



THE
PAGAN
TRINITY
BY
BEATRICE
IRWIN

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for out of olde felles as men seith
Cometh al this newe countrie yere to yere
And out of olde booke in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men here

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THE PAGAN TRINITY



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The
Mrs. S. A. B. F.
1916

Jane Connell

THE PAGAN TRINITY

BY
BEATRICE IRWIN



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TO
AUGUSTE RODIN

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THE PAGAN TRINITY



PLASTIC POEMS

B

“THE HAND OF GOD”

ON AUGUSTE RODIN'S SCULPTURE

O TITAN of immortal dreams, All Hail !
For ever leading on toward Beauty's shrine !
Uplifting us, when hope and courage fail,
To contemplation calm of things divine !

This Hand, symbolic of the mighty Powers
That mould our destinies, through love and
pain,

That grant white bodies, delicate as flowers,
To breathe the perfume of the Soul's refrain ;

Shows how Humanity and Godhead merge,
Through mystic sacrament of Love's pure balm,
Which palliates life's unremitting scourge
With saintly fervour and with pagan calm !

“ HARMONY ”

ON AUGUSTE RODIN'S SCULPTURE

SONOROUS as the beat of long white waves,
The foam of these young bodies breaks to
one,

With harmony profound as, from far caves,
The murmur of the tide salutes the Sun !

Ah how the vibrant lines, with grand appeal,
Spring forth enchanted from the secret Stone,
And, through their joy, its hidden life we feel,
They voice for us its mystic monotone !

Melodious bodies ! Since the world began,
Fashioned to echo music of the Deep !
. . . Rodin, thou hast re-cast the pipes of Pan !
And roused the God from his immortal sleep !

“ PSYCHE ”

ON AUGUSTE RODIN'S SCULPTURE

IMPERISHABLE cloud of sacred fire !

O pearly nebula of Youth ;

Blown, by a whirlwind of desire,

Upon your fatal quest of Truth !

Your flowing hair, as soft as sighs,

Protects His slumber from the light :

. . . Your ardent breast might ope His eyes !

Sweet Psyche, yearn not thus for sight !

Have you not felt His rose-leaf flesh

And heard the beating of His wings ?

Have you not lain within the mesh

Of rainbow dreams from which He springs ?

Ah Psyche, pause, lose not your joy !

Remain the eternal woman-child !

Laugh, blind, beside the wingèd boy,

With love ecstatic . . . undefiled !

“THE ETERNAL IDOL”

ON AUGUSTE RODIN'S SCULPTURE

O snowy summit of my rest !
For me the dawn breaks at your breast . . .
O golden dream

I seek you, dazzled, blind with light !
I live past hearing and past sight !
Eternal stream

Where, parched, I quaff immortal Youth !
And visions glimpse of primal Truth !
Ah rain-bow gleam !

THE WEEPING SIREN

LINES ON A MARBLE TORSO TAKEN FROM A
GREEK TOMB, 400 B.C. NOW IN THE BOSTON
MUSEUM.

OH ! how your broken body stars the gloom
Of the great onyx pillar where 'tis set ;
Ages ago you graced an Attic tomb,
Hung o'er its silence as an amulet

Guarding the cherished beauty of some face,
Maiden or Mother ? oh, it matters not !
Surely a lover formed your pulsing grace,
Warm with the life of moments unforgot !

The Weeping Siren

From the deep seas of his unfathomed grief

Rising immortalized by love and pain,

Siren ! your sorrow brought his soul relief,

You were her soul and beauty risen again !

Close to your aching heart one hand is pressed,

One, like a lotus flowers your weary head ;

Oh ! how your sorrow breathes the primal rest,

Crowning the lives of those the world deems
dead !

Millions of roses fire the pensive dusk,

Sunset proclaims you an eternal Truth !

You are the miracle of myrrh and musk,

You are the unguent Beauty wrings from
Youth !

Siren, your breast wakes to a wand of light !

Slowly its glory permeates the whole

The Weeping Siren

Dimness of you, with rapture infinite !

Is it the splendour of his brooding soul ?

Ay ! he who formed you, must forever float

Spell-bound towards your tear-drenched
mystery ;

Gazing with eyes that flush your radiant throat,

Sighing with thoughts deep as the distant
Sea !

CAMEO

CLEAN cut and snow white as a cameo,
With each curve silvered by the stress of pain . . .
The soul's great power for joy and grief
Revealed, in gleams from lightning eyes,
That fire the mystic marble of his face !
Strange eyes ! that rise, and swooning fall
Like slumbering Asiatic seas
Whose Tyrian purple overflows
In pools beneath the lashes' bar !
And o'er his brow blue veins float dim
Like clouds that crown a mountain peak !
The sad humanity of chin and mouth
Show where the God and Man have met.
Upon this battlefield, his lips lie calm,
Serene with certainty and strength.

ELEUSINIES

O let us lie beneath the giant trees,
Entwined and vital as their mighty roots,
That vein the bosom of our Mother Earth !
Entrancèd, let us learn Love's primal ease
In such magnetic unity, as mutes
The dionysian cry of Passion's birth !
Let us lie clasped in silence, perfume, strength,
Midst rain of blossoms, and the bloom of
fruits !

Let us draw succour from the Elements
In moveless contemplation ; till at length,
The joy of Pan, and Ceres' close intents
Inspire us to Olympian heights of bliss !
Ah Love ! the stars are waiting but for this . . .
Night dons her diadem to crown our kiss !

DAWN

WHAT sorcery has stilled the rushing world ?

Ah look ! Young Day stands, in her eyes
delight ;

Awaiting motionless, with wings unfurled,
The advent of the Light !

FALLEN FLOWERS

DAY droops ; amidst the fallen blossoms white
You stand, silent as dew, pale as the light
That lays its chill upon the dream of day ;
Nature is spell-bound, stricken ; far away
Your wistful eyes seek his return in vain. . . .
The sentient spaces darken with your pain !
Your white hands flutter towards their tenderness
As if from them your wrongs would seek redress !

The cruel hours beat on ; your senses reel !
O white hands wild with mutinous appeal,
Like the May blossoms scattered on the ground,
O white hands wind-blown from a grief
 profound !

So piteous in your wandering despair
For the lost tendrils of his mid-night hair.

FAN-POEM ¹

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE CHINESE

THE lovers stand by the lotus pool.

They have thrown a stone in its waters and are
watching the widening circles !

Their lantern goes out, but they gaze in each
other's eyes, where tears glisten !

Deeper their feet sink in the moss. Even their
whispering ceases.

Under the banyan boughs, silence and perfume
mingle.

¹ In China there is usually a symbolic love poem written on the back of a fan.

THE DESERT

DAY dawns, but passionless the Desert lies,
Her gaze upturned unto the morning star !
Whilst, like a vein unstirred, but stretching far,
Strays Suez, and o'er-head an ibis flies !
So still is all, so dim, so deadly white !
The Virgin Desert dreams, but scarcely
breathes :

Unconscious, she awaits the coming Light,
And lo ! around her stainless body, wreathes

The pagan adoration of the Sun !
Uprising, with his burning locks unbound,
He leaps Titanic, to the Chosen One !
Long sought in skies, o'er seas, by chance thus
found

In Ancient Lands ! Her beauty rude and rare
Slowly he fires beneath his flame-gold hair.

DESERT SONG

SENŌRIS—Senōris—Senōris,
Sun-swaying, singing Senōris,
Plucking the strings of thy Sēldron,
Thou comest, O bearer of scarabs.
O boyhood of blue and of amber
Scarves with thy limbs intertwining,
Wind-swept thou movest in circles
To rhythm of sands that are silting !
The Sands of the Desert, Senōris,
Singing of Love and of Freedom !
Frenzied thy Sēldron re-echoes
That glistening paeon of millions.
O mystical column of incense,
Bearer of filigrees golden,
Perfumes delirious exhaling,
From fretwork of exquisite tokens.

