

Your scent is keen as floral wine,
Inviting me—and love—to death.
You, whom I kept a sacred shrine,
Will fling the portals to the day;
Where shone the moon the sun shall shine,
Silver in scarlet melt away.
There is yet a pang; they gave me this
Who can; and you who could have failed?
Is it too late to extend the kiss?
Too late the goddess be unveiled?
O but the generous flower that gives
Her kisses to the violent sun,
Yet none the less in ardour lives
An hour, and then her day is done.
Back from my lips, back from my breast!
I hold you as I always will,
You unprofaned and uncaressed,
Silent, majestic, and still.
Back! for I love you. Even yet
Do you not see my deepest fire
Burn through the veils and coverings set
By fatuous phantoms of desire?
Back! O I love you evermore.
But, be our bed the bridal sky!
I love you, love you. Hither, shore
Of far unstained eternity!
There will we rest. Beware! Beware!
For I am young, and you are fair.
Nay! I am old in this, you know!
Ah! heart of God! I love you so!