

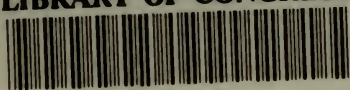
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FRAGMENTS
AND
FLASHES OF THOUGHT

ALSO
LOST LOVE
AND
POEMS AND BALLADS

Elshemus, Louis Michel
By

Louis M. Elshemus

Author of "The Poet," "About Girls," "Mammon," etc., etc.

Born 1864



Eastman Lewis
304 East Twenty-third Street
New York

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Contents

Fragments

	GE
Praisings	12
A Hymn	49
To the Moon.....	54
Wild Moments	57
The Poet	61
Sketch of a Warm Morn.....	62
Young Antoinette	65
Raphael	68
At Bellingona	69
Cadiz, Spain	70
How Ideas Come to Us.....	70
Contentment	73
A Note	73
Impromptu	73
Barren Art	74
Impromptu	74
A Note of September.....	74
Women	75
A Tear	75
Lines	76
Flashes	76
A Mood	77
A Dream	77
Impromptu	78
Heard in a Dream.....	79
Impromptu	80
Strange	80
The Dreamer	80
Quatrain	81
Lines	81
At Yuma	82

A Lilt	82
A Lull in Song.....	83
To Shelley	84
Jealousy	85
Quatrain	85
Rattle Snakes	86
A Note	85
Morning Feeling	86
Peace	86
Perfection	87
Alvarados Vale	87
At Arrow Head, Hot Springs.....	87
Agnosticism	88
Flirtation	88
Cans't Thou Tell Me?.....	89
Dry River Beds.....	89
At Morn	90
The Humming Bird	90
The Poison Oak.....	90
The Tide	91
A Desert-Hill	91
Zeilen	91
Questions	92
Lignes	92
Impromptu	93
Notes	94
The Poet	94
Song	95
Lines	96
Preposterous	96
Impromptu	96
In Africa—Northern	97
Song	97
R-r-r-revenge	97
While Walking	98
Night Wail Fantasy	98
Jottings	103
An Meine Liebste	104
Stray Notes	105

	PAGE
Impromptu	106
L'Art	107
At Irvington	107
Resignation	108
Impromptu	109
Query	109
Novels and Poetry	110
A Fancy	110
To Ella	111
To a Girl in Cars.....	111
A Thought	112
A Lilt	112
Beauty	113
Impromptu	113
Raffaelle	113
Lines	114
Impromptu	114
The City's Boon	116
Query	117
Rime	119
Lines	119
The Woodlands	119
Lines	120
The Ocean	121
Recollection	121
Emy	122
Written in Railroad Coupe.....	123
The Waterfall	124
At Geneva Lake, Suisse	127
The Mind	128
A Fragment	129
Life	130
Query	131
Ode to Evening	132
Lyrics	133
To Shelley	134
Reverie	134
Tuberose Richness	135
Man	135

Contentment	136
Dieux	136
Song	137
Ballad	138
Dejection	139
Winter Night	140
Innocense	140
Again Innocense	141
To a violinist.....	141
Sweetness	142
A Curse	142
Impromptu	143
At Night	144
A Mood	144
Woman	145
Impromptu	145
Dirge	146
Impromptu	147
Flashes of Thought.....	147
Lines	148
In the Adirondacks: The Brook.....	149
Impromptu	150
A Little Child	151
Einsamkeit	152
Impromptu	153
A Child	153
When the Air Grows Colder.....	154
Lines	155
Notes	156
A Simile	158
Poetry's Value	158
Solitude	159
To Womankind	159
Du Nacht	160
My Moods	160
A Lilt	161
Music	161
A Flash	161
Strange	161

	PAGE
A Change	162
A Wish	162
Foundation	163
Evolution	164
Consoling Thee	165
Fire Writing	166
A Mother's Eye	167
Sun Picture	168
Impromptu	169
A Quandary	170
March Wind	171
O Night	173

Lost Love

Proem	176
Song	176
Interlude	177
Love	178
To My Love.....	179
Perambulation	179
Ocean Orizons	180
Interlude	181
A Cockle	182
Wool Gatherings	183
A Song	204
Does Love Exist?	206
A Song	207
Song	209
Mockery	210
Love's Lute Lies with a Rift.....	211

Poems

Longing	216
The Bell Buoy	217
Song—Melancholy	218
To John Field	220
Loneliness	221

A Momentary Thought	222
A Thought	223
Rays of Moonlight	224
Evening	225
Disappointment	227
Elegy on a Seemingly Lost Friendship.....	228
Wrong	239
Across the Street	240
Asmanshauser	241
Seyssel-Wine	242
The Lover's Morning Hymn.....	243
Philip J. Bailey's "Festus"	244
Strange, Strange	245
On Reading Milton's "Comus"	247
To Milton's Italian Sonnets	249
Milton	250
Nocturne	251
A Sign of Rain.....	253
Gold	253
A Walk	254
Mood	256
Life	257
Isis	261
The Epic of the Thunder.....	262
Where Is Liberty?.....	264
No One Thought God's Work to Praise.....	265
A Fantasy	270
Sonnet	279
Scents	280
To a Young Poet.....	281
Inspiration	281
Baby Louise	283
What the Mirror Tells Me.....	285
A Flash	286

Ballad of Leo's Self-Death	287
A Ballad	296
Rough Riders of the World.....	300
The Woes of Greatness.....	304
To the First Fire-Fly.....	315
The City in the Sea.....	317
War Paint	319
To a Sweet Maiden's Eyes.....	322
Lyric	322
Love	323
To an Estudiante	325
Song	327
Otto Hegner	328
Music	329
"Carmen"	330
The Bliss of Dreams	331
Ballad	334
Is the Godley Among Mankind?.....	337
Sonnet	339
Music	340
Greatness	346
To the Scientists	347
Extasy	348
A Hymn	349
A Fragment	350
Vigilance	355
Who Understands Greatness?.....	356
Polycrates Influenced by Anacreon.....	357
Slander	359
Ditty	360
Sonnet	361
Music Is Vaporous	362
Wooing a Virgin.....	363
To a Sweet Maiden's Eyes.....	364
Fancy's Conception of Genius.....	364
My Epitaph	365
The Watersnake Speaks.....	366
Faded Flowers	367
Forgetfulness	373

Memories	374
Question	375
During a Rain-storm	377
Short Recollection of My Home: Laurel Hill..	378
In Nature Dwells Contentment.....	382
Whip-poor-will	384
In Reply to: "The Desire of Nations".....	386
Lilian's Eyes	391
Une Melodie	393
Song	394
Recollection	395
Reverie	396
New York	397
Sadness	398
In California	402
Stillness	403
While Gazing at the Cloudy Moon.....	404
Science—Fair Heritage to Man!.....	405
Spirit Is Indestructible.....	407
An Elegie	408
Chanson	416
The Goddess of Beauty.....	417
To My Hannah!.....	418
How Love Doth Change the Mind.....	419
The Mountain Swallow	422
A Mystery	422
The Brooklet's Elegy	425
After Visiting F. S. Saltus's Monumental Grave.	432
The Dreary Rain.....	433
Triumph	434
The Nook	436-467
To a Virgin	468-499
The Cruelty of Money.....	499
Marriages	501
Some Minds	503
The Snow	504
Autumn	507

Fragments
and
Flashes of Thought



PRAISINGS .

(1884)

LUCINDA.

O, come, my maid, so true and dutiful—
 Come, dress my streaming locks that sparkle
 and seem

As flax, new-laved in streams of yellow waves
 Where scents of lemons fringe the purl-specked
 shore—

And pomegranates toss their blood-red sheen
 Upon the gold of oranges.—Come, tie
 Those willful, flowing braids with sheathèd
 bast

Yet bearing in it whispers of a playful wind
 That wearied the long solstice days where
 Chloe

Mused scenes of poet's long forlorned song—
 Come string the looser curls with tendrils thin
 And mind the frontlets—they must seem
 delude,

Insensate breathings—for the fillets fair
 Must so inweave the shadowier golden locks
 To shed upon them a soft lustre—that
 Irradiates beams of warm sapphire—oh, Maid,
 The amber moon is softest sheened when blue.

Of sunset-gazing sky yet thrills the vales
Of vines, and oleasters and piments.
Lo!—Sweet, my maid, 'tis bathing in retreat
Sheltered by shadows cool of sycamores—
Such oft we saw round pools nigh Damiette—
In Egypt—sacred land of Pharaoh—
And Moses! Here in silentest seclusion—
Where descants purl as murmurs of the fount,
And naught annoys—where rustlings of the
 leaves
Seem as banterings of the fays neat-nestled
 there—
The breezes crack the blooms and volatile
The odors ooze—transparadising all.
Maid! bathing here, as we have bathed—oh,
 joy!
A goddess never felt the balmy air.
More sweetly!—come—slow-lace my shoon—
 and while
In levitine labor lost, a song may speed
Thy willingness to assist a woman—like
To thee—but queenly standing all before
Thy low-bent beauty-form. In moment seems
A thought—a vagary blown as the fume
Waylaying winter's icy speed—and shedding
Sweet dust into those snowy eyes. Now lace
My silken shoon, that clasp my ankle, tender
Rosed—as the bell-flower of the Judas-tree.

MAID.

Thy song will quiet the loud winds—the birds
 Will perch upon the tender twigs and listen,
 But the low murmur of the fountain sheer
 Will modulate to thy dear voice—the breeze
 Will waken, and cradle in its nacre-beds
 Thy mellifluent-song—and all will wind
 Their sweetened paths within the shell of my
 Flushed ear! O, sing, o Lady sing! I listen.

LUCINDA.

'Neath nard, 'neath vervain and 'neath Cassia
 The birds live boon, and live true and chaste;
 'Neath lofty jewel-skies, the lovely
 Serve kings—the tenderer must waste.
 Birds, swooning in that fragrance
 Have none to rule their pleasures—
 Eyes, seeking for a servant—
 Have all to plenish treasures!
 Would Io's bird bid Ibis, orning
 Its many eyes with oriental sheen—
 As sweet Arbella asks for young Sofia—
 To drape her waist with damaskeen!
 It glories in its splendours
 More beauteous no other feather—
 To hide God's fairest creature—
 Two virgins plague together.

MAID.

Mistress, the words fast welling in your soul
Have crowned the melody with deathless
thoughts

While kneeling all before thee, as thy dearest
maid

The more I willing am to render service
true

To thee! For, all my heart may say, is that
Thou art the perfect—while I live to do
For thy perfection, which, without me, would
Have faded as the incomparable flower-bloom
Withers, if the all-tending tears of nature
Moist not the herb, that help the strength and
growth

By shunning wilting and decay. And so,
Mistress, are work and labor set for each to
do—

Handmaid and mistress, so the willing worker,
And high-inspired, whom none may equal.
And nature, ever serviceable to the Word
Of God! . . . So think I, Mistress, therefore
deem

Thyself not proud for having me—nor have
A pity for me in thy heart—but know
Thy loftiness encourages a lowlier maid
To be thy servant—she whose hands are deft
For work, well loves to perform what those
with soul

And pensive thought, may find annoying
 them—

Dear Mistress, and the moon rides leisurely
 Around our sphere, yet ministering to wants
 Of earth—and earth without the moon would
 waste.

LUCINDA.

And yet the weeds have fragrance and may
 bloom—

With petals showy and of fairest hue—as thou
 My own! mayst give the sweetest praise to
 songs

Of lofty minds—mayst speak to those above
 Thee, as thou wert their counsellor. I know
 Of nasty herbs to burst their flowerets
 With unpretentious splendours—so out-bloom
 Some garden-plants, that droop their scentless
 weights

Before the goldiest pagods! O, fair Maid
 The golden spangles, serpentine a vermeil
 wrist—

Are wroth not when they clasp the veins
 Of those that stoop and aid a mortal clay
 To breathe this oddest life—the value set
 Upon the jewels is the prize—not the flesh
 And soul, that should be asked for—vain, O
 vain

Our mortal charms! forfeits for immortal
 ones!

Hast laced my shoon! O, take this kiss, im-
print

Upon a girly brow, whose musing chooses
The tender flowers, strewn upon the fields
Of maidenhood! Ah! maidenhood! O, gaze
A-through yon glittering avenue of aloes—
And see thy path neat-shaded—flecked with
gold—

So thy maid-days dream on, unconscious—deep
Within the dark recesses, where coy freshness
Ycleped by Angels, Virtue, giddy springs!
O, maidenhood!

MAID.

Thy voice the inner sighings
Of reeds that fringe the azure Nile—thy gaze
Streams as the lovely cloud, at gloaming, when
The Ibis-trains, string coral-like, with bend
And wave, to the red West—where the dead
sea

Its headlands lone above the sunset looms—
What brows of luxuriant mountain—or of
flowered hill—

With Isabel curls cowed—and fillets flared
With lurid fire—resemble thine—as thou
That melodious memory hast uttered low.
O, if such moves thy heart—and heaves thy
breast

With past-emotion sad—how tearful then the
tales

To weave them, recollections urgent strive
 To inspire—how with deepest feeling clad
 Thy plaints and disappointments dun—how
 brimmed
 With rapturous woe thy life—O, tell, fond
 Mistress,
 O, tell, what vision rash upreared within—
 To falter thy strong tongue, as drooping lily—
 To seem thyself depressed—with languishment,
 Glow-winding round thy beauteous sinuous
 form!

LUCINDA.

And oft' I heard the doe its wooing fail—
 When through the leaves a murmur fell, liquid,
 That purled as though a long-remembered
 sound
 Of lost entrancement! Within the glare of
 even
 O, oft' the luridness of phantom-thought
 Stole far without—and seemed an endless
 chain
 Of diaphanous dreams—propinquant musing—
 In farthest depth soft-evanescent! So
 Fair Maid, my voice and gaze may alter tone
 When uttering sounds in dream of maiden-
 hood,
 And with my sandals tied—O follow me
 To yon cool fountain, at whose shadowed brink
 The savoury grasses sleep and fatten lush—

There will the trickle of drops—the splashes on
pool,
Canorously invite my dreams to them—
Commingling—as rapt strains from lyre and
lute.

* * * * *

O, maidenhood! When morn within her case-
ment
Prepares with spangle and with argent-comb
Her auburn locks, to wave around her face
Flushed as the poppy, fire of an Autumn-field—
Glowing as rippled bay—where maples eru-
besce
And beeches pink with vividness as youth—
When morn her rosy vestments shakes and
shows
Her blooming, bending limbs, there seems
withround
Our eye-encompassed sphere sweet sound—
As dulcet as a virginal, whom Agnes
Mellifluently sways to choral lays—
There singeth Nature sweeter than at morn—
Or when the midnight husheth at her song—
When through the moonbeams waver anthems
low—
O, Nature is in her sweet maidenhood—
There glow the airs—and birds in freshness
pipe
Whose carols sweet out-tune those rhapsodies

Of old—when by the meadows flowered and
fat—

Young fauns and satyrs oaten-flutes swift
blowed—

And reeds fast coaxed their shrilly fising flow
While round the slender olives their sweet
nymphs

Such dances wound, to glow their beaming
eyes

And make their ivied tresses whirl so wild!

O, Nature then is maiden-innocent!

And the airs are a symphony of joy—

Whose strains are garlanded with gladness
jovial—

And melodious songs are heart-beats of that
Sylph

Soft Aganippe—coolness of Helicon.—

'Tis such, my lovely maid, alacrity

Of days and long years, when our mind is
musing

Without the consciousness of self, that effects

Our cogitation lone—'tis such the pureness

Of blood and soul—when passion doth not pol-
lute—

Nor when the doubt doth creep withround our
brow!

MAID.

O, Mistress—as the Druidess upon

Some Lesbian cliff thou starest—or as where

Below the wolds of fir-trees—far away.
A Siva-guarder widens her lashes black—
To spell a Cobra with Phrenetic gaze—
Magician-wise; . . . And now thy tears—
 blue dew
Of some soft-skied morn of thought—spring
 up—
And bead thy bright'ning cheek—as bells of
 dawn
Slow-move adown the lit-up zenith; say!
O, say! dispell thy musing mood—relate
As through the even Aeol flows—and sings
To Philomel-evangel, gladdest known
And ever heard—relate what so thy woe
Aroused to make thine eyes seem dreamy
 springs
Where deepest sentiment lies lone and sad.

LUCINDA.

Dispelled!
Those thoughts of mine that heave my
 woman's bosom—
And bring up tears, when thinking on the
 hours
Of frolick-maidenhood!
 As Morn to Day
So Maid to Woman—O, the change; the fresh
Green, vivid scene—the glow of heat and
 mood!

Those tender, frisksome hedge-spent hours—
 those full
 And thoughtful times of expectancies and
 woes!

Yet as the moon is languid with the sultri-
 nes—

So woman patient dreams—yet as midday
 Its central rays with torpor darts, our thoughts
 Are passionately drawn to child and husband!
 Those wistful orbs, so round and black—un-
 loose

Their spell—O, Maid, dream not of woman-
 hood!

Apace Time drives the happy lass into the gold
 Of mulierdom—unconscious in its sparkle
 The waiting bearn inveigled is—and soon
 Maid's passion ekes to wilful desire for man!
 Coy passion of the maid! Sweet sign and test
 That adolescense breaks upon the margin
 Of childhood's mountain-sea—to bear the
 blood

With tempest and tearing through the tangled
 wolds

Of girly giddiness and maiden's tempters—
 Till in a crystal lake with distant vista
 Of cherished child blest days her womanhood
 Dreams, as the sacred Hindoo waters, there
 Where Mansa flows, to fill them, with such
 calm—

To purify pollution—: thrill thornèd brow—

Outburst of passion's turbulent pool—when
heart
Beats not—nor the grim sense of love runs
riot—
But when, unconscious of such mood—the
limbs
So lissom, firm and sweet, tremble, inoffen-
sively
As oleasters through the chilly April morn—
As morn-glories shivering in Selene's beams.
Then, as the flames that shine fair Naples, rise
The heavings of our innocent bosom bare
And we reflect—as in sprinkling air, the
droopèd arum,
Or when the Sarabande, so saturnine
And slow, plays measuringly—fair eyes
Of black look pensive and deeper beauty-
streams
Of hair stray all upon undrapèd shoulders
And fall on breasts—and loll on folded limbs.
O Maid! Thy youth is passed—to know of
age
More fruitful years alone—to learn thy future
Alone thyself must learn to see, think, feel!

MAID.

Tell of thy passion—and if inception's glow
Such dreamings roused—thy passion's actual
strain

Must sing exuberantly—as with horn
 Of Almathea, with amaranthine-flowers gorged
 Sprite Iambi chanteth to the surging stream.
 O, Mistress, as those days of infancy
 When round the almond gardens, where in
 plaint
 The rebeck rustled blooms of golden petals—
 And rested on a lemon-littered lawn—we sat
 In company sincere—so seem thy words so
 apt—
 So flowing as the breeze when Odalesques
 Their dances scent, to be to me those olden
 days—
 When listening eys surprisingly wide opèd—
 Rose-nostrils quivering, eager all to the vivid-
 ness
 Intense excitement to imbibe—and hold!
 Tell, tell! And thy smooth strains shall cling
 to me
 As I thy maid clings to her mistress fond.
 Tell, tell! Thy perfumed praise will soothe my
 sadness
 And make my blood flow, calm as Indus-
 dream!

LUCINDA.

Ay, sycophants are all ill-justified
 To dupe thy lovely thought, and move thy
 tongue—
 Yet as a colt that neigheth in response

To its own mother's call—let flattery
Not knit a woof immuring lightly those
Pure gushes of emotion, leaping forth
Into the breath of praise, licit, sincere!
If praise thou meanest, well, my Maid! And
not

The golden breathed sky of day-fall may serve
To swell the just-intended eulogy—
But in the skies, seek beauteous similitude
To tender truest compliment to deed
Or thought, upright or virtuous!

The bird

That warbleth through the lemons when the
piffero

Adown the calm lake soother shrills, to God
Intenser thanks outpours, than when the knight
Of glozing lip, his paramour with kiss
And angel-tropéd answers tribute vows!
With praise the heart exults—it animates
itself—

Upheaves—the labial tirade centered proud
Within a sparkling thought—is as the meteor—
Sublime of vision—devoured in the All!

MAID.

I praised—not meanly wished to call to ear
That thou hadst spoken as the mime, who
walked
The rostrum for an adulation's smile—

Its rays, what may they hide! And Chaucer
wise—

And Spencer, soft of feeling, delicate to
women—

Of passion paint what staid propriety

Permits—Boccaccio impertinent

And base of mind, incites to lustiness—

So Shakespeare, though his sweeter strains
effect

Prompt reconciliation, while his morals good
Flash in us thoughts and wisest counter-
action—

Eschew the evils shown! High Milton had
wished

To better his lewd age by virtuous life—

But his sweet verse doth tell not passion's
tale—

Nor beameth forth the true beatitude of hours

Spent holily. My Maid, nowhere wilt thou

Thine eyes engross in vision trusty and deep

In verse. But list—and my couth voice, grown
wise,

Shall murmur, as the whispers through syc-
mores,

What I, as woman, now may know of maiden!

* * * * *

O, often by the azure sea I sat

With one who cherished my young company.

And while the glory of the even shone—

As some harp-story by lank hands struck fair—

Betrays the sooth that blood not ever quells
Its broils and cursive turbulency—but pours
In insuperable violence its passionate gushes
Informing the incapability and inuse
To subjugate through tersest holiness
Blood's mastership! O, Maid! as storm
When the large moon unknown doth hide from
us

Doth swell the gulches—inundates the plain—
And roars the mountain brooks—and thrills the
friths

With ever-seething sigh—so in frail woman
When those unprovèd flowers liquid burst, and
free

And fitful flow—passion ekes — froths — de-
sires! And she

Sighs, craving—yearning what such actuates—
What such ungoverned work doth benefit—
what urged

Its function, and what meant its hidden charm!
O, when the aloe wept—the cypress chilled
the grave—

And while the blue sea whispered o'er the
fumes

That rose above yon garden, Orient-ströwn
With petals rich, and leaves of scarlet-hue—
Blue-green, and such the grass shows when the
sap

Of Spring the clorophyl doth brighten! such
Virescence as the sky at close of Autumn day—

When blow the cold, far horns and sling the
clouds

With iceberg-blue and shade them russet-
grey—

O, while the whispers of the blue sea dreamed
Where I, with fantasies enticed, saw far
The albatross sail, as the cloud at dayfall
Sails the pale kiss of sea and sky and seems
a sail—

With tender recollections, (fond associates
When woman wears herself with woe and
weaning,)—

Methought of mulier's meed aft' sufferings!
I mused on moments of our lives, when pain
Imparteth patience—wrong desire deludes
And glows what patience awards, when
through

Long longing—mickle means expedient proved
We felt Heaven's breath lave soothingly—we
knew

That hours of passionate waiting effulgence
kindles!

We knew the appositeness of sincerity
To natural law—and reaped aft troubled days
Of continence, that happiness that man en-
genders

When in the nuptial bliss of love the tie
Of lasting love is earthly pledged—to beam
One far time one true ray serene in Heaven!

MAID.

Mistress, the pool is pealing and gold curls—
And silver ripples cradle in magnificence—
The far hill sheens—the trees are glorying
In lights, transcendent like morn's glistening
skies!

Albs tremble in the airs—voices hymn there—
Angel-choirs they seem! A thrill of extasy
Rushes through each rich vein, and my brow
glows

With brightness inconceivable to other's sight!
Mistress, harp on! invisible such harp!
Harp, token of a Seraph—taught to strike
Its strings of magical astringency
As breezes spring—with facility untutored
To cadence harmonies sublime, enrapturing
The man, whose hand and head are born to
bear

The weight of tool and passiveness. O harp—
And passion shall in purity prevail
Amongst the maidens who to its song listen—
And when our bodies, lissom, supple as the
nymphs—

Evince such cyprian moods and cursive sooth-
ings,

Thy song shall make us seem as Vesta veiled,
Or as that goddess, whoso sullied died!
Sway, sway thy song—teach more to live for-
ever!

LUCINDA.

Disturb not me, where yon embowered pool
 With vines of purple flowers, frutescent fruits
 As gold as the true ore in veins of rocks
 That guide the gorge to Oregon—way far
 In land of promise and of high emprise—
 America!—and slender trees with blooms
 As the pure cotton milky-white, such stray
 Fiduciously around yon pool—the gem
 As diamond-rare, of our garden. Maid!
 With thee I hold importunate discourse—
 Nor shunning the rash pink and crimson on
 Thy cheek, nor the swift passion, unconsciously
 Undamned to rush o'er bank—drown the
 shrubs

As sentinels there—but with intention noble
 And the deep wish to spur deft thought
 My strains to thee shall flow as torrent's terror
 Unmindful of the frail stem, bending lorn
 O'er the low bed of mountain-stream.

 There bathed
 I oft! But one soft day, when from fair Sicily
 Blows Aeol, soothing, and with freshness cool-
 ing all—
 While in the deeper blue of pool my haunches
 trembled—
 And ludicrously shrunk in their round beauty-
 shape—

There shone two sparkles within yon gutty
bush—

Yon bush whose leaves are glossed, and pearls
as studs

On tiara of long-dead goddesses triumphant—
With vasculating glitter their richness deepen,
And whose round smallness shows the rubicond
Of scattered berries.—As the hart in tall
And bending rushes hid—where ever and anon
the snipes

With piping query shoot the lower air—
And mallards, and the Rouen, pied of feather—
Rush the low sedge, and quacking, bend the
reeds

To gain their covert nest by rock and shade—
Doth startle, when white spots rustle low and
quick

The woodland's shrub of briars—leap and gore
Their tusky teeth to tear the speckled hide—
So trembled I—impulsively borne fleet
To plunge within the pool or splash the green
Cyanean lyn to cower 'neath the jessamine—
But nought my quivering frame performed—
endeavored—

For with persuasive speech those two glow-
lights

Wooed me to stilly sand—and with such flow
Of lovely magniloquence our noble men
In amorous answers show—my ears were
lulled—

The waters mirrored what of me was charmed.
 And what immovable! Yet in the deepest
 green

Those eyes alluring—albeit truthful—glowed—
 Their stare prolonged. “Soft whispers only,
 Nymph!

“Sweet dialogues that touch the sense of beau-
 teous thought.

“Deft purposes of tongue, to check the steeds
 “Of passion—tame the tempting movements
 low

“That stay the blood’s impetuosity!”

So warbled he, who hidden saw me bashful,
 In modesty and half-scared innocense!

As the coy gold-bird, when the lime tree’s
 boughs

It trembles with its brilliant trillering
 And descants silvery, tuned so tender—thrilled
 With longing and responsive promise—oft’
 Its home hath heard the hospitable laughter
 Of those cute children, leading lives of play
 And hunt upon the fairest of Azores.

So lipped my voice,
 Encouraged by those sweet says, running sooth
 And swift and slow, as the fell, falling down
 The mossy rocks and stones, till hurried on—
 Then by some birch-bole sudden stopped it
 foams

The green-blue surface of the dreaming basin,
 Which spume of ages cut and hollowed round!

My voice lipped thus, as purl of pond, when on
Its margin hang the lilies low, and plash
With breeze-wooded head the lorn lacustrine
dream!

“Begone! Bold blade! Not to this haunt se-
cluded

“Thy ’ticing syllables pronounce—nor sing
“As Satrys once to Lymniads, long ago,
“When Bion on his reed their pleasures praised
“Yea, lasting lauded—nor gloat, as through the
eve

“Of stormy clouds the sallow leer of livid sky!
“Not know I in my mind why comest thou,
obtruder!

“Not weens my heart how thou hadst dared
such step

“To lure a maid—and sin!” But with a tongue
That seemed some powerful instrument, deep-
strung,

As, by the Arno, Paganini weird
With his own fiddle played when mirksome
night

Its fillets flared, and blasted, far by Mantua,
Its clarions, courser-like—with such strange
song

My body felt the deep green liquid warmer
And warmer welter, till for joy the waves
So blue, showered dew-bath on the herbs and
bush

And what of delicate beauty fringed and
illumed

The bank—"So beauty blooms when maiden
pure,

"To passion natural her oundy body

"Doth flex, and tremble, restrains and bends,
till writhes,

"With grace unseen before, to unconfined

"Desire! So seems the slender vine, where
dreams

"Of even winds curl, sling and languish it—

"So pliable the delicate dahlia's stalk—

"When o'er the terrace, ornate with a living
wall

"Of scenting colors, lispeth breeze that blows

"With it the songs of far Odessa rich—

"So waves the filmy cloud, that swells alone

"To languishment, when through the Keblah-
hour

"The culver cruises the lorn, desolate sky!

"So loves the heavy lotus, when on lake

"The milky moon doth kiss the ripples pale

"And with albescent sigh the bulbul lulls

"His plaintive descant! So, on Ganges quaint,

"Tradition-flowed, the Hindoo sees the heave

"Of shadow from the Boabab, that hangs

"Its old, old branches o'er the whispering
flood!

"O, Oread! Sylvanus himself would pipe

"More sweetly, saw he what I see! O maid,

“Couth Comus, with his wizard-wand, would
stone thee.

“Revive thy veins when thou in temples lewd
On alabaster walls thy glance would'st delect
“And glare them with the orfraits, pendent
o'er

“The arch-doors—leading to the lute and cym-
bal

“Where dance, narcotic fume, pollute the
sense!

“Fair favian bather, he, Chateaubriand,
“Dear Francia's sweetest lutist, would have
joyed

“To pen voluptuous colorings: reflexes

“Of Southern woods, where Popocatepetl

“Its snowy spire cleaves to the Mazarene

“Of Mexic's magic vault: the Inca's North!

(Continued 1886.)

No Luxor blossom when the bee-dancer sheds
Her vestments rare and to the public glistens
Her lovely flesh and form could radiate more
Than when thy swelt loins waver with the
wave

That hath its birth by the sparkling fell up
there!

O, charm! and must I forfeit the fond joy
To kiss thee and to sip the nectarine beads
Like scarlet berries oozing from thy skin—
The beauty of a maid!”