Desert Song

Senōris—Senōris—Senōris,
Slim and celestial Senōris,
O grant me one scarab—one perfume,
One quivering string from thy Sēldron.

̄Ialyx—̄Ialyx—̄Ialyx,
Eye and desire of the Desert,
Well-spring, Oasis of being,
̄Ialyx, Moon of my heaven.
̄Ialyx, star-swept I sought thee,
Weaving the strings of my Sēldron
Out of the luminous rainbow,
Wrought from the tears of my longing.

̄Ialyx, foam-breasted ibis,
Scarabs and perfumes I bring thee,
Scarabs inscribed with a love-lore
Centuried, death-wrung from monarchs !

Desert Song

Filigree vials of attar,
Take them, O perfect Quintessence,
Shimmering Soul of the Desert,
Sēldron and all I must give thee.
Movement and colour and perfume,
Sacrificed, once and for ever
Unto thee, Infinite Silence,
Īalyx—Īalyx—Īalyx.

MYRRH

OH ! I must weave a raiment for my Soul !

A mystery of many hues !

A thing voluminous, and whole,

Within whose warmth her sorrows she may
lose !

She stands so shamed, so wounded, 'neath the
eye

Of flushed, incontinent Desire ;

So mute before Ambition's cry !

Her streaming tears have almost quenched
her fire !

Myrrh

Down, down upon her breast her head is bent,

As if to hear the music lost !

Her eyes are closed ! her girdle rent !

Her hair on Slander's vagrant winds is tossed !

And oh her hands ! how pitiful they plead ! . . .

Like broken petals of a flower

The storm has grasped with sullen greed !

Ah, Beauty ! in the gargoyle clutch of Power !

The demon power of Envy, and false words !

Of looks, whose lust all smiles belie !

Of Mammon, with whom Power herds !

While smug and sleek, the blinking World
goes by !

But stark, my Soul stands shuddering with cold

Amidst the noise, the stench, the glare

Myrrh

Of human horrors manifold ! . . .

She fell on desolation unaware

Ah ! I will aureole her in my tears !

For they are warm with tints of love !

She shall forget her shame, her fears !

And o'er the waste, once more, brood, like a
dove !

MÆNADS

WE shall lie in long, lush grasses,
Laugh low, where the waterfall plays !
We shall love when April passes
Enveiled in her hyacinth haze !

And our hearts shall chant her gladness !
(She dances to pleasure the Sun !)
And our flesh shall learn the madness
Of Earth, where her footsteps have run !

Like the pale narcissi, trembling
Lest beauty so starry, should fade
Ere the lilac-lords dissembling,
Lure nightingales into their shade !

Mænads

We shall quake 'neath Love's young fingers

Our eyelids shall quiver like dew !

In a hush ! as twilight lingers,

His call will resound thro' the blue !

We shall bend, like budding willows,

In fragrance of Passion's first wind !

We shall droop, where shy moss billows !

And kiss, 'neath His wings, dazzled, blind !

We shall dream 'neath falling flowers !

Fast raining from April's dim veils . . .

Beneath tulip, and almond showers !

Till far, over hill over dale,

She shall lead us, like Mænads, glowing !

Delirious, frenzied with light !

To a dell where her wild hair, flowing,

Flows into the waves of Night. . .

COLOUR POEMS

CYRUS, MY PEACOCK

IF every metal yearned towards the sun,
Seeking a soul,
If gold and copper, sapphire, bronze, in one
Extasied whole
Rayed forth from one immovable desire,
Burning and blue,
That glorious, that impassioned colour prayer,
Like unto you
Would be, my splendid peacock, all awhirr,
Quivering crest,
And fringed fountain-tail, amidst whose stir
Still is your breast !

Cyrus, my Peacock

Ah ! Cyrus, glowing Cyrus, long ago
Were you a Prince ?
A Persian prince whose heart did overflow ?
Cyrus, you once
Were that, I do believe, but not content
Faithful, to love ;
You lost your jewel, hither thither went
Seeking desire.

And deep you drank from many glittering eyes,
Kindling their fire
With lure of gold and gems, to infamies.
Bestial you grew !
The gods were wrath, and changed you to a
 beast,
Winged 'tis true,
And still allowed to haunt the fragrant East !

Cyrus, my Peacock

Ah ! but those eyes
That once you wooed to such strange perfidies,
Deepening the dyes
Of passion round their weary purple rims !
Cyrus, you still
Are branded with those smouldering bartered
eyes.

Still Cyrus, still
You lure with bronze and sapphire, gold and
green,
Quickening the pulse !
My pulses ! Was I once your chosen Queen ?
Left by you—why ?
Ah ! how you wound the stillness with your
cry.

BLUE SHADOWS

WAKEFUL the night had been with boding
grief,

And wailing broke the dawn breeze round my
bed !

A nightingale thrilled with his last excess,
And the frail jasmine's perfume grew
intense . . .

Summoned by Nature's calls imperious,
I rose obedient, pushing casements wide,
And in the dew-drenched pallor bathed mine
eyes !

Blue Shadows

The Garden's first oblations beckoned me
Peace to regain from chalices of flowers,
O'er brimming with renewals of the night !

Into this sacrificial silence drawn,
I wandered musing ; whilst the half-roused
Earth
Began to wave her censers on the air !
But still that unknown sorrow bowed me down !

I paused beside a cedar, where full oft
Cyrus, my glowing peacock, silent dreamed ;
But ah ! his breast illumined not that shade
Which drooped above me moaning pitiful !

Fateful and strange this requiem tolled on,
Shaking the fox-glove's last red bells to Earth,
And bending all the lilies as it passed !

Blue Shadows

I turned my steps where clematis and rose
Sometimes wooed Cyrus to their fragrances ;
But here the burning petals fell in showers,
A rich libation poured for him in vain !

Alas ! the haunting terror drove me on,
On to the vineyard, whose imperial glow
Vied with the ardour of a rising Sun !
The dionysian harvest drank the light
And scattered heavy perfumes on the air !

Through wanton tendrils, fallen from excess,
A glittering serpent slid with sudden grace,
And as I turned to watch its flashing course,
Mine eyes beheld this horror consummate !

Cyrus, the King—dead—with his fountain tail
For ever closed—and blood upon his breast !

.

Blue Shadows

[Serpent¹ and peacock ! ancient enemies
Unsatisfied since Eden's gentle dawn,
When the proud bird betrayed his high estate,
And showed the secret path to Paradise,
Drawing eternal curses on the Snake !]

.

But in this immemorial combat, you,
O Cyrus, should have triumphed for my
sake !

You led me ever to our land of dreams,
To Persia, where beside the Sanctum blue,
Long ages past, we lived enchanted lives . . .

¹ This refers to a Sanskrit legend, which relates that the Peacock showed the Serpent the way into Eden.

Blue Shadows

Cyrus ! the Sun is black for me to-day,
The vine is withered, and the flowers are
dead !

Shall I set forth to find our home anew ?

MAGNOLIA-MAGIC

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE JAPANESE

AT night appears an amber silken shroud,
At dawn an ivory dome, a golden crown !
Ah, watch the sun suffuse that ivory,
And tinge its pallor with the throb of Life !

PEARL-WHITE

HER pearl-pale feet on the marble stair
Are blossoms, blown from I know not where,
And in the gloom of her lustrous hair
A lotus lies.

FUJI-NO-YAMA

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

At dawn thou sweepest from the sea
A snowy crested wave, a plea
For strength from tired humanity
To Heaven's calm infinity.

A sigh from Beauty unto Truth,
Thy pathos passionate as youth
With lazuli of deep desire
For mystic merging, in the fire
Of peace, that thrills the sun's great lyre !

