

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.