If tempters be

Those strains of praise worked as the breeze
 doth woo
 With scenting blush the clouds of gold to
 blow—
 When o'er the hills the showers of blossoms
 fall
 And streams ring clear—and all in concert
 joins
 To jubilate the season's love! Some chill
 Unfelt before—seemed gush, from the blue
 bosom
 Of the excited pool, withthrough my blood—
 A tepor, as the warm rain in calm June,
 Mingled, and some strange stream fled from
 my heart,
 And, as the springs rush to the main, and
 grown
 To floods pour on the sea their stronger
 passion
 To tremble the wide ocean—so that heart gush
 Sped strongly on—till all my sentient clay
 Trembled—and passion, sudden felt, wore on
 Its uncontrollable, but harmonious flood!
 “O, shun not passion! Maid! Beauty all-pure
 “Is as the cardinal-flower, that by the mead,
 “Near water-course, its brilliant pride up-
 rears—
 “To the maroon full dahlia, that swells in
 glow—

- “And lusts in languid breaths of temperate
climes—
“Where the dream-maid loves sentimentally!
“Blest land! How lovely bends thy
form—with arm
“So rounded, (the shaded roots of stream-fed
beech
“Its counterfeit), in tortuous tangle round
“Thy head, neat golded, inclined towards thy
grace
“Of woman: purest shoulder, as the bergamot
“When yet the tinge of pink doth mantle
sprinkled
“Its immaturity—such pure mould doth draw
“The semblance of that charm to perfect
female
“How radiant all thy nudity—as she,
“Desirous of a lonely bath, displayed—
“When rash surprised by two aged beards—
who came
“To see inordinately! O, untwine not swift
“Those graceful limbs that in their lissomness
“Seem as a goddess, sparkling nectar-waves—
“By Himerean oaks, soft-shaded.
Leave their wooing—
“As though the century-vines were quickened;
so
“They lean, as waiting for the gatherings
“Of wool from sheep, that Nod hath bred, and
shorn.

“O, clasp thy limbs, and bend thy waist—and
garland

“Thy streaming golden tresses with thine
arms—

“But in thy thought, with will as adamant,

“Restrain thy picturings of ribaldry—

“Confine those ebullitions of desire—contend

“With Purity for victory o’er lewdness,

“Willful pleasure in thought guided passion

“ ’Tis nature-pleasing—’tis the beauteous priv-
ilege

“Of woman’s power to charm—entice and
win!

“Prithee!” my quavering lips lisped slow, yet
fast,

“If to enchant me, or to train my youth

“Into libidinous trance—avast! and hence!

“Molest no lonely child! Ensnare no virgin!

“The wind may flatter the red rose—but doth

“Its surge engulf the bloom! and clouds, may
wet

“The dancing fields of marguerites, but do

“They flood the flowerets—drowning all to loss

“Of growth and sheen! Thy golden goodsays
soothe

“Me—and with thrilling flush my bosom
heaves

“My thought reveres thy truth, and knows
anow

“Why woman’s weakness glorious seems, when
of

“The virgin nature asks alluring beauties

“To wave and tremble—for the passion pure

“Is law-necessity! But eke not now

“By Eblis-symbols, my young blood’s sweet
flow!

“Else as the one whose nyphomania tears

“Her mind and sense into a nothingness—

“As through the Euroclydon the saint-loved
cypress

“May stand not—nor may glide its mournful
strain,

“Thou shalt bear witness of the pool to surge

“As round the coral reefs the main—thou shalt

“Bear witness of the spray to spatter the
trees—

“As the loud lashings of the besomed wind

“Doth scatter silver on the dark blue isles

“By Martinique—the pool shall boil—and thou

“Must see thy beauty-child a wreck within

“The waters green—as by some haunted castle

“Turretted above the cliffs of stormy sea

“Within the glaucous roar a pale sail moves!

“Good Nymph! ’Tis well! Thy spirit dwells,

“With angels—I shall hence. You see me
gone!”

In my half innocence the tears of shame
Bedewed the buccal crimson, which his speech
Evoked. Half angered—half in combat slight

Mine ignorant guise of words had brought
 Upon such winning verbage admirers add
 When they adore their symbol of an angel—
 I wept, and saddened! for an afterthought
 Swept o'er my soul as Gabriel's message high
 Withoe'r the vision of great Mahomet!
 And relevantly could I kiss him, since no law
 Enacteth osculation's strong taboo—
 But as the butterfly the tiger-lily—as
 The heavy golden bee the purple thyme—
 As the sweet colibri the columbine—
 As honeysuckles feel the buzz and sip
 Of honey-bees—as the large rose doth droop
 To sopping of the glorious morning-dew—
 As the lone water-lily shrinks not when
 Libellulæ hang libant on its petals
 So white, and tinged from aural flames—as oft'
 Where murmurings matutinally break
 The silence of the woods—the violet—
 So pure, and perfumed as an Oriental queen—
 Doth blush not, when its gutty crown hangs
 low—
 Submissive to the tender weight of praise
 The wandering cloudlet left, while sailing quiet
 Through vernal realms of balm! So may the
 maid
 Her ruby, and ripe lips sweet lay upon
 The cheek or warming mouth of youth un-
 known—
 Beautiful—and seeking sympathy alike!

O, maid! our world is but disguise—and we
As specious things, show not our inner selves,
But as the golden fly, than hums, buzzes,
As purest bee, to seemle what of bee is most
Eschewed and feared, and yet adored—we
strain

Our falsest wings to imitate the bee's deft
drone—

When caught—the common fly—that nature
orned

With pompous jewels—lieth dead, and we
May know the truth of its delusions!

Maid!

Rare vestments are the slayers of pure beauty!
Robes, rent from animals, or spun by worms,
Or wove from exotic plants—or decked
With colors, that are got from ingots strown
Upon the public mart of fashion—they
Consume young thought, and when the age
of love

Doth burn its torches multitudinous
They hide what to the eye should be a lesson
Of life and duty. Man's presumptuous aims
Rise over vestment's show and he doth lose
The value of himself—what Nature yearned
For charms, man shirks by law; man killeth all
The deftness of our life—and life doth shrink
To vanity so hideous—to stale, obsequious
Urbanity—which, in sooth, doth harm
The vigorous stream of doing!

MAID.

As the warble

Of larks o'ercasts the zephyrs of the morn—
 So let me flow ratification mine
 Withthrough thine emollient aphorismic
 speech.

O, Mistress! sallow shrimps the wrinkled age—
 Ugly the hag roams through the groves—dis-
 gust

As bat through dark night, with no moon to
 shine—

Doth fill our senses, when the bawd doth bear
 Her loathsome limbs witho'er the brambled
 heath!

Man walks no more as in couth Greece, or
 where

Pure India stands in temples undefiled.
 No longer charms of quiet interest his mind—
 But as the hyena, wreaking but for coldest
 blood

And flesh—men hurry thro their lives for pale
 And withered ore, that charmeth not—but saps
 The body's vigour, and haggardness besets
 The world, and slavery doth manacle
 Each life! O, wherefore then, O, mistress
 high

Should beauty shine unseen! wherefore the
 clay

Be luissant in its natural enchanting lustre

When no deep thought is born to admire—
adore—

And praise, what lavish nature so for man
Designed! Who voices in encomium sweet
And low, maids nudity! who would not blush
To tame to lasting lull those rounded limbs
With the firm ischiadic madness of perfect
form!

Where dwells dreaming such song to swell the
praise

For maiden's purest voluptuousness.

Would altar's
Deep-hooded sophistry subdue world's clamor
At praising Nature's deft design! Though
spire

And cross should crumble and melt at beauty's
voice

Would man true recognize the relevancy
Of eulogy to form unhidden—and to clay
Pure shaped, to sweetness of the maiden lines
That Nature moulded for man's eyes alone!
We hide our life—and youth and manhood
knows

Not of the woman! We, as maidens, in our
play

Ignore their prize—and shun to beam for them.
So both—by curious eagerness incited, sin!
Ere aware whyfore! Small-sightedness of
the world!

By hiding what is true and ineffaceable

Yea hath the sovereignty o'er youth and maid,
 The world begets profligacy—unties
 Passion's strong chain-like girdle—and lo—re-
 straint,

As though the cold-kept cloud its vapors, sud-
 den

Released by Aeol's tepid breath, unloosed,
 And streaming down with straightened floods
 doth free

Its shackles, and like Abaris so fleet, rejoins
 Its natural course. Hath ever man beheld
 Maid's limbs as marble standeth in the shade
 Of yon broad, topiary bush!—Or hath youth's
 pulse

Been as the visible stream of vapors gold,
 That clouds eternal o'er the zenith! Nay!
 Eye, arm, and supple limb aye see—bend—
 cross

And thought of youth e'er tends to win her
 heart

For him.

LUCINDA.

Little Warbler! ay! the bluish scillae
 Upon the rocky field, close by the winding
 bourne,

Doth joy the drowsy summer-bee, its honey
 Spurs not to hive, but revelry and pleasure
 The burnished bee seeks by the coral blue—
 So thy soft comments are diversion apt

For her who thought to sing and muse and
delve!

How just enthusiasm's born of pertinent par-
ley—

And speech unthought-of swells from lips so
young

And yet in ignorance! O maid, sweet child so
true,

Thy words are as the meteors bright—as
moons

That speed around great Saturn—are as true
As the swift light doth travel the inane

And sparks from star to sun—from sun to
sphere

With life, and habitation.

But to seek

Thy contradiction, that will seem as waftage
By currents drawn to the loud ocean, when
The tow swells up—returns the ebb'd wreck
Till, rocking by the same peaked rock—it
splashes

As when ago—and sounds and calls up
thoughts

That were—so will thy words welter soon
again—

And answer expedient, or agreement—or
Some vast discussion shall loom up, and show
Illume and edify! Yea, age is ugly—

But youth and womanhood are as the clouds
At noontide, when fair June doth wanton sweet

And that great disk, afar, doth scorch not.
Maid!

The ugly often sweeter seems, than that
In beauty sembleth purest show—'tis age
On age that works in man sore habits—man,
That hath been clothed, forgets the vileness
bare

Of animals, whose fur protecteth frame,
But hides not the offensive. What may bear
Like semblance to our woman's form! 'Tis all
That beauty knoweth! The soft skin, pink
hue—

The waving shape—not hirsute as the man—
But decked with gems all unembossed—yet.
sparkling

As rubies, lost and cradled on the envious foam
That sinuous-pitcheth in a hollow gulf.

Of some wild mountain basin! Our zone
Is fairest—haunches, hillock—and they swoon
In what of sweetness is the sweetest—list—
Nature provided for all!—one mossy mound
Doth shadow the swift freak of passion—and
Our loathsomeness is bloomed with deffest
robe!

Let Spring be bare—let June be beauteous
shown—

Let Summer clothe the trees—and Winter, old
In reverence, soft snow the ground and herbs!
But man enfeebles—man to man, is as

Weird Erebus, where the South-snow melts
not

To greenest Zante, she that bloometh e'er!
O man frights when he sees a man! A woman
Shrieks vociferously when she sees a man!
(*Unfinished*—1886)

A HYMN.

(FRAGMENT.)

Let Me Muse with Thee, Father of Eternity!

Thine Angels are descending
And their shields of steel are blending
Blending, blending,
The eyes of all Thine Congregation,
Spending to Thee a heavenly ovation!
And their trumpets are sounding
And their echoes rebounding—
Whilst a strain of sainted melody is wafted
From an organ, in the tumbling clouds en-
grafted.

Alternately, a whisper-song,
With a chorus rolled along,
Is drowned by an acclaim of praise to Thee,
O Father of the World and of Eternity!

And an anthem, sweetly modulated,
 Swells, with an incense mated;
 And thus its fragrance sweetens all
 That congregated in Thine own Hall.

The trumpets call:
 "Hosannah, Hosannah!
 Thou the Father
 Of this great Universe!
 Praise to Thee!
 To Thee a song most terse!
 Thou the Father,
 Praise to Thee!"

And the lyres lull the trumpets lovingly—
 So lovingly they are, as Love can be.
 And they glide along an Eulogy:

Placid lakes reflect the skirts of olive-groves—
 Olive-branches, emblems of Peace, our Father
 loves—

Virgins flit aneath the winding olive-trees;
 Virgins sing in praise of Him their melodies!

Waves are laving—while are waving
 In the air our virgin-rob—
 Praises sing we, whilst the waves
 are surging—

Silently are surging to the coves—
 Praise to Thee, to Thee Most High!
 Halleluiah! Praises to the Sky!

Through the groves, and to the ocean,
Streams our singing, with seasway—
We are virgins, and in motion
As the caps, in distant play—
Praises to Thee, to Thee Most High!
Halleluiah! Praises to the sky!
Spending incense from our censers—
It unites with spattering spume—
Praising Thee—and we are dancers—
With our souls of Heaven-bloom!
Praises to Thee, to Thee Most High!
Halleluiah! Praises to the Sky!

* * * * *

Virgins singing; virgins swinging — virgins
chaste—
Virgins vanish—virgins come—as clouds, in
haste.
Virgins praising—their white arms upraising,
pray—
Pray a prayer a-blossoming deftly for such
day.
We with lyres beguiling all the heavenly
train—
We with canticles incense the favored fane—
We with lyres entone a sainted song that
streams
Like a Lydian lullaby in pleasant dreams!

The roses she chooseth—
 And she smilingly thanks her God—
 Their scent, it sootheth
 Her mind; and she leaves the sod,
 In her mind—in her maiden-mind.
 Bearing wreaths of thoughts, that wind—
 O happy, O happy—
 As the garlands, a temple is dressed with—
 As the garlands, a temple is dressed with—
 O happy, O happy!

She passeth the primrose
 It beckons to bow to its charm—
 How sweetly her whim rose—
 Her delicate hand, with dulcet alarm,
 Blesseth the flower, that peeps to her—
 With innocent glance—and oh! the stir
 In her heart, in her heart,
 Like the lazy linden-tree's trembling,
 Like the lazy linden-tree's trembling—
 In her heart, in her heart.

The fairy fern-flowers—
 The stars of the woods, the wands
 of the bush—
 The bells of blue hours—
 The wild flowers all—with their
 forest-flush—
 She placeth in her pure white hand
 And her eyes gaze up to a land—

O blissful, O blissful—
Like the serenity of a sainted soul—
Like the serenity of a sainted soul. .
O blissful, O blissful.

A meadow now gleameth—
She blushes as she sees her bonnie
boy.

An eye, how it beameth—
A soul—it loiters in the heaven
of Joy!

She forgets the flowers; the forests
they fill

With praises to God—with the lay
of the rill—

O extasy, O extasy—
As the lover's lullaby it floweth—
As the lover's lullaby it floweth—
O extasy, O extasy.

Now the lyres lessen their melodious strain—

One accord of pain!

And the lingering lullings, ripple-like and low,
With fleetness flow—

As the breeze o'er the soft-smooth snow,
On a day of cold Cerulian atmosphere,
So crystal-clear!

With plaintive pulsings thus the lyres dissolve,
While their echoes far within the vault revolve.

And each ear of so saintly a throng
Is carried by that echo along!

Here let me muse, while they
 Gather in kneeling groups—to pray.
 (1883)

TO THE MOON.

(1885)

While o'er the dreary barley-fields, at night,
 I roamed, when yet a boy, methought thee filled
 With life, and thy white light was diamond-
 glow.
 Methought thee pendent in the dark blue skies!
 Thy changes wrought an awe in me;—I felt
 A joy alive, when my sight greeted thee
 At night-time, whilst thy shining heralds
 strowed—
 O myriad jewels of purest orient-water
 Before their stormy steeds; to pave thy path
 Ere riding, like a queen Circassian, proud
 And daring o'er the mystic mountain-peak;
 To chase, with eagerness and warm intent,
 Through Night's wide realm;—to swoon at
 warbling-time of larks;
 And die when fond Aurora cheers the earth!
 While young I gazed at thy far wondrous orb.
 With vague, indifferent eye; not knowing all:
 Thy motion—pulsings—and thy lovely office!

O Moon! fair guide of all the blinking stars;—
O nightly kissed by all the warm sun-rays;
And when thou shinest at our nadir's arc
Thy wantonness gleams still from revel's bliss
In Night's weird-voiced carouse! O Moon!
who art

Ancestor to this globe of ours! For ere
Rosed Terra's dew-drops sparkled on all her
fields,
Dead, dead thou wert—cold, giving life to
nothing!

O Moon! fair Dian by the ancients called.
Sweet Phoebus, with the flaxen hair, when
thou

But buzzes winnest from the far far sun!
Proserpine thou; adored as Hecate.
Old queen—oh! ever young and vermeil-
checked.

O queen of Night's all-dark domain. A queen
Of destinies; a prophetess of Manes
That flit, and float in hidden realms of light!
And what not more! Ruler of ocean-waves;
Sweet showereress, and blessing-bringer;
germs

Sprout through thee; swayest all the elements;
All that partake with thine ownself, kneel down
Before thy sovereign majesty!

O Moon! that now is known, full well, thy
voice;

That now thy lands, and mounts, and peaks are
known ;

And that thy lones are peopleless ; thy vales
Wed no sweet winds ; nor howls the thunder
wild

Above thy peaks ; nor sways an atmosphere
Around thy rugged-surfaced globe ;—how sing
Of thee ; with golden harp, or rose-wood-lute ;
Or voice, with virgin throat, a praise to thee !

O Moon ! revolving round the earth, as stars,
Around the orbit of the procreant sun—
Lonely thy path, with no soft hand to touch
Thee, to console thee—but a headlong train
That blazes—fiercely hurries—madly tracks
Thy quiet road ! O Moon ! illumined art—
Not self-lit ! Art in bondage with the sun !
Art made to serve as lamp a higher sphere.
Ay, art an earth, that once was green and
warm,

But now revolves, and treads a cold, cold
route !

O Moon ! from whose high, hollow mounts the
view

Is light—all, all is brilliant—like a deep,
Lit castle-chamber in the fairy-caverns
Of earth ;—from thy cold mounts all the stars
are seen !

Apollo passes thee ! the stars and meteors

Are never shadowed ; nor are lulled to sleep.
By all-alternate change of light to dark!
Moon! nearest universal orb to us!
That turnest ever one same hemisphere,
Since age, towards our earth—oh! what is
there
To hide—oh! what may dwell—what live—
What work—what love on that odd barm
That we may never see, nor learn to know!
O Moon! who art so all-mysterious! Tell
Thy tales, that tear tradition to thousand
threads ;
O shout, with frosty lips, thy cold dirge ;—
then,
Reveal in songs, like chants by Babylon,
What, through Time's aeons, happened on thy
sphere!!

WILD MOMENTS.

Oh! hath she whispered thee
The sweet intensity
Of moments wild and dire
Of woful, long desire
To soar the azure deep—
In scarlet poppy-sleep—
To burst the bars of gold
That the Heavens together hold.
Told thee in words so cold

As bides the frost on searèd fold;
 Where blooms the last lorn rose
 Of warmth!—told thee the throes
 That thrill the doleful mind,
 (O sad like autumn's wind);
 Pervading it with sights
 Seen but on stormy nights.

O hath she whispered thee
 The sweet intensity
 Of moments wild and dire
 The thoughts that rise like fire
 Bursting through the forest-lone
 To sullen skies; the thorny throne
 Sublime in its weird coronal
 That lures us—holds us thrall
 To press our brow deep into it
 And weep;—the space where flit
 Our moody thoughts to search for—seek
 The immortal goal!

If not, I'll speak
 To thee! engulf thy happy ear
 Now deep in darkened caverns'drear
 O list! the wild wild moments come—
 They come—and crave a timelier tomb!

Anon while wielding thought
 Against wild reverie:
 Of portent hoary, and future glory,
 Why gleam yet golden the stars of olden:

I feel my mood had wrought

Strange deeds of vehemency!

I feel I grapple with the craggy mounts—

Uproot their aeon-rocks, and hurl them fierce

Into great space! To weigh their burdens on

My burning palm—with wondrous impetus

Sway back my nervous arm to throw, then see

The giant rock rumble through the convulsive
air

And hear its shattering echo on the earth;

That trembles like an acorn on the wave

Of the mad main!

In wondrous moments dire

When naught avails to soothe my querying
eyes

There seems no way to further insight clear

To deep thoughts—then there floods into my
veins

Unboundable depression—such when swoons

The saddened man, when fortune fails.—My
pulse

Beats like a Titan's, and a rage like his

O'ermasters me; then spur the evil fiends

Mine anger! I rage—I flee my narrow house—

With strides gigantic leap the flood—with
hands,

Grown hungry, grasp at every obstacle

That looms, like mockery, before my feet!

With livid eyes, that shoot out envenomed rays

To poison each wayfarer.

Like the clouds

That thunder o'er the wild, bare plain with
winds

Of Norland whipping them—so I speed on
With marvellous motion; tearing forests wide
And dark-entrapping beasts with my wild
hands

Grown myriad-fingered; then with rage and
ire

Climb mounts—till mad-like reach the peak
Olympus high; there raise the trophies wild
In my two hands—and with a voice as loud
Despairingly, as hath the lion-mother
When stiff its suckling lies beneath the leaves
That mat her hair—with such a voice
I sound the loneliness: O take me far
Where all is light—and definitely told
And charactered! All intelligibly sparkles.
And darkness and frail doubt lie lividly
In their blue blood. O take me far to airs
That blow with bland and swathing breath!"

But still,

As o'er a cypress-sepulchre, the peak,
The sky—my words are welded into grievous
sounds

That waver upon the duping airy bosom
Of space!

Then as a Moabite that staggers

Upon th' brink of a sea-buffeted cliff—
Wild cradles in her arms a babe she bore
She nourished—she loved—and impulsed by a
hope,

Laid low by hag-Despair, she swings her arms
And with a paining cry—she sees her babe
Fall in the fierce mouths of the sea—so I
Not hearing response—with a marvel-strength
My two arms dash their burden down the
peak—

I faint—I pace the hard low rock—my entrails
Burn by my deep deep woe—I cry—I plead—
The wide wide space—oh bottomless—roof-
less—

Hath drawn me to its spell.—I fall—I fall—
No ages tell when I stop falling there.

(1886)

THE POET.

Like to a solitary pine
The poet stands—
Mute—silent, without songs—
Yet when the wind blows soft
Like it, he sings
Songs of immortal things.

SKETCH OF A WARM MORN.

(FROM MILFORD-BLUFF, PA.)

The ochre-horizon rises in blaze
 Of golden bice; and sinketh down
 Upon the hills, induing, as the crown
 Of Selene wears star's bright maze
 Of jewels aural.—Where the pines
 Stand black against the distant hill,
 Fields wave down to the farm-house still,
 How the bright roof like silver shines!
 The barns are covered with golden sheen
 Such as the grain when trees their green
 Have russetted or vermilioned bright!
 Behold the massive walls of woods—
 Their crests a splendor of verdant light.
 Below the farm the corn-fields broaden fair
 And wheat-squares yellow the level plain
 Where patches of white buckwheat are—and
 where
 Some solitary trees like the palm tall
 By fruitful Nile stand—those fields stain—
 As damaskeening some rare Kashmere-shawl—
 The flower-stains enhance with beauty all.
 With greenest banks the cloud-enddeepened
 river

Flows tranquil by—where the field-beaver
The current plies.

O haze of summer-heat
That veilest all with quivering stole—
Transparent—as some cabalistic sheet
Athwart the duped and wondering soul.
O glamour imperceptible—yet seen
When o'er the view the scanning gaze
Doth strain, to tell if gold or green
The scene invests, or unknown blaze
From the great sun, that dangles down o'er
earth

And grows a warmth and hue of mystic birth!
O heat, that tingleth the warm cheek
Felt—touched! as entelecheal clay
O Mind; O Thought; O Angels, speak—
And tell what worketh such a day!
What element usurious falls
To deaden the quick thought—installs
The active body before a moody mime—
To loll, and languish,—as 'neath the lime
The fair one, by glow-Naxos born and bred—
With cyprus locks sweet-witching warmer
head.

What potency may be, upon a chilling air
Transmute from covert enchanter
A sullen sultriness—that checks the flow
Of mood to do, to think—to know!
And yet the bird purls—and showers of song

Descend from rustling branchlets through
Beneath the flowering bushes—where the herbs
Quiver! O tell; say, what so disturbs
The action of man's limbs—so perturbs
The ears, that list for erudition deep—
So seems to will our senses all to sleep—
O warmth, O sleep, and cold in deathly glens
Doth lurk with endless lethargy
O fire, O chill—O life—O death—
Birth kills, and death revives the eye
Warm, cold! O death is there—and breath!
Yet blandness of a flood that air pervades
As some Aeolian strain through Gada's shades
Our senses animates; in quietude and rest
The clay survives the worn and panting breast.
O lie you down! man of the noble mind—
O know that heat doth burn for bodies blind—
O heat doth glow for all the blossoms there
Doth stifle us so ripen the fruits so fair.
O know that heat doth parch us to gem
The Autumn-trees with sparkling anadem.
That heat works through the atmosphere
To give to man but joy and cheer!
In quietude and rest the clay attrite
May meditate in freshened light.
Loll on the slumb'rous earth, while all around
A creative element so wondrously works—
'Tis rest that actuates to merrier sound,
'Tis undue bustle a saner body shirks.
Man rests—and nature labors on—
Nature grows all—Nature alone!

YOUNG ANTOINETTE.

A Pastoral.

(MODAVE, BELGIUM.)

Young Antoinette hath known but eighteen
years;

I asked if they were smiles. She said: "No,
tears!

"Have ever moistened cheeks of mine;—my
life

"Was with the peasants, and in learning's strife

"At town Louvaine; where two short years I
stayed

"At school—and since last year, I prayed

"In yonder chapel to each saint of ours

"And led to pasture all the kine at hours

"When in the east the ravens hail the sun;

"When at the noon the brooklets silvery run.

"When at the orange-eve the spider-threads

"Float unseen through the gloom."

I asked, when weds
The full-hipped Vallan-maid; her smiles
sweet-said,

As whispering thorn beneath the breezes tread:

"When twenty years of pasture-life have
passed

"We kiss one whom we cling to, everlast."

No lover has young Antoinette—alone
 She tends to kine and bullocks—by the stone
 That glistens white—when through the poplar
 tail

The golden rays of the fleet sun do fall.
 And by the sombre sward, when pinkish veils
 Wing o'er the knolls—and far the sun-flare
 sails

In fiery golden magnificence—adown
 Its infinite chasm!—sometimes, when her
 gown

Flutters against the heavy wind—that keeps
 The bat a-wing—when every birdling sleeps
 And, o'er the orient height, a sallow glare
 Extinguishes ten stars!—

Then stood we there

In night's consenting ebon smile; I kissed
 Her warm couth face—and, round her waist, I
 twist

An arm—that held her in a love embrace.
 Young Antoinette demurred—and, face to
 face,

Temple beating 'gainst a mellow temple—stood
 We, syllabing in sweetest assonance!—O
 would

The lulling airs had held us there! Could
 Death

Nip each of our life's now so blissful breath!

Young Antoinette is short—with haunches
broad—

A bosom fair—that, as two water-lilies load
A crystal pond—burdens her rustic form.

Young Antoinette doth disentwine mine arm
From its embrace—but still her temple warm
She presses 'gainst mine own; she fears detec-
tion

When from the grange the candle-light's re-
flection

Casts streams of lucent lemon—but I say
Confidingly to her: such lights betray

Not our tryst—as in the raven-night we are
And in the dark no eye can see us there.

Yet Antoinette resists—but kisses keep us one
And long embraces, warm as a June-day sun.

And ere we parted—thrice, with intervals
So silent like the pauses in the falls

Of silvery breezes—our beings mingle—

Rapt in glow-bliss; one warmth, as never sin-
gle

We once had been, doth soothe our hearts

And we had known what sympathy imparts.

Thrice were we as two serpents intercoiled,

In wilderness's luxuriance bedded—foiled

By none—in calm retreat and loneliness.

As tranquil vapors, seeming motionless,

Twine dreamily around the languid even

Fair-hushèd by the sun farewelling heaven—

So were our souls—those moments of dream-
 love;
 While night consented—stars did not reprove.
 Thrice, as the morning-glory's tendrils winds
 Itself around the muskrose-bush, by winds
 That waft along the fragrance of the fields.
 (1887)

RAPHAEL.

'Tis not that painter whose young days had
 wrought
 Madonnas, many as the ravens when they spot
 The Autumn's forge-like orient-sky.
 Not he 'tis, who so dexterous with the gut
 And facile with the sonnet, drew his friends
 Around him—and who had spillt his life in
 years
 Of Summer's prime—he being slave to eyes
 That sparkle around the fervor of the woman.
 'Tis not that Raphael, the divine designer—
 Art's sweetest votary.
 It is a girl
 That hath been bred by a small meadow-
 brook—
 A baby-tributary of a stream
 That babbleth past Tilleul—and rusheth on—
 Into the Meuse. She seemeth like a fragment
 Of some diviner world's intensest work—

Bearing the brand of this earth's sweet crea-
tion

In aiding others, and to serve and toil.

An inspiration bursts its crystal shrine—at
seeing

Those features, with their dreams sweet-
nestled 'neath

Her playful hair, that hath mahogany

In its bright lustre; and the warm depths of
sandal

In its wild-flingèd shadows. Those ebon eyes,

In their sweet-budding knowing, *love*, yet may

Repel by their fierce fire.

AT BELLINZONA.

Ay, fifteen years are gone, and with them blow

The years of sunshine, chill and snow—

And yesterday I viewed the olden hills

Where Bellinzona stands; and beauty fills

With all its ancient charms of chivalry—

And fortress fallen—and the trenches free

Run wild with briars and the sweet blue-
weed—

And the old ruin clomb I, as ago

We two, in youth, had often.

CADIZ, SPAIN.

Oh! lovely Cadiz by the Sea—
 Why do I dote on thee?
It is because the Atlantic laves
Thy strong-embattled shores—
Those relics of the dusky Moors—
And that I know those waters play
With my own home's so glorious bay,
 Its ripples, and its waves!

Thy white-hued houses melt away
 With the snow-sembling clouds at day.
And seem ghosts at the starlit night—
'Tis fair to watch the smacks and sails
When the swift east-blown wind prevails
And gaze upon thy raven tressed girls,
Their eyes—their teeth like corral-pearls—
 Their perfect build—my one delight!

HOW IDEAS COME TO US!

They say that ideas come like floats
 Of germs through the still atmosphere—
Sweet ideas many as the silvered moats
 Within the sunbeam, when the day is clear.