A tear that from the world's dumb pain
The Gods deem not an offering vain ;

Fuji-no-Yama

They drown thee in their bowl of blue,
They quaff thy loveliness like dew !
To Mankind thou art lost from view.

Then soft from twilight's dusky wings
Thy hallowed head half-shrouded, springs
Serene above the sunset swoon,
Sublimar for the fires of noon.

Now like a phoenix, far away
Thou soar'st, from ashes of the day,
On purple pinions tipped with light,
Toward the silver shrine of night.

Through fire and water thou hast passed,
The realm of silence reaps thee last
Thou symbol of the risen soul,
Thou echo of the cosmic whole.

NENUPHAR

AN opium poppy, where two bees
Burn bronze amidst the purple stains,
That waver in the milky lees
Of that frail cup, where vision reigns !

That is thy face ! O Chosen One !
Thine eyes are heavy with the weight
Of bliss that lulls, when joy is done !
Thou art forgetfulness, and Fate !

HIS ORCHID

AH ! how you mock the vanished hour
From whiteness of your fading bell
Where one gold stain remains, to tell
The sorcery of his strange power !

That gold gleams vital as his eyes
That blazed like fierce Assyrian suns,
Or Nilus' molten flood that runs
Past solitudes where Silence lies !

Those eyes that drew me 'neath their lids
Into a fathomless content,
Such lotus joy, where veils are rent,
All spoken memory forbids.

Let silence crown that perfect hour
With ghostly beauty past compare,
With fragrance of this orchid rare,
Ethereal symbol of his power.

PRIMITIVE PASSION

LIGHT desires the Sea,
 Coils within its heart,
Learning unity
 Through a counterpart.

· · · · ·
Silken shadows droop,
 Flowers gleam passion-pale,
Heaven towards Earth doth stoop,
 Beauty burns her veil !

Lips that know not shame
 Cleave, and kiss anew,
Love becomes a flame
 With a heart of dew !

OPALESCENCE

LIKE a flash of wings, in the sunset glow,
Is the Sea's white gleam where she keeps her
tryst

With a long blue ripple of sapphire hills !
All the Gods laugh low, at this cosmic joy,
And their laughter echoes away, away,
In a rainbow fire through the purple dusk . . .

PETALS

BURIED away in the arms of the East,
Where the blue-birds flash, and fire-flies gleam,
Where the languid lotus breathes of Rest,
And the drooping poppies moon-lit dream,
Where the soul is lulled and blest.

THE MOON OF PEACH- BLOOMS ¹

TORRENTS of Spring are over . . .
The evening is glistening as tear-laden lashes . . .
In budding mists young willows droop,
Dandelion downs catch sunbeams in their web,
Shyly the bean-flowers open onyx eyes,
And orchards tint old Earth rose-red !
The Sun makes amber offerings to the Moon,
Young Moon of Peach-blooms, fragile and fair.

¹ In China, months are called Moons, and are often poetically christened after their characteristic flower. Thus, March is the "Moon of Peach-Blooms."

FAR AWAY

FAR, far away, snow sleeps on the hills,
My love is afar, worlds lie between us,
But unceasing, unswerving my being vibrates
To the mountains, the snow and the moon.

Far, far away, noon weaves her blue spell,
My love is afar, worlds lie between us,
But Time and my heart bloom red as a rose
With mysterious kisses that cling.

Far, far away, lights float on the stream,
My love is afar, worlds lie between us,
But darkness and distance dwindle and gleam,
His eyes sweep my soul to a flame.

KISS

SOFTER than surf is thy strange caress,
Cool with calm of a thousand years,
Salt with dew of a myriad tears,
Red with the wrong that is past redress.

Rapture that throbs to infinity,
Mystic joy is thy fragrant breath,
Love and grief, and the peace of Death,
Love that is Nature's serenity.

CORAL-RED

GIVE back those moments coral-red,
Sprung from the seas of wild desire,
When on my breast you laid your head
And thrilled my being, like a lyre

Played on by Nymph for Triton's bliss,
In some dim cave of malachite,
Where Aphrodite came to kiss
And solemnize her Beauty's rite !

Give back those moments coral-red,
Wild as the laughter of a Faun !
Strange as the slumber of the Dead
And flaming mysteries of Dawn !

ORÏA

AN ARABIAN INTERLUDE

ORÏA ! Thou art Araby to me !
Pollened and golden, happier than a bee
Caught in some honied flight towards the
sun !

.

Orïa, all my days in orange groves,
And hours midst violets and citron leaves,
With perfumed Odaliques from the Bazaar,
Long afternoons lost in the Hammam's gloom,
And sea-green splendour of my Hasheesh
nights,

Orïa

Pale dawns amidst the prayer-mats¹ in the
Mosque,

All are but steps that, mounting, led to thee !

.

For here, high in the Kasbah,² thou art set
Amongst the houses blue,³ where least I thought
Desire could cherish Youth, its one pure
dream,

Yet here art thou, Orïa, scarce fifteen,
With pollen from the hidden heart of things
Clinging about thee still, and holding thee
Inviolatè, and only for the Sun !

.

¹ *The Prayer-Mats* are laid out in the Mosque for homeless wanderers, who have nowhere else to sleep.

² *Kasbah*. The native quarter in Algiers, which ascends uphill in long flights of stone steps.

³ *The houses blue*. The houses set apart for the dancing girls are always painted blue.

Oriā

Thou sayest 'tis thy first day in these courts ?
And I the first whose gold obtains thy dance ?
Well, dance for me, Oriā, dance my spray !
Look at the orange-trees, like Ouled-Naïls⁴
Flaunting upon the wind, and challenging
Thy palm-brown body, and thy little breasts,
Hung slim and sloping 'neath thy neck, like
dates !

.

Dance, young Oriā—do not fear my gaze.
'Tis cool ! and bathes thee but in founts of joy,
In holy waters consecrate with thoughts
Immune from Envy's leering ugliness.
Unwind thy loin-scarf ! Nay do as thou list !
But dance, and sing, and tell me thy desire ?

⁴ *Ouled-Naïls*. A nomadic tribe of Arabian dancers.

Oriā

ORĪA DANCES AND SINGS

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

Half of the rainbow I see in the sky,
But the other half I hide in my heart.

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

Could I but catch those fleeting, floating clouds !
They are my songs—my sisters far away !

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

Oh I want to glister white as the moon
And, laughing, look in the heart of the sea.

Oriā

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

And when drifting butterflies pass me by
I long to have petal-warm wings like theirs.

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

At noon I want to be dew on the grass,
And rain on the eyes of the drooping flowers.

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

At dusk I would dance like the sap of the vine,
The wild sweet vine that is Gūlba's abode.

Oria

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

Gūlba I love ! He has only a flute,⁵
His pipe of kieff, ⁶ and a wing-white bernous.

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

One dawn he gave me this gossamer scarf,
Together we spun it from Night and Song !

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

⁵ *Flute*. The Arabian Flute is much played by strolling minstrels, who are also impromptu poets and highly honoured in certain taverns which they deign to frequent.

⁶ *Kieff* is a vegetable narcotic smoked by the Arabs.

Oriā

O stranger, unwind not my girdle blue,⁷
'Tis the only gift I shall win from Love.

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

.

Oriā ! golden Bee ! I will take naught
Save the aroma of thy brimming Youth,
The haunting frailties of thy tender song !

ORĪA SINGS AND DANCES

Zū—zū—zū—alī,
Atchā—atchā—atchā !

⁷ *Girdle Blue.* The Arabs have a superstitious preference for blue as a love colour.

ACHITHON

THE AESTHETE

GRAY, green and red . . . all is a blur . . . I
cannot see . . .

Dust, mildew and rust . . . blinding and chok-
ing me !

Past mourning, past rebellion is my misery.

