
their rams! For Venus' sake
The birds of song must trill and trill; and the swans'
hoarse cries above the lake
Resound, resound: Tereus' sad love sings her dirge
in the poplar-shade;
A love-song! Who would know she was telling her
sister how she had been betrayed
By cruel Tereus? She sings, but I am dumb. When
to me will come the Spring?
When shall I sing as Chelidon sings, and my silence
end? Since I ceased to sing.
My Muse has left me, and Phœbus lowers. As
Amyclæ rued silence, so must I rue!
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never; whoever
has loved shall love anew!