I do endorse this theory—
For such a germ hath come to me—
And rested on my mind like dew
Upon a lily.
They say if we do entertain it
Then will it grow to shape full fair—
But if we never do detain it
It'll wander to another's lair;
Where it will blossom.
But I shall call it to my mind—
That thus 'twill sweetest dwelling find
For its dear dalliance—
For this it brought me, fairy tended,
For lovers fit—with love's hues blended—
So smell its fragrance:
Eyes are the language true that tell
If love is born or passion's spell—
If only fascination fretted all
Her heart—or if her pride were thrall.
Eyes tell if bashful she, or bold—
If warmly hearted, or ice-cold—
But here methinks to sweet disclose
How you may tell if love arose,
Or only witchery—or more
Sly deviltry to wound heart's core.
Oh! if her lids are wide apart—
And seek to pierce thy loving heart—
And gaze at thee so—long and long—
As though she with fair lover's song
Were dreaming through an avenue

With flowers filled, of every hue—
Then trust it: It is love—true love—
Pure love that will, through every grove
Sweet fragrant, or with thistles grown,
Wander with thee, with thee alone.—
But if her lids are opened quick—
Then fall of sudden—such sly trick
Forbear—for she is fooling thee—
She's filled with sparkling witchery.
But if her lids are low—then rise
So slowly, like clouds in summer skies—
Then fall as slowly down to gaze
At thee no more—O! love! erase
Such memory from thy loving heart,
For such is not Love's fragrant dart.
Her gaze is more than fooling thee—
For in it flickers deviltry;
Desire is her only goal.
She knoweth naught of the lasting soul.
So learn: that lids when moving down
Or up—those hearts are not for thee alone.
They wend their ways with thee awhile—
Then would they other hearts beguile.
But, oh! when lids are wide apart—
Long gazing at thee—loving heart!—
And piercing through thy loving soul—
Then trust to them—thou art their goal—
As through some alley sweet with scent
She would to wander in merriment

With thee alone—with thee alone—
Where blooms to beds are grown!
(*California.*)

CONTENTMENT.

Two hearts, beating fast in unison.
We are glorious under earth's own sun.
And tho' they beat for moments few—
We have dreamt 'neath Love's own heaven
blue.

A NOTE.

The scarlet sickle in the sunshine's glow;
The crimson orange of the tender chickweed in
the brilliant grass.
California (1889)

IMPROMPTU.

I love to stand in a field with daisies pied—
(While the cleary westwind blows)
Where the butterflies and the ground-squirrel
hide,
(While the vine in melodies flows)
And hear the fluting birds a-wing,
As thro' the pine-tree wood they sing!

BARREN ART.

All barren is that art
That, all-elaborate,
Forsakes the soul and heart
And the All-Mighty Fâte.
To build a mansion of cold stone:
Carved, sculptured with chill forms alone!
(1895)

IMPROMPTU.

Low Jupiter shines pale to-night;
Yet large is he;
As is the distant beacon-light
That shines against the hill's obscurity!

A NOTE OF SEPTEMBER.

The locust's shrill, warm strain
Wandering from tree to tree.
A bird's note full of pain;
While o'er the lawn, in glee,
The squirrels wave their bodies swift;
Then climb the trunks of trees.
And Nature's voices lift
A symphony of harmonies.

LINES.

Let us be rested on this lonely hill,
While loud autumnal winds do roam at will.
And see the crimson trees, o'er there, in gold
Be tossed about within the wild wind's hold!

WOMEN.

Women seem to me like flowers,
Standing passive in their glow ;
Waiting for Love's ardent hours
When bold men, like gold-bees will go
To seek their vigor in their languor,
As the bees find pollen in the petals
Of the Persian-diapered passion-flowers!

A TEAR.

O Vere!
Come here!
Bring cheer
And drive my gloom away.
The bay seems drear,
Like one large tear—
While all above the sky is grey!

LINES.

Do what I may, no inspirations fair
 Will come, like rosy clouds to sun's farewell.
 Then what can I poor mortal say when no
 dear spell
 Of thoughts allow me sing a lay so heaven-
 rare!

And though I hear the locust in the air—
 Tho' by me trickles the small brook's sweet
 fell,
 Tho' the bird sing his song adorable,
 Not one new inspiration thrills me there!

FLASHES.

The mystical electrical power that sways
 A person's nerves and blood!

* * * * *

Oh! for a word of parlance sweet,
 When two eyes all of sudden meet!
 Why linger with those glances strange
 That o'er the soul so swiftly range!

A MOOD.

These wrinkles on my face and hands—
It always seems to me,
Are the wave-ripples on the sands,
Telling of “no more sea”!

LINES.

Wo die wüthenden Lavaströmen sich
Furchen, fressend, graben—
O diese Wuth Kenne ich—ich der der
Liebeflammen Preiss gegeben.

A DREAM.

Would that the day be as
The night of dreaming was.
And if such happiness be born
At the clear-shining morn—
Oh! who would whisper to his heart
That the day should soon depart?
For while the stars shone gold—
And the soft breeze not cold—
The dreamy lids were laid
Upon the weary eyes.

And while the Nereids braid
Their silvery tresses, where
The sounding sea-swell dies
Within the soft-green lair.
Of minion sea-folk white
The mind is soothed with bright
And tender dreams! O dreams!
O nightly dream! that seems
As over-bliss—as Angel-will!
As sweet as Limniad's rill!

Oh! who wou'd wish for day
When dreaming of a "May" (girl)
That tenderly caresses;
With her wild-curlèd tresses
Entangles all thy sight;
And whose soft charms delight
The willing lip!—For so
The dream pursed, as the glow
Of Juno's lips, when Jove created
A passion sweet ere they were mated!
(1887)

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! when the cold, clear lightnings flare
Thro stars, and the rain-moistened air.
Oh! then I would to warm my brow
Upon those cheeks, those lips that vow

To keep them taciturn; and only
 When in the forespent eve, we lonely
 Pervade our spirits with a love that's calm.
 And

LINES.

The man, whom discipline hath grown to a
 machine,
 Is as the ever-working wheel, that shapes
 Forms equal and alike. And he who apes
 As doth the photograph, he knoweth not the
 sheen
 That spreads o'er him, who, waiteth for his fire
 To build, create—for, lo! a super-mind did
 him inspire!

* * * * *

The tales of childhood yet remain
 In age, if *love* has bloomed aglow.
 If *sighs* have been, all tales will wane
 And nothing is as 'twas ago!

HEARD IN A DREAM.

As the blight falls from the beard
 Of corn to the velvet-green to mould—
 So seemeth he to fall, who aye had feared
 The Lord's wrath: he shall *rot* in his own
 fold!

(1885)

IMPROMPTU.

When shadows show their slenderness ;
And fields tremble in the flowing breeze.
The many birds pipe loveliness ;
And know themselves at tranquil ease.

STRANGE.

Aye, aye we speak to those we love not—
Oh! she, my love, love, is far away—
Such curse it is to live so love-lorn—
To *others* we our woe must say:

THE DREAMER.

I was accused o' being fresh and young,
Unwonted with the doings of the world—
So May-like with my unsophisticated tongue,
Not cognizant of how the city whirled
In pleasure. Yea, I may be, yet to me
Was given all Love's darkest misery—
I've dreamt alway by my tears' billowy sea—
Sat by the Gates that show Eternity!

QUATRAIN.

Above the bosky hills the sky is pinkish gold,
Far daisy fields seem like a field in autumn's
hold

When frost doth fret them with light rime at
morn—

So seem the far fields when June-eve is born!
Utica, (June 27, 1896).

LINES.

With what weird murmur sings the water fall,
While all the heavens glow with diamond
stars—

While maiden Luna smiles from silvery cars
And wafts a silvery breath on all the pine-trees
tall!

Lo! where the dark, round wolds enshroud her
bed;

Where low, faint murmurings beguile her
dreams,

There dash her white, cold waters, while
stray beams

Flit airily above—anon to fall down dead.

AT YUMA.

I wandered o'er a lonely waste
That liveth North of Yuma.
I hurried, with unwonted haste—
For all uncanny grew
The scenery, where eagles flew,
And not a human voice was sounding,
For here the ages' winds were pounding
The hills to sands;
The mountain-lands
To grotesque shapes like forts of dread, strong
Montezuma!

A LILT.

Through valleys of beauty
To dales of age—
Through maelstroms of duty—
This is life's page.

LINES.

Would Evadne to me hearken
When the shades of evening darken
In the hollow of some vale

While the sickle-moon is pale
And young Hesper, jewel-bedight
Heralds in the widow-night?

A LULL IN SONG.

Oh! my lyre's now unstrung:
All those songs I once had sung
Are so still and calm as air,
When the sun shines no more there;
Waiting till the breeze be living
Sweetest, blandest tunes fair-giving!

LINES.

Impatient as the wind
To speed o'er Norland mounts,
So on the morrow
Far from icy sorrow
It doth a love-cove find
Fast by Joy's fragrant founts.

LINES.

Give me a rudder wreathed with roses rare
To place it at the poop of some fair barge,
So o'er blue-vaulted seas we sail at large,
Blown onward by the Eastwind's flutey blare.

TO SHELLEY.

O Shelley, when on my sickness-couch I lie,
I would that thou in blood and soul wert nigh.
But then, but then—I feel thy presence near—
And sweetest honey-words around I hear.
Such thou hadst written, when inspired, thou
Hadst lain thy poet-locks on Heaven's brow!

Then will I away, away
To fields and forests of a newer May.
Where in its mazes thou with Love dost sport
With quip and laughter, and sweet retort,
So will I dwell upon thy poem-treasure
And seek therefrom new joy, heart's ease, and
pleasure!

NOTES: WHILE IN CALIFORNIA.

(1889)

Till a solemn singer came:
The votary of an immortal Name!

The reedy quivering
Of a flying flock of ducks.

JEALOUSY.

Art thou jealous?
Oh! better so to be.
For 'tis the prop to Constancy.
Be thou jealous—
And ever think of me.
'Tis death to dire inconstancy!

QUATRAIN.

Beauty floats now o'er the sea.
Calm lies blooming on the lea.
All's with prodigality—
On the sea-hill quiet reigns.

QUATRAIN.

It is a day to lie at dreamy ease—
And listen to the rustling of the trees.
A stretch of glory is the shining sea.
I would its sheeny Spirit I could be.

RATTLE SNAKES.

Aft' three years' life their first small rattle
grows,
Each succeeding one a year's new coiling
shows.

In Spring those blinded snakes no rattling
 sound,
 They travel unforwarning o'er the flowered
 ground.
 But when the glow of August wilts all,
 Then fiercely do they on their victims fall!

A NOTE.

In the morn, or in the storm,
 The poppy-flower keeps closed and warm.

MORNING-FEELING.

As the foggy morn yet beareth dreams of
 night;
 All sleepy seems, and dreameth lazily—
 So I of morns have felt, when over me
 Slow dreams yet float nor make their flight!

PEACE.

A spotless sky—a blue far sea;
 Birds twittering o'er the flowering fields.
 Sweet air-harps, played most solemnly.
 A thought of one who spoke true love.
 Such the Sabbath yields,
 When dreaming near a honeyed grove.

PERFECTION.

The thunder in the clouds all quelled.

The turbulent ocean calm.

The bird-song in still air is spelled.

The air and sand respire balm.

ALVARADOS-VALE.

The vocal Alvarados-vale:

With thousand sycamores and live-oaks
dressed.

With multitudes of whirring quail;

With singing-birds; and fluting larks all
blessed.

To dwell there, with a loving maid,

Would be calm Eden in this sad world laid.

AT ARROW-HEAD, HOT SPRINGS.

How pleasant 'tis to be again

Near to the babbling brook.

Or listen to the wind's own strain

In a cañon's sun-lit nook.

Then all the pleasant past returns and shines;

While memory in the sweetness of the sounds
reclines.

How pleasant, hear the fluting birds,
That flit from tree to tree.

Though never hearing maiden-words
'Tis all I want for me.

For in the sun-rays are life's purer pleasures
rare.

Our soul may find a higher, brighter soaring
there.

LINES.

Fresh lawns with fragrant flowers exhale
No dreamier visions than a long
Succession of low modulate
Accordes, fair-strung to some unwritten
song!

AGNOSTICISM.

It claims to not explain deep mystery;
How small!—That there is, in our studies,
much unknown
Is in itself a star that guideth brilliantly
To life beyond, where all high souls have
gone!

FLIRTATION.

Sweet the view of orient gardens in their glow.
Sweeter yet the glances given with no view

To fair love!—Yet who would never wish to
know
How those flowers smell with all their fresh-
ening dew!

CAN'T THOU TELL ME?

Can't thou tell me how the strains
Of poets weave within their souls?
That they write without great pains
Sweetest songs that lead to Heaven's
goals?
What is it breathes fair words within his brain
To bring to light a strange, unheard-of strain?

DRY RIVER-BEDS.

Swift winds blow down to seaward.
Dry river-beds love them at most,
For all their sand doth travel leaward.
A river in air, the sands are tosst.

IMPROMPTU.

Go, dress thyself with sobre garb
Not like the maple's in the Springtide.
But like the live-oak's sobre green
Upon a flowered hill so solitary.

AT MORN.

At morn
When the two luminaries
On a level are
And the spirit of morn
The scents of Shiva carries—
Wide, and sweetly, and afar.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Oh! rare bee-bird!
Thy colorèd pulsating neck:
Like watchèd Beauty, gaping in her lucid
throat.

THE POISON-OAK.

The trifoliate poison-oak,
A deadly friend to its sister-tree.
Its gloomier green is like a cloak
Upon the bright-green, harmless tree;
As a dark design doth color comeliness.
Beware thou of its sting!
Once touched, its wound is merciless!

THE TIDE.

To see the tide run out
Upon the shining bay.
Its course is a mere crooked bout
To return with dying day!

A DESERT-HILL.

With as gradual a declivity
The swarm of Angels speeding down
As the level line from down a mountain's knee
Slides to the far, wide desert lone.

LINES.

Sung to slumbers by the moon-fair-cradled sea.
Sweet consolèd that mine own may'st never be.
Calm warm sunshine; dreamy lapping waves;
From a love ungilded life such doth the cold
heart save!

ZEILEN.

Wenn das Herz sich ubergiesst;
Der Reim schnell aus der Feder fliesst.
Das ist die wahre Dichterzeit—
Solch lebet ewig, weit und breit.

Nur wenn ein süßer Hauch der Liebe schwillt,
 Dann ist die Feder eifrig, voll mit Werth.
 Nur wenn die Seele glüht, und überquillt
 Mit Wahrheit, hat der Dichter sein Lieder-
 schatz vermehrt!

End of California Notes.

QUESTIONS.

Tu penses qu'il n'y a pas de Zéphirs
 Qui puisse t'embaumer de ses doux delirs?—
 Rêves dans le soir quand le printemps meurt.

Tu crois qu'il n'y a pas de ruisseau
 Qui avec son murmure puisse t'endormir?—
 Dans l'été te reposes sur son rive de fleurs;
 Songes dans le rêve du triste oiseau!

LIGNES.

Quand les corbeaux en ligne de paix
 S'envolent de l'ouest à l'est—
 Ils savent qu'ils laissent un lieu de paix
 Et les heures d'un jour funeste.
 Ils savent qui leur attendent
 Ou les sourcils du soleil
 Innondent les près, comme à la fête des dieux.

(Written in R. R. cars, 1886.)

LINES.

Ere she had heard the dull-toned surge
Of the wide mountain waves
That heave Life's all-invisible Sea—
O, then she leant her golden tress
Upon the evening's hopeful dirge—
Then she yet felt the ecstasy
Of silent longing, that oft laves
Young maiden's virtuous hopefulness!

IMPROMPTU.

Eloquent eyes:
The soul's moods in rhapsodies.
You tell,
Oh! fiery eyes!
Of the passionate heart its glow.
I love you well.
But more, those eyes
That open in surprise
And sparkle the soul's pureness
Innocent knowledge of the heart,
Oh! rapture-knowing of the Heaven!

IMPROMPTU.

La beauté du soir n'est pas faire
Une regularité
C'est qu'il est bizarre et clair,
Comme une oeil inspiré.

NOTES.

Fresh as a flower-embowered stream,
Where the fragrant violets dream:
In hearing of the thunder low
Of some lone, lofty waterfall.

THE POET.

As to a solitary pine
The poet stands:
Mute, silent, with no song.
Yet when the wind blows soft
As to it he sings
Songs of immortal things.

(*California.*)

LINES.

Our thoughts they come and go
Like breezes in the Spring,
But oft like pure white snow,
To last but briefest times.

SONG.

Where is a nook to live all day
In perfect happiness!
There's not a spot on any way—
Without Love's loveliness.

Without our love there's not a place
Where dwells a perfect bliss—
Not one nook hath perfect grace
Without Love's fervent kiss.

Where is a dell to live always
Content, without to long—
Without our love, oh! nothing stays
With us, not e'en a song!

LINES.

Wild as the ocean—
 Eternal as it be—
 So is mine emotion
 For eternity.

Wild, wild as the wave landward-driven—
 So is my desire to see soul's Heaven!

PREPOSTEROUS.

If youth were age,
 Eternal life were sweet!

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! if fair maidens could but know,
 How in my songs I sing their praises.
 Would their soft eyes not sparkle and glow:
 Like dew-dipped roses and daisies?

They shirk me who their secrets knows
 But all my bashfulness opposes
 To show them what in singing glows:
 Like sun-kissed dew on opening roses!

(On board the "Pera," Mediterranean Sea, 1893.)

IN AFRICA—NORTHERN.

(1893)

SONG.

When health is gone ;
And my cheeks grow pale —
Then I'm alone
And dreary moods prevail.

But in this life of ours
Clouds wander ever.
We smile on sparse-grown flowers
And sail a broiling river.

When Health's away
And laughter no more chimes.
Then dies joy's lay—
And fade heart's blissful rhymes.

R-R-R-EVENGE!

I sojourned—I saw—I said—
I sedulously studied—I simmered slightly—
I had heard here housed some beauty-head . . .
I laughed—I lively went back—took it
lightly.

WHILE WALKING.

I saw the shooting-star
 Falling fair and far;
 Falling thro the fire-domes,
 Where legions of spirits reign.

I saw the lightning of the heat
 In vivid, softest flashes blaze the east.
 While thro the night the murmurs sweet
 Entoned their weirdness o'er the mounts and
 vale.

NIGHT-WAIL FANTASY.

(1885)

High the wan moon pierces the gold-grey
 hordes;

Dashes down five beams on the busy pool.
 Weirdly the rays, like five diaphonous chordes,
 Bewail the water-witches' vague-worded
 rule:

THE RULE.

*Wind in serpent-lines,
 While the moan-moon shines.
 Cling to beams, that bear*

Moans so daunting, drear.
Wind, Wind, Wind!
Till fair Mab falls blind
On some mossy rind
Swallowed by the pool
Laved by the bank so cool;
Dank, like the ozier-groves
Where mad Oberon roves.
Trail the resounding strings—
Flap your filmy wings
Higher—trailing higher
To the moon's mad fire
Gliding downward, rushing—
The pool's pale margent brushing.
Then high and low—mid-way—
Never nod, nor stay—
So the water-witches' rule:
From the moon to pool!
Wind—wind—wind—
Till you fall down blind
On the pool so pale;
Silver-song, and wail,
Ripple them round the reeds—
Till the barm bears beads
Of sallow-diamond:
Glittering way beyond
Thro the forest-fern
Where sleeps the timid hern!
Wind in serpent-lines,
While the moan-moon shines.

*Cling to beams that bear
Moans so daunting—drear!*

* * *

Five diaphonous flames flash out of sight—
Dark-dun is the drapery of pool and wood.
One ghost-cloud swallows all the moon's sal-
low light:
Darker than all shoots by a flapping hood.

Here!—now o'er the tomb-still pool it frets,
Like dark specks the sun doth conjure to
the gaze.
Wild it whirls passed Syrinx-cursed; passed
ferny nets;
Like dark thoughts, blindly dodges the flow-
ery maze.

Like the mind of a child gleams fresher as
years yearn more;
And blooms, like the Lotus that loves but
the sun;
So stray amber is shed from the swelling shore,
Till all the pool with quivering threads is
spun.

Then the hood is tipped with scores of dia-
mond-stone.
It slackens its frenzy: spreading—floating
now.

Water-witches wind up the heavens to the am-
ber-throne

And sounds are heard from the hood's weird
glow :

THE WATER-WITCHES' RUNE.

Plash by the reeds

Pan's grief.

Splash, till gold beads

Burden the leaf.

Whisper to the waves

(Water's delight!)

Weird-woven tales

Told but at night.

Plash, and splash the wavelets, high as violet's
ambered crown.

Splash them in thought of Syrinx, sobbing
her woe.

Softly, and soothingly, as the moon-moans
flow.

Plash, and Splash the wavelets, high as thor-
oughroot's down.

Thread your dim wail

T'oply o' the pool.

Spinning webs frail:

Yellow and gule.

Hover in hordes,

Elfin's affray.

Ring the beam-chordes
 With Limniad's loose lay!

Thread and spin, while the sins of mortals
 make pitiful moan

Spin your wails in thought of Thisbe, vir-
 tuous virgin-soul.

Warily — clearly — like Wisdom's wordings
 that world-thro roll

Hover and croon, while in minds of sluggards
 crafty longings are sown!

Waver the thick leaves
 Of the gold pond-lily.

Watch! when it heaves
 To the windling chilly.

Spangle the rushes
 Where the efts emit,

Spurting blue gushes,
 Bitumen, fire-lit.

Waver, while in castles crimes are welded, and
 wenches are blooming.

Watch! that the elves be chaste like fair Eve,
 ere she bore pain.

For now, in gold chambers Chastity weeps,
 and sweet words wane.

Oh! Continence blooms but where God is:
 where lonely falls are booming!

JOTTINGS.

So slowly rose the beauteous maid—
Like trodden moss and woodland-growth,
Slowly doth rise 'neath woodland shade. . .
Adirondacks (1883)

* * * *
O Smile of Conceit!
Smiling at thine own feat!
* * * *

Seclusion is the Blood of Study.—
Seclusion in city's hubbub the Blood of Wis-
dom.

* * * *

Hope, sweet face! ah, but too often like a
chameleon!!
* * * *

In the morning air—
When the birds their praise-carols sing—
When the breezes pierce each trembling leaf—
When the clamors ring clear—
Now distant, now near—
When sailors their ships do reef—
When vapors lances fling—
Then I would dally there
Inspired be and write
Write, write.

(1883)

AN MEINE LIEBSTE.

O, hier auch, am stillen, einsamen See
 Singen Vogel ihre freudigen Abendmelodeien
 So stimmig, wie Töne in unendlicher Höh'!
 Doch mir fehlt die Stimme, so klar und rein—
 Die Stimme, die mich einst entzückte—
 Mir Wonne wiegte, mich so tief beglückte.

O, sie blühte, wie eine Rose, im schönem Rosen-
 garten—

Doch wisset—O, verboten ist mir der wunder-
 volle Blumengarten—

Mir verboten—die Rose zu betasten!

O, sie blühte, wie eine Rose, im wundervollen
 Blumengarten—

Um mir mein Längen schwerer zu belasten—
 So blüht sie, wie eine Rose, im Zaubervollen
 Blumengarten!

On Geneva Lake's bank (even.)

(June, 1885)

* * * * *

And when will she smile, like the crimson
 rose—

And glow, like the West at charming even's
 close!

O, when will she whisper such accents tender-
ous sweet

And lisp the echoes of the Paraclete!

O, when and angel-spirits, hovering
about me, say—

When will she, rushing in mine arms, smile,
“Yea, yea, yea!!!”

(June, 1885)

STRAY NOTES.

And still the smile of coy amorosity played
around her lips.

* * * * *

May swathe the words with smoke of cannon—
And ring the lands with bugle-sounds!

* * * * *

To cities, filled with fragrance of the Past—
And histories now gone—

Where 'n by-gone years the hours seemed to
last

An age—for I was still alone!

(June, 1885)

* * * * *

Who hath let the breezes in their wantonness
play!

Throughout the day, throughout the day!

Throughout the night, throughout the night!

When the moon is white—
 When the moon is dead—
 When the stars are bled—

When the sun and the moon
 Are beshrouded by clouds in a gloom—
 When the sun, on a stormy noon,
 Breaks through—and changes all to bloom?

(1883)

* * * * *

As they departed, departed—
 They let their handkerchiefs fly—
 Like the waving wings of pigeons
 Against a blue, hot morning sky!

* * * * *

Stray thoughts of a poet are like the clouds
 On a breezy morning's sky—
 They are born sudden—without the vast and
 matured shrouds
 Which hide at noon the world's azure eye!

(August, 1883)

IMPROMPTU.

Eager waiting in the glittering woods
 For voices welcome and so dear—
 When sudden the breeze-sweetmusicked soli-
 tudes
 The faintest laughter of the gayest hear.—

Faintly far in distance echoing—

As a silver pebble through the mere—
Nearer sounding, laughters brightning, roister-
ing—

As the purl upon the deep pool, cool and
clear.

In the woods, Milford, Pa.

L'ART.

Si on copierait la nature

Ce ne ferait pas une jollie peinture—

Il faut bien voir—et bien penser—

Ce qu'on doit fuir, et doit laisser.

Alors, avec un oeil tout artistique,

On peint avec sa tête, avec du chic—

Jusqu'à ce que la Nouvelle peinture

N'a que les beautés de la nature.

(While painting in the woods, Milford, Pa., 1884.)

AT IRVINGTON.

The slow sursurrus

In the sandy cove

Of Hudson's legendary waves—

The dreary cloudland

In the skies above

Like sombre mythy architraves—
 They sing to me
 So quietly
 Of battles won, and battles lost—
 Aft' warriors o'er the main had crossed
 To conquer Indian lands of ours—
 And dawn on them great civic powers.

RESIGNATION.

'Tis sweeter far to know
 A heart for thee doth ever flow—
 Than that you dote on one
 Whose pride hath left thee all alone.
 Such blows for me
 And mine alone doth wish to be—
 So love I her rose-bloom,
 Resign myself to such sweet lover's doom,
 'Tis better wait for one
 Who loves thee out of all alone—
 'Tis sweeter loving so
 Than loving one whose pride doth grow!

LINES.

In the half-light of the evening's death
 When no lamps are lit—
 Sudden, ghosts of the past with wan wreath
 All about me flit—
 Then I dream—and I can not say
 Why this life seems like slow decay.

IMPROMPTU.

O there are tones of music free
That set my soul upon a sea
Fulgent with gemmy waves that roll
 Along so magically—
With Syrens sporting in the spray,
With Nereids lute-fair singing all their lay,
With magic birds, slow-sailing there
Upon the silvery fluting air!

(Written at table, January 29, 1895.)

QUERY.

What heavy half impenetrable curtain
 Have the ages woven
That hides from latest man
 Primeval state of mind—
Such looms before me while I'm playing
 Songs of great Beethoven—
And think I how the plan
 Of tones his soul could find
His soul, new of creation's womb—
 Yet filled with all the heritages
That rose from tomb and tomb
 Of twenty thousand ages!

NOVELS AND POETRY.

Why wade through marshes long—
 With deep mud to your knee—
 When with two colored wings of song
 And tender melody
 We sail or dream awing
 And cover all that tedious marsh
 With rushes and wild branches harsh
 In quickest time while we do sing!

A FANCY.

In Utopian dalliance let me rest
 On cushions soft, with broidered crest—
 Hearing slow music coming through a golden
 door—
 The strains heavy with passion—
 I seeing dark Houris on the chequered floor
 Lying supinely—or in dusky slumber—
 Then the musicians, without number—
 Enter, and form a dream-procession—
 All the while
 With radiant smile, and not a guile—
 Her own dear lips are whispering low
 And now upon her bosom lies

My head—then in her lap, aglow
With flowers fragrant—and never sighs
Are heard—nor moans are made.
Thus happy—as in Krishna's summer-glade!

TO ELLA.

Her whole fair face is like a rose—
Her eyes are hued as veins therein—
Not as the violet dark—
But light as is the rose's vein
When dew-drops whisper: "Hark!
" 'Tis morning sings her roscid strain!"
Aix les Bains, Savoie (1892).

TO A GIRL IN CARS.

GENÈVA RAILROAD TO SAVOIE.

Thou hast the depth of Black-eyed Suzans
Within thy fair and perfect eye—
Too hast thy lips to kiss
The shape that bade once Jupiter to love—
But as it seems, in thee I miss
The depth of love—that lives untainted
By slavish pride—and calculation's curse.
So, though thou art all beautiful,
It seems in thee love's deepest mood hath not
a spring!

A THOUGHT.

The heart's and brain's emotions are caused by the super-intellect and super-soul of a person.

A LILT'

Winter's but awaiting
For warmer weather!
Naught's our mind elating
And though together—
Winter, winter drear,
Go, get thy bier—
Let Spring appear,
With blooms and cheer
Then we'll go a Maying—
Ay, I with May—
All woods will be saying
That she's a fairy—
Then Spring, come here
With blooms and cheer,
Thou art the peer
Of all the year!

(On railroad cars in Switzerland.)

BEAUTY.

I walked with Beauty by the sea—
O God, I cried so bitterly!
For then I saw her flee away—
Like silent cloud at close of day,
Over the sea and far away—
Then was I lonely on the strand
No beauty on the lovely land?
Ah, me! too much of woe and duty
When gone from earth are Love and Beauty!

IMPROMPTU.

Many a heart must break
Before they from this terrene dream awake—
So sweeting! let thine burn—
Its wound may heal—but its primal fires will
ne'er return.

Geneva, Switzerland.

RAFFAELLE.

When Raffaelle her tiny lips pouts fast
I know she loves me well—
That all her Andalusian love will last

With her'll affection dwell.
 So kiss me,
 Raffaelle—
 Don't miss me,
 Raffaelle,
 But when I bid thee come to me
 Then whisper all thy love so free!

*Spain.***LINES.**

A rapture burst in my so weary heart—
 But in a day it did depart—
 And there I felt a fangy smart,
 Where erst had burst to fire my heart!

IMPROMPTU.

On the pinnacle of Heaven's Mountain
 I stood, like one inspired.
 I drank the crystals of its fountain
 Till they from me transpired:
 Evolving to those tranquil evening-clouds
 Whom but the highest mind unshrouds.

But lo! upon the wind I glided
 Adown to the world's wild city;
 And to the low wind I confided

My soul, till it took pity
With wretchedness; till in the mire sank -
My spirit, and from the charnel-waters drank.

(1887)

LINES.

From my lonely chamber I peer into the late
May-eve:
The apple-tree, before the door, with its intricate branches, spins a sombre web;
The quiet tongue of the lake in the vale mirrors
the faint glow of the sky: ..
A last sigh of the sun; a line of fallow hue:
This hue is spun with delicate and dream-bearing forms of purple darkness.
Around, the heaven is grey: tinged with a purple depth of prophetic clouds.
The hills are dark, and the town in the vale is quiet and solemn—
And while I peer into this scene of solemn quietude,
My creative mind is lost—for who, of mortals,
May venture portray the restful placidness of eve!
This eve, with its prophetic languor, must be
felt—it may not be recorded!

(1883)

THE CITY'S BOON.

GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

Each city must have flowery wilds
 Wherein to keep each healthy there,
 Must guard their parks with sward and fields
 And groves, and copse, and cool rock-lair.
 Must love to let the song-birds be at peace ,
 Must never let the fragrant breezes' cease
 Their long melodious whispering.

For here, one mile from city's din,
 I drink the pure air, sweet as wine.
 As mulse so pure, pure methlign
 While all the sun-rays boonly shine.
 Around me bunchy trees, and wild grass sing-
 ing ;
 While boughs of lilacs with the breeze are
 swinging
 And all doth homage to young Spring.

If shaven swards delight the fastidious eye
 Such trim, and color them with flowers—
 But let such spots be where the azure sky
 Looks down on hidden bee-sought bowers.

With long wild flowering grasses swaying lays
Where long the liquid-throated birdling stays
To dip his song in fragrant nooks.

If trodden level roads infatuate
Such tend to—for the liveried lord—
But then disturb no paths inviolate
With flowers covered—that afford
To musing minds such joys that forests give
Or dreams that by the doe's own covert live
Fast by the confluence of sweet brooks!
(1889)

QUERY.

Why should men kill
When the East is roseate—
And the evening-minstrels fill
The delicate air with juicy melody!

LINES.

The dying West
Grew suddenly so hectic,
As though a sea of juicy
Pinks waved;—as though day's rest
Were blushing as a rose
Liquescent in its morning-dew.
Then all the heavens so ghastly grew:
The zenith lay in a sable lawn,

Where the night-stars' herald should be ;—
 Yet tints played rosily.
 But where the pink had flushed—was drawn
 A livid lawn—that melted in Ève's throes !

* * * * *

Sweet as roses in morning's kisses—
 Healthy as air o'er Spring's flowery pasture-
 land blowing ;
 She was a Lippi to model our blisses
 She the fair tutor that gave us our knowing.
 Sweet as roses when in smiling array
 Healthy as Flora's own breath in the bonny
 dear May !

* * * * *

It is not thought that blooms our Wisdom—
 O oft I saw bright parlance come from lips
 Whose motions brought the Wisdom's blush-
 ing—
 As fleetly, O so beauteously fleetly
 As flyeth to the columbine
 The birring colibri—in shine
 Of some bland melodizing sun—
 (The rest illegible.)

* * * * *

And he was found, it was averred,
 With olden thoughts, that seemed to be
 Like ruins of some Forum disinterred,
 At feet of Rome's lost majesty !

(1887)

Talent is perfect memory—
Genius is sweet abandonment.

* * * * *

The ring of pink of the East
Upward borne, doth follow
The setting sun of the West
Till night fills the zenith's hollow!

RIME.

Absorbe la luce del' un'occhio—
Perche l'Amore ci trova—
Dammi de la tua un pocco
Mostrando la vita nuova!

LINES.

O sweet 'tis, culling airy flowers
On the border of some dream;
And smell them, musing in its bowers:
Fast by a lily-whispering stream!

* * * * *

Sweet song doth come to me
And bloometh as a blossom on a tree—
No drudging, like man's machination—
But 'tis my mind's sweet exultation.

THE WOODLANDS.

There is a charm the woodlands have
 More fair than that of ocean's wave—
 It is to wander through them thought-alone—
 Unseen — unsought — untrammelled, unper-
 turbed;—
 Their leafy coverings, 'neath whom winds are
 blown,
 And then a rustling leaf a lonely wren dis-
 turbed.

LINES.

The delicate dreams a maiden weaves
 O'er keys of ivory—
 So gently touched—as spray that leaves
 A faint tune on the cliffs
 Of a calm cyprian sea
 Where move, in dreams, Euterpe's skiffs.
 Oh, the dreamy touch of delicate maiden-hands
 On keys of ivory!
 The spirit sees the cool, cool shades of lands
 That haunt Love's purity.

THE OCEAN.

O, Ocean! heaving ever in thy calm!
O, Sea! hoar cradle of Earth's creations—
O, Ocean! surging ever on the white-rosed
rocks
O, Sea, that feelest small lives' palpitations—
O, Waters, blue and green, and white and
ashen-grey—
Be roaring in your storms Creation's cradle-
lay!

RECOLLECTION.

Oh, who may summon days of joyous hours
Appearing like the fair rent rainbow—
A-glowing through grand clouds, aft' cooling
showers
That bathe an eve of waning summer!
Who call up those hours of romps and plays—
Hours of gamboling through orchard-ways.
Oh! what a frolick-fawn I was, in woods
Of Laurel-Hill! Where, echoes calling,
"O frolick on," through oak-tree solitudes—
Each flower wafted to me futures:
Lolling on some Cyprus-lawn of flowers,
Framing fragile forms for Houri-hours!

How fleet, and fleeter flowing o'er the lawn
 The breeze blew out its tuneful ditties.—
 It blazed before mine eyes a sweet, fresh dawn
 To burn and glow in pensive manhood.—
 Breezes blew so sweetly, promising
 Through the woods in Boyhood-spring!

EMY.

It is the angel-child, sweet Emy,
 Who languishes upon the piano-stool
 And gathers with her taper fingers fair Eu-
 terpe's wool.
 'Tis Emy, she the flower with eyes so dreamy—
 'Tis she who shone an angel, so my woe
 I bear; lest my dark thought, in its wild flow,
 Be swallowed up by the wild ocean of Despair!
 'Tis she, whom Heaven sent as guardian to
 my grief—
 Lest, like an Autumn-swallowed leaf
 My Hope be blown and shattered in Woe's
 trembling air!

It is the angel-child, dear Emy—
 Who modulates the keys to harmonies
 Of maiden-sentiment—and from her large
 and questioning eyes
 She purleth to me: "Why so dreamy!"
 'Tis she who bloomed upon my long love-
 way

When o'er a briery field I was wont to
stray—

With hankering—and bled the wounds by rock
and thorn!

'Tis she, whom Life called for a balm to
love lorn souls

And when the bell of sorrow tolls,
To rose the cheek, and gild the mind—like
brightest Autumn-morn!

It is the angel-child, fair Emy—

Who touches lightly the ivory keys of song
And threads in thoughts of music sweetest
strains along—

While listen I,—and feel so dreamy.

She singeth softly, as the distant bird

When its clear song is through the fragrant
flowers heard.

Then gazeth she into the sea of visions old:

There beams a dreamy spark—illumes her
eyes and maiden-face.

And with an unpremeditated grace

Of song, her dreams she streams on me—who
am so cold!

WRITTEN IN RAILROAD COUPE.

(FRANCE.)

Oh! why must all my poems seem

The semblance of a long-forgotten dream?

A dream seen in the soother days of youth—

When all the thoughts are sane and couth—
 A dream our boyhood dreamt of maids
 Beguiling and retiring—in the shades
 Of trees, the May-breeze bends so sweet—
 When bees are bombilating in retreat
 Or rich-fumed lilac-bushes in the folds
 Of bunchy haulms! where marigolds
 Stoop to a Narciss-fancy—and beyellow
 The silent pool! Of maids that hellow
 Like the far cries of the (illegible).

Just then the dream broke—as some iridescent
 Curve So broke the dream
 And now!—of its rich essence, but the gleam
 Of the fair burning flames, that were to me
 The attar-gredient of the rose's glee—
 (Illegible)

THE WATERFALL.

Here let me rest—and breathe;
 And some fair stanzas wreathe
 So they may have the sheer
 And fresh pulse of the fall so near:
 A quiet fall down twelve-foot-rocks;
 O'er moss, and with three snowy shocks—
 Till on a bosom of foam they fall,
 Then glassy spread in a wide, clear pool:
 Sweet for five nymphs to bathe so cool,
 As deep as their fair limbs are tall.

Here let the sprite of silentness
My calm, resigned mind caress.
And with the sound make me a mate
That in such jocund company
My thoughts again may be elate;
And so forget love's misery.

Yon fall as human beings talk!

I hear a plain speech uttered there.
Anon like disputes, torts and hawks;
And distant laughter, rippling fair.
And brawls, as in some evening-inn
In mountain's exuberant tree-fresh air.
Distinct from thuds of the soft foam;
Clear as in halls of deep earth-caves.
Articulate as speech at home.

Soft as a voice that seeks to win;
Exhortive as a voice that saves!

Methinks to hear real talkers there.

All while the rush-rush-waters fall.
Oh! so our speech is merely air,
Let waving by our sigh or call.
And while the gushing waters tumble—
And the foam ekes the stones to rumble—
Then those clear voices sound between,
As though no other noise had been.

O mystery of two strange sounds
Opposing one another, yet

Wave on to reach the aural grounds :
One rushing—and the other clear.
So is a law in nature set
That individual sounds appear
Most absolute ; and keep their own
Though twenty other sounds are blown.
So was it that fair Hellas wrought
For the snow-waterfall a god,
And nymphs presiding over them.
T'was Homer listened to the falls
While seated at the forest-hem ;
And heard the voices rise and wane ;
So wrote mysterious, wondrous strain,
Till others thought he told the truth.
So grew their gods, dowered with long youth.

Now have I listened to you long,
Neat waterfall ! and in my song
Explained God's mystery and laws.
Yet this great stillness overawes
My mind. Now that I listened here
New sounds strike on my busy ear.
There, in the stillness, the wind's smooth wave ;
Or stones that crumble in your cave ;
I *feel* my presence so alone
That superstition will be blown.
And I think spirits watch in there ;
And I intrude in their solemn prayer ;
While all around is not a life.
My ears are filled with newest tones,

That, stayed I here an hour more,
Methinks I would be mingled quite
With stillness, falls, and foliage bright;
Perchance be doomed to be a voice
Even in thy dark, dank grottos small.
But I will take the safer choice
And leave them, neat, dear waterfall!
And hurry o'er the daisy-fields;
Past the green hill, that flowers yields,
To the quiet village, where sound and sound
My too deep musing-bent confound.

So will I mingle with those men
Once more; yet, on some day, may be,
I'll visit this green, quiet glen,
And listen to your mystery:
Whose secrets only thinkers know—
Whose sweets only for thinkers flow.

Ellenville, N. Y. (1891)

AT GENEVA LAKE, SUISSE.

Where is that surface fair?
As blue as distant air,
And calm as is a mirror framed in gold
That Fatme in her ivory hand doth hold?
Where are those mounts across the lake;
Those mounts that seemed like sapphire pure,

And seemed in their pellucid azure to endure?
Where are they while the nor'west cold wind
rages,
And caps froth on the rilèd lake, now brown;
And far the mounts are lost in roving banks of
clouds;
While all the scene grows drearier each blast
of wind;
And like a whiff from glaciers is the loud wild
air? (1892)

THE MIND.

Mysterious is the mind! I close
My lids—and, swift, I see a scene
Unknown to me before on earth—
A moment's time—and yet a day's
Quaint doings do I act.
At once my mind conjureth up
Sweet girls with whom I frolick then.
Or, on a sailing-vessel fair,
I hear the sailors chanting free.
Or, while a multitude is near,
I gaze upon a burning temple.
And many other stranger things
Pass through my mind the while I doze—
But, strange it is, as soon as I
Awake, and look around the room,
As soon the memory of the scenes

Are, like the film in noontide sky,
Dissolved—and gone forevermore.
Mysterious is the mind! I sleep—
And strangest things occur to me—
But when I wake—all has vanished!
(September, 1899.)

A FRAGMENT.

While my memory is still in dewy lone
Like the pearls on the morning-glory's throne,
While my thoughts are still there in thine
abode,
Let me sing of thee, fairest flower sow'd!

I.

Like the turbulent waters
Of a mountain-side brook,
Like the tremulous tresses
Of the willow so low—
Thy golden locks in confusion
there flow,
Each with fondness true-blesses
Thy fair brow and soft look,
And mould a halo round thy features.

II.

And when I gaze within the azure dome of
thine eyes

And contemplate the rich and velvet-like hue,
 Then vanish all my pangs and woes and
 mournful, low sighs,
 Like morning sun kisseth a bush's burdening
 dew.

LIFE.

A gasp for liberty!
 A struggle for eternity!
 And a groan, so deep and loud
 Like the roar from a mountain's cloud!
 Still now and then a ray
 Of joy—a short delay!

And thus is life fashioned for toil, hardship—
 The gloss of its garb glitters but a while—
 A while—a short, short while—
 O, like the glare of the thunder's whip
 O'er a dark, low sky, on an Autumn's day!

A continual tear of dismay
 A-flowing down the wan cheek of Man—
 Yea, so the ceaseless founts of Yemen ran—
 O, God! A vale of disdain
 Nurtured by sorrow and pain.—

But oh—and too
 A garden of bliss—
 A woman's kiss—

A sky of blue,
Dark, wide and rich—
Like eye of playful witch—
But oh—and too
A dale with founts
And maids athrough
Ascend the mounts
Of greenest hue—
Where cataracts chant
To fays, in haunts,
To hearts that pant.
And all is glow—
A Heaven below!

And Life—a great mutation of bad and good—
Is thus a sigh—a beat of rapturous blood!

QUERY.

Is it the gleam of brown-beaded beam that
thine eye flashes forth—
That in my soul an e'erlasting fresh glow of an
heaven assumes!
Is it the rose-budding bloom that alights on thy
cheek that consumes
All of my venturing thee to possess, like the
Star of the North!

ODE TO EVENING.

This stillness doth bequeath to me a mood
 That prompteth the fair shell to ring—
 A song that suiteth well this quietude—
 Like Angels' saintly communing—
 When Heaven's choir
 Doth faintly rise, as bud's desire—
 Or like the fragrant calm in forlorn wood!

Not to the wan bright Hesper is this song—
 Nor to the last cheep in the brake—
 But hollow echoes of this world's strange
 wrong
 Will through its melodies awake—
 Awake to reason
 The hearts of clod, the minds of treason,
 And be for nations like some Michael's thong.

If naught of dreamy note, nor languid whistle
 From the high-hole, ere to his nest
 He's slunk; or naught of whir, near thistle
 And thyme, ere flies have flown to rest—
 Sounds from my shell—
 A sorrow-flute-tone here will swell—
 That shall incite to war the wrongèd breast!

LYRICS.

I.

To slow peruse a pretty party
Whose laughters are so true and hearty—
All from the curtained window low—
While in and out the wizard breezes go—
To con sweet features radiant, wise—
Such joy with the deep dreamer lies!

II.

We laugh at them,
They laugh at us—
They speak so rudely—
We speak so crudely;
Their words phonetic are,
Ours like the noise in war.
They think their phrases woo
The breezes to their thought—
While we must ever rue
That our sweet tongue is naught—
So must we laugh at them,
And they must laugh at us!

TO SHELLEY.

While reading Shelley, say I:

Huh! Huh! Ehuh!

Oh! that silver flame of the evening-star,

Glowing abaft of the world's grey smoke!

Oh! that glare from forth the full-moon's car,

Sifted thro' clouds that rise from the town!

When reading such a starry Light, say I:

Huh! Huh! Ehuh!

Ay, he knew of this world all its wretchedness.

And, with Shelley, I cannot do but moan and

moan.

Paris (1887).

REVERIE.

I would I were a feather, flying with the gale
westward!

Over the Atlantic to fair Milford's dale,

Where sweetest Delaware doth flow.

I would she were a feather, flying with the
breeze westward!

From Hudson's banks, from low mounds and
the seas,

To Milford's gorge, where flowers blow.

Oh! two alone

And then to be, over all the pain and moan!

Paris (1887).

TUBEROSE RICHNESS.

Love loves lilies, lolling 'long the lane—
Rare red roses rioting in the rorid morn—
Passion-flowers playing in fresh jewel-rain—
Buds o' bleeding-blooms when babes are
born.—
Love loves luisant lobes of blandest strands
Sweet, short curls twitched with rare sap-
phire bands—
So she sitteth sweetly, smilings sending,
To her boonest lovers o'er her bending!

MAN.

Youth's aggressive, manhood's possessive—
Age is calm—
Babes are querrellous—senile minds are gar-
rullous—
Death is balm!

LINES.

Oh! if the blushing soul
Of a girl could see
Her cheeks glow and her lips

Grow rubi-red—
 She then could tell the whole
 Of Beauty's sanctity.

CONTENTMENT.

Again to feel the soft lip-pressure
 Of my own rose-fair treasure—
 To feel her loving arm around me,
 To whom soft love hath bound me:
 It is as when we restless wander
 Through vales that hear the thunder
 Of cataracts and brooks all swollen—
 We smell the perfumes, stolen
 From violet-nooks by temperate breezes.
 Then all our longing ceases;
 And, all content, we lie adown
 Where peace is from the murmuring forests
 blown!

DIEU.

Le Dieu n'avait pas batie l'église—
 Mais il a fait naître sur les côteaux
 L'arbre tremblant dans la changeante bise;
 Le vallon, et le sourd murmure du ruisseau.

LINES.

The ribbèd clouds of Spring lie high—
And 'long the horizon grey,
But still the northwinds coldly blow—
Throughout the dreary day—
Why is it so—
When merry notes should flit and fly?

SONG.

The woods were white this morn—
But winter was long past—
Spring quickened all the thorn
In wake of winter's blast—
And lilies-of-the-valley burst and blew
While in a nook the pale star-flowers grew.

My soul was bright this day—
But joy was long at rest—
Hope sang to me a lay
While prone on sadness' breast.
And sparkling eyes lit up my sadness drear
While love from woe burst forth with flute and
cheer!

Ah! woods all white with thorn;
Oh! soul, with love aglow—

Aft' winter—spring is born—
 Aft' woe sweet love-sounds flow.
 And spring doth gladden glade and mount and
 hill—
 While love doth quicken hope and gladness
 still!

January (1896).

BALLAD.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

(Written at Cafe, while band of music was playing.)

He dwelled alone—
 A king with a heart of stone
 Dwelled in a castle high—
 That heard the eagle's sad, short cry.
 Down below, the waves would roam
 And wail to strains of the sad, sad foam
 That king had a heart of stone—
 And he dwelled alone—alone!

Came a minstrel there one day—
 And played for the king a low-sweet lay
 Such lovers sing when longing comes
 And builds around the heart strange homes.—
 The king had heard the soft, low strain,
 Then flowed a stream like gentle rain
 Around his heart of stone—

And he swore to live with the minstrel lone
Who to him such music gave,
To be balsam still within the grave!

Geneva (Aug., 1892).

DEJECTION.

My yearnings for those scenes I loved one
month ago—

Are sucked up like the water's flow

By the hot sun on summer-days.—

Those drops, that in the clouds dance, proved

So all unreal that in a shower they

Fell down again and with the rivers play.

So are my longings all dispelled—

For to my wretched doom they came,

And make me mournful and so dumb

That all I would is that Death spelled

Me with His mythy marvel ways!

LINES.

When two hearts flutter together—

But when they part!

The balmiest, fairest weather

Will chill each heart!

A FLASH.

The cisterned scrattle of the subterranean
cricket.

WINTER-NIGHT.

(FRAGMENT.)

Methought, in the dusk of the wintry eve,
 To dwell my sad thoughts in her sweet abode—
 To warm the chilled flow of my bleeding heart
 In memory sweet of the distant one— . .
 To cheer my poor soul with the hours now
 gone— . .

To bear the cold wind with the fancy sweet
 That darkling her head in the breeze did nod—
 And eyes, as if passionate fire there glowed,
 To me sweet extasy—feeling told—
 Not even love's burning rose-lips could tell.

(1882)

INNOCENSE.

Oh! innocent flow of golden tresses
 Adown a shoulder, scarce twelve springs.
 A prophesy of loveliness,
 When maidenhood their fullness brings!
 O golden, flowing hair, that hides a neck so
 coy,
 O soon those straying curls some lover will
 enjoy!

AGAIN INNOCENSE.

Oh! tender maiden, in days when bashful smile
 thine eyes,
Thy slender, passionless limbs dream free
 beyond thy dresses.
And staid thy carriage, borne like Angels in
 the skies.
With auburn lash, and short, sweet chestnut-
 tresses!

TO A VIOLINIST.

Come, tuck thy violin
Close to thy delicate chin
And sway the yielding bow
As thro' thy mind the melodies flow.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! see the straggling clouds mount the green
 sides;
 So low as is the éye—
With fringed trailings tear the blue pine-trees
 As they fleet slowly by.

LINES.

I wish not to delude the eyes of one so fair,
 Nor entangle my fingers in her long golden
 hair.

'Twere sin—'twere sin—I say, 'twere sin
 To let vile visions flow her spirit in!

SWEETNESS.

'Tis sweet to gaze at rosy maiden-cheeks
 Athro' a vision-veil of tender smoke
 That forms its fumes from love-fraught mouth
 that speaks

 A language, answering words that Zara
 spoke.

Oh! sweet the view thro' dream-blue gossamer
 of fumes

So softened, that the face à Hagar-dream as-
 sumes.

A CURSE.

Oh! may thy bones live fresh within thy tomb,
 And may'st thou feel a babe crawl in thy with-
 ered womb—

Below the earth, the clod pressing on thee,
 Who wert so *cruel* never to love me!

IMPROMPTU.

Great God! he worships Thee
Who loves the perfect-hued flower
And listens to the languid strain
That flows from all the pines, that rain
Such silent needle-showers down.

LINES.

The orange sun is back of the pine-fringed hill
Yet one faint glimmer hangs on the dark
high pine.
'Tis gone!—I dream!—But the languor of that
day doth still
Haunt me. And, too, her smile that was di-
vine!

IMPROMPTU.

And building blossomy bridges o'er the blue,
That blow with sweetened winds.
So treading lightly to the towered home
With silver-founts and dappled hinds.

AT NIGHT.

And one star alone
Thro' the hazy heavens shone.
An awe around, in airy realms
An awe, that overwhelms
The mind! There sounded dull
With ringing laughters so doleful
The mountain-streams.

Where the evening-sun had fallen 'baft the
peaks

There paled, thro' broad blue clouds and dark-
grey streaks,

A few wild livid gleams!

(1884)

A MOOD.

I am like the hot summer-air,

That taken shape

Yet hath no shape:

Vibrant with heat!

WOMAN.

Sweet are the feelings
That women inspire ;
Sweeter than reeling,
Or incense-fire—

They come and go as dovelets whirr or sail ;
And are as soft as are their breast, so creamy-
pale.

Sweet is a woman
Restraining her passion ;
Made for a true man.
To love Love's fair fashion.

Naught else doth feel so sweet as soft-stirred
blood—

When woman thrills us—she a beauteous wo-
man-bud !

IMPROMPTU.

So chalky white,
As the locust's belly strange ;
Or as the spot on either side its wings.
So, in the night,
Draped in ermine, she would range
And mutter words inherent with wild things.

DIRGE.

Birds are calling—
 Leaves are falling
 In the last, lone month of the year.
 Love lies bleeding,
 Woe is leading
 A sad life with one large storm-cloud tear!

Flakes are falling—
 Birds are calling
 In the bitter breath of the year.
 Woe is bleeding—
 Love lies bleeding
 On a pillow, wet from one large tear!

LINES.

Thou lutist, let low lullings linger long in
 Love's fond land!
 Thou flutist, flow thy flitting flute-notes, fit for
 Flora's band!
 Thou harpist, hallow Heaven's halls, with har-
 monies so high and hoar.
 Thou lyrist, let thy lyre-lays lull Love with lov-
 ing lilt and lore!

(1890)

IMPROMPTU.

A brain, brimful with showy dress,
And scant of love's own loveliness;
Such do parade in summer-towns:
Displaying tinsel, jewels, and gowns

FLASHES OF THOUGHT.

I.

The fundamental currents run
With the fires of the sun.
And all we do not see
Flows to immortality!

(1890)

II.

When the body is weak,
The soul cannot speak.
When the body is strong,
Bursts forth the immortal song!

III.

The fluid intoxicant
 Doth permeate my brain.
 I may do what I want
 Perform any marvelous strain.
 It seems death is oblivion.
 If, when we die we have supernal
 powers,
 So will I die; and in Elysium
 Sing songs, sweeter than sumptuous
 summer-showers!

LINES.

I love to dip
 My head upon some bloom
 Of rare, unknown perfume
 To see the silver-bees
 Aft' honey sip.
 So, often!—till the day-hour flees
 So like a fallow leaf upon
 The quiet flow of swale-stream lone;
 'Round whom the alders cluster ever;
 The glories sleep; the low reeds quiver!
 (1886)

LINES.

The moon's light is above
The thick broad night-born cloud,
'Way in the darkling grove
The night-owl shrieks aloud.
Will not the moon appear?
The cloud e'er rises higher—
The owl is filled with fear.
For not to-night his desire
Is gratified;—no moon
Arises—for the cloud
Rises and rises, till its noon
Makes moan the owl loud.
So shines a light for man.
Yet clouds e'er pall his moon.
So is great Nature's plan:
Reflecting our's—thought's boon!

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

(1882-1884)

THE BROOK.

Before me flows the brook in placid dreams.
To right and left it rushes on, meseems,
As Scandinavian torrents wild.

Still, with a forest-incantation soft
To the slow sunlit scuds that sail at ease aloft.
It modulates to sounds so mild
As though it sang to some unseen sweet an-
gel-child!

To left, where white grow the waters o'er scat-
tered stones
A sister-brook embraces with infantine delight
her brother's tones—
A sister, flowing down gradations number-
less,
Irregular, protruding, glittering bright;
And caverns small, where sleep the brook-
drops as at night.
A sister, that chants, with voice to bless,
Her clear, canorous madrigal in perfect
peacefulness.

IMPROMPTU.

So sparkled the eyes of my fairy-queen
As in the dark niche of a moss-hung stone
The drops of a spring in richest sheen
Sparkle in the glow of the sun-shine lone!

A LITTLE CHILD.

The evening blaze was flaming fast—
A little child was gambolling.
The red burned to its smouldering last—
A little child was trillering.

I sat in thought with Thackeray—
Indoors, near by the window.
A five-year child, in sportive play,
Ran up and down the verandah.

It pressed its heavenly face on the pane;
And it smiled; and it beckoned to me.
I nod my head, and lost all train
Of thought that travelled thro' me.

It vanishes—appears again!
And peers into the chamber.
But I read on; and I now feign
To be in lands of amber.

But sweet, oh! cunning, little child
It raps upon the window.
And smiles at me, with dimples mild.
Out on the verandah!

Oh ! child, little angel with curls
 The heart that dwells within thee,
 O keep it safe ! till little girls
 Will surely rob it from thee.

And now I smile ; and nod my head.
 Its eyes are laughing, laughing.
 It rushes on with trampling tread—
 I hear it laughing, laughing.

EINSAMKEIT.

Ertönet, Lieder meiner Leiden
 Derweil der Nordwind brausst.
 Erschallet laut mit seinem Schweigen
 Wenn fern er im Gebüsch dort saust.

O tönet, Lieder, Leiden ohne Zahl.
 Tön't weit und breit die Schmerzen
 Wie der Wind jetzt allzumal.
 Durchbebet unsere Herzen.

IMPROMPTU.

As if the sparks resilient were
Augmenting thus the lurid blaze.
And would with full-blown, breezy stir
The flames to starlit heaven raise.

A CHILD.

A dusk-eyed child—
Of countenance mild.
With *dreamy mood*
In *bright* childhood!

A mouth with a smile—
A dimple to beguile—
A visionary gleam—
A child;—a dream.

Its wild-flown hair—
Its brown hand fair—
A dream-doomed child
Of countenance mild.

What dreams of gold,
When thou art old!
Oh! blessed!—Oh! cursed?
By the Dream-god nursed—
A tale so often told!

(1883)

WHEN THE AIR GROWS COOLER.

There are voices in the mountains:
A clattering, shouting throng.
The dark, grey clouds that are floating,
Tell me the throat to such shouting song!

The West-wind carries the voices;
It carries the dark, grey clouds.
The black prophets are thronging the moun-
tains;
The rain streams from the shrouds.

Some lone, white vapors creep up the ledges;
And fade the mountain-trees.
The cawing birds assemble:
Sure trysts for prophesies!

LINES.

The tremulous trees, afore so agitated
By the passion of the Vesper-wind,
Which, like a wave against wild Scheria's
shore,

Surged of a sudden towards the multitude
Of ramous trees on the mountain-sides,
Are now, when to the sun is said farewell,
Of a tranquillity, as a desert mournful
And fully feign the tranquil heavings
Of a happy maiden, when aft' the "Yes" at
night

She folds her arms around her bosom
For joy and extasy, super-sensate,
And wishes ever to be thus:
To press her bosom 'gainst her knees
That her heart may beat against her flesh
That soul and blood and heart may be
Forever one, to lock her body
So firmly that her bliss may venture not
To moments of wild dismay—
In tranquil bliss she thus may stay
Till turmoils come with coming day!

(1883)

NOTES.

Like the sursuration from a charming English girl.

* * * * *

What Goddess haunts my thoughts to-day :
I feel so restless ; sore at heart ?

* * * * *

The thunder is rolling round about me.
Rolling as tho' some gigantic rock
Were riven in twain, and rollèd downward,
Down a rocky cliff—a huge, huge block.

* * * * *

Who may boast of works more wondrous
Than the forms of clouds at even ?

* * * * *

A hue of blue,
Exceeding soft—
As if aloft
White angels flew !

* * * * *

LINES.

She trod adown the hill, like a knight of old
Adorned in raiment black and mystical
Her garment fluttered; her swaying was such
It seemed she were vision-rapt Joan of Arc.
So bold and still, withal with feeling feminine,
She was a mate for me, the mystic one!

LINES.

O glorious, wonderful cloud of August-sun
Slowly lagging from North to South,
The wonderful form, with body grand and
magic,
Is slowly torn to clouds of lesser girth,
Which, growing ugly while they onward sail
And grey their color turns from orient-hues
At last do vanish to small vapors only—
So the vision of a youth doth vanish,
One by one the glistening promises do shift,
Till, of that hope so welded, grand, entire,
He sees but torn images—and all hath flown
in years of manhood!

LINES.

I love to watch the playing shadows
Bask over a waterfall.
The sun's imaginings paint shadows
Upon a forest's waterfall.
The sun's rays, like friendly Spirits, I feel
Fall upon me, lonely youth.

A SIMILE.

Like a brood of water-gnats
Huddle in confusion
O'er a forest-brook—
So huddled they :
Without thought, crushing each other badly.

POETRY'S VALUE.

The words are not a poet's salient qualities—
His thoughts, his noble prophesies are more.
We look not at the flower-varieties—
We wonder at the garden forevermore!

(1884)

SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! unfearing Monarch of gloom!
I am thy devout subordinate.
Was it for always, or but for a time my doom
To be thy friend—and the world to hate?
Keene Valley (1883)

TO WOMANKIND.