The pungent odours sharpen every failing
sense

That once leapt circling sunward with wild joys,
intense,

Magnetic molten, drawing onward, up . . .
ah ! whence ?

Achithon

On . . . on . . . into ethereal spaces of desire
Where women burned for me their white, their
inmost fire !

Gladly self-slain . . . body and brain . . . on
the soul's pyre !

O meteoric moments, flaming in the breeze,
Ruining down the heavens through earth, into
still seas

Where tawny weeds with waves tangled like
forest trees !

Gone are those days ! Now numb, broken and
spent I lie !

Beneath the dust, mildew and rust, slowly I die
'Midst cankered fruits ! the phantom loves
heed not my cry !

Achithon

I kneel amidst the ruins of a Temple fair
Brave columns and great idols shattered every-
where !

Chill moonlight, and the silence, mock my vast
despair !

Ah Rust relentless, with thy stained vermilion
teeth

Inexorably gnawing breast-plate, sword and
sheath,

Thou hast well-nigh consumed mine arms . . .
I lie beneath !

I am a warrior-lover . . . wounded . . . nearly
spent . . .

Through dust, mildew, and rust my life's hidden
intent

Quickens, and, in a flash, for me the veil is rent.

Achithon

O popped sleep, have pity, overcome me quite,
Dust, mildew and rust, merge into a fragrant
night !

Let rotting fruits, and blunted arms fade from
my sight.

And let a gentle wind wistfully o'er me blow,
From fields of amaranth, and frail narcissus snow
Sprung from white breasts of women loved . . .
loved long ago !

O let my weary spirit loose upon the breeze,
Perfume-possessed . . . star-wafting in the sap
of trees.

A-song in sun-spread flowers, ablaze on tropic
seas,

Adieu, all else—Adieu ! for I am one with
these !

BESĪTO¹

A SPANISH SERENADE

BESĪTO, Belovèd, behind the gold lattice

You lie like a lotus, enfolded and white,
Whilst shadows and I surge ever around you,
Dark phantoms disturbed by your silvery
light !

Besĭto, Belovèd, behind the gold lattice,

Where clambering jasmine has filtered her
snare,
In silence and perfume lies vested your beauty !
You dream on the tides of your long rippling
hair !

¹ Besito is the Spanish for Little Kiss.

Besīto

Besīto, Belovèd, behind the gold lattice,

Do echoes not steal from the waves on the,
shore ?

The tides of my soul are surging towards you,

Besīto, cease dreaming, awake, I implore !

Awake, my Belovèd, break open the lattice,

On the wings of your soul winnow straight
unto me,

Besīto, Belovèd, come swiftly, come subtly,

Like the glory of dawn with the scent of
the sea !

SUN-DOWN

CEDARS black against the sky,
Sunset flooding sea and land,
Pearl white peacocks passing by
Crimson lips upon my hand.

AZALEA-FLAMES

O strange azalea face !
O subtlety of flame !
Of white, of gold . . . of rose !
O dim sheens that disclose
Frail tints without a name,
Whose wonder comes and goes
Like sunlit clouds in space !

Budding azalea face,
Burning to flame of eyes
Half hidden, stamen-wise !

Azalea-Flames

Such blue flames of desire !
That languish, leap, expire !
Flower-face, insatiate mouth,
Come, quench your trembling drouth !

Fall ! wild azalea face !
Fall madly on repose !
(From madness Beauty grows !)
Fall on my rhythmic breast !
Ah how your fitful glows
Shall flame to dawn, to rest !
'Neath tides of mine embrace.

EMBERS

THE embers, glowing in the silent room,
Draw fragrance from the Eastern tapestries !
Gold tulips glimmer through the scented gloom,
And memories unfold their arms, at ease.

Geranium, cassia, cinnamon, and musk
Come stealing from the silks, where once we
lay ;
And passion, like an incense, clouds the dusk !
It rises mystical, from ashes grey !

Embers

The tulips bend and open, open wide
Their secret petals, thirsty for delight !
Ah ! you are drooping, drooping by my side,
Your face aflame, as on that fateful night,

When like a golden goblet, all your youth
You proffered for the swooning wine of
Love !

And from your eyes I quaffed immortal Truth !
And read the riddle of the stars above !

Ah night of nights ! whose ecstasy still clings
With kinship to the damask's living red !
Ah tulips ! whose exotic beauty brings
The attar of your breast around my head !



2

TONE POEMS

NOSTALGIA

OH for the music of the distant lands !

The agèd muezzin's plaintive call to prayer,
The sound of bangles, falling from the hands
Uplifted to the weight of scented hair

Framing some Persian beauty, robed in red,
A red that flickers like a fading flame,
Or silent mouth of some one lying dead,
A smitten sexless red, without a name !

Oh for the brittle click of castanets,
The cry of lover to his dancing-girl

Nostalgia

Whose arabesqueing body stirs and frets
The champing senses, with its swish and
swirl !

Oh for the song of some slim Chinese boy,
Opium-elated, cruel, clad in blue,
Oh for the lizard-drums,¹ and gongs of joy,
Oh for the music of the East, . . . and You !

¹ *Lizard drums and Gongs.* In China, drums and gongs are always used at festivals of rejoicing, and the drums are usually made of Lizard-skin.

THE MUSIC OF JAPAN

THE FLUTE

IN Yeddo through small starlit streets
The sound of flutes is often heard,
It is the blind masseur that greets
Your aching ear, like some caged bird

Who beats against the bars of Night
With broken wings, and longing vain
For warm prismatic visions bright !
To ease his soul he seeks your pain.

¹ In Japan the blind make massage their principal profession, and when it is dark they walk abroad, playing their flute, to signify that they are ready to help those who are in need of them.

The Music of Japan

His plaintive flute bids you command
From him his dreams of light and air ;
You sleep beneath his supple hand,
And, flute-like, float on his despair !

The Music of Japan

THE SAMISĒN¹

IN Kioto, through crowding streets,
 'Midst orange lanterns, blue-clad men
Incline their steps to dim retreats,
 Reverberant with Samisēn

That thrums its monotone of strings,
 More sweet than mating insects' whirr,
Whose mingling phosphorescent wings
 The dreaming summer darkness stir !

Sweet Samisēn ! with saké,² served
 In bowls of ivory and blue,

¹ The *Samisēn* is a small three-stringed guitar. It is principally played by "Geishas" in the "Tea-Houses."

² *Saké* is a golden wine distilled from rice, and always served in Tea-Houses.

The Music of Japan

By fragile Musmés, subtly curved
In parted kimonos, that woo

Where lotus breast and jonquil feet
Repeat your music's silvern strain,
And all the weary senses greet
With raptures that are free from pain !

Oh Samisēn ! that sings of flowers,
Ethereal blossoms of Japan !
And droop of dim wistaria bowers
Glimpsed through the fretwork of a fan !

Your music, mixed with odours rare
Of nicotine, and frail bamboo,
That cling about the textures fair
Beneath the silken obi's hue !

The Music of Japan

Ah Samisēn ! what sweet delights

For aching hearts your songs have won !

What memories for moon-lit nights,

When youth has faded with the sun !

The Music of Japan

THE KOTO¹

IN Tōkio, on Palace walls

The stately Koto hangs, austere,
Until some painted Princess calls !
Her Koto-player drawing near

To wing the weary hours with song
That tells of valiant Samurai,
Whose lives were given to right some wrong,
Who gloried in their zeal to die !

¹ *Koto* is a long, flat, stringed instrument. Its music is seldom missing from Imperial festivals.

The Music of Japan

The Koto clangs with clash of blades,
Whose hilts are wrought in damascene ;
And then the music droops and fades,
Deepening to stony agate green

Of groves, in which the warriors lie
All stark, beneath their glitt'ring mail.
The frozen passion of each eye
Steals, shuddering, through the Koto's wail !

