

AWAKENING.



Love-lays are lilted  
In meadows of may;  
Her nose it is tilted,  
Her eyes they are grey.

Her lashes are silky,  
Her mouth is a peach,  
Her breasts will be milky,  
Wild honey's her speech.

Her pose is a poem,  
Her hair is Apollo's,  
Her hips are a proem  
Whereafter love follows.

And after! And after?  
Love follows in doubt;  
Too eager for laughter,  
Too fearful to pout.

Oh, Love for revealing  
Slips after her, sly  
With balsam for healing  
Her, wayward and shy.

The meadows for may time;  
The day for delight;  
But after the day time  
Love rushes with night.

Pass! Pass! The bright porches  
    Are passed; dewy youth  
Will quench the day's torches;  
    Love knows night the truth.

And love-lays are lilted  
    In meadows of may;  
Her nose is tilted,  
    Her eyes soft and grey.