

THE TENTH DAY.

“O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell,  
and count myself king of infinite space,  
were it not that I have bad dreams.”

*Hamlet.*

THE mere result of all this was a dream.

The day passed damned, void of my love's dear  
light,

And stole acursed to the endless night,  
Forgotten (as I trust) by God: no beam

Of memory lighting it down Time's dark stream.

I dreamt: my shrine was broken and my might  
Defiled, and all my Gods abased, in sight  
Of all blind Heaven exenterate and extreme.

The foulest traitor of all woman kind

I ever knew, became my friend: unclean  
Sexual abominations floated through,

More foul because a golden cord did wind

Unspotted through that revel epicene,

The pure faith of one woman that was true.