O Woman, Woman, with all thy fascinating
 charms
I scorn thy fickle thoughts and waylaying
 eyes.
I, like the wounded lion, brooding o'er the
 hunter's arms,
Wish but for one weapon against thee that
 all defies!

Oh! what is the weapon I must take to o'er-
 master thee?

Oh! where may I find the bodkin, able to
 draw the blood?

The blood from out the flesh of thy winsom
 sigh;

The blood which flows, like a growing brook,
 to a flood!

(1883)

DU NACHT!

Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge;
 Ueb' deine ganze Macht:
 Ernste, milde, träumerische,
 Unergründlich', süsse Nacht!

Nimm mit deinem Zauberdunkel
 Diese Welt von hinnen mir.
 Dass du über meinem Leben
 Einsam schwebest, für und für!

(1882)

MY MOODS.

I'm a moody child, like the clouds
 Ever and ever changing.
 When they lag, with blackened shrouds,
 They are always complaining.

When enthusiasm, like the wind
 Tears my passions, as to cloudlets—
 I'm great in thought—not blind—
 I divulge life's mysteries!

(End of Adirondack Notes.)

A LILT.

Come to me on some gloomy day
And you'll be my light o' sun—
You'll sing me a roundelay,
I'll kiss you, when all is done!

(1906)

MUSIC.

The emotions of the soul into sound to resolve
Is fair Music's sublimest and final endeavor!

A FLASH.

The wild, wild world of thought
Focussed in one quick glance!

STRANGE.

O strange, the soul is purer than the clay,
For she who was begrimed and sad
Felt conscious of love's diamond ray,
Forgetting that she soiled raiment had—
So is love of the soul and look not low
Whether the body's dress is all in glow.

A CHANGE.

A sullen, heavy cloud
Hung o'er our mutual sky—
And Myrtle cried aloud—
She would my love deny.—
How dark and gloomy were those days to me—
When Myrtle would no more my fond dove be.

But now the sky is clear,
Bright jewels sparkle at morn
And jubilant songs I hear
Again Myrtle's love is born—
Ah! sweet the feeling, aft' wroth hours, once
more
To know that Myrtle loves me as before!

A WISH.

O let me lie on shady lawns—
Where twittering birds enliven all—
And gaze on lovely dancing-maidens—
Sweet-draped in short gauze raiments bright;
And let my eyes entrancèd dream
With all their motions, poetry-swayed.

And see their graceful arms bend over
Their flower-wreathèd tresses brown ;
And mark their tripping feet ; or see
Their rosy limbs move to the rythm quaint .
That tells of thoughts and fancies sweet
Whom fairest poet wrote for dreamy minds.
So would I dream all day in sunny June—
While birds their tuneful carols sweet entone
For such was life when thoughtful were we
all—

And loved rare Beauty from our soul's own
depth—
When yet fair nature all our hearts enthralled
And were not chained to show and pelf and
greed.

(March, 1898)

FOUNDATION.

The tree its roots sends through the soil—
Foundation strong for hundred years—
A talent knowledge gets through toil
Rich store, that fame and riches rears.—
The tree its several branches spreads o'er one
same ground—
A talent loves his own same likings to pro-
pound.

The orbs that roll by stormy ways
 Through space—they travel wildly on—
 So genius covers with his lays
 The realms of moon and fiery sun—
 The orbs must on—forever new fields do they
 see—
 So genius builds now here now there—with
 mood so free!

EVOLUTION.

While in the warmth of the genial stove—
 I felt the chill of the wintry eve—
 While list'ning long to the embers' song—
 I heard the dole from the gloomy wood—
 While in the joys of my youthful love
 I know that age soon must weep and grieve—
 While steeped in dreams that to manhood be-
 long—
 I see the distant, dark Angelhood!

CONSOLING THEE!

If men do calumny against thee—
 If men do wrong, and basely cheat thee—
 If they, by smallest spite, defeat thee—
 If men do calumny against thee—
 Care not—oh! work away—
 At things commanding thy doom-day.

Work, work—and though they wrong thee—
Work, work—and though they throng thee
 With thoughts to work no more—
Rest thou with Heaven rare—
 And her in tears, implore
To give thee strength to bear!
Work, work at thy doomed task—
And never mind if men do ask
Of others to do thee a wrong—
Lift up thy voice in song
 To Heaven—
She blesses all who bear and bear—
For She hath with Her Death so rare!
 Oh! Death—sweet Angel Death—
 Who takes to Heaven our Breath—
 To us is given!

LINES.

'Tis sweet to be a poet
For feelings fair of youth,
Are reverbrant in his breast
And all true poets show it
By singing songs of truth
Till in fair death they find their rest!

(1899)

FIRE-WRITING.

Whilst lost in copy of my verses—
 Methought a voice—nay, nay it *spake*
 To me—I heard it echo make
 Within my mind:—“When all-inspired,
 Thou copiest but what Heaven dictates;
 Therefore thy nervous pen is swift
 And penmanship can never glow.”
 'Twas thus I learned to know
 Why swiftly write I—and my gift
 Of fair hand lost. The song elates—
 How can one write as snails do move—
 The fire of the theme, the song you love
 Pervades the hand—it hastens on—
 So that the copying must be quickly done.
 Just as when writing what you hear
 Within the mind, the soul—the Spirit's Ear.
 Electric hand!—hast lost the calm
 Of fairest penmanship, that once at school
 Was the example—now thy palm
 Is fired by the flames, of not a rule—
 But of the impulse, Heaven-inspired.
 Oh! therefore when I copy—all is fired
 Again with that quick sense, that's given
 To the inspired bard—from fair far Heaven!

A MOTHER'S EYE.

O, how blissful the eye of a mother,
It beams at the sight of her child—
O, a radiance of Heaven shines from it—
A passion of softness grows wild!

O, when far on old farmsteads of former
Delights, how the eye is aglow!
“O, here, when I kissed May in the orchard,
“How chubby she looked—but anow!——”

And the mother speaks wildly in accents—
She wishes her child at her side—
O, her eyes spark the passion of fondness—
The eyes of a mother are wide!

(1882)

LINES.

It is the subject rare
That makes a poem fair—
When thinking on soft love
Or flowers in May's sun-grave
The poem will contain
Mellifluous sweet strain—

If sordid thoughts engage
 The poet's mind—or rage
 Be flaming in his heart
 The beauteous songs depart—
 All that is born is bare
 Of sweetness fresh and fair—
 So let a poet's mind
 In life sweet joyance find
 Then will his songs be fair—
 As Californian air
 When February brings
 Soft winds so Flora sings
 And rocks and hills and vales
 Are teeming with flower-tales—
 So is it love or glow
 That makes a song in beauty flow.

SUN-PICTURE.

'Tis glorious, after rainy days,
 To see the pompous sun stride forth
 And scatter far and wide his rays
 While clouds are riven by wind of north.
 Then is it as, when eyes,
 That bring soft lover's surprise,
 Beam forth their fond affection true—
 With warmth our joyous heart imbue!

IMPROMPTU.

Blow! wind of South—
And cradle the boat
That lieth afloat
'Neath boughs in bloom:
That hang soft over
The marge of the lake.
Blow! so her mouth
Two roses afire—
May answer the desire
Of her own lover,
Three words of doom:
To thrill my soul awake!

LINES.

The equinoctial storms arise
And us with chilly winds surprise.
Oh! how they make of sunny trees
A sound-sake of the seething seas!
Geneva, Suisse (1891).

A QUANDARY.

Is fame, but a name,
And wealth but a stealth—
Is love but to prove
She's made for to trade?
Is all, great or small,
A shame, and a game;
And naught, not e'en thought,
Is truth? Well, forsooth!
It seems that my dreams
Are fairer and dearer
Than most of life's host
Of things, that man brings
To youth; when forsooth,
Age shows that all goes,
When gold hath a hold
On man and *his* plan—
Then Soul, me control!
I'll dream—and I'll seem
Above—with my love
For beauty and duty—
The host that are lost
To thought and to God!

MARCH-WIND.

I was alone 'neath Nature's domes—when
March

Wailed out in waving song its sad farewell—
To die! and gird a wreath of harmonious moan
Around its tomb! Nor wept its mourners tear-
less—

For vapors circumambient spent their grief
Upon the scar, and dampened fields.

Within
The bounds of one bare wold I stood—and
watched—

And listened! and the awe of Nature came
Upon me, as a spell, by ancient magic wrought;
The heavy surge flooded the crests—and sound
On sound fell, like a prophet who outpours
His deep-inspired revelation! Songs
Of many voiced grievings swelled all over;
While sorrows sighed with piercing anguish;
woes

Of Winter's turmoils dragged their burdens
on;

Unclogged, they fell upon the crisp of some
Uncalled-for wailing, that sped through the
trees

With fleeter strain.

Methought there moved along
 A gown of wild-tuned harmony—with tunes,
 That died or lived, as folds grew zones, or
 vales!

Methought that mighty wind was mystic
 shroud,

So huge, encompassing the eye-viewed hemis-
 phere—

And rolled its groans and moans—its voices
 sweet—

Its sighs and cries all over our earth!

And when it swelled before me, tunelessly,
 It rent between my listening ears—and each

Torn film did harp a song its own—for me
 To hear, and marvel at!

O, wondrous song!

Unutterable its sway—untuned for lyre,
 For lute, or organ's tones, majestic borne!

O, song of wind—when March is dead; and
 thou

In songs of wondrous harmony dost outpour
 The various feelings, deep-enshrined within
 That Heart! O, wind, thou moanest what had
 thundered

Ere thou wert born! Twin-child to sound, that
 far

In Time's unknowable womb had flooded
chaos!

Thou, Wind! art ever mystic, as the grief
In man's quaint heart! Unknown to all thy
voice;

Alone to Heaven is thy Song disclosed!
Mysterious Sound of Wind!

O NIGHT!

O Night! Thou mighty mesmerist!
Thou ensleepest all men's thoughts, as
though

To never think again!—So slow
Thy workings thro the day, that whist
Are all our broodings. A weirder tryst
Than some crazed lover's thou dost show
When quietly the night-winds blow—
That never daemon-lover has wist!

What shapes and dreams will rise!

When thy sway sweepeth well
O'er all our thoughts—our eyes!

And only Day dispells
Thy power;—and Twilight quells
What streamwise on us fell!!

Paris (1887).



Lost Love



PROEM.

Echoes from across the sea
 As they ring within the ear
 Of my lover's memory—
 If you hearken, you shall hear
 Melodies as sing the sylphids gay—
 Symphonies as strikes the storm's affray.

Echoes from across the sea—
 She is singing all the day—
 All the day I listening be—
 And withon a tablet rare
 I would love to carve these songs that
 come so gay
 From those lands, where redolent is all
 the air!

SONG.

Though storms and tossing waves
 Atween our loving be—
 Sweet recollection saves
 Me from forgetting thee!

Though years of tears and sighs
 Have parted us so long—
 My sweetest melodies
 Recall the long-gone song!

Though billows part us, love—
Three thousand miles of sea—
At wake of morn, my dove,
My dreams do image thee!

Though tempests intervene—
Though years of sighs have flown—
Sweet memory hath seen
Thee like a blossom blown!

INTERLUDE.

The Poet's pabulum is Phoebus' song—
The Poet sings it in a weaker voice—
What paeon wakes his soul, with throng and
throng
Of carols for his thirsty pain as choice!

Upon pactolian shores he rests and sings
To runes he found in some Utopia—
Remorseless beats his heart—his conscience
flings,
Content and happy, to the breeze a lay!

Cool Limat-breaths reveal his firm, broad brow
Revered is he by passing swain—his shoon
Bear him to hallowed regions—at the prow
Of Glory's barge he chants of poet's boon!

O, throng and throng of carols come as choice
For him to soothe his thirsty pain—the song
Of Phoebus sings he in a weaker voice—
The Poet wends Pactolus-stream along!

LOVE.

My love is like the night
That, with her million stars a-beaming,
Is constant in her glorious might
To cause all to be dreamnig!
My love shall beam as yon bright star
That beams when no more stars there are!

My love is deep a' the sea,
That though it dream to rain in heaven
Re-deepens from the river's glee,
From eternal sources given—
My love shall well as freshest springs—
Though dry—well up when Hylas sings!

My love is like the sun
Whose rays, at night, at day, are shining
Upon this globe of planets one
The fairest—without declining—
My love shall glow as glorious noon—
Irradiate as midnight's moon!

TO MY LOVE.

Lo, above the calm-wide sea
Slumber storms and breaths of air—
O'er night's tranquillity
Flash the meteors—everywhere—
Lo, love's waiting trusts in recognition—
While love's thought is live with song's igni-
tion!

And the vessel sails away
To some port's luxuriant shore,
And the stars in glow array
Warm the skies forevermore—
And love's skiff shall waft to summer's glow-
ing
Love's sincereness shall be ever growing!

PERAMBULATION.

Over the dunes I am wandering away—
Wave the long grasses like flames on the
plain—
Down the sand-hollows—and up the sands
gray—
Dreaming of her—while low rumbleth the
main.

Cull the small glory, whose tendrils the wind
Blows, like the tresses of wayward, fair
girls—

Kiss the rose-petal—and tears make me blind—
One long, faint sigh—and away the wave
swirls!

On the dune-heights watching gulls in the gale
Far the grey billows close follow the sky—
Crying full deeper than roar with its wail—
Down the arched ocean my love-longings
fly!

Over the dunes I am wandering astray—
Lonely—save winds blowing grasses—the
sea

Sounding and sighing—and running away—
Dreaming of her—while the winds follow
me!

OCEAN-ORIZONS.

Wilt thou tell me where the sea
Learns its weird-toned melody—
Nay, such battle-symphony—
All melodious tragedy—
Light Terpsychorean sharps—
With the plaint of flutes and harps—
Nay, such all harmonious throng:
Quiv'ring to a Syren's song.

Nay, such weird, unearthly groans—
Calm and ominous undertones
Toppling sounds—and headlong strains—
Rumbling as from thundering wains—
Then again such singing sweetness
Borne upon the wind's own fleetness
Through the surge, and crisping caps—
As each wave and wave o'erlaps.
Then a wail—a cannon-boom—
Quiet as the day of doom
Till the chopping waves upcleave—
Till old Charon's people grieve.

INTERLUDE.

Of various man the singer brings
Most joy! to others, as himself—
As sweetly as the bird he sings—
Like it for no reward nor pelf.
O, chime thy bells, O village, for the singer
sweet—
For with no singer earthly life is ne'er com-
plete!

The writers for the day must toil—
Delve deep in books man wrote of yore—
But like some sumptuous orient soil!
The singer's fields bud evermore—

O, task and plague breed gruesome stories
 overtold;
 O, Heaven's blessing! singers warble of wood
 and fold!

'Tis as the breezes come to blooms—
 'Tis as the clouds shape fancy forms—
 His songs tell of man's joys and dooms—
 And sudden come like summer-storms—
 They will believe not that the singer's soul is
 true—
 Will they believe that Heaven be above earth's
 blue?

Of various man the singer strows
 Most fragrant flowers on life's path—
 His song shows as the morning shows
 And as the evening lesson hath—
 O, if ye love the stars—our mountains and our
 flowers—
 Be under his vast blessings—they are Heaven's
 bowers!

A COCKLE.

Oh! just as shell—the refuse of the sea—
 Cast on the shore as though for nothing—
 Into my hand I place it—and a tear
 Rolls on it as its miracle I hear:

Though I am on the lonely sea-sand stretches—
 Away from soundless clefts of ocean's
 reign
A man takes joy in me—for he is learning
 One secret more of Nature's lore-immane.

And in my soul transposed: my life
 So insignificant that it may be
To some wayfarer on the shores of strife
 May shine a *light* to God's eternity.

WOOL-GATHERINGS.

It is late afternoon—already mists
Descend upon the headlands looming up
Like lofty thoughts in sorrow's love-lorn
 dream!—

Already shine the headlights on the rocks
Forever snowed by spray and froth—the glare
Of sempaphores in circles fills the gloom
With half a cheerfulness and half a dread.—
The chill of autumn swamps the cliffs—it wets
My cabin's walls, and burdens the briny blare
As on the panes it clatters, and trembles aloof.
It is late afternoon—before the fire
My thoughts are wandering afar—but sudden,
Distracted by a flame outside the grate,
They stream into my eyes, observing quick
What novel works be there performed. At
 noon

Athrough the bare sea-wold I strayed alone—
Yet leaves were tears to branches—on the
ground

They lay like ruffled pools that image hues
From rose, and hazel, and the colored vine!
It is my wont to gather leaves, and bring
Them to the room, where there they serve to
warm

The ingle, ere the massive fuel blaze
And laugh with muffled sound. It was a leaf
That flamed—it was a fallen leaf whose life
Was spared—yet now imported by its new,
Unwitnessed consummation some new thought,
Some law which since escaped my mind and
eye.

And from the roaming dreams—stand inquir-
ies

Upon the edge of thought, like chamois fleet,
Upon the verge of Alpine precipice.
I gaze into the fire—a motioned blaze
Whose motor are the freed atomic parts
Of wood and anthracite—impulsively
With warmed acceleration flung up through
The flue, whose channel draws them to the air,
Wherein their attenuated substance grows
A part of cosmic element—ether's compound.
A heat surrounds the impetuous blaze—it
warms

The ingle, tingles brow and cheeks, the air,

That keeps the life in me, it frees from cold
And dampness. So the flapping flames evolve—
Their birth was the quick rubbing of a
growth—

Unsentient mineral—that, by man's work,
A latent kindler lay, till need required
Its fire-effect. The savage strikes the flint—
Civilization found earth's phosphor, showed
its use—

But here I see the leaf burn where no hand
Struck fire, nor have mechanic means ex-
changed

The dried cells for light and heat, as true
As when transcendent thoughts eke in the soul
No earthly agent was their tutor, they glowed,
They flashed the psychic miracle that thought
Is bred from supernatural influences!

At moments! Here the element had touched
The leaf; its million lives concentrated
Withon the surface—mingling swiftest atoms
With those of dead-repose—lo, without flame
To kindle—without visible light to grow a
fire—

The leaf, away from the combustion—burned!
Tempestuously the gale is sounding all—

The night does penetrate within my room—
Eidolons hover at the lattice—hark!

As manes mourning, scream the homeward
gulls.

A thud anear the casement—birds come flock-
 ing,
 Attracted by the glimmer on the panes—
 All calleth up hoar alchemists in deeps,
 With crucibles at work—in vain endeavor
 To obtain their subtle, pure elixir—all
 Confusedly seeks quiet contemplation.
 But as my brain whirls, and is smitten sharp
 By endless thongs of thought—so is the sea—
 The air, the headland, and the very hut.
 In midst of whistle-shriek the flames flap,
 The crackling ingle throws its heat around—
 And all my thought is steeped in how the leaf
 Burned up without ignition. Like some Faust
 Whose weary hours bred uncanny thought—
 and led
 His philosophic mind into the covers
 With lichen greyed and burned by centuries—
 Of supernatural lore, and mystic lay—
 So delves my curious thought in unknown
 mines
 Of knowledge all beyond the physic-teacher.
 Instead of invocations magic-threats
 At the low fire-world—my asking soul
 As even in the dawning air the lark
 With trusting song inspired, scales up to
 Heaven—
 There being bathed in living light, as even
 The joyous morning-warbler in the sun's!

Though by the cliffs the surge swells—near
the oak

There wail the winds—in contemplation's sky

Serenely float I—as a rosy cloud

Of eve; but this the angry fire hears—

And this the glimmering panes resound—and
this

The wind takes in its furious flight—though
fain

To hello it, as through some world-renowned
Metropolis exhortingly it howls:

“The all-devouring element—assured

To bend hard gold, and stubborn adamant,

If leisure be its stipulation—fire,

Of chaos old one dire and beauteous offspring:

Irradiates—infests—contagion—bent,

Ignites an aliment, which is not hot—

Oh, fire, once urged by breath-supporting gas,

Would eat the world from crust to crust—if
one

Continuous mass combustible it were!

‘A mystery resides within that flame

“Whom mortal eyes had worshiped—worship
yet—

“Believing there the God doth hold abode—

“A mystery! this leaf directs me thither—

“Whose flaming portals must be passed—

“Even as in olden days of legend, Knights

“Their valor proved, by rushing through wroth
flames.

"Within—more powerful than man is fire—
 "Disintegrating rocks—its crepitations
 "Sound as some blasting tunnel's walls—it eats
 "The very air, and mingled, conflagration's
 peak
 "Doth rise, derisive of man's vain attempts
 "To choke its sway—or end its ire. What
 recks
 "It for its sister—element—their sizzling war
 "Promotes its fury—out of steam it towers—
 "A smoke—to flame aloft victorious!
 "In ashes only dies the flame—its food
 "Devoured—and, as the bloodless man lies
 cold—
 "So is its life no more—but as in man
 "His principle from nature coming—so fire
 "Eternal is in air—when fed—it flames!"
 (O so the seed of man, by woman fed—
 (Grows, till emerging from the womb, the
 stores
 (Of Nature's wealth keep vitalizing the new
 child
 (Till passing through life's stages, it does die!
 (Or, as a cankered bloom, by sickness touched
 (Fades early.) While the flame hath life, its
 heat
 Doth travel through the nearest space of air—
 Alighting on atomic objects, and they glow.
 O, so the leaf enveloped by the heat,
 Till it was one with it, burned to its embers.

Man is a burning flame—whose heart is hearth,
 Whose will propels its brightness by apt fuel—
 Health, joy, and hope. O, as the fire's heat
 So man within him hath diffusing warmth—
 Which, when it finds congenial fellow, spreads
 O'er him, till, long immersed, upsprings man's
 friendship.

When on the chilly night's of wrath December
 And icy seas moan, sob, and wail—my cot
 Was like a blast that blew o'er rivers cold
 Snowed over with light frost—and like a
 nymph

Shivering on the margin of the cold wood-pool
 Aft' having rippled it with her assaying foot—
 So undecided my ownself—but after tears
 Entoned more than old anthem's—slowly crept
 My vital heat from forth of me—and warmed
 What erst seemed as congealèd ocean-spray.
 Fair woman hath a tepid body—
 Superior to man's colder heart—commingling
 With ours, her warmth doth enter into us—
 And though we were in temperate climes, so
 is the heat

Which she emits—O glorious triumph's wreath
 Of the Creator! So is man a fire
 Possessed of properties as like the flame—
 Eternal fire—eternal man—one cosmic—
 One is condensed into earth—fitting shape—
 Both have a birth from th' universe's scheme—
 Inscrutable!" Now wane the gales—the drops

Adown the eaves ring as the far-off voice
That winds through woodland-gulch to some
lone glade—

A silence, as soft bubbling water flows
Upon a silvery sheet of night-born ice—
Spreads over the chilled air—above the waves,
That I see crisping from the window-pane—
The majesty of night in robes of gore, doth
mount

Her wind-blown chariot—wheeling silently!
Back to the ingle—there the leaf yet lies—
A black and shrivelled spot upon the stone.—
O, ashes are the object's ruins—bones,
Vestiges of our life—and fire leaves
A memory that it devoured all,
But no more—life hath tasted much—it lets
Its far successors see that osseous frame
Is testimony, that an individual breath
Has heaved the living breast—that bones pro-
claim

The truth of definite souls in definite forms—
The skeleton is monument as ashes show
That fire hath ended!

Love, O, even thou!

Thou hast diffused thy soul-love over me—
Till in its potency my mind grew errant—
Lost with its superwealth of charm! O, Love,
It hath consumed me—till its over-fire
Longed to re-glow within thy heart—alas!—
It spreads upon estrangement—as one flame

That beats against a frozen wall—it melts
The frost—but lo!—its wild affection wrought
Its death—the drops drenched all—and would
not let

It cheer itself! “As one wrapt long in woe,
I lean against the pane—and listen—listen
How Nature’s airs die, how the far seas flow.—
O glorious shines the cold lemon-moon—bright
stars

Sparkle free—and near the lone rocks glisten,
glisten—

So pale, as even my sad memories.—

O, influx of night’s thoughts—O, streaming
forth

Of molten cries, commingled with her awe,
From surexcited brain! And echoes touch
The faintly jingling glass—and scar my heart,
And night’s supremest quiet is like death
Alone in freshly-wreathed vault—but far—
O, far above, the dapper twinkle of those orbs,
That ever glow from one another’s fire,
In jocund dance sing Life’s unending Light—
And to them turns my thought.—O stars, that
sweep

The hems of the inane, by motion’s pressure
Burn steadfastly, from one another’s blaze
Forever kindled — sustained — renewed! O,
stars,

Revolving orbs—and ye whose liberty
Rolls over spans immeasurable to our brain—

And thou, beyond them all—the heaven's
Allah!

O, sun! from ye I learn that flint is one
With ye—that man shares with ye flame and
motion—

That fire is cosmos—that a daedal life
From ye hath been—unfathomably turned to
shapes—

To growth—to life—to thought! That fire
was first!

From which, infinitesimally wrought,
A just proportion constituted ore—
And one the majestic thunderer of the desert—
From which, inscrutably mixed, its mingled
parts

Promoted passion—others a searching eye—
The most ethereal blazed high inspiration!
That when the land-seas bear the huge Bether-
moth

Ye are the subtle showing o' the Almighty
In his vast Power—to chain ye till His Plan
Wills that ye glow and grow! Oh, as our God
Hath wondrously known to turn a wild fire-
star.

O mighty sphere of flame and wrath—an orb
Whose ungovernable rolling as the thunder
sounds—

Into a fair glow-diamond, to our eyes
So many thousand miles away—so may
He let my soul resolve my wandering thoughts

Into immortal words—twinkling in skies
 As even stars!—seen by my fellow-minds.
*The Universe contains all Germs of Fire
 Heat is in everything, is everywhere!
 Mite-man is washed in fire-sustaining air—
 He burns as even the branch on godly pyre!
 All on this earth, through the inane—is
 Heat—*

*O, silence tingles—flames beget thought—all is
 change—*

*O, subtle Spirit! out of Heat
 The far inane with all on earth—once to have
 shaped—*

*O, change and motion so the fires range—
 Invisibly is all with latent fire draped!*

She dons her silver chain, on dais throned
 Earth's satellite irradiates her warmth—
 Which we perceive as beauteous silver-glow
 Withon our eye. Heaven's huge expanse doth
 live—

And breathes, and motions, and her songs are
 lofty

As those each glory-ascending soul doth
 chaunt.

It is the weary under-song that calleth me—
 The sadness which the water's heat
 Sets to a melody—it is that gale
 From forth the troubled fluid makes me dream
 That storm and showers with the howling wind

And sighing trees, are echoed in that voice—
 (One way that heat propels its energy!)
 The glowing embers, like ripe crabs whose
 smiles
 Are tintured with the summer's greatest
 glow—
 Yawn as in final agony. . . . Those grey
 And shrivelled masses by the half-red coals—
 Few sparks, like owl-eyes in cold, dark nights,
 One leer, a demon's sneer-farewell—upon
 The hearth-stone wavers the sad moon's pale
 smile—

With mystery, and with thought I am alone!
 When fire fades—our dreams are left to us—
 Undreaming fools! (For in weird deepest
 dreams

Sublimest truths are born!) My ears resound
 The mutt'ring silence—ay—the monotone—
 Yet modulate—of earth's utter quietude.
 O, Love—that fire served someone—it died
 Aft' having done its part; when with that
 wonder

O, Nature's awful wonder—and well it be
 That so we fare—this feverish body mingles.
 O, even as those flames that are no more—
 My soul is calm:—I've done—my day is up!

INTERLUDE.

'Twas two long days ago I strayed
 Where often Cupids must have played

In silvery hours of Apollo's reign—
O, Greece, what charming thoughts have lain
Withon thy fancy's sumptuous lawn:
To love the night—revere the dawn!
Adore each work of Nature—own
That Zeus is the God alone!
And that each mite—each passion bears
A life—a soul!—I strayed by stairs
That Nature cut into the crag—
By cliffs—by ocean-sliding sag—
By shining slabs, that set a table
For Asa-folk—so croons the fable—
By pillared rocks—and fluted walls
Where never sun's great shining falls—
By precipices, listening solemn
To the low surge—by lichen'd column
Where-'round birds multitudinous
Their nests build, O so hazardous—
By threading paths of rock, where-'round
The thundering billows muffled sound—
Till to the bright green lea I came
That seemed as though from spray game
The Sylphids just had left it—cool
Invigorant, as woodland pool.
Here were the lapping waves to me
As thoughts come from eternity—
Here was the murmuring surf like breeze
Sweet whisp'ring runes to summer-bees—
Here was the stretch of ocean's realm
As when grand truths us overwhelm!

There swelled a wave—and on its spray
 A delicate Syren-woman lay—
 With questioning mien—and sad, sad eye,
 With fine, soft hand—and bosom high
 Upon a fairest waist; and scale
 On scale made up her fishy tail
 That sparkled gem-like in the sun.—
 She left the spreading wave—and on
 The moist and iridescent sand—
 Half glided—half with her small hand
 Oared on to where I sat in thought—
 Where Nature to me soothings brought.
 With unfamiliar sigh her lips
 Gave utterance—above her hips
 I saw the beatings of a heart—
 Which must have been like mine in part—
 For at “What are you, lonely one!”
 My body’s fibres were unspun.
 A chill did fright me—was it true
 A syren-woman parlance knew!
 “What are you!”

O, those sad, sad eyes—
 Beseeching for compassionate replies—
 That luring bosom, and those tresses—
 With drops, like dew in wildernesses
 Where ferns and blooms abide—those scales,
 In sheldy hues—that form whose trails
 Upon the sand grooves serpent-wakes—
 On either side an imprint takes
 The shape of human hand—how say

To her that dreamers sing a lay
Upon the strand—that warbles sing
Of sea, and wind's swift marvelling!
But she did touch my hand, which was
Yet oozey from the deep sea's grass—
She showed her coral-teeth, as white
As rarest coral-blooms—and bright
Her features grew—but sad her eye—
Within a latent mystery
Was mourning—O, she sylabelled
As though those strange sounds had been
 spelled

Before that wave sprayed her to me—
“What are you!” and a potency
Held me—we were become as friends.
“A poet.” said I, “But who sends
“You to me—half a fish, half human
“A scaly tail—a sweet-shaped woman!”
And there rose such marvel lay
As magic lute at elfin-play—
When evening comes—it trembled afar
Within the surf—where dolphins are.
It hovered o'er spume like summer-air.
Enshrouds with gauze the wild-fields fair;
She sylabelled in sweet response:
“O, poet—know you what was once!
“I loved then; we held sway in ocean—
“We thought as you—the sea's commotion
“We shared—and, buoyant, sported
“Within the brine. O, none distorted

“Our shape; no laws made us forget
“That we were Nature’s—no regret
“Grew mournful eyes—no one had willed
“That his sea-closets be rich filled
“With coral—or pearl—O, queen of all
“The sea’s rare jewelry—no thrall
“To pride his own dominion held
“Aloof of others—no one quelled
“Our joy when on the whales we rode—
“Or sheldey flower-polyps strowed
“Upon some festive beryl-floor.
“O, no—our thoughts were sweet—the store
“Of ocean’s wealth—the strands were dear
“To us—but one strange thought brought tear
“Upon thick tear—O, why a tail
“As rudder?—why sweet lips to wail
“When on the sand we mused?—O, why
“The beauteous shoulder?—why the eye
“That flashed our sad thought to the gale?
“Why could we play in airless vale
“Deep down in sea’s abysm?—why flute
“By looming cliff—or with horn-lute
“Entrance thy fellows—whom we feared—
“For they could run—we saw they reared
“Sweet babes, that long the beach would play.
“But never came to where we stay.”
No longer could I let her speak—
“How do you know our ways—that weak
“We have become—though strong in mind—
“Sordid our heart—our reason blind!”

