

RODIN
XI
An Incident
(Rue de l'Université, 182.)

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Spell-bound we sat: the vivid violin
 Wailed, pleaded, waited, triumphed. Kingly note
 By note imperial from its passionate throat
Vibrates; the shadows fall like pauses in
The workshop of the Master: where there spin
 Phrases in marble: fancies fall or float,
 Passions exult, despairs abound, loves dote,
Thoughts gallop or abide: and prayer is sin.

Spell-bound we sat; one, young, eagerly moves.
One sits in thought: one listens, dreams, and loves.
 One, critical, approves with conscious nod.
But I abode without the spell; saw these—
Diverse harmonics of identical keys!—
 And these were thus: but Rodin heard like God.