

THE FOUNT OF BLOOD.

SOMETIMES I think my blood in waves appears,
Sings as a fount with music in its tears ;
I hear it trickling with long murmuring sound,
But search myself in vain to find the wound.

Across the city, as in closed meres,
Making the pavements isles, it disappears ;
In it all creatures' thirst relief hath found ;
All nature in its scarlet hue is drowned.

I have often prayed these fickle wines to weep
For one day Lethe on my threatening fear—
Wine makes the ear more sharp, the eye more clear.

I have sought in Love forgetfulness and sleep—
My love's a bed of needles made to pierce,
That drink be given to these women fierce !