

XVIII.

FRIENDSHIP

BETTER than bliss of floral kiss,
Eternal rapture caught and held ;
Better than rapture's self is this
To which we find ourselves compelled,
The trick of self-analysis.

Thoughts fetter not true love : we weld
No bands by logic : on our lips
The idle metaphysic quibble
Laughs : what portends the late eclipse ?
What oracle of the solar sybil ?

Orion's signal banner dips :
"This is the folly of your youth,
Achieving the exalted aim ;
Because you have gained a higher truth
To call it by a lower name."