

The Priestess of the Graal

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The scarlet velvet clasped with star sapphires
Hangs like the sunset from the virgin throat
Upon the golden armor. Melilote
Upon the waters mad with phallic fires
Of day, the strong exultant face aspires
The spiritual breath. The firm hands dote
Upon the cloven chalice — see! there smote

Therein The Substance, sum of God's desires.
Chalcedony and coral and chrysoprase!
Quintessence of the life of moon and sun
Ablaze, abloom, ablush, Hilarion,
Within the compass of thy crimson Vase!
Lo! on my knees I crave the Sacrament. . . .
Lo! in my being buds the World's Event!