

A TERZAIN

King of myself, I labour to espouse
An equal soul. Alas ! how frail I find
The golden light within the gilded house.
Helpless and passionate, and weak of mind !
Lechers and lepers ! — all as ivy cling,
Emasculate the healthy bole they haunt.
Eternity is pregnant ; I shall sing
Now — by my power — a spirit grave and gaunt
Brilliant and selfish, hard and hot, to flaunt
Reared like a flame across the lampless west,
Until by love or laughter we enchaunt,
Compel ye to Kithairon's thorny crest —
Evoe ! Iacche ! consummatum est.