

INTERMEZZO.

The Virgin of the World appears at the Spring Equinox: as a Promise for the ensuing Year. Her Garment is formed of the whole Body of renewed Life.

The Vision passes to the sound of growing Flowers and mating Birds.

INTERMEZZO.



It is serene
Blue of the morning,
Large in her lenity :
Light in her grey :
Soft in her green :
New
In her serenity,
Old in adorning.
Such is the dew,
Such is the day.
She is seen
As a veil of desire—
At the fringe of a fire—
As the heart of a lyre.
She is mine
In serene
Lightness : the wine
From an old stone jar :
A star
As green

As the heart of a well
Of mossy stone,
When bubbles swell
In a monotone
From the under-spring.

She is a wing,
A miracle
Of unshed light :
A spell,
She shall tell
Of the white
Hue of delight :
The hue
Of morning is mine,
As true
As a light
In the night.
She is mine !
She is wine
From a flagon of jade
In the white
Hand of a maid,
A shell
Of diaphanous pearl,
To rise,
To swell,
To rest

On the breast
Of a girl
With laughing feet,
With dancing eyes.

It was a bird,
Fluting-fleet,
Heard
In the growing
Of wheat :
In the blowing
Of an unremembered
Word.
Sweet
As the flame
Of an embered
Forest-fire.

O silver wire
Of the lyre !
O blue desire
Of the lute !
The flute
Of day is mine
It is secret wine
To float

Away
On a note,
A ray
Of a secret day.

They shall know
Hereafter
The flow
Of laughter,
Here,
In the clear
Of the year !

Here,
I have heard
The word :
The rolling
Sphere :
The bird
Of time :
The bell
Trolling
That miracle—
That rime—

So :
It is ended,
Blended,
To go
Anew
Into the green,
Blue,
Serene
Adorning
Of morning.

What sound awoke us ?
The rose of spring
Cried to the crocus :
The starlings sing :
Snowdrops push,
And the hawthorn bush
Is budded again.
Studded again,
The fields are ours :
Flowers !
It is serene
Blue :
It is green
Anew :
The adorning
Of morning.