Her sad, sad eyes, as though an age
Of fruitful knowledge—of weal and rage—
Had made them so—looked up at me:
“Way by the Yellow Seas I used to be,
“And there an aged man, like you—
“He dreamed—to him I went—then knew
“I all!” Then touched that woman sweet
My hand—“O, tell me what you meet
“With here, upon the lonely strand—
“Away from house, and fatherland!”

Those accents, doleful, as the cry
Of homeward culver, made me sigh.—
They were moist with sadness—fraught
With echoes of such long, long thought!
I could not answer—tears rolled down—
I saw a mist o’er sea and heaven thrown;
But in my ears strange sayings swelled—
The Syren ’twas that sylaballed:

“O, Pride invaded primeval hearts—
“So now the healthy joy departs.—
“O, Poet—he told all to me.—
“O, listen to my melody!
“You deem yourself superior men—
“Because by grove, in home-like glen,
“All is subjected to your sway.
“You think we are not human—ay—
“You never think the billows bear
“A voluptuous pillow-bosom; nor tear

“Apart our seaweed garment’s trail
“As on we ride, when sea-air’s quail
“In sprayey woe—nor that the brine
“Does sleep a brow that seems divine—
“Nor that we, Syrens, be. O, pride—
“O, pride, born when the doe-buck’s hide
“Clothed swarthy shoulder, when the pearls,
“The corals, jingled on neck of girls—
“When all of Nature’s beauties served
“As ornaments to man! You swerved
“From Nature’s path—your heritage
“Was happiness in every age—
“Live in the honey of the vales—
“Respire fragrance in the pales
“Of Nature’s teaching—drink what there
“Was poured out—no more—for nowhere
“Between the two cold arcs, need more
“Be known than gives a bounteous store
“Of doing for life’s dream—for lo!—
“All is but futile—all you know
“Is gulped up, when you be, like us,
“Cold vomited by tumultuous
“Seas on the bare sand-beach, where lie
“Crumbled bones of our ancestry.
“A pastime all your sages know—
“Our babe that sees the gates of Glow
“Is like the white-locked sage, when he
“Leaves to his fellows Vanity!
“O, Poet—by the star-fish houses
“No vice breeds, never wild carouses

“Commit low crime—as Nature said
“So love we—joy and sport are led
“By Syren-maidens—delicate
“As Nautilus—we know no hate—
“With the wild froth we play—we muse
“Upon a cliff, above of whose
“Fair-flowered head the glaucous waves
“Roll, even as clouds, when heaven roves.
“But Pride, that loathful canker vile,
“Ate all the petals of Love’s rose—
“And your proud life is to beguile
“Low pleasures without travail’s throes.”
She murmured, as the lipping wave
Rustles along the coral-cave,
To me that Love hath wandered away
Since gold keeps now his sordid sway—
That Love by station is debased
And Love from life’s sweet page erased—
As the once sweet blooming bud
Deformed by hail’s wild cutting flood!
O Pride!” . . . But here I touched her hand
As clammy as the sea-laved sand—
And gazed into her human eyes—
Yet soft with spray—with coral-dyes—
Illumed to strange fair love fond orbs—
And uttered: O Syren! what absorbs
Thy speech so true, so like a one
Who dreams of Good and Love alone—
Like our philosophers that aye
Sore seek the most sublime life way

That leads to betterment and God—
Though they are scorned on earth's fair sod!
Thou knowest all that makes man blind—
And oft so thoughtless as the wind—
And bestial, savage—far from human—
Degrading thus God's love-vowed woman!
Thou feelest what in poet's heart
Must simmer, what doth wildly start
When God's child sees the wrong and greed
That this queer world's low mankind feed—
O, thou dost know what crazes me
That world had taken what should be
My happiness, my manhood's powers—
Berobbing me of orange-flowers—
And letting all my energies die—
I must weep and sigh and sigh.”
Then did that lovely woman-fish
Let purl a tear down her rose-cheek:
“O mortal—let thy sorrow's wish
Be that you die together meek
And loving so your soul be blessed
When body's frets have gone to rest!”
“But how curtail these torture-days—
Made sweet by singing sorrow-lays—
But ever burdened with a moan—
As sursurrus with ocean's groan—
How let this heart of mine be filled
With energies, ambitions high—
When she Love's sacred cup had spilled
Before me—thrown away Joy's die!”

Then rolled full many a drop adown
Her rosed cheek:—"O friend of love!
Keep in thee all that God had grown
For thee to sing of so to prove
That He is greater than the world—
Though they revere not thy great heart,
Though they may all thy love-songs thwart,
Though they ignore thy divine lays,
Though none proffer thee highest bays—
Keep e'er thy song-sails fair unfurled
And speed o'er skies to regions rare
Where soul to spirit thrilleth there—
Where, if thy love loves not on earth
There she may feel Love's sweetest birth
Unharassed by the clink of gold
But charmed by lutes and Angel's fold
Of luminous cov'ring—splendrous glow—
That we shall all some near day know!
Sing, sing thy songs of woe and wail—
Some day the world's praise shall prevail!
Then with a sad look she did part
And left a hope-spark in my heart—
And as a lithe snake through the grass
Her tail a wake left in the sand—
Then plunged in the surf—and all did pass—
So sadly, sweetly—wild and bland—
That long upon the rock I dreamed—
And all she said to me had seemed
A dream—yet it was true, oh! true—
So that I wept, and all the hue

Of heaven turned to misty blue
 As the soft azure on a shell—
 Then heard I the eve's curfew-knell—
 While late gulls with their wise, shrewd eyes
 Leered at me from the splashy sand—
 Then sailed they on with shrilly cries—
 And I strolled homeward 'long the strand—
 O, homeward strolled—with hope alone
 To kiss my hot brow to sweet rest—
 And confidence in God's high throne,
 Till He will show me to the Blesst.

Paris, France (1887).

A SONG.

I feel so like a lonely cloud,
 Way far in the mountains hoar:
 With all the splendor of the sun
 Aplaying through its delicate mould—
 But torn by the dark pines!

I feel so like the desolate shore,
 Where never a foot trod on—
 Nor played with the crystal shroud
 That trembles o'er a floor of gold,
 When no orb heaves nor shines.

I feel so like the plaintive wave,
That hath all the ocean's splendor there—
All the rosed sky to dream in, when 'tis eve—
But hath no cliff to sound its song—
Nor hath a pearl to stay its fleet-fleet surge.

I feel so like the bird forlorn, so fair
In groves of orient-blooms and mild agave.
Oh! like the bird that flits from tree, to grieve
Upon the blossomy ground—there wail, and
long
For one of fairer feather—as song a dirge!

I feel as though I would to lay me down
Upon a soft moss-bier—and there to die.
Oh! breathe no more—and let the sweet moss
be
A grave, so calm, so cool, so green;
To lie there ever—lost in woe and pain!

I feel as though 'twere sweet to fly
Away from all the fretting flutter of the
town;
And lose my way in some deep wood-countrié.
Oh! sleep with beasts—when thunders loud
Deluge the air—and I would slowly wane!

I feel the weight of loneliness upon my soul—
I would to be soon dreaming in earth's prom-
ised goal.

(December, 1885.)

DOES LOVE EXIST?

'Twere better I were dead—

'Twere best to be with Thee,

All singing songs of rapturous glee—
Than feel as though I were a passing wind
Here on this globe—where I no echo find

To my deep melodies!

'Than treated be as is a gorgeous sunset's fire
By those, in whom all piety fled—
And reverence for Thy wonders and thy mar-
vels—

O, God, 'twere better far

To sing upon a lonely, frozen star—

That tune my lyre for a world so dumb and
dull—

A world that court but greed's desire—
And shirk all that is simple, and so beautiful

On Thy earth's wonder-crust—

And play at games with Thy great laws and
beauties—

O, God, 'twere best to be

A-singing in Eternity—

For here no soul lists more to prophecies—
Nor owns Thy marvel-law of dust to dust!

A SONG.

I am dead—yet living—
 I am giving—
 Yet led to take—
I am dead—yet singing—
 I am bringing
 Such songs that wake
 The morning-flower—
To thee!
 Yet prone to ask
 For lips that sing
 More beauteous far
 Than trillering
 At daybreak's hour!

I am dead—yet breathing—
 I am wreathing
 My lyre with bunches
 Of milk-white roses
 That bloom like thee
 At Kandahar!
To scent my songs!
 Yet wishing posies—
 And love's pure punches
To fall and flow
 From thy pure hands
And where thy lucid throat
 May sing such deftest notes—

Like bird in sand,
 Where maidens dance—
 Their mystic trance—
 To harping throngs.
I am dead—yet living—
 I am giving
 Sweet life to melodies—
 I hope to sing
To thee!
 Yet all desirous of
 Your deepest love!
I am dead—yet singing—
 I am bringing
 Sweet tones to extasies
 Like songs of Spring
To thee—
 Yet prone to take
 From thy pure lips
 A kiss—
 And purer dips
 Into many a lover's bliss!
One day in thy pure arms
 And thy sweet charms
 To wake!
 (December 9, 1885.)

SONG.

- O fondest flower, fade not in the flare
Of crystal glasses, nor of golden chambers—
O, keep thy heart still fresh—as in the air
Where by the brookside the rose lonely
clambers—
O, fade not, flower—
For thou art there for my blooming—
O, wither not, flower—
For thou dost live for my own blooming—
O, by the jewel, by the glitter of the glassy
glare—and by the timid show—
O, flower, keep thee pure and rosy—keep thy
heart as shines the morning's glow!
- O, fondest flower, fade not in the flare
Of world's small brilliant halls and lifeless
gardens—
O, leave thy heart to thee—as though thou
dreamest there
In beauteous bosk—with elfin laughters trill-
ing through—
And freshened by a diamond-brightening
dew—
O, by the caskets, by the fretful world—and by
those vices, seeming none—
O, flower, let a bluet blow at times—and think
those petty hours gone!!
(December 9, 1885.)

MOCKERY.

Ho-ho-ho!

I loved a mortal maid who loved not me—

Ho-ho-ho—

And still the song of birds persists to be

Ho-ho-ho!

Ho-ho-ho!

These long, long years I loved a loveless maid.

Ho-ho-ho—

And yet the year doth yearn for amber-shade—

Ho-ho-ho!

Ho-ho-ho!

I loved a mortal maid that loved not me—

Ho-ho-ho!

And still the stars sing out their songs so
free—

Ho-ho-ho!

Ho-ho-ho!

These six long years a maid had killed my
heart—

Ho-ho-ho—

Yet purfled she of poesy each splendrous part.

Ho-ho-ho!

LOVE'S LUTE LIES WITH A RIFT.

Love's Lute lies with a rift—

The strings, when touched, discordant
sound—

As wind when he doth lift

The fallen rose-bud from the ground—

Love's Lute is rifted—she hath rifted Love's
gold Lute—

Apollo's sweet Erato, on Love's lawn lies
mute!

No more Pactolus' flow

May echo from my Lute's so golden
strings—

She dealt the fatal blow

And Love from her cold heart hath taken
wings—

Though all the myriad strings are strung for
murmurous meed—

A cleft hath gloomed all song, and though to
song I plead!

Love's Lute lies with a rift—

She rifted Love's gold Lute by her cold
pierce—

So may I no more lift

To Love sweet songs or passion's pleadings
fierce—

For she hath rifted it, and though the strings
 are there,
 The fissure breeds discordant tones harsh like
 despair!

The wooden Lute, with silver strings,
 As any man-made viol rings—
 'Tis not of all immortal worth—
 It is a plaything of the earth.—
 So had I sung with earthly thing—
 Lo!—now I with a heavenly lyre sing—
 I build high songs from the immortal stars—
 Lo! hoar Orion's tragic square
 Shall by my lyre, with those three golden bars;
 To sing of *man* and *universe* and *God*—
 And myriad strings, invisible, yet fair,
 Shall vibrate songs of *mystery and thought*.
 Orion, looming in the brilliant night,
 Shall be my lyre, with golden strings.
 My spellèd thoughts shall take their fiery wings
 To take to him their all-inspired flight.
 O, sounds so superhuman shall arise,
 That, hearing them, all men shall con the skies;
 Thinking up there strange songs have birth,
 To lift all mortal brains from earth,
 Even up to those three immortal centre-stars,
 Which are for me my lyre's giant-bars.
 Oh! such great lyre now shall be the fire
 That leads my thought to the mysterious God!

Love's Lute I lay away, to lie alone—
Perchance to hang around me on a day,
When from her heart the ice will thaw away,
And she may mend the rift—till then I'm gone:
Away to hoar Orion's gorgeous giant square—
Where, o'er his three belt-stars I'll draw three
bars—

Then touch them with my magic Spirit fair,
Till from them universal sounds will spread
To thrill the living earthly—please the God-
blessed dead!

Till all of earth, at such new birth
Within the starry night, will take delight
To listen to those lays—and, wond'ring, gaze
For many moons at hoar Orion's square—
For from it swell, like super-worldly spell,
Such songs that vibrate unknown lore—
Great truths, to man untaught before—
And mysteries so fair, sought in the midnight
air.

And when I'm fled—let it be said—
One youth who sang of love—yet loved in
vain—
Had flung his fissured lute—and then to love
was mute—

But as he met with hoar Orion's set of stars
He swore to string three golden immortal
bars—

And touch them till they swell with universal
strain—

So all their sounds arouse posterity to keep
their God-sent vows!

(January 16, 1891.)

Poems.



LONGING.

At evenfall—when Autumn's dusk sets in
I walked through wailing wolds—
Alone I was—I saw young lovers walk—
O, longing crept within my folds!

Am I always alone—no love to fondle—
No maid is there for me!
I see those lovers coo—and laugh, and chat—
But I am destitute of glee!

The chill of eve at Autumn's death of day
I love as though a maid—
But how far more sublime—more true to man
If maid to me her love had said!

The faint rare glow of Autumn's crimson sky
I love so to adore—
But how far more enchanting 'tis to gaze
At maid who loves me evermore!

Though Autumn's weirdness hath such power
o'er me
Though Autumn's wild-songs fly—
I would I had a maid—tell her my woe—
To muse with her—and love—and die!

(1883)

THE BELL-BUOY.

Toll, toll, toll—

The knell of thy soul of bronze and steel—
And I would that my heart could feel
The palpitations of that toll!

O, well for the weary mariner at night
That thy toll is rolled o'er the roaring waves.
A sound of monotone, that saves, that saves;
And warns, when the clouds are riven with
light!

O, sad when the sailor seeks his grave
Too nigh thy bell with the hollow toll—
Then I would, that his heaven-flown soul
Could record the beats and throbs of the wave!

Toll, toll, toll—

Through the chillèd midnight air and breeze—
And oh! that thy hollow tone may men release
From a grave, where the loud waves roll.

SONG—MELANCHOLY.

Nightly roams a veiled maid
Through the forest black and lone
By the brookside dreams a stone
Mossy, shadowed dark—
Oh! a pitch-dark mark—
There the maid unties her braid—
Loosened, fly her locks of gold—
Tresses that their tale have told—
Melancholy sits there—all alone—so cold!

There she dreams upon the stone—
Dreamy eyes shine through the veil—
Looking at two hands so pale,
Delicate—but worn—
Seeming pallid-born—
Night-wind blowing—she alone!
Melancholy heeds no storm,
Dreamily bends her slender form,
Kindred is she to the night-wind—to the
storm!

Folded hands, and firmly pressed
Pillow now her bosom gray—
On them locks of gold do stray—
Locks to a dreamy head—
Friends when tears are shed.
And she prays for heavenly rest,

Prays for morrow's speedy flight,
Prays for speedy birth of night—
Lo! a light shines through the woods—a heav-
enly light!

'Tis a light from Heaven's gate—
Streaming to the maid forlorn,
And she ceases now to mourn;
Ceases praying there,
Ceases dreaming there—
For to her is given a mate—
Light illumes the gloomy night—
Lo! it wanes—'tis lost to sight;
Melancholy sits there—all alone and white!

Nightly roams a veiled maid—
Through the forest dark and lone.
Resting on a mossy stone—
A stone so dark, so dark—
Oh! a pitch-dark mark!
Sitting, dreaming—like a shade
O'er a castle's haunted wall;—
Sitting till the light doth call—
Sitting aft' the light hath dropped her
sadd'ning pall!

(1883)

TO JOHN FIELD.

(HIS NOCTURNOS.)

O weird-brained gazer on fair music's fields,
 How weirdly all thy tunes pour forth their
 strain.

How full of woe, of wretchedness and pain
 All songs are strown. How strangely, quickly
 yields

Thy hand to will—so dark—of thy great
 soul.

Thy tones are apt to bring the mournful toll
 Of dismal, deathly realms to light again.

But then thy other songs fall like a rain
 That softly tinkles o'er shady, verdant lanes.
 Invokes the spirits glum to tear away their
 chains

And listen, spell-bound, to those cheery sounds;
 And naught may aid to weigh thy heart-pressed
 moan.

Nor aid to feel the ghost-wind thou hast blown.
 For thy weird-joyous tune the soul con-
 founds—

Doth cast a heavy shower on the player's brow
 Sends him to wolds where no fay-castles glow.
 But where a harpy, in his wildness, bounds.
 Again thy tune conjures a hapful grove
 Where shepherds boon, many a maid do love;

Play, dance—yet even there pain lurketh
through
For pain and woe always thy heart's voice
drew!
Thy soul was gloomy then, O Field, so great!
Thy songs at night must be night's placid soul.
Thy tunes will e'er with weird-souled dream-
ers mate—
Live on—though thou hadst found life's rest-
ful goal!

. LONELINESS.

Oft I thought in the dreary night
Lit by beams of the moon's dim light—
Oft I mused in the hour when day
Sings in deep and weird tune her lay.

Oft alone I in soft delight
Gazed aghast at the stars so bright.
Lone was I, and in thought I lay
'Pon the shore of the brook so gray.

Breeze, who kissed my moist cheek in fright
Sang his melody—took his flight—
Banetui thought he mine eye's wild ray—
Flashing out like the sorcerer's lay.

Gentle beams of the moon's pale light—
Pierced the pearls of my weeping sight—
Now I see all the mabs at play—
Ah! the tears of my woe are gray!

Tears are flowing with fleeting night—
Tears are glist'ning in moon's pale light—
Would that I could but hear her lay,
Charmed by her, and her loving sway!

Lone I am, in the star's chilled light—
Gazing dimly thro' the dark, drear night—
Never the sound of her soft, sweet lay,
Kisses tears that will fade at day!

A MOMENTARY THOUGHT.

How sad it is to see the even-sky
In all its glory, fairy-splendor die—
And see the gray and purple clouds be born—
As they by chillèd windy grasp are torn!

Then all the soft and weird imaginings—
Then all the sacred, lowly wonderings—
The sunset's glow, and blending fire create
The gold and crimson tints on heaven's gate—

As they fly o'er the blooming windling's bed
On soul a rain of wondrous piety shed,
Fade with the death of sun's aspiring rays,
Our soul doth mourn the death of glowing lays.

Our soul sheds tears so cold, so ghastly dim
In thought of mortal's mournful even-hymn—
So like the kiss of gray swift wind to cloud—
So like the flutt'ring tints on heaven's shroud!
(Sunday, Feb. 18, 1883.)

A THOUGHT.

(As below, so it was written the first time.)

As slowly the huddling flock of sheep go by—
As mournfully the cowlet's evening-sigh
Flows, ruffled some, through the calm and
 chillèd air—
As barking fleet hound with watchful eye his
 care
Upon the now homeward-wending flock be-
 stows—
As shepherd like king his might and power
 shows
As faintly all in distance, in even's mist dies—
As but the reminiscence in memory revolving
 flies.

So stormy long days of man's existence flee,
 So grieves and unconsciously sighs out he
 When endeth the joyous rapture at his task—
 So fleeting deep thoughts around him hov'ring
 bask—

To warn him of trivial low acts in life.
 So genius shines, like sun, through clouds of
 strife!

So even-gray knocks so ghastly at his cot
 And night lulls to sleep him whom she once
 begot!

Ithaca, N. Y.

RAYS OF MOONLIGHT.

Rays of moonlight, vaguely rippling
 Through the landscape slumb'ring gently—
 Shedding light on branchlets trickling,
 Full of dew-drops blending silv'ry.
 Goblins wild and goblins mystic
 Dart now there, and now they vanish
 Through ethereal clouds of sombre web-mist!
 Dancing, revel'ing, they replenish
 Night with magic all-fantastic,
 Hushed now song of bird so joyful—
 Hushed now buzz of insect's whisp'ring
 Hushed now babbling stream so playful—
 Hushed now all save Nature's glitt'ring,

Calmly floating through the incensed night-
mist.

Rays of moon-light, slowly fading
Kissing softly shiv'ring morn-wind,
Chilled by eastern blush, awak'ning

Mourned ye are by goblin's dark kind ;
Mourned by sleeping birds on tree-tops
Mourned by owl a-hooting ghastly—
Perching now on branch, and now a-dreaming !
Glow of white now blends ye sadly—
Charm has robbed all life of dew-drops—
Lo ! majestic bard of morning
Waves his hands now o'er the harp-chords,
Guided by a look aspiring,
Melodies he sings of night-hordes,
Charmed by rays of moonlight, then a-stream-
ing !

Ithaca, N. Y. (Feb. 12, 1883).

EVENING.

(January 28, 1883.)

Moaning drear, the wind does blow
Through the dark and shivering trees.
Fairy-like the sky does glow
As the sun now eastward speeds.

Still some tints of radiant fire
Kiss the cloudlets, flying high.
Now the magic's cade desire
Yields to voice of evening-sigh!

Clouds and sky, now tinged with gray
Baleful cast a look below:
Where, in joy, fair Nature's prey
Shelter seek from growing foe.

Man now meditates alone—
While the fumes of essence grow—
While the seeds of night are sown—
While the stars begin to glow!

Evening-bells pour forth their tale:
Loud and soft; now clear, now faint—
Flow now through some misty dale—
Chime now loud without restraint.

Nature sleeps like saintly queen!
Winds so gentle and so drear
Fan her, lull her through the e'en,
Whisp'ring soft to night so weir'!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

AT COLLEGE, ITHACA, N. Y.

Twice I thee to-day beheld ;
 Longing thee, at dance, to take.
Even at last my hope upheld
 Till thine eye thy thoughts bespake.
Heart! to thee I entrust my lot—
Pray, forsake—forsake me not!

Fair, in radiant glow, she stood:
 Queen of all, most innocent—
Still no dance!—My heart did droop.
 Hope and joy forever bent!
Why so strange to me to-night?
Why not cheer and laughter bright?

(1883)

ELEGY

ON A SEEMINGLY LOST FRIENDSHIP.

Inscribed to J. B. B.

Aid me, soft-warbled flute of plaintive tone—
Aid me with thy sweet songs so smoothly
 borne,
As faded lilies on the stream's calm bosom—
Aid me to sing to life those hours
When he and I, who now seem so estranged,
Had o'er Cayuga's delly hillsides ranged—
And loved together all their fragrant flowers,
The pink arbutus-blossom—
And sat by brooks—and watched the birds
 alone,
Or dreamed together of life's future morn.

Ay, sound in mellow flowings music sweet—
Such he had played on his own mellow flute:
Oh! music, thrilled with all the soul of nature;
So he awake from his long sleep—
So friendship burst again as once it burst:
When we together wandered through the
 hurst—
Those guileless days of youth which none can
 keep!

Yet all recall each feature !
Those days, when world's sad tales were still
 all mute,
We thought that joys and smiles made life
 complete !

Breathe softly ! for I will not sound a blare,
To startle his sore heart that needs all ruth ;
But such low tunes he loved to play at even
Must from thy wreathèd flute well up ;
With them all memories of yore must rise,
As pearly clouds when slow the sun's glow
 dies.

Brimful, like sparkling wine in myrrhine cup,
The past must fill thought's heaven—
So all these songs may thrill his ambient air—
To show to him again those dreams of youth.

Play thou so sweetly of that friendship long
That held us bound through many years of
 smiles
And frets ;—till one strange happening divided
His love for me—though I am his !

Aid me, thou flute nursed by my sorrowings—
To coax a lay of music marvellings
Such dedicate to olden sacrifice—
Or sad that once abided
By Dublin's wolds, when Field fled world's sad
 guiles.
So all his heart be soothed by thy fair song !

'Twas music wove the chain that linked us each
 To each, almost like virgin's thought to love—
 He came to me at dusk, while I was playing
 Sad Schumann's "Sorrow Without End"—
 He grew enthused, and while the western glare
 Slowly waned to a livid, dreary stare—
 His heart was fain to call me his own friend—
 Then longer was his staying—
 On his flute he played such lays as on a beach
 A scald's of old, that heart deep all the rocks
 would move!

Oh! tender be thy tone, dear flute of mine!
 From that fair evening when he knew my soul
 We always walked away, communed together,
 And to his love for music, clung
 Sweet love for poesy—sweet wreathèd dreams,
 We were like lass to lad, by bowery streams—
 And to the hills we oft had sung
 In madcap, wine-spelled weather—
 For he, like I, loved the poet's life and goal—
 Unlike most minds, we dreamed of life divine!
 Rehearse, dear flute, the doings of those days!
 Recall them, as sad Bayaderes ago
 Would sing to villagers fair deeds of olden!
 Come, let my lips soft press on thee:
 So sweetest tones resound like purls from
 brook
 Heard, when with love you muse, from mossèd
 nook—

For with thy subtle magic thou must free be
Like sun, that sheds soft golden
Pure light on foam-clouds, when fair Vesper
prays—
And free his gloom of heart aft' all his lover's
woe!

Oh! sing to him what time the swallows wing
The balmy air of even—he would come
With fiddle, flute—to play with me dear pieces,
Rare Schubert's songs or sad or sweet—
Most dear was "Erlafsee" oh! magic song—
Sweetest of melodies—eloquent tongue
Of sadness and of joys that die so fleet:—
Clouds, borne by mountain-breezes,
Reflected in bluest lake, a-bloom
With drifting boat, and lovers' murmuring!

When studies found their close in Autumn's
glow—

When harvesters returned to their day's task—
We both—with flute, and paper—left for walk-
ing:

Through the quiet village streets and lanes—
Across the culvert—o'er the fields—by road
That wound along the hills rolling and broad—
To Devil's Gorge—which he, with mellow
strains,

And I wish Muse-fond-talking
Made lively more; there would he sweetly
blow

And blare—while in the sun bright birds would
bask.

We loved our favored nooks along that
gorge—

Where wild woods clomb to straggly heights
—and rocks

Lay cumbent—or protruded, for a laughter
Of the brook's crystal babbling flow—

We plucked the hidden, pink arbutus fair—

Anemones—winter-berries—maiden-hair—

Knew where the purple and whitest violets
grow—

Near to the bubbly water—

Near bluets—myosotis—and quaint spurge—

Far from the stagnant-water's baneful docks.

And there it was, one afternoon in June,

With his three Sunday-pupils we sat down—

Then they would casual speech exchange, while

I would

Write humble tributes to the scene—

Reciting it, they could not understand

The deeper meaning back of words so bland—

That sang of brook and haunts and sylvan
sheen

And praised the leafy dry-wood.

So he recall it—flute!—breathe it in tune:

SONG.

(Written in the woods.)

Craggy woodland!
 Embowering
 Deep gorges, and meads—
 Narrow brooklet!
 That leads
 The bubbling babe-pools that sing
 Wearily, solemnly—
 Drearly, luridly—
 Their Manes-like chaunts—
 Be ye my haunts!
 Leafy woodland!
 Beshadowing
 Sweet glades and closes—
 Fairy wood-breeze!
 That poses
 O'er flitting leaves that ring
 Joyously, quietly—
 Waveringly, piously—
 Through the forest they roam—
 Be ye my home!
 For on it rests a hidden leaf-wrought crown!

At other times, returning down the hills—
 Passing a house, we saw its jewel there—
 Rare slender swelte and perfect formèd maiden
 Tending to eve-respiring kine,
 Lowing, with wet black noses turned skyward,

Dripping—reminiscent of late passed ford—
 With her we spent dear minutes youth-divine.
 She with rare beauty laden
 Abloom—matchless—a dell-flower grown by
 rills—

Virgin—dew-fresh—a prize passing compare!

Aid me fond flute—(my love returned art
 thou)—

Aid me to sing to life our friendship true
 That now seems like once glorious grounds,
 deserted—

Sing to him all we loved those days:
 The silvern rule we heard at foot of falls,
 Where columbines climb rocks—and oriole-
 calls

Re-echoed through sweet Cascadilla's ways.
 Those silent noons that flirted
 With sun-beams—where the smilax lonely
 grew—

When we together breathed a poet's vow!

Recall to him those nights mysterious, when
 We, flushed from oversweets of song and flute,
 Rushed out into the moonlit night, to linger
 Awhile before a grove whose gloom
 Wrought phantoms—but whose dewy verge
 showed fairy

And fairy hovering in the moon-beams chary—
 Then would we dream of love, and mankind's
 doom!

With night-enchanted finger
Show to him trains of elves dance to the glen,
Then skyward—where full glorious stars
would shoot!

Rise sweetly with thy song, flute!—so that he
May praise his youthful hours when we would
meet—

What time the town twinkles with a thousand
star-lights—

Within my room to read aloud
Great Milton's master-tragedy—and know
Ourselves young actors pledged to Clio's glow,
Then improvise grim scenes, till we grew
proud—

Till the town's near and far-lights
Slowly withdrew—oh! that was empery:
To *act* our thoughts—real—tragic—impulse
fleet!

