

THE THIRTY-SECOND DAY.

“Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained
And prayed me oft forbearance.”

Cymbeline.

How sweet the soft looks shot, endearing shame
With their warm fragrance of love's modest eyes!
The secret knowledge of our secrecies
Shone from their distance with a subtle flame,
And gave to pudency a rosier name
When the long lashes drooped, and saintlier sighs
Took softer meanings, till my arteries
Throbb'd with the glad desire that went and came.

“I charge you in the very name of love.”
Quoth she: “We have all day to steal below
And snatch short kisses out of danger's throat.
Why beg you night: is not the day enough?”
But I: “The night is panting and aglow
To feel our hair distraught and limbs afloat.”