And now a jet of scarlet sound
Comes spurting, molten, red as blood ;
The Princess, weeping, falls to ground,
A blossom on the music's flood,

That sweeps away her proud disdain
And thrills her with exotic fire !
She seeks amongst the noble slain
The lover of her heart's desire.

The Music of Japan

The music faints upon the air

Like some wan planet in the West.

The Princess stoops and finds him, there

He lies, across the Koto's breast !

The Music of Japan

THE TEMPLE GONG¹

AT Nĭkko,² splashing water-falls
 Enchant the old Tokaïdo's³ gloom ;
But, past their laughter, something calls !
 A mellow, far, magnetic boom !

That breaks the cryptomeria's calm,
 And shakes to earth the maple leaves,
Then, sunward floating like a psalm,
 Intones towards the Temples' eaves.

¹ *The Temple Gong* is struck by the Priests as a summons to Prayer and an invocation to the Gods.

² *Nĭkko*. The most famous Temples of Japan are at Nĭkko.

³ *Tokaïdo*. A long avenue of cryptomerias (Japanese cedars). It is an ancient and famous roadway leading to, and through Nĭkko.

The Music of Japan

Long eaves, up-curling on the sky,
 As wings of birds outspread for flight,
Or lashes long of some dark eye
 That pierces in its quest of light.

And on the steps, with moss o'erlaid
 That mutes discordances of clay,
The air lies hushed, and half afraid
 To own that throbbing cloud-like sway

Of sound, that globes, and globes on space,
 In pulses murmurous and deep
As sun-suffusions, on the face
 Of skies that stretch in wind-worn sleep !

O elemental Peace of Song
 Behind the wavering incense veils !
O spirit of the Temple Gong,
 Your music permeates . . . prevails

The Music of Japan

Upon the aching hearts of men,
 To ease the endlessness of life
With balms of Buddha, and of Zen,⁴
 Distilled from passion's hectic strife,
From wild Ambition's aureole,
 From tears of blood, that drip their griet
Across the desert of some soul
 That crucifies towards belief !

O ancient Gong, in one accord
 Replete with centric fires of Faith,
Ye weld, beyond the clash of sword,
 Beyond the warring senses' scathe !

With mystic moom, and mantram⁵ slow,
 Deep mercies germinate your song,

⁴ *Zen*. A Japanese religious philosophy.

⁵ *Mantram*. A religious chant.

The Music of Japan

And broken Pilgrims, bending low,

Cry, "Namu Amida!"⁶ . . . "Moon⁷ and
Gong!"

⁶ "*Namu Amida.*" A Japanese invocation to the Buddha.

⁷ *Moon.* The Japanese regard the moon as the symbol of the soul.

THE FESTIVAL OF FALLEN CLOUDS

The flocks of clouds around the world
Float, singing of the Seasons to the Sun !
The earth and ocean strain towards this foam
Of distant snow-birds risen from their tides.

And with the ebbing year, the Universe
Implores and clamours for the clouds to fall !
It cries for pity on its gaunt despair,
Its soilure and its fretted substances !
Oh, how it cries ! through caverns dank with
weeds,

The Festival of Fallen Clouds

Through great rocks, cleft with pain, huddled in
grief,

Through livid waves expiring agonized,

Through sapless Earth, grown brown, with
shrivelled breasts

That mock the memory of her motherhood ;

Through trees, tormented by the winds, that
taunt

And roughly grasp their nude unloveliness !

Oh how the cries for comfort sob and shriek

To the tender clouds, that drifting droop

Nearer ; falling at last in flakes of snow !

Snow so reluctant, yet so clinging-close !

Snow so renewing, trustful, so complete !

Snow so fulfilling, in its Virgin fall !

O MOON-LIT HAIR

O moon-lit hair and sea-shell eyes,
From what strange depths are you up-cast ?
So mystical, so sad, so wise,
You merge me in some primal past

When you and I, on currents far,
Went drifting through the Southern Seas
As fronded weed and fallen star,
With shadows mingled by the breeze.

The urging breeze that blows the Moon,
A fairy bubble, through the sky,
To break in phosphorescent swoon
On Ocean's pale chalcedony !

O Moon-lit Hair

O sea-shell eyes, from what glad shore
 You bring me message of your need,
Your drooping lilac lids implore,
 Against all reason I must heed ;

Must grant your pain, my white desire !
 Must clasp your head against my breast !
Until the cosmic tides expire
 Like waning Planets in the West !

O moon-lit hair and sea-shell eyes,
 You bind me with some ancient spell !
I wonder is it ill, or wise ?
 The Gods laugh low ! Ah, they can tell !

DECEMBER-DEW

THEY are no more ! the perfumes, music,
flame !

But in their place there reigns unbroken calm.

Serene and rapt the windswept azure skies,

Profound their innocence, devoid of shame !

Enchanted as a babe's enchanted eyes

Uplifted from the silent breast, whose balm

Gives nurture needful, measureless and deep !

Hush, children ! The Earth-Mother is asleep.

Behold all things do consecrate her rest !

With gentle gold, as pure as hallowed oil,

The Sun anoints her, with his chosen beam.

Strange incense rises from the purple soil !

The very Light fades quickly in the West

Fearful of breaking in upon Her rest !

LOAM

THE loam of every land runs in our veins !

Our aeoned ashes are the Universe !

Through many lives, through blinding joys and
pains,

Our evolution bears the fleshly curse !

And, even as a mother aches to know

The complex nature of her wondrous child,

We yearn to understand, and subtly grow

Towards this being we have thus defiled !

Ah Lands ! created by our Loves, our Hates,

You draw us from the depths, as waves do
foam ;

Loam

To feel your life-beat, and fulfil our Fates,

We sense the fragrant or the poisoned loam !

And where we seeded there our harvest waits . . .

Each Pilgrim claims the Lands, as children

Home !

PIERROT

O wind-blown Pierrot ! 'midst the withered
leaves,

You float upon the magic of your lute !
Your mouth is singing, but your tired heart
grieves . . .

The loved one's laughter is for ever mute.

Pierrot, your eyes are dead with dreadful wrongs,
Ah ! Love has had her wildest way of you !
And yet white lilacs perfume all your songs,
White lilacs, bound with juniper and rue !

White Pierrot, we are wind-blown through the
gloom

Pierrot

Of Life's deep forests ; but the sun-lit sky
Uplifts us ! From the ashes of our doom
Dead Hopes take phoenix flight, winged with
our cry !

THE CURSE

O Gods, why have ye laid this curse of courage
on the flesh ?

This curse daily renewed, a mocking anodyne
for pain !

This curse, numbing the very heart of life,
Ere torture shall permit one cry, to tell

The tale of pricking perfidies, and devastating
griefs

With which it is your joy to inundate our
lives !

Ye fashion us so fair, ye give us thirst,

Then lead us laughing to the brimming bowls

The Curse

Where passion's lure engenders lust.

Or, if perchance the cup contain

Some rarer balm,

Ye dash it from the lips that yearn towards
joy.

Then, fearful, lest despair should slay your
quarry,

Or our bitter rheum should blight your rose-
leaf mirth,

Ye curse us finally with courage to endure our
ills

In silence, nay to smile ; whilst Anguish gluts
her fill,

A famished vulture tearing out the tendrils of
our hearts !

MEADOW-LARKS

Three tired notes !

Out of the meadows,
Out of the shadows,
How the sound floats !

Pure as white spray

Broken from billows,
Sad as the willows,
Weeping for aye.

Three notes of Love,

Of exquisite sorrow,
'Twixt Dawn and the morrow . . .

Three notes of Love !

PHŒNIX

WHAT is this delicate stir ?

What is this frail poppy-feel ?

This fall of petals, this whirr

Of wings ? This sharpness of steel

Stirring and stabbing the heart

Unto its uttermost cells,

This flash, this rending apart,

This magic, this clamour of bells ?