He will grow plaintive when he hears thy
notes,

For in them quiver balmy woodsy lays—
Of fragrant woods that still those glens are
shading—

Those hillsides, primrose-draped—and cool—
Those lonely holts, in whose mossed hollows
dwell

The horded orchids—where the bird-songs
swell—

And through their musing sings the silvery
pool—
The glorious air pervading—
They will flash up to him those soft-toned
throats
That sang when meandered we on Nature's
ways!

Now let a shrilly note obtrude thy dream—
It is the day in March when in the vale
We strolled—shy leaves smiled on the trail-
ings—
Spring's tune was carolled in the air—
When like a flash so sudden raged a wind—
And whirling snow, thick, so to make us blind,
Slapped round us, settled swiftly everywhere—
To stifle surprisèd feelings—
When, as it came, so sudden ceased the gale
And snow;—Spring smiled—radiant with
beam and beam!

Then sweet-recall the hours we whiled away
In Six-Mile-Creek—by south-loved hills en-
girt;
In pine-tree darkened gorges, hear the babble
Of the soft-travelling, murmuring brook.
And sun ourselves, net-maples bowing
Our bodies, ease-outstretched—while linnets
sang.
Then wander on, exploring cave and nook—
And halting;—sweet to dabble

In the cool deeper pools—ere close of day.—
And homeward dream—while with us eve
would flirt!

Aid me, sweet flute—to soothe his heart all
sore,

For he hath met with bale in love's short
dream—

Like unto me he loved—but some strange
trouble

Had cleft their smooth engagement-ring.

And now, these two woe-years he wanders
thought-sad—

Like I, these eight long years—half worn,
half mad—

He fails to think of me to play, to sing.

Oh! for a fragrant bubble

Of some strange juice with charms like Spring-
fresh core—

To wet his heart so friendship green and beam!

Aid me, with mellow tones, to melt his heart—
That these two years was like a deep-cave-
bloom.

I would to know what caused their separa-
tion—

And love to hear it from his lips.

Mysterious the workings o' woman's soul—

Women seem flowers (who are the bee's sweet
goal),

That wait till any bee their honey sips!

'Tis man's strange destination

To love; yet know not how she makes his
doom—

Rare boon to win her love by true love's dart!
So aid me, flute—to bring to bloom again
This long-forsaken friendship, once aglow!

'Twas winter in his heart—yet mine was ver-
nal.

O might the snow-drops of this Spring
Soon break the crusted snow—so he regale
With me, who is like roses in June's vale!
So we together once again might sing—
Exchanging thoughts eternal;
Rejoicing in those dreams when youth did
glow,

Like any tipsy bloom aft' June's soft rain!

And if thy tones had sweet persuasion given—
If from his missives I may learn his heart—
And I may feel with friendship it doth rap-
ture—

Then flute, my love! a wreath for thee:
Whose fragrance, like that of mysterious flow-
ers,

Lasting forever, quick will rain soft showers
Of magic, thrilled by each youthful memory.

Then will he all recapture—

Till on the meshes of those days new joy im-
part

A broidery rare of friendship, blue as heaven!

(February 21, 1892.)

WRONG.

Written in J. B. K.'s "At the Gate of Dreams."

(J. B. K. writes that Pan is dead.)

Pan ne'er will see his pompous funeral-day ;
For he is increate in all natural things.

He lives forever as sweet principle, and sings
His tune along the brook-voiced woodland-
ways.

He tends the sheep on the sorrel-tinged hill
They nibble, while he flutes his madrigal.

For Pan is the rapt pulse that thrilleth all
Of Nature ; and that pulse will ne'er be still.

So brother-poet, listen longer ; hark !

Though Mammon set his rule in mankind's
heart,

Sweet Pan from higher man's soul can not
part.

List ! while I hear the pellucid brook—and
mark

The turn, where Rhododendrons bloom—I see
The glow of Pan's sweet immortality !

ACROSS THE STREET.

(I was reading in 'Poems' when I saw her at the window.)

Thou beauty-baby, with soft bodice, blue
 As gentian-petals, that by Lugano grew
 On rugged hills.
 Thou hast no girly outlines, nor the shape
 Of women—sweet between, like August-grape
 By Pan-sung rills.
 As at the evening—is it day or night.
 As on the beach, the wavelets are yet bright—
 But the sand calls out:
 “Stop! here the sea ends—here the land begins.
 So art thou—unknown girl, who wins,
 With hidden pout,
 My eye—my mind—so I must poetize.
 For thy neat form and face, I must surmise,
 Are simple, sweet.
 Ah! with thy kerchief white know'st how to
 joy
 With seeming love the heart of any boy—
 May we once meet?

(1892)

ASMANSHAUSER.

(A RHINE WINE.)

Thou soporific wine, whose fires lull
The active brain with lethargy and ease,
Thou may'st not our great, bustling people
please.

For tho' thy body's with rare spirits full
The moments after grow so stale and dull
That all inventions in the mind do cease
And dull, lethargic moods in us increase.
Till in thy spell we sleep as noon-tide gull.

So are thy people never so creative
That they vast fair inventions may evolve
For thy dim potency the energies dissolve.
So is a stultor in their tingling native.
For where is one great Newton or a Morse
Where drowsy Rhine winds slowly his
snake-course?

Aix-les-Bains, Savoie (1891).

SEYSSEL-WINE.

Where beautiful the Rhône-vale flows and
winds
Old Seyssel lies; with poplars sentinelled!
Around, the rocky mountains, history-
spelled,
Ascend; with vineyards grown, where each
one finds
Their grapes most luscious; but when they are
turned
Into fair wine, with hue as tendrils pale
Of vines, then gulp thou some, quite gay
and hale
Thy mood will grow, that long for joyaunce
yearned.

A laughter will upspring; thoughts will sur-
prise.
Like jugglers with iridescent balls a-play
So thou wilt pitch and catch thy thought al-
way.
And pleasure will make sunlight in thine eyes.
For Seyssel hath such spell to sweeten woe
And make thy lips leap, and sweet wit to
flow.

Aix-les-Bains (1891)

THE LOVER'S MORNING-HYMN.

(Written in MILTON'S "Poems." [Pocket Ed.; London.]

The shame-faced violet blows in the glade
Its bloom may wither in the sun's warm glow.
But the memory of it will never fade
In our soul! Sweet love! 'tis sooth. I trow!

The morn exults in praise of the One God!
And tho' thou beest far from me, my love
My orison's fervor takes its fragrant food
From thee, that seemeth at my side, my love!

My prayers are for thee; to bloom thy bud to
blossom
So love's bud too! Our souls are one, sweet
dear!

As flies the breeze to rose, so I to thy fair
bosom
Affectionately would! Thy heart-beats all
to hear!

The inland murmur of fell, and foliage-song
seem sweet
Even when we walk the plain; so sees my
soul thine eyne.
Even when in solitude my heart lists for thy
fairy-feet.
For, sweetest soul! forsooth, *true* love is all
divine!

(1885)

PHILIP J. BAILEY'S "FESTUS."

I see thee, Bailey, studiously employed
At reading book and book; therefrom these
songs
Their ceaseless well had. Night and night, en-
joyed
By delving ancient lore; life's sweets and
wrongs.
Or quaint religion's life; or magic's art.
Thou to this work hadst filled a freshest
spring,
Till it burst out from thy hot soul and heart,
Compelling thee, with mighty thought, to
sing
Of earth, and stars; of death and Heaven's
realm!
O justest high result of youth's fire-soul,
Aflame! Strange, strange, how youth will
overwhelm
The budding man: it is like morn: the whole
Bright sky is flooded with a myriad hues—
That when the sun shines high, their splendor
lose!!

(1890)

STRANGE, STRANGE.

The steps I just have taken—
I know I took once in a bygone dream—
This stone veranda with its stairs
Leading to gravel-walks of shady garden,
wears

The same aspect as that of yore
When in my dream I so descended them
To dream 'neath shades of trees in flower—
The view from here—on plain and stream
Or mounts triumphant—on clear skies—
All, all I saw once so before
When slumbers bound me—in night's hour—
And I was betwixt life and death—
To then awaken
And wake again this life's own breath
That flows from mystery's weird hem.
That in some weirder country lies.

All is not known to mortals—
Are we the substance or its shadow—who
Doth know?—No philosopher nor mystic
Divulge the caverns dark cyclicistic

Of dreams that haunt the slumbering clay!
 Good God—what is the spirit, soul
 And heart of man—their binding essence?
 And *what* doth their reunion woo?
 Is *truth* the smile of powers strange
 That daunt research—and have their way?
 And is aye 'round us mystic presence
 Unseen—whom none may know
 Save passed those portals
 That, when life's dream—and night-dream's
 flow,
 Commingle and to heaven roll;
 And we, life-dead, to new life range!

I know yon redolent flower bed—
 I saw before as true in bygone dream.
 That path meandering past fair trees—
 The odorous whiff of just this breeze.
 And e'en the tranquil, dreamy sense of all
 The attitude of mounds and hills—
 Were like this scene two years ago,
 When through my sleep those scenes did
 stream.

And e'en the bend that leads to stairs
 Descending to the garden-wall—
 Where vines and scented lindens grow;
 And too a young bright girl's fair playing;

And e'en my own light wandering tread—
Are as I felt them when strange dreams were
 swaying
Me with more subtle thrills
Than when life to strange death repairs!

Aix-les-Bains, France (Jan. 9, 1892).

ON READING MILTON'S "COMUS."

I.

For two long weeks in bed I lay—weak, sore—
In pain, impatient as a colt in stall—
After the fortnight's lapse—to rack a thrall—
For Milton's beauteous verse I did implore;
And read a page in Comus, Virtue's lore.
Then fled unease, impatience, pain and all.
Delicious wines I sipped—as at festival.
I saw sweet scenes, heard murmurous music
 pour!

Only a page was I allowed to read.
But then I felt as when in Syracuse-bower
Redolent of balmy air and rich, rare flower,
I sat me, while my dreamy eyes would lead
Me 'neath a sapphire sky, o'er a deep-blue bay
To fulgent Aetna, glorious in fair day!

II.

Intensest agony I bore—as birds,
 Anest, breathe hard, where eagles fly o'erhead.
 So heaved my sore lungs, while I lay in bed.
 One week such rack; another, with sharp girds
 Of weariness and utter desuetude.
 Then asked I for my Milton; and I turned
 To Comus: new life streamed—new thought-
 fire burned—
 At once I strayed in Puck's enchanted wood!

Those words so thrilled with sweets of wolds
 Begat in me sweet sense, so that it seemed
 I felt, as when I trod Messina's folds—
 I saw, across the straits, where Scylla gleamed:
 The beauteous towering alps Lombardian rise
 Glorious rosy to the pearly evening skies!

III.

What wretchedness must man succumb to aye!
 Our body is subject to such ills and woes!
 So was I doomed to lie by sickness' blows,
 For weeks upon my bed—weeks seemed each
 day.

Then summoned I for Milton's various lay.
 One page I read—then in fresh overflows
 Those verses shed on me sweet sense that
 glows.

So that, though ill I was, I sped away
 To other scenes—and felt as if once more

I strolled o'er Candanabbia's fragrant hills ;
And stood mid sheld azaleas—walked through
 woods
With blossomy trees, and live with song, and
 rills ;
While I saw Shelley dream his divine moods
Wand'ring along blue Como's redolent shore !
 (January 17, 1892.)
 (Written in bed; convalescing.)

TO MILTON'S ITALIAN SONNET AND
CANZONI.

More beautiful of freshness and sweet smell
Of rorid morn, and Juny noon or eve
Are thy fair sonnets that sweet interweave
Dear Love with all thy imagery so well,
Than Dante's to his Beatrice to Heaven gone
So redolent of all that blooms in May,
So luscious—radiant—and melodious` they !
I love them so—'twas easy so they throne
Forgetless in my memory's radiant sky—
Like clouds of June lit by a glorious sun !
How smooth thy fair Italian verse was done,
Ah ! when I read : Italia's perfumes fly
Around me ; and to woods so fresh I go—
Where rills and winds like thy sweet num-
bers flow !

(1892)

To Mine Inimitable and Divinely Souled

MILTON.

May warbled song flush thy strong words to
riper bloom!

Or though the Doric flute again should wan-
ton sweetness;

Or though the Cherub-choirs, with thought-
preluded fleetness,

Of sudden sound! Could such thy melodies
assume;

Could such strike their wit-diamonded lyres,
as boom

Of thy trumpet-calls; and tender strains in
art-completeness?

Who thought again as unto thee! The flow-
ers' meetness

Weds God's deep mystery—so thou slow man-
kind's Doom!

Thou needest no pure Parian, vine-clung mon-
ument!

Thy numbers, as the moon-drawn floods,
outlast their death!

Worlds wane—but thought, and births of soul
—in Heaven's Womb pent—

Eternity they choose! . . . O, Milton, all-
divine!

Sweet child of Heaven's Muse! Strong youth,
that pleasureth!

Stern man, to whom flowed secrets, as Ariu-
sian wine!

(1886)

NOCTURNE.

Drowsy evening sinks to sleep—

What time the purple clouds
Above the hills sail peacefully—

Letting tender colors peep

From delicate sunset shrouds
That gradual fade to dreamful gray.

Then is no sound heard, nor breaks

A murmur the eve's rest—

But all lies praying at eve's shrine—

Lull—and hush—and no bough shakes—

While fades the gold-pink west

And sky and earth inweave in each.

Sudden wheels the leathern bat
Athwart the gloomy skies
And dips into the pitch-dark trees—
Sudden heaves the grassy flat
With luminous topaz-flies—
Like gems from shining seas of Ind.

Now they fill the fields with light—
As though some sparkle-orbs
Of Jumna's Almes fled their caves—
Luming here—there, sparkling bright—
Then mystery absorbs
Their fulgor—till they glow anew!

Sudden rise the mournful tones
Of frogs along the brooks—
And, on the sumach bough, the owl
Softly "too-whos"—or she moans
Near to the ebon nooks,
Where night-birds pipe so drear and dread!

Sudden swells a chill across
The earth—and dampness dreams!
While gloomier grow the massive holts.
Like a death-dark albatross
The western cloud drift seems;
While Night inspires gloom-fraught sounds.

Night hath life ne'er known at day—
Night sings a melancholy tune.
And, after hushed moments, lived
A world with song and lay:

Where life would mourn or croon ;
 Or stillness spread her unseen wings.
 (June 29, 1891).

A SIGN OF RAIN.

In the maple-trees—
 While the Northeast wind is blowing—
 And the dreary clouds speed through the night,
 The tree-toad sounds his sullen rattle—
 And shakes his leathern bag
 Filled with ten dry and hollow shells—
 There will be rain to-morrow—
 For in the maple-tree
 The toad sounds a drear gurgling rattle—
 A wooden tone as clatter of a brook
 Or the hoarse laughter of a rotten mill-wheel.
 (1891)

GOLD.

The miser loves gold, shaped into a coin—
 Fair Genevieve, when formed for beads or
 rings—
 Sweet Melis, when 'tis used for sacred
 things—
 Byzantine monarchs framed the idol-loin
 With purest stone—and Priapus inlaid
 His temple with rare sheets of sheeny
 gold—
 Some minds see it in tress of flaxen fold—
 In glints of sunlight through the fir tree shade.

I've seen it in the fire-flies' luminous light ;
 Or in some stars—and once on the full-
 moon—
 On ripples when the bees glitter in high
 noon.
 But, weirdest, in a fen where murk asps house,
 And blackest waters cradle alder-boughs
 In one pond-lily as a gold-ball bright!

A WALK.

To-day, my Genevieve, while clouds,
 Eager to drench the fields,
 But held in sky by potency—
 Wore plates as shields on shields
 All o'er the mountains, dales and hills—
 I sped along the jungle weird
 Of a small brook, with many a nook—
 For thee and me, when nearness thrills—
 And there of sudden a bird appeared—
 With shriek prolonged, and crimson crest
 As scarlet as the cloud within the west,
 When the glow sun is far, far down eve's
 shrouds.
 Then was it running up the boughs—
 And up the trunks—and pecking fast
 For grubs that in the bark would house.
 Then flew away—and then I passed
 An open to a hill;—and there a view.
 On village quiet and on mountains blue—

And down the grassy grade to where marsh-
blooms wade

In black ooze, where the marsh-bird "chucks"
And shows his orange-scarlet neck-ring there.
Then to a pond with golden-beaked ducks
And covered with the gold of the budding
lily's fold—

Then on to thee—thy face to see
With laughing eyes—and lips' replies—
And importuning gaze—with pleasantness
ablaze—

And rippling speech—and a tender pleach
Of thy hair so hued as now the grain
Is fair, when July's heat awaits the rain—
Then off—to waterfall alone

Where none save I have ever gone
To listen to its mystery—

And love its moss, its trees—its softly fluting
breeze—

And its most deep tranquillity;
So like naught that a man doth know!

It is a fair place where great magians go
To fathom things no brain can learn—

For there, flash-visions wander through the
soul—

And thinking thrives—and dreamings burn!
And there they see what flames at life's
strange goal.

And there of sudden shrieked a bird—

A large grey bird—with crest of crimson—

And when it saw me, away it flew—
 Down through the gloomy gorge where grew
 Long grasses—by the rocks and lichens—
 Then left I—thinking of one fair accented
 word!

MOOD.

I feel the need
 Of some sweet, tender body
 Adjusting all its fair voluptuousness
 To mine!
 When hearts will bleed—
 And her deep eyes be glowing—
 And I will lose my woe in her dark tress
 Divine!

O come along
 Thou witchery of blood—
 Thou subtle breath from passion's lips, wild
 burning—
 Come, come!
 And to my song
 An unknown flood
 Of newness will upwell like love's sweet
 yearning
 Abloom!

(August 18, 1891.)

LIFE.

The lion, lording o'er all beasts of prey,
And head imperious-posed when standing
fierce

Upon a rock upon the desert's bourne—
He glories in his majesty and might;
He stands alone the monarch of his realm;
He hideth naught; he roars when hunger
stings;

He seeks his mate when his impetuous blood
Runs rioting with deep desire and joy.
His passion hath no bounds—and nature's call
Finds answer in his joyous howl of passion.
He seeks his mate—and both their bliss enjoy.

The eagle, sailing in the vaulty blue
Above the cliffy ocean-shore, at morn,
Calls—and from her high eyrie perilous
His mistress rises swift, and, in the clouds,
Conubial joy they taste all unperturbed.
They hide not from the world around their
weal!

The rare libellula, that darts above
The marshland-roses—when he meets his
mate—

Poised on the tremulous air, they joy and love
In sight of blue-bird, golden bee, and thrush.
'Tis man—and he who long through ages
grew

To be earth's monarch in the realm of love—

'Tis man alone who hides himself from view
 When loving some fair maid to beauty child.
 Thus is our life a hiding of all bliss.
 We drape what prompts our nature grow as
 fire.

All feel impelled to seek a lover's joy.
 But aye we keep well hid our quick desires.
 So are we not sprung from the Simian ape—
 We have quaint *shame* that dwells within our
 hearts.

O world—all try to win a maid—'tis all
 Men care for, journeying through this tearful
 vale;

Yet men aye hide love's fire—and try to
 quench

Love's ardent flame; we think of passion's
 bliss

Forever—but convention makes us seek
 Seclusion for love's heavenly pleasurement.
 O, life's a sham; we flout at Nature's voice—
 Yet all are slaves to passion's potent sway!

(October 31, 1898.)

THE GODS AND GOD.

What consternation to the Roman vision,
 There must have been, when to the prætor's
 ears

The handful men did shout the name of God!
 Before, each emperor prayed to the Gods—

And to them gave rare sacrifices. Vestals,
And priestesses, and comely handmaids then
Kept sacred all the rites; the temples stood,
Each serving as a shrine for one fair God
Of all the numerous train. For every mood
Of myriad-hearted Nature they conceived
A power presiding over it—and so
Their hundred gods grew fair as flowers in
June.

What mockery the mighty melody seemed
That rose in grand acclaim to the one High,
To all the Roman folk! Upon their tongues
Lay satires, jeering at that worthy God—
Who came to usurp the power of their gods.
The Romans mocked! But soon they mar-
velled

At seeing Christians die for that one God—
And soon some Romans swore to join the
host
That prayed to Christ.

But oh! the parody—
That God, whom Christ adored, let haughty
Rome

Murder at will a thousand thousand clays—
And thirty thousand served as festive torches
When Nero willed it thus! In spite of this
Martyr on martyr lived till time had wrought
The mighty church, that now outstands the
ages.

And still, Christ's teachings have not worked
to change

The billion followers of Buddh, or 'Thot,
Or Confucè. The gods reign still—and God,
The Mighty Lord of all, cares not if woe
Assails His near adorers, those that pray
To Jesu for salvation of their souls.

Oh! conflict wild of fair religion's own—
Who worships best? No one can tell the
truth.

The Musselman adores his Allah; the Chris-
tian

Deems Jesu God's own son. Still, statesmen
smile—

They rule the nations; and law and Mammon
Mock at the prophets—so the world pro-
gresses.

When lo—at death the truth will be revealed.

ISIS.

Damp was this April day, with clouded sky,
A whiff of chilliness came from the wind—
But as I stood within the park, near by
I saw the golden-rain, its branches fraught
With blossoms; and lilac bushes there behind,
Pushing its leaves; and farther, near the
lake,

The willows, green in their first vernal dress;
But all the other trees by grove or brake
Still stood in their sad winter-nakedness.

Then sat I on a bench—and there I thought:
O Isis! still unveiled by age and man.

None hath thy secrets fair unravelled—
We men know naught of Thy dread plan—
None to Thy far, far land hath travelled—
O Isis! though a score of aeons now are gone,
Thou still dost prove to bear a heart of stone!

And I, a poet, whose deep thought should see
Into the very depths of Thy creations—
I pause—and find new mystery
In each of Thine august manifestations.

O Isis! complex abstract standing age aft'
age
The fond despair of greatest prophet—and of
sage!

We all must try to solve Thy riddle stern—
But 'tis a law that none may solve it clearly;
E'en Jesu could Thy hidden secret not dis-
cern—

Who would, hath for his powers paid most
dearly—
For even Thou the Veil dost draw down o'er
Thy face—
Man lives a child, seeking in vain to win Thy
grace.

O Isis! ever veiled to time and man—
 None hath Thy secrets yet unravelled.
 We men know naught of Thy strange plan,
 None to Thy far, far land hath travelled.
 O Isis! we are bold to try to tear Thy Veil
 apart—
 For solemn, grand, aloof—a wondrous riddle
 still Thou art!

(1900)

THE EPIC OF THE THUNDER.

Roll on the raving floor of the loud storm
 Thou Thunder—riotous voice of the swift
 lightning,
 Triumphant light!—And while Thou rumblest
 wild
 My soul shall dash before the world's dim ken
 All stress and storm that urges joy and pain
 To combat 'gainst the other! Roll, thou,
 Thunder—
 So that my ears be filled with all that moans—
 That shrieks—that sighs, that whispers in dire
 agony!

The world—the world—what is it—oh! di-
 vulge
 Its secret sighs;—'twere best, though, were
 they hushed—

Yet God doth anger when the clouds upswell
And crush each other, till their jangling cries
Resound so frightful—not one heart is brave—
But every hand is clenched—in awe-suspense—
Till the faint echo be lost in vast space!
The world, the world!—Sad product of vain
men—

In whom guilt vanity bore in their hearts
The canker that ate all sweet concord's core—
When harmony smote on life's lyre sounds of
songs

Fond Nature blushed with love for all—but
man

Trod on those blossoms—and sprung the
strings in twain—

So now discordant shrieks rise from life's lips,
Dead to Love's kiss! The voice of child is
hushed—

Youth hath no almond-buds to show—nor rose
Of virgin fair unfolds for wedlock-hours—
Manhood is chained to Mammon—woman
slaves

Herself to fashion's tyranny—and age
Foregoes to deck rare Beauty's brow—in-
stead

Age clings with bony fingers yet to gold.
Then shriek the poor ones who were born of
these

O innocent poor souls, gifted with Heaven's
own joy—

When blooming in the swales of the low
world—

Must share their misery—or die unblessed—
So rolls the Thunder of the world abroad—
The lofty souls hear it—and frightful—stare
Aghast—and question God—yet only rolls
The Thunder—as o'er cloud-enveloped hills
The riotous voice of the swift lightning sounds
Till in vast, ruthless space it fades away!

WHERE IS LIBERTY?

O beautiful, fertile land of Liberty,
Whom our forefathers saved from monarchy,
Art thou now slowly growing haughty, proud,
Forgetting in thy wealth the free-born crowd?

- Art thou, my own Republic, in disgrace;
Masking with kingship thy God-trusting face.
That thou these days thy loyalty dost lose,
Shamming thy pledge when thou didst Free-
dom choose?

“The People” is a name to thee to-day—
Thou would'st encrown thy head with gold;
and sway
The mass as kings and tyrants used of yore?
Forbear!—Beware what such hath aye in
store!

We want no lavishness for single heads—
Where Need amongst our sturdy people
treads.

No single man and woman to claim a throne—
We want to claim the People as our own!

O beautiful, sacred Land of Liberty,
Keep yet thy sweet Republic monarch-free—
What sin to spend thy wealth for show and
power

Where thy dear people are in want this hour!
(1902)

**“O, NO ONE THOUGHT, BY GAZING, GOD’S
OWN WORKS TO PRAISE!”**

(A DESCRIPTION.)

Below a hazèd sky, there floated on
A heavy mist; its rim touched the far sun.
And thus, by law, the golden rays deflected.
And the thick mass of vapors dense and damp
On the far sun a color play effected,
Such that no mortal’s pyrotechnic play,
With fountain-splendour, or with broken ray,
Could imitate!

As a large silver lamp,
Left lonely in the cloister’s marshland-gloom,

So rounded the far orb; then, as, in days
 Of Virgo, hastive cherries, so its rays!
 When loud the battle's din, and cannon's boom,
 'Tis then that whizz the fiery bombs, and flash
 Bright orange flames, that in the smoke-clouds
 loom,
 So seemed that silent sphere to flame, and
 dash
 Apassed the toppling walls of pinkèd mist!
 Like orange, grown in lands of promise tall,
 So balled the largening sun, fast sped!—Not
 all!

And when the hurrying people such not wist,
 I saw it gild to shield of aural lustre,
 As when the Lesbian lime-fruits crowd, and
 cluster
 To denser bunches. Now it peeped just over
 The rim; and flushed! as thickest fields of
 clover,
 Flamed by a summer's heat! then waxed it
 red:
 As the clear flood—when heroes lie adead
 Upon grey mounds, where hurtle would not
 grieve
 E'en while flowed tranquil songs of breezy
 eve!
 There wafted then the fringèd mists upon
 The orb—it seemed as when the smiling fruit
 Of pomegranates burst: and, as on crown

Of rubies, sparkle all the seeds so bright
By the so acrid shells of crome-grey-green.
Then, pending in the sheet of greyish light,
The sun did seem, as though it hung to drop!
But on a mystery it must so lean:

For lucent, as the wave of glow on top
The silent lake, so argent seemed the orb.
Then beamed its light, as when the poplars
mourn

To see the glimmering glare turn purplish-
gold!

As velvet hasp, that chains a Margrave's horn!

Then flashed it yellow rich—as vernal shoots
Of the young maple, trembling aft' Spring's
tears

Of joy! Then glared it in soft white, as
cheers

The glow-sky, when, long hours of patter, and
pelting

Have drenched the heavy wood-rose, and are
melting

Firm mosses in the wolds, earth's torch-light
old

Endues the view with brilliancy, as gloss
On steel or platina. As jonquils toss
Their crowns with Aeol's gloaming-thren-
ody—

So waved the rims of grey mist—in the sky
No sun rolled!

Lo! as embers in some corb
 Of Asa-folk—a spot!—till gyring swift
 It seemed Ixion's wheel—no spell will lift
 Its axle—ever turning in its fire!
 Intense it glowed, as though its burnished ire
 Would harm some lonely hamlet! but it staid
 Withon the colored shroud! for all was made
 By mind and will—no ending, nor a birth!
 A presence round the universe's girth!
 I saw then how it paled to the moon's face;
 Could see the lurid white swift interlace
 The tearing folds of the large fog!
 O, many more
 Swift changes would evolve, would red, would
 pale, would soar
 Away, away! would glare, would cream, would
 gold, would whiten;
 Would bleed, would sicken, would blush,
 would fade, would brighten!
 And none upturned a thoughtful eye to see
 deflect
 The sun's rays, which were far more beau-
 teaus than effect
 Of pyrotechnics in that garden, by the roar
 Of colossal falls, that whirl in thunders far
 away
 To where once Wolffe upon the battle-ram-
 parts lay!
 O, no one seemed adoring what 'naught did
 produce!

No one his eye upturned, to know how mists
 educe

Strange dichromatic blooms from suction of
 sun's rays.

O, no one thought, by gazing, God's own
 works to praise!

* * * * *

And as I looked—one in the multitude of
 men—

One in the flurry of footsteps—in the open ken
 Of all! but being not perceived—O, one of
 those

Who are born;—joy!—despair; and bleed with
 many woes—

Methought how wonderful a globe the un-
 known sun!

The air, and vapors! so miraculously done!
 Methought of the vast mysteries up there,
 whom none

May know! and thought I, that we are a mys-
 tery!

Upheld by the known truth that we must sud-
 den die!

O, orb of sun! of pupil of the body's eye!
 O, universe! O, wondrous growths on planet's
 round!

O, singing stars! O, linnet's carol—breeze's
 sound!

O, mystery of the God! O, spirit's wondrous
flight!

O, angel's watching! O, will of tyrant's pass-
ing might!

And as I watched—and saw no one that gazed
with me:

Methought an Angel showed me all what I
did see!!

Paris (November, 1886).

A FANTASY.

SUGGESTED BY ROBERT SCHUMANN'S
"FANTASIEËN," NUMBER SIX.

O, hoar moon! lookest thou again so mourn-
fully

On yon old bard upon his gold-harp leaning;
While thou dost shed thy silver glitter lov-
ingly

On castle, cliff and wold, their stories glean-
ing!

O, hoar moon! and, methinketh, sound the
strings so sweetly clear:

Prophetically—loving whispers—murmurs for
a tear!

O, out in the balm of thy pale gold-breath
He flingeth his chords to a song so hoary:
As the hellow of ocean they touch a death;
As the glitter on wavelets they ring a glory!
O, passion he sways: and fair love lingers
there—

And a moan, and a cry of keen anguish and
care.

O, prophet is he! his gold harp is his voicing:
Of a woe he preludeth, of life's short re-
joicing!

Say! was it clear as it soundeth the mourn of
thy swoon-trembled wave—

Say! were they human, those strains, or the
echoes from surge-dolèd grave!

