

Poems

By

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(L. E. L.)

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by

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THE PYTHONESS.

—————Back she flung
The gather'd darkness of her raven hair,
And bared her marble brow, as she would
turn
An uncheck'd gaze on heaven:—back
they flow'd,
And, as beneath a mantle did she move
Within their shadow, while the murmur-
ing wind,
Bearing them like a banner, with low wail,
Pass'd through those long black locks:
her cheek was pale,
And, as the daybreak fell upon her face,
It grew still paler. One whom godless
spells
Had summon'd from the silence of the
grave,
Would wear such fixed ghostliness of look—
And, in her eyes, unearthly light'ning
dwelt,
As they caught from the stars, with which
she held
Communion strange, a portion of their
fire.—
Her form was wan and wasted, as the
soul
Had worn its fragile dwelling; when she
rais'd
Her white arms, they were like the snowy
cloud,
That, half dissolv'd, hangs on a moonlight
sky.
She stood and watch'd the morning; the
first blush
Of young Aurora was upon the east;
But, when the chariot of the sun-god
caught,
Invisible glory, from its cloudy hall,
A breath of fragrance floated on the air;

The laurels trembl'd, though the wind
was hush'd,
And sounds faint, but most musical,
swept past.
She felt the influence on her, and her cheek
Grew red with strong emotion; wilder
light
Flash'd from her eyes; and, with still
haughtier step,
She prest the ground, and flung her arms
on high:
Bright visions were before her, and the
page
Of dim futurity was open'd, and
Years yet to be, were pictur'd on her soul
In all their varied characters of fate.
She told of glorious things, of victories,
Of crowns, of wealth, and then came
deeper tones
Of human miseries, battles, famine, death.
L. E. L.

STANZAS.

It came to my pillow,
A dream of the night,
A sweet voiced murmur,
A shape of the light.
Thy blue eyes roll'd on me,
Too soft for the dead ;
Thy cheek bore no trace
Where the earth-worm had fed.
The red of thy lip
With smiles was still wreath'd,
The tone of thy voice
In music still breath'd.
The perfume of roses
Was still on thy breath,
And thy curl-cluster'd brow
Bore no record of death.

I saw thee again,
But thy beauty was gone ;
A meteor-like flame
In thy sunkēn eye shone.
The soil of the clay
Was upon thy damp hair,
Thy cheek was decay'd—
The worm still crept there.
Thy brow was discolour'd,
Thy lip had no bloom,
And on thy wan face
Was the seal of the tomb.

August.

L. E. L.