What is this quivering bloom,

Passing as clouds o'er the seas ?

This strange voluptuous gloom,

Of forests, caught with the breeze ?

Phoenix

Forests that soothe and subdue,
Clasp and obliterate all,
And what this fathomless blue
Of skies that tingle and fall ?

What is this weight and this wing ?
Fettering, freeing, release
Of birds long-prisoned, that sing
Of tears, of Planets, of Peace.

Peacock, and phoenix and lark,
Bearing us high and afar,
We touch the luminous dark
And feel the pulse of a star !

What is this tremulous Birth,
Beyond all sorrows that vex ?
The one alembic on Earth ?

.
'Tis the secret of Sex.

SONGS OF THE ELEMENTS

EARTH-WORSHIP

O Mother ! mother of the mystic breast !

You swooned so deep beneath the autumn
sheaves,

I thought you fallen on eternal rest,

So still you lay amidst the withered leaves.

You closed your eyelids and your breasts were
shrunk,

Too tired you were to twine your faded hair

With berries from the potions you had drunk.

Your hands like moon-stones glimmered on
the air,

Songs of the Elements

Their grand vitality all waned to mist,
Hung dank and listless, ghosts of what they
were !

Belovèd hands, sun-worshipped and sun-kissed,
Now spectral evanescence of despair.

You dwindled, Mother, to a purple stain,
A weariness of spent and sodden clay,
Dear Mother, I was riven by your pain,
Not knowing then your sweet and secret way.

Through long December nights the marble moon,
A pale sarcophagus, was hung on high ;
With prayers and tears and many a mystic rune,
To her white strength I sent my broken cry ;

Dreaming she held your ashes, Mother mine,
To draw them toward the Sun you loved so
well,

Songs of the Elements

Perchance transmuting them to flame divine,
To flush far planets, Ah, how could I tell ?

I only knew that you had sunk from sight,
That I lay sobbing in brown solitudes,
And gone were Beauty, warmth, and all the light,
All vanished, with your thousand rainbow
moods.

And then the snow brought silence with its fall,
Strange peace, and promise of some wondrous
thing !

Was that a wafting scent, a distant call,
Shall roses bloom again, and bul-buls sing ?

My cry was caught and clamoured by the
Winds,
The Winds, O Mother, that once bore your
train ;

Songs of the Elements

Where'er you be some echo surely finds
One trembling chord it touches not in vain ?

Yes, hark ! a rhythmic rustle flowers the
breeze,

A languid blue suffuses all the skies,
Once more the sap is rising in the trees,
And Heaven wearies for your opening eyes !

I am so worn . . . nigh dead with Hope deferred,
The vigil has been long for your return,
You leap up laughing ! Speak ! what have
you heard ?

You are a maid once more, with cheeks that
burn !

Oh, what sweet laughter ! and what snowy arms !
What blossom breasts to woo the burnished
dove !

Songs of the Elements

Dear Mother mine, how can I tell your charms,
For I am formless, in the flames of Love !

You hold me close, so close to your soft side,
I feel the texture of your emerald shawl
Afloat with fringes fair, that cannot hide
The wonder of your bosom's rise and fall.

The young woods sway around you as you
move,
Their silken tassels tinted with the May ;
And furrowed fields are fringing, soon to prove
Their joyous faith in your eternal sway !

Ah, Mother mine ! I see you once again,
I do not grudge my grief, my tear-stained
eyes ;

I have not mourned your deathless sleep in vain,
Belovèd ! You are young, and I . . . am wise.

Songs of the Elements

AIR-ECSTASY

ELECTRIC Instrument ! whose strains
Create the music of the Earth,
Whose sorrows bring the Winter rains,
Whose joys give Spring her magic birth.

Ethereal azure Instrument !
Whose music sways the Earth and Seas,
Whose rounded rim the Gods have bent
To echo their vast rhapsodies . . .

The wild sweet lyrics of the Dawn
Succeed the largo of the Night,
The sex of ancient Earth re-born,
She leaps toward the coming Light !

Songs of the Elements

And Man's ambitions born anew

Breathe deep in this ecstatic hush,

He gazes far into the blue,

And floats on waves of light, that rush

In rhythmic splendours toward the Sun,

Whose golden note declares the Day

New-born, as some repentant nun,

'Neath flaming altar, bent to pray.

Till all the love-songs of the noon

Surge throbbing through Thee, sentient Air,

In chords of colour, and a swoon

Of fragrant mists, like women's hair,

That weave elusive melodies

Round mid-day, and man's weary mind

That yearns, within their sorceries,

A deep forgetfulness to find.

Songs of the Elements

But afternoon's adagio

Reverberates across the skies,
The fleeting clouds pass to and fro
Like minor notes, and heavy sighs.

Then twilight falls, and Thou art thrilled
With all the passions of the Sea
That wax, and wane, and then are spilled
In Night's vast hush and reverie.

Oh strange sonata of the Night,
Whose diapason draws the soul
Through subtle harmonies of light
Into the volume of the whole!

The whole ecstatic mystery
Of moon-lit Space, all passion-pale
With sorrow for man's history,
The endless discords of his tale.

Songs of the Elements

O Moon ! whose heavenly lento, falls
So merciful upon our grief,
Celestial answer to our calls !
Thou bringest peace beyond belief.

And, as the Seasons chant their song,
Air orchestrates her melodies
In complex rhythms loud and long,
The Winds intone them through the trees.

Spring symphonies, so sweet, so low ;
Then Summer's operas that merge
To Autumn's oratorio
And aged Winter's hopeless dirge !

Wild storm-songs, wild with beat of wings,
Tornadoes, and the whirlwind's rush,
Chaotic chords, and broken strings,
Dim, faded skies, and rain-spent hush !

Songs of the Elements

Great cyclones, sibilant with sand,
Mirages, like an echo blown
From some enchanted fairy-land,
Or pleading lover's undertone !

And frozen syllables of snow,
All numb with pent-up power and pain ;
Prismatic tints of glacier-glow,
And tender madrigals of rain !

Oh universal Instrument !
Of light and love and sorrow made,
Into our lives thy songs are sent
As an eternal Serenade !

Songs of the Elements

SEA-LOVE

O Lover of all hidden lores !

Whose breast alone has held the Moon,
Whose arms have clasped the farthest shores,
Beneath thy spell the senses swoon !

Strange senses, keener than of Earth,
Desire and dream at thy commands ;
The loves of tint and tone take birth
Beneath thy pale fluidic hands !

Thy deep eyes dim with wild desire
Of rapture past all human bounds ;
Thy foam-lips, iridescent fire ;
Thy voice, a mystery of sounds !

Songs of the Elements

Of sounds, ethereal but intense,
That stir the elemental soul,
And lure one far, not caring whence,
Towards some moveless, perfect whole !

Sea-Love, the wisdom of all Lands
Enlumineth thy mystic look ;
Thy sabre, wrought of gleaming sands,
Has cut all pages in Love's book !

All Continents have held Thee dear,
But thou hast kissed, and glided on,
From each distilling just a tear,
Their secrets weaving through thy song !

Pomegranate pinks pass o'er thy face
At dawn, thou dream'st of Tropic Isles ;

Songs of the Elements

Faint saffron tints, like faded lace,
Recall frail Venice and her wiles !

And when at noon-day thou art mailed
In burnished sun-discs, wrought of gold,
Thou sing'st how Greece before thee quailed,
What galleons thou hast crushed of old.

The purple blooms of twilight fall,
And Persian goblets dye thy lip,
For warriors brave thou spread'st a pall !
Within thine arms great pennons slip,

All slashed with gold, maroon and red !
The lusts of War and blood are thine !
Thou foldest them about thy head !
Thou crushest kingdoms for thy wine !

