

EPERVIER ET COLOMBE.

WHEN, at the awful Judgment-day, God stands  
Shrunken and shaking at my gaze, before  
My hollow seat of agony, it may be  
He shall discover me the great excuse  
for an ill world ill shapen by ill hands,  
For unity joy and misery ten score,  
For all his work's complaint; I think that He,  
Twitching his fearful fingers, may let loose  
This answer; Thus a kiss I brought to being  
Which by no other way were possible.  
Measure, O man! Balance with eyes true-seeing  
If I were right or no to have made Hell!

Then would He stand forgiven—nay! acquitted!  
I, as I look on this tight coil of bliss,  
Swift clasp of Rodin's magical mind love-witted,  
See all creation fade; abide, one kiss.  
Then to my own soul's bow this shaft be fitted;  
Thank God for all, seeing that all is this!