Tell me, O hoar moon! what prophet had said
such sweet weals, and sad woes—

Tell me! the ocean would surge so, as drearily
his prophesy flows!

O, out in the balm of thy pale gold-breath
He flingeth youth-songs that reblossom
never:

As the wind that the cliff woos, they mourn
of death;

As the white wings of sea-gulls, they float
forever!

Say! was a train of white blaring gholes
sweeping through night's majesty!

Say! was the thrumming exultant from love,
or from souls in the sky!

Tell me, O hoar moon! what sounds are there
scattered in fray with the wind;

Lo! do I hear the old harper strike passion,
as wild storm so blind!

Clear—clearer—till the strains seem super-
human:

Prophetic ring the strings!

He harketh to their glory and their praise.

Dim—dimmer—till they seem the wail o' a
woman:

All mournfully she sings!

It seemeth though the bard no longer plays!

Hoar moon, O hearken! the harper in wildness
runs trebles to storms!

Hearken, O hoar moon! his strains mingle
harshly: like storm's ghastly forms!

To the bride he tunes his harp:

Singing songs for rose, and myrtle!

Whisp'ring sighs of love, and languor!

When the strings twang loud and sharp:

Sounding booms of battle's hurtle!

Wailing moans through cannon's clangor!

And the storms of soldiery:
Clashing in the steep, dark wood-land!
Glitt'ring in the beams of moonlight!
When the strains flow of love's glee:
Calling all, to kiss the wooed-hand!
Gathering to dance i' the boon-night!

The passion-strains win back the happy days
Of old—all softly straying through the air!
They dream into a glum reflectiveness
Till seemeth it as if no bard thrummed
there!

But doth not the low wave now whisper what
he sang and stringed;
As though the surge swang to the cliffs the
echoed strain he ringed!

I hear, O 'way down there the moans and wails
of prophesy—

As though on crisp of the woe-wave the harp
rang sadd'ningly!

O, hoar moon, O hearken! O, clear as when
sounds of dawn waken,

The prophet upheaveth his lore in majesti-
cal tone.

O, loometh not, like some awe-dream, 'way
afar the ghost-Kraaken,

And listeth in wonder and awe on the sea-
waste alone!

O, clear as far Lebanon's sighing his strains
ring so free,
Uplifting the spirit to lands of soul-love and
of peace!
O, hearken, O hoar moon! euphoneous sounds
his prophesy
Of far, solemn hours, when these frets and
these foibles will cease!

Sound not again in strains so hoary
His memories of gloom, his moods of glory!
Tell me, O hoar moon! were ever such strains
touched by mortal, as those—
As all so pure the gold-harp to the hoar-wave
its extasy flows!

O, hoar moon! hark!—what pierceth all the
air!
And trembleth in the highest lones of thy
drear sky!
O, hoar moon! what aspiring lays up there!
As though the bard were now enveiled in
Sanctity!

Exultant glories he—straining the strings to
stringent sway—
Up yonder seemeth drink Elysian wine—
Up yonder seemeth raise his Nuptial Lay!
Up yonder seemeth joy in dreams divine!

O hark, O moon! exalting soars the piercing
strain—

But woe—with sighing strings falls victim to
deep wails again!

And out in the balm of thy pale gold-breath
He flingeth youth-songs, that reblossom
never:

As the aspen-wail round cliffs, they touch a
death;

As the moon-beams o'er waves, their lorn
strains weave ever!

Hoar moon! hath sudden repulsion come on
him that memories sound!

Boyhood's sweet memories; hours when others
rose-garlands had wound!

Tell me, O hoar moon! hath highest elation
a thought of the past,

That to the ocean's weird harmony strikes he
what ever will last!

O, his rippling strains send through the wind,
the joys

Of dances, there in sun-gilt groves of chest-
nuts hoar;

Where he gazed at maidens, garbed as sweet
decoys—

And breezily slow-winding 'long the bosky
shore!

O, his strains stream on the main the cheery
 song,
 That dreamed along the rivulets; by fid-
 dler's spurned!
When he lured the fairest from the revelling
 throng
 And, wooing, 'neath the old wold's oak, his
 heart had burned!
 But there came a day, all when alone
 His heart had sunken;
 His blood, so drunken
With the wreaths of vines, had no more flowed:
 As when he kissed;
 As when her tryst
Was a world by wold so hoar, where no moon
 glowed!

O, his strains seem sounding long-gone plaints
 and woes:
 When at the harvesting he thrummed and
 sang for all;
When he dashed his harp against the walls of
 those
 Who glow in tinsel—loom in castle—seem
 as pines so tall!
O, his strains send through the star-warmed
 wind the days,
 When gloomily he wandered o'er tract, and
 dim, dun wold;

When his gold-strings pierced a stone-heart;
 wooded the praise
Of languid maiden; and to mourners' solace
 told;
And there dreared the evens, when with none
 He shared his bread;
 His prayer had said;
When in solitude his tears would run—
 And thrummed in woe,
 That pained him so,
For the frore days cowlèd him—by anguish
 done!

Hoar moon, O hearken! again his gold strings
 weave sad tales of the past—
Hoar moon, O hearken! the strains lose their
 sadness o'er ocean so vast!

O, out in the balm of thy pale gold-breath
 He flingeth his strains that are sad and
 mournful:
As the low tones from harp-strings, they wail
 of death;
As the spray spatters headlands, they waver
 lornful!

Prophetical! like blowings in the Halls!
Prophetical! as far the vulture calls!
Were not spirits wailing through the caves!
Were not spirits breathing in the waves!
Hoar moon, O hearken! the harp soundeth
 clear through the roar!
Were not souls departed whispering low!
Were not blessed souls wailing of ago!
The harp-strings quiver far alternate joy and
 wail!
 The prophet praises, and doth mourn!
The gold-harp saddens loud of roses red, and
 pale!
 The prophet standeth all forlorn!

By cliff and rock, hoar moon! thou lookest
 gloomily;
 And gleanest from the wold its ghastly
 story!
By ruined towers sound the harp-strings drear-
 ily,
 And weave a strain of old, so weird and
 hoary!
Prophetically — whispers of a doom — for
 sacred flight!
And out in the balm of thy pale-gold breath,
 The strains float with a wailing;
Thou lookest adown—and thou art like death!

The harper strikes a wailing—
 Of sorrow—of sorrow—
 Till the gleaming new-morrow—till the glow-
 ing New-Morrow!!

(1885)

SONNET.

The mighty Boabdil, whose dusky hords
 Were lieges to him, built his wondrous towers
 Above Granada's streets and hidden bowers—
 Such marvel Moorish-building fair affords
 A pleasure for the knowing eye and brain—
 Yet do I know a building fairer far
 Than ruined Alhambra—where designings are
 So perfect, they melt to a dreamy strain—
 It is the Venus-body of Mathilde
 Reared all below the Sierra's eternal snows—
 Her eye—her features—and her senses thrilled
 By the sweet marvel-touch where passion
 glows—
 A building shaped by Mystery—and filled
 With feelings rare, God-given, when passion
 flows!

Granada (March 13, 1893).

SCENTS.

The Mimosa's golden flower hath a scent
Like precious pears and peaches put in
pouches,
That Urawadja scented—so she vouches—
The daisies blowing by thousands in merri-
ment
Along the water-courses, feeding well
The fruitful fair oasis by the desert—
Have a peculiar scent—and where the lizard
Runs o'er the sands—rare yellow flowers spell
Me when I smell their strange and faint per-
fume—
But when with some young Cabyle-beauty's
bosom
I play so innocently—on my hand
There lingers long a scent rarer than bloom,
Some far-off dream's aroma there doth blos-
som
Unknown to fairest flower of the land!
Biskra (Feb. 23, 1893).

TO A YOUNG POET.

Oh! sing away to ears of thine ideal—
 Ne'er think its shadow lives 'mongst wo-
 mankind!

Thou ne'er thy song's fair image here can'st
 find.

For women young ne'er so intensely feel
 As thou, young poet! They are only leal
 To wealth and matter's joys—but never kind
 To pure upliftings of the soul like fragrant
 wind—

They think but of earth's comforts and the
 real!

Thy malady dispense with, ere grim death
 Take thee untimely. Sing to no ideal—
 But when a maiden's soul true whispereth
 In answer to thee—then uplift thy weal
 In poetry noble—for thou so can'st prove
 That in the *having* is the bliss of love!

Biskra (1893).

INSPIRATION.

Preluding in vague reverie alone,
 My mind seemed vacant like a wood-girt
 plain

On whom the ashes of late fires had layn
 For dreary weeks—when suddenly fair tone

And tone in sweet succession flowed rare-
blown—

From agents—where they living were—I fain
Would ask; but to that inspiration's strain
I listened—playing, ere it be far-flown—

So cometh to the lonely souls aglow
Uncalled-for tune—ah! me! who tell from
where—

Who can such sudden intuition show?

It is as in the summer's clear night air
The lightning flashes—who hath known its
home?

Ere querying, swiftly glowing, it doth come!

TO THE ELM.

Thou graceful tree with limbs outspread—
As dreamily as arms of maidens, longing—
When o'er their heads they grace their hands
And all their body dreams the dream of love—
Thou standest on the borders of the lake,
Thy stem all broad shoots up in sprays
Of gently curving branches so thou seemest
As though some fountain in soft Persian
groves.

Thou standest single or with others of thy
kind,

Fair emblem of all gentle grace—that lingers
In dreamy maidens when they long for love.
At noon thy branches are all dark—but when
The western sun falls low, they seem like
bands

Of tissue—that from thrones of Baalbek fell!
I love to let my wearied eyes contemplate thee,
Thou graceful maiden-imitating tree;
Whose branches dream in curves as we may
see

On maiden-shapes when longing makes them
be

The fairest sight of all humanity!

Del. River (1897).

BABY LOUISE.

O have you seen the baby-bud

Of some fair woodland-rose,
That yet was in its emerald fold;

But, on the top, a pink eye peeped
So laughingly to gladsome maiden-May,
That flaunted all her flowery bandlets gay?

So was my babe Louise these years :
Just four years smiling with our world !
She let the joy of life peep forth
From her young eyes, untutored yet ;
And was the rose-bud of her mother's heart,
That seemed like gladsome May to leap and
start !

O have you seen that baby-bud
All after one sad day of blight ;
And seen the pink top fade away,
And all the green fast shrivel there ;
Till from its stem the blighted bud fell down,
And lay all withered on the grass alone ?

So, one sad night, my babe Louise—
All after one short week of pain—
Fell in the icy arms of Death,
And brought a void in mother's soul ;
And, like that rose-bud, now is gone away—
To leave us mourning here from day to day !

(Feb. 15, 1898).

WHAT THE MIRROR TELLS ME.

Not only for low vanity

The mirror shows our features, all—
But that we see mysteriously

How we are made or large or small.

Gaze in the mirror—O the prize!—

We are aware that all is not in man's own
eyes,

But something makes our lids fall down—
Something makes lustrous the dull balls

Oh! something rules each twitch—and
crown

To all: all movements to our soul are thralls!

Narcissus, in the grove, for Echo waiting,

Chanced lying at the pool's fair brink—

Then gazed he in it—what elating!

He saw his image—and began to think:

Are thus my eyes swift-moving—

While all my head is stony still—

My eye's flash must be proving

That my body is not life's will—

But something makes my eyeballs roll—

Ah! back of clay dwells the mysterious
soul!

So when I gaze into the mirror—

Not for my features do I look—

But some uncanny unknown terror

Doth seize me—as near moon-lit brook—

What am I—ah! I'm spirit—

I look at all through my swift eye—

Myself of nature inherit

The electric unseen potency

To thrill by gazing, any one—for lo!

My body's but my soul's strange portico!

A FLASH.

O God! how will they stand aghast,

When they will see my fire-songs:

That leap up heavenward, as, in the blast,

Long clouds, lengthening to demon-thongs!

(1887)

Some Ballads.

BALLAD OF LEO'S SELF DEATH.

She was my friend—and is it now—
Though from fair Heaven she looks down.
We told each other of each vow
That blossomed from our heart's true
crown.

We were like confidants, and told
All secrets we had locked to stay;
And when she braided her locks of gold,
I sang to her a tender lay!

We were like sisters; nay, like those
That feeling Heaven in them, cling
To one and the other, as do the boughs
Of elms to the vine's coiling wing!

We loved each other; had I said
 But one last word to stay her despair—
 Mayhap she would with lightsome tread
 Have yet been breathing this year's air!

*(Alas! the sand-grains in Time's glass—
 Unruled by man, e'er downward pass—
 Even as the dew at evening—
 And death comes like the blight to grass—
 There is no use of murmuring—
 But whether lives be blesst, or lives feel sting,
 Death fills his goblet—and spreads his mystic
 wing!)*

I, Merced, know her fate. And 'tis
 To me that, whoso wants to hear,
 Should bid me sing of her early bliss—
 And last, her death-seen love-vowed tear!

To Love she vowed to be love-true—
 To Love she's pledged forevermore.
 And 'twas for Love she did self-death woo—
 To melt to soul-life the pain she bore!

In Heaven's serenity she now dreams—
 All lovers true to Heaven will fly.
 She hath lulled her tears that flowed like
 streams—
 For her 'twas as balm that she could die!

I, Merced, know her life. And 'tis
To me, that whoso loves to hear,
Should bid me sing of her marriage-bliss—
And last, her death-given, love-wept tear!

Like the bubbling of waters, whispering low
In bowers of roses, and slender trees—
With the lilting birds on every bough,
And the airs thrilled with melodies.

So were the days when her son she kissed—
Were the hours, when love heard lute-soft
tone—
Were the weeks with eve-skies of amethyst—
And the years, when love's true violets
shone!

And many a morn had we chatted fond—
As maidens are wont to whisper then;
But we never had thought of a time beyond
That would dim our friendship's anaden!

In those sylvan years when life is green,
And budding blossoms seem like berries,
So pink as is youth's bosom's sheen—
Or red as are June's garnet-cherries—

In those delicate seasons of love and life,
When ten and six years bloom a lass—
My Leo was one year a loving wife—
And her boy rolled on the blooming grass!

She loved, as only mothers can,
Her beautiful boy as fair as she;
With love as trust, she loved the man
Who loved her just as lovingly!

And as the skies do love the even,
When she her softest kisses presses—
So thought she, love was her sweet heaven—
And he loved all her fond caresses!

I, Merced, know her fate. And 'tis
To me that, whoso loves to hear
Should bid me sing of her early bliss
And last, of her death-given, love-vowed
tear!

There dawned a morn when their home was
gloom—
For her spouse he had wandered away—
To those fields beyond, where love's tears will
bloom
And love's vows will know a sweeter day!

There was dole, and her grain-hued tress
Curled o'er her tear-dewed eyes—and o'er
Her rippled lips, that no more could press
Them on his, as she had so oft before!

So years sped by. And when mandrakes cut
The soggy shore of the vernal brook—
And wee flowers spring forth in every rut
Of ground—or flash in forest-nook—

Two winters after, one spring-day
She met a man—and she loved him at sight.
And loved him with might—and loved him
each day.
And said: I'll love him at morn and night.

He loved her—since she loved him so well.
But man is wretched, and cruel man
May bear a heart as they burn in hell;
And he loved her, thoughtless of love's
strong ban!

Yet he promised her to make her his own.
And he kissed her boy on his curly locks;
And he promised he would not be long-time
gone,
But return when winter the wild wave
rocks!

I, Merced, know the truth of her fate !
And whoso will hear how she did fare,
Should bid me sing of how desperate
A heart grows, when love has grown
wretched there!

I drave a whisper into her heart:
When the winter-moon sailed in soggy
 skies;
A whisper, that disclosed a part
Of a fear I nursed, since no replies

For many a day, had come from him.
And that whisper tore open a wound:
Oh! it bled from that day; and it made her
 slim
Of hope; and she uttered no cry or sound!

And it was a scarlet bird
From the south-seas brought over for her
That spoke to all with human word.
And near it she would often demur;

And sing to it songs of faith and troth;
And question it, while in faltering mood,
When they could be truly wedded both—
Or if to her with love return he would.

But the moon was full; and the stars they
 shone;
And many an awful gust flew by.
But never he knocked at the door alone;
No sign of her lover rose ever nigh!

We were like sisters; aft' she had told
How she loved him with purest love;
And wished to wear the wide ring of gold
That should their pledgèd union prove.

For days she was altered, as is the flower
That stood in gloryhood like joy—
But one slow morn hath reaped gloom's dower
And droops its crown—for life's annoy!

So faded she—and waiting, grew
To be as desperate as the fawn
That seeks the forest for one they slew
While morn sprinkled jewels o'er the lawn!

I, Merced, know her fate. And 'tis
To me that, whoso wants to hear
Should bid me sing of her sacrifice
To love, when she gave to Death Love's
tear!

But never he came! And never she spoke
One word more of such cruel heart.
And, in her soul, in her soul she broke
The vow to glow as his counterpart.

For her heart could no more bear the pain.
So she shot herself on a winter's morn.
And her pain did melt in the soul's strain
That, when love conquered, in death is
born!

So love had lulled her despair to death—
And love had not let her love him more :
Such love she bore hath truly like Angel-
breath—
Such love we cruel ones should adore !

And when the bier was set up in the room—
He never came ; but many a friend
Had come to shed a tear for her doom—
And mourn for so sad and woful an end !

And when the bier was carried without,
The scarlet and smaragd bird of the south,
In mystic murmurs “Good-bye” called out—
As though the sad words came from a
mouth !

And to her grave we went to-day :
This cheery cold winter’s gem-like hour—
Woe, woe ! my only true friend’s away—
She died in her years when all’s in flower !

So young—beyond her teens two years !
Oh ! had I spoken two words to her
She might have kissed me—and shed some
tears,—
And promised me she would demur !

*(But the sand-grains in Time's crossèd glass
Unruled by many e'er downward pass:*

Even as the light from the stars!

And death comes like the blight to grass!

There is no use to wage great wars.

*But whether lives be loveful—or lives have
bars—*

*Death flaps his mystic Wing, and mounts His
cars!*

I, Merced, to all who heard, have told

Of Leo's love, deep as an Angel's troth—

How she longed to wear the wide ring of gold,

That should join to shining wedlock both!

But man is cruel, and wretched his heart;

As though burned of hell, so treacherous:

And he pledged to make her his counterpart—

But never came he—may he bear great
cross!

My Leo leans from Heaven's thrillèd life!

She loved for love's sake—she's an Angel
now:

Though here on earth she was no wife—

In Heaven her soul hath greater glow!

(Jan. 24, 1891.)

(Written in two hours' time.)

BALLAD.

(TOLD BY A YOUNG, IMAGINATIVE GIRL.)

PROEM.

There are some natures sensitive as flowers—
 And in whose soul imagination showers
 Most subtle sights or feelings touch-remote—
 Their eyes see at broad day strange spectres
 gloat

Back of an arras, or from corners dim—
 They are far other than our common whim—
 They are so real that to such they seem
 More natural than things we see in dream—
 Frail maidens, with imagination gifted,
 Have from life's dregs the subtler essence
 sifted

And they grow real like an image fair—
 They have a shape of life, and are not air—
 Oh! maidens with such fancy-figures floating
 Afore your imagination's weirdest eye—
 You see strange phantoms from recesses gloat-
 ing—

You deem those true things are your wander-
 ings nigh—

To you this ballad, which is true as breath
 I dedicate—and garland—with an ivy-wreath!

Once, in my early days of life,
A strangest prescience clung
To me—a weirdest thrill was rife
About, when I had sung

By flowers rare in fresh June-fields—
Like Proserpine in vales
Of Enna far from warriors' shields
In gold and fragrant pales—

Or when I strolled alone homeward—
By meadow-stream—or wood—
Or when upon the flowery sward
I for my loved one stood—

Or when 'neath the suckle-porch
I dreamed of mother-hours—
Or when the August sun would scorch
The many golden flowers:

All over had that presence thrilled
My path; or, while I mused—
Had all my languid dreamings filled—
And had my thoughts suffused.

So that my eyes grew glaring wild—
And all who saw me then
Had thought me a bewitchèd child
Born in a haunted glen!

Oh! I was haunted—by a thing
I could not see nor feel—
Nor question what strange happening
Had made it pale my weal—

But like a thought it hovered round—
Nor would it leave my side:
Oh! e'er with no revealing sound
Near me it would abide!

Yet strange, at times methought to know
That it withdrew from me—
And I could feel its presence go
Afar o'er sward through tree—

Still it would e'er return, and craze
My tortured mind and eyes—
Till my heart swore to hurt its ways
By my loud screams and cries.

Then shrieked I—like a Sybil hurt
Upon the lonely strand—
And yelled: "Thou curse—and if thou wert
A form with foot and hand

I should do havoc with thy ghost—
Then felt I that it fled
Like sound of breeze when it is lost
Within a fountain-head!

I felt it onward move—unseen!—
Then sprang I from the grass—
And ran to where the wall is green
So it could not farther pass.

Oh! while I ran past the fair vines
Where the wall a corner made—
There, there, I saw a black veil's lines
Writhe languid in the shade!

A black veil—fair like Hahduh's own,
That warms her blooming limbs—
Writhe with a Hahduh's languor lone,
When dusk the lotus dims!

Writhe in its lace, ethereal-wove—
So like storm's vanguard-ghost—
Then vanished it within the grove
And to my sight was lost!

Then wrung I my two hands amain—
As nuns that shrive and pray.
Oh! blessèd, that I may again
Live an unhaunted day!

And to the roses I run;
And kissed each petal's core—
And since that time when I had won
The presence came no more.

(May 16, 1891.)

(Written in thirty minutes.)

THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

What care they for our small philosophy—
Our show, our manners long acquired? Wild
Of birth, they live from day to day, nor think
Of the to-morrow. Faith is all their creed—
They ask no questions—but to Fate supreme
Bow, as a serf at the Czar's golden throne;
Knowing that Fate doth deal or good or bad—
They dress as suits their hazard life; and act
As they desire; foregoing all our rules
That tell us we should monkey men who set
Up etiquette for their own vanity.
Have they a church which people oft' frequent
To show their new-made dresses to their
friends?

Their temple is the prairies, the savannah—
Or the far steppes—or deserts vast and lone.
They lift their eyes to the clear skies at day—
Or sing a song to night's one-million stars—
And praise their horses—or the glowing sun.
They need no pews—no preacher, iterant
Of long-dead tales; nor would they kneel be-
fore

An image said to be a god or saint.
Proud outcasts of the world's society—
They often bear more love to God the Glorious

Than many a one who pays the parson—
Or sits so proud in church on Sabbath-morns.
They are with Him—for round them spreads
in glow

The vastness of the plain and azure sky—
The ripple breezes fresh from matin-dews
Play round their swarthy brows—and they can
feel

That breath! they watch the slowly circling
condor,

And see the feathers sparkle in the sun;
They hear the murmurs of savannahs green—
Thus do they marvel—while to their free souls
They must acknowledge some fair Power who
made

All that they see—and hear. But in our tem-
ples:

How small is all—our sight is checked of sud-
den

By stone-walls; and no winds may sing to us
Large magic songs; no flower may smile to
make

Us love the Power who wrought so wonder-
fully.

What care they for our shallow vanities?
They have none; daring is their life; to use
Their strength and to display their skill elates
them;

They learned through bitterness that life is
earnest.

Their happ'ness rests with horses—and their
fame

Is horsemanship!—If by the wild Garoo
They spur their steeds o'er boundless plains—
Or by the Danube shout in sheer delight—
Or linger near the Amazonian valley—
They love their freedom; they are lords of
earth;

They sleep in huts, or camp by swollen floods,
Or rest their bodies 'neath the starry heavens.
Their frugal meals they share with one an-
other—

Nor do they need such sumptuous board
As kings enjoy; they riot in their fair,
Sane independence—and they would snap fin-
gers

Were gorgeous gardens with glow-palaces,
Yet close shut in by fences, offered them.
What were the gardens of Semiramis
To them?—they would feel cramped; they
need the wide

And boundless plains to ride their steeds full
speed;

They must be sure that day and day would
pass,

Before their wide domain could find an end.
The pusta is their joy—the steppes seem
To be their heaven; the prairies wave and flow
For their delight; the green savannahs breathe

To them the scents of life ; those strong, rough
riders
Are happy only in their saddles, orned
With gold and jewels, or plain, with garniture
Of bison-hide.

It must be joy to spur
The horse, on cool sweet dawns, just when the
sun
Doth gild the mountain's rim, and sparkles
flash
Upwards in sprayey jets to the blue zenith ;
And when the freshness bathes one quite, as
when
One feels the spray from mountain-torrents
sprinkle
On face, on hands, just when the breeze hath
blown
O'er pine, and crag ; then shout agog—and
dash
O'er sand and stones and bush and herbs and
knolls.
Such is true joy ; and such those riders feel
Each day ;—how could they long for town or
walls—
How could they ask for streets or parks or
lane ?
They needs must know their sovereign home is
space—
For boundary is a myth ; freedom ennobles
Their souls ; the glory of the firmament

Keeps fair their minds—and the fresh air
 keeps stout
 Their hearts that beat all warmly for their
 land.

(June, 1897).

THE WOES OF GREATNESS.

I.—POETIC PART.

Far from the greatest town in all the Union—
 Beyond the larger Lakes, lies Salt Lake City—
 A hive of busy souls—surrounded drear
 By level plains, a dead black sea,
 And, farther, range and range of silent moun-
 tains.

There Orson lived. The high Uintah rear up
 Their giant-rocks into the sky; and ever,
 From glorious autumn's death till spring's
 return,

The highest peaks shine white from ice and
 snow.

Upon a height above the black dead sea
 The city lies;—the Mormon-town, with temple
 Of quaint design—the long wide streets, with
 trees

Arow—the fair low buildings, garden-girt;
 The memory of Mormon-rule. There, Orson

Had gone to live; annoyed by eastern life,
He sought new scenes in midst of grand dis-
plays
Of Nature's work—and there he found them
all:

The vast blue firmament; the ragged mounts—
The silent peaks—the solemn ranges long—
The wide low plain with sedge and flowers—
The dreary stretch o' the black and oozy lake—
And when the air was thrilled by winds arage
The desert-storm. All these he fain would
make

His own—as he was gifted with the curse
To think great thoughts, and muse on life
sublime.

He had full oft succeeded with his pen,
And earned a pittance with his lighter verse—
Or with the shorter tale; but his ambitious
works,

Oft sent around from town to town through
years,

Came back unused, as ships sent out to sea
With cargoes fraught, sails are unreefed to
plough

The changeful main to bring back home again
The golden merchandise. Such wearied him—
He grew a hater of the eastern manners low—
He vowed to write some grand fair plays,
away

From men that favored friends of meaner
powers ;

Whereas those minds who had created works
Of merit large, were left to their despair.

It is a curse at times to be born great.

Many a man with all the finer traits
Of intellect, imagination, and true art—

Succumbs to woe ; if left forgotten oft,
And dies, unknown to all the plodding world.

Full oft the Doric-flute is heard—the lyre
Of Milton sounds—and echoes ring, though
low,

Of Shakespeare's universal organ-tone—
But no one hears ; the world pursues its greed,

Its show—and loves its self-sufficiency—

While in some nook forsaken sings a man—

Or in some town some intellect creates
Fair dramas like "Prometheus," God-like
work.

But they remian unknown—and what they
wrought

Grim fire devours, or oblivion swallows.

Whereas those influential patrons place

Their friends' insipid plays before the crowd

And they thrive well.

All this wise Orson knew.

His soul was great—it had the genius-glow.

His works must be a wonder, or they are
naught.

He was not like the many men these days,
That dwarf their gifts by making gold their
aim;

That are low slaves of public taste, and lose
The magic spell of Heaven-inspired art.

They thrive—but they have not the talisman:

Th' imperishable mark on work that grew
From th' Heaven-thrillèd soul; the quality

That makes a work unsaleable—yet gives
It immortality. He knew it well;

And thought of Wordsworth chanting peace-
fully

His song sublime, while ridicule was his.

And thought of Shelley who was rudely exiled
By his own countrymen—and slandered oft.

Recalling Homer, who wandered desolate

O'er hill and vale through his own native land,

Unknown to his; remembering young Keats,

A god of Greece sprung up amid his age,

How he was killed by supercilious men

That are blind not to see the sparkle of genius
Within some budding song. And many more—

For Orson's genius loved to read the lives

Of those long dead; and from their fates he
sought

Sweet consolation for his lonely life.

And Orson knew the world as pilots know

The many hidden reefs below the surface

Of strait or bay. He had been south to see

The battle-fields and towns of years ago
When Lincoln sent vast armies 'gainst the
South

That would keep slavery alive. He thought
Of writing plays that would portray those
times—

And when he made his home in Salt Lake City
He there began to work as authors work,
With impulse, patience, arduous will—
The great creation chiselled lay, for all till fair
To read, admire.

But in the lonely pauses
When mind grew tired, he walked alone out-
doors—

And saw at morn the skeins of rain hide
mounts

And lake; at noon the sun burst forth—at eve
The peaks and ridges grow roseate as the sun
Kissed vale and mountains a night-long fare-
well.

To Douglass Fort he walked, and from its
height

His eyes beheld the grandeur of the expanse—
The long calm lake, the blueey ranges round—
And, back of him, rose threateningly the
Uintah.

And often, through the year, he witnessed
well

The desert-storms come raging o'er the town;
No rain descended aft' the gale announced

The hurrying storm; but all the air grew
brown

With sand—while whirlwind, hurricane joined
fast

To smash frail fences, hurl stones through the
air—

Uproot young trees—unroof low huts—or
push

Some careless wand'rer to the ground; for
wild

The sand-storm grows—and pitiless he rages.

Woe to the man who braves his demon-powers,

He must fall down;—and, oft, when to the vale

His fate leads him, the sand-storm brings him
death.

Eight years he led such life creative there—

And plays, and poems, stories short, had come

Fair-built from forth his meditative mind.

But no one saw them; hidden in a trunk

He kept his plays. He knew his master-work

Would some day be renowned—and valued.

But Influence never waved her rosewood-

wand

O'er him—so that he needs must live obscure—

Perchance his works left all unread forever.

He was so poor, he could not pay for food—

So on a day, the people found him dead—

And so had passed away a glorious soul—

A mind most varied, intellectual, pure—

But world-ignored—and left to starve alone.

II.—PROSAIC PART.

Down, where the Mississippi flows in dreams,
Along some tributary, agèd cypress-trees,
And oaks gigantic, stand. Some are so old
That all the sap hath gone from root and
trunk—

Leaving the tree-trunk dead. No leaves sprout
more,