

## IN THE TEMPLE

THE subtle-souled dim radiant queen  
Burns like a bale-fire through the mist;  
The slender earth is bright and green,  
Emerald, gray and amethyst;  
The wavering breeze has slowly kissed  
The way between  
Her zone and wrist.

Pale guardian of the altar-flame,  
Syren of old, perfidious song,  
A murmeuring runnel lately came  
In streaming hate of mortal wrong.  
Wait, for, my goddess, not for long  
The snake is tame. . . .  
See! He is strong!

The wide-set temple pillars gleam,  
As marble white, and tall as pines;  
The doorway to immortal dream  
Lies through the temple's purple shrines.  
Behold, pure queen, the magic signs.  
Let words out-stream  
As mingled wines! . . .

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.