Songs of the Elements

Translucent lover ! what wild deeds
Of bliss and glory thou hast known !
Thou slak'st the fever of my needs,
Thou giv'st me dreams beyond mine own. . . .

I hear the Sirens weep and sing,
When thou art rising round the rocks ;
Unto thy depths their spoils they bring ;
Thou sleepest in their tangled locks !

I see the frenzy of their eyes,
I feel their chill cornelian breasts ;
With deathly wisdom they are wise ;
Unto their hearts their hands are pressed !

O cruel Sea-Love ! Thou hast poured
Thine evil passions in their veins !

Songs of the Elements

Within thy heart their youth is stored ;
They bear the burden of thy pains !

So thou may'st woo the mermaids pale
With wreaths of foam, all milky white,
And magic splendours of the veil
Thou weav'st from phosphorescent night

Thou art renewed within their glee,
For they are mirth and innocence ;
On breasts of dim chalcedony
They drift for aye, not caring whence.

But oh, Sea-Love ! thou hast dark hours,
When thou dost long to touch the skies,
When Titan Winds and all their powers
Incite thee unto infamies !

Songs of the Elements

Thou can't not kiss the lonely stars,
Thou writhest in thy vast despair ;
The giant ships to drifting spars
Are crushed and scattered everywhere !

And human lives are naught to Thee
Who would'st possess the joy of Space !
Of what account the misery
Of one small planet's puny race !

So thou can't reach that deeper deep
Where Sirius and Saturn dwell ;
Or fall on everlasting sleep
Beneath the bliss of Venus' spell ! . . .

.
Ah cosmic Lover, I am yours !
I kiss your weary nephrite eyes ;
I yield unto your thousand lures,
And merge into your mysteries ! . . .

Songs of the Elements

FIRE-MYTH

FROM the immortal dream the Gods awoke.
Each gazed at each, but not one spoke.
Alike the question and reply
Illuminating every eye.

.

“Unto this dream, dreamed since we know not
when,
We'll sacrifice the souls of men :
We'll build great altars, altars high,
And call them Earth, and Sea, and Sky.

Where we can solemnize, with mystic rites,
The glad millennium of nights

Songs of the Elements

We, trancèd breast on breast, have lain !
We'll sacrifice—then dream again !

And let our coming and our going be,
A consummation, mystery !
A warmth, a self-fulfilled desire,
Let all our rites be namèd—Fire !”

.
Then, with the majesty of one accord,
Up rose the Gods, nor spake one word.
But, with a breath, their vast intents
Formed Man, and all the Elements !

Leaping in unison upon the Earth,
Their coming gave volcanoes birth :
And in the dimness of the Sea
They scattered phosphorescency.

Songs of the Elements

Joyously, one by one, towards the skies
They turned the splendour of their eyes ;
Apollo, Venus, Saturn, Mars,
On that high altar flamed as stars !

Eager to fall again upon their rest,
The Gods inspired man's lonely breast
With flames of everlasting fire,
To consecrate Love's dream—Desire !

SPIKENARD

Oh let me pour the spikenard of my soul
 Within the chalice of thy damask mouth !
Oh let thy bosom's alabaster bowl
 Receive my youth, all nectared from the
 South !

Oh let my passion pierce the luring shade
 The perfumed shade of thy mysterious fear !
And let my voice with secret rites invade
 The tinted foam-ring of thy listening ear !

Oh let my breast cleave utterly to thine
 With all the sacred pleading of a prayer !
Oh let me circle round thee, like a vine,
 Tangling thy beauty in my tendrilled snare.

DAMOPHYLA

DAMOPHYLA sits by the rushing stream,
Young willows droop in mists about her head !
Could I but pluck the lilies of her dream,
Or lie amidst the shadows round her spread !

Damophyla, I would not touch your youth
More close than those blue blossoms of the
Sun,
Nor quench the lucent aureole of truth,
The mist of flame that o'er your soul is spun !

Damophyla . . . the name is like a cloud
Of butterflies upon the morning air . . .

Damophyla

Ah here beneath the branches I am bowed
In ecstasy, to worship unaware !

O pure Damophyla, turn not your head,
Gaze on enchanted in the crystal stream !
My thoughts, like wooing peacocks round you
spread,
Shall cast but iridescence o'er your dream . . .
Damophyla . . . Damophyla . . .

AEROPLANE ¹

I have conquered Earth, and Sea, and Fire,
There is nothing left for my desire,
I am tired of things !

But my brain beats on its endless quest,
Though my body aches, I may not rest,
For a something sings,

With haunting voice, in the soul of me,
And it lures, and floats to mystery
Of the distant skies.

¹ This Poem is reprinted by the kind permission of the Editor of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

Aeroplane

There is just one balm for my despair,
I must solve the riddle of the Air,
O ! receive my cries,

Ye resplendent Planets in the blue !
For my soul and longing leap to you,
I am tired of Earth !

In etheric currents I am caught,
To the restless music of my thought
Let the Air give birth !

And as through the ages of the past,
My research through stone and metal, cast
For enduring might,

So I'll ease the ache of present need,
With a thing of meteoric speed,
That shall soar in light !

Aeroplane

And the Comets lone shall be my friends,
I will rush with them to the utmost ends
Of sidereal space !

On creation weft of slender things,
Such as fishes' tails, and insects' wings,
That are frail as lace !

Then I'll give it sinews strong, and nerve,
And a perfect balance, that shall serve
To resist the winds !

And with silk and wands of virgin wood
I will dower its gracious maidenhood,
To enchant all minds !

For this thing shall have a woman's soul,
It shall bear me on to distant goal
Of my heart's desire !

Aeroplane

She shall be so slim, so swift, so fair,
My Dragon-fish-bird, that shall conquer Air
With a heart of fire !

Though her flight should cost my puny life,
I shall reach the Moon, beyond all strife
I shall gain my goal !

O Dragon-fish-bird, Thou shalt bring me
peace—
An Element conquered,—A brave release
In the formless Whole !

ICARUS

TO THE PIONEERS OF AVIATION

O dauntless bird-men! beating through the
blue,
Bent on your conquering quest of Time and
Space,
Glory shall give her golden mouth to you,
And starry wonders of a new-born race
Shall spring from bliss of your enamoured eyes!
And from the deathless flame-song of her
breast!

Intrepid children, balanced, grave and wise,
Controlling energy, with power to rest!

To rest, and dream of things beyond desire,
Of mysteries through which the Cosmos
wrought,
To dream of faces dead, and living Thought
Whose immortality of cleansing fire,
Delivering man from spells of ancient Earth,
Through Death, gave the Ethereal Science
birth!

ONCHESTIES

FESTIVALS IN HONOUR OF NEPTUNE

BELOVÈD, do you hear the great waves calling ?

The wild foam Sprites are leaping in the
Sun !

The Mermen rising and the Mermaids falling

Invoke us with their revels to be one !

Those sequent curves of pale-green crystal
cover

The Nymphs and Tritons at their amorous
play . . .

Come back, come back, O golden-headed lover,
And make me yours beneath a veil of spray !

Onchesties

Come leap upon the rocks where Mermen
laughing,
Throw dazzling arms about the Mermaids
cool!

Entwined they gleam one radiant flash, sun-
quaffing,
Then head-long dive in the electric pool

Where sleeping Sirens spread their tawny tresses,
To welcome lovers to a long repose . . .
O come mine Own, the Sea alone possesses
The magic from which Aphrodite rose!

Hark, Love! Eternal youth and passion, calling,
Invoke us, with a thousand joyous rites,
To yield ourselves to mysteries enthralling,
Foam-white with fervour of the Sea's delights!

Onchesties

Ah come ! my pearl and coral wait your
taking,

I sing enchanted by the blue lagoon . . .

From our strange dream there shall be no
awaking,

For we are bidden to the Feast of Noon !

EBB-TIDE

WITH sighing of a lover satisfied,
Across the glimmering beauty of the sand
There floats the cadence of the ebbing tide . .
Ah, trembling maiden, feel my pleading hand
Upon your eyes in this dim afterglow,
Vibrating with an exquisite desire,
That faints from out the far majestic flow
Of those eternal depths, whose secrets breathe
Their music unto lovers silent grown !
Oh, Maiden, let mine arms around you wreath !
They learned their spell of Aphrodite's zone,
Through lucent splendour of a sea of tears,

Ebb-Tide

That lingers in these eyes, where yours are sunk
Like lamps of gold, lit since a thousand years
To glow before this mouth whose lips have
drunk

Perchance too deep, perchance too much have
told

Their flaming passion, by the red sun-set !
Belovèd maiden, see Night's wings unfold !
The tired Sea homeing like a bird to land
On plumes of palest foam that seek their rest.
Ah, cherished Splendour ! Let my fainting
hands

Fall on the fresh oasis of your breast !

KORĀIL

THE trees have laid their shadows each to each,
The sunset clouds have merged in flaming bliss,
My longing leaps beyond the bars of speech . .
Korāil, give me your jasmine hands to kiss !

STORM HUSH

ONLY the Sea my grief can know !

The Sea whose wistful weight of grey
Lies moveless as beneath a blow,
With great wings folded up for aye.

Did those wings also seek the Sun,
Then fall to earth like broken stone ?
Oh ! have we lost ? Or have we won ?
O sad sea ! whither are we blown ?

We drift uncaring, you and I,
The moon alone can stir us now ;
She understands our smothered cry,
And on our wound she lays her brow.

Storm Hush

The grief of conquered lands, O Sea !
Moans multitudinous in you !
Your wordless message comforts me,
Your quiet sobbing thrills me through !

In my despair, no more alone,
You chant the song of centuried grief
That permeates Life's undertone,
When Love is long and dreams are brief !

Ah Sea ! why should we cast on land
The hidden treasure of our deep
To gem the cold, destructive hand
Of those who neither love nor weep ?

Let them, like children on the shore,
Run laughing mid's't the shallow pools,

Storm Hush

Content to mirror nothing more

Than their own grin !—The fledgeling fools !

How should they understand the weight

Of broken wings, and longing vain,

That sought the great Sun's golden gate !

And winnowed through the Planets' rain !

Oh let them patter, and pass on ;

Our brooding anguish they despise,

And all our haggard beauty wan

They scorn, with bright, self-sated eyes !

Sea-Love ! each other's grief we know !

We know the weight of broken wings,

The storm of passion's ebb and flow,

The song that soul from body wrings !

LESBOS

‘L’amour est pour moi la splendeur du Soleil.’ —SAPPHO.

So weary of all my lovers !
Longing for greatness far beyond their reach,
I left the aisles of porphyry,
Where oils of jasmine fed the jewelled lamps !
Down ilex groves austere I strayed,
Led by their rustling to this moon-lit shore .
Ah, Lesbos ! Ægean Island !
Never before hast thou inspired me thus !
The girdle of the ebbing tide
Lays bare thy beauty, diademed with spray
Aglow from froned coral reefs . . .

Lesbos

And thou, too, weary of thy lovers,
Thou dost implore the larger ecstasy
Of Ocean, whose pearl and sapphire
Lures and wins the young Moon for his own.
Through passion, unto compassion . . .
This my prayer, like his . . . like thine falls
 gleaming pale
On waves that break to unity
With the insistent murmur of the Deep . . .
Ah, Lesbos ! through our little loves
To learn love of Humanities . . . of Worlds . . .
Love, . . . vast, . . . immune as primal sleep.

SAPPHO

“Je serai toujours vierge.”—SAPPHO.

AH how their voices waver on the breeze . . .
I am up-borne on beating wings of gold,
On perfumes that come wafting with their
songs . . .

.
(The violets are fading in my hair!)

I must have slept here by the sea, alone,
While they have danced and dreamed amidst
the dew,

Sappho

Whose radiance mingled gladly with their feet !

.
(My limbs are heavy with the weight of
love. . . .)

Damophyla, Erinna, Atthis, each

A trembling string upon my lyre has lain,

And I have plucked them unto harmonies . . .

.
(My hands are phantoms now against the
night !)

But those white strings are throbbing on the air

With all the love that I have given them . . .

The love I learned at Aphrodite's feet !

.
(Salt breaks the spray across my breast, my
mouth. . . .)

Sappho

O Sea Scent ! . . . fragrance of utter freedom !

O lure, and constant frenzy of my Soul,

Whose fever unallayed burns pitiless !

.
(There are not lamps enough for me to
light !)

Again their voices float upon the breeze

The white Moon floats exhausted down the
skies,

Star-sought, and wan with virgin ecstasy

.
(Mine arms are open, but the wind blows
by !)

Ah, I can bear this loneliness no more !

I have given peace, forgetfulness, and joy,

Sappho

Wisdom and pain, with gold and purple wrought.

.
(My soul is girt with solitude and flame . . .)

Could I but quench mine anguish in the Sea !
The Sea whose passion Aphrodite knows . . .
Her sufferings I have shared . . . I seek her
joy.

.
(Lesbos, thou art a singing bride to-night !)

White, white thou liest underneath the stars !
The Sea has drunk the Moon, the Sea is white !
White songs of love are trembling on the
air !

.
(How black my shadow falls across the sand !)

Sappho

To merge . . . to merge into this melody . . .

My body, crowned with countless wreaths of
foam,

Shall leave no stain upon this stainless hour !

.
(A Virgin soul, I leap into the Sea . . .)

THE RAIN-BIRD¹

ONE long ecstatic silver note
Lights the wan dome of darkening space,
Then, from that mystic slender throat,
Drip sounds like sobs down Day's drawn face.

¹ The Rain-Bird is peculiar to China, and is so called from the fact that its few startling notes always herald the storm.

ADIEU

OH love, our fainting dream !
Night wings upon her way . . .
Too soon it will be day,
What is that distant gleam ?

The white arm of the Dawn,
Uplifted from the Sea,
(Move not your lips from me !)
Too soon across the lawn

Her foam-flecked feet will tread !
(Ah closer clasp your hands !
Hold fast Time's running Sands !)
Dear Love, move not your head !

Adieu

I cannot see your face,
But oh ! your fragrant hair
Falls soft o'er my despair . . .
Our passion kindles space !

Our soul reveals the bliss
Of freedom, each in each
Bereft of sight and speech,
Immortal in a kiss. . . .

BELOVÈD

BELOVÈD ! O Belovèd ! with the Spring,
With primal essences you rise, and sing
Of rapture long imprisoned in the clay,
Now raying wide, through Nature, to the day !
Ah me ! the thought of you, as bursting buds,
As glacier snows that melt to golden floods,
And leap, sun-flushed and laughing to the sea,
Where Light and Sound are merged in ecstasy !

Belovèd ! could I only see the dawn
Of your dear mouth, your smile, so strange, so
worn !

Like some enchanted thing beneath its spell
Half-sad, half-glad,—I never quite could tell
Which 'twas,—save when you kissed ! Ah !
then I knew

That only Love and Death could rest by you !

PÆAN

It is not lost !—the snowy Great Antique !

Its flowing marbles, and its mystery ;

Those poems that the Dorian passion spake

Still murmur on, resounding in the Sea,

Where ageless Aphrodite lies awake !

Ay, in that foaming tide our souls may seek

An answer to their protest, 'gainst the lusts

That mortal destinies immortal sway !

Those Titan forces that the Greeks did lead

In Fancy's fetters ! Ah those limbs whose
play

Was noble with an inner glow ; those busts !

Now forces starved, untamed, that make us
bleed !

Hail, Spirit that owned Beauty's power ! All Hail !

With joy thou didst achieve. We strive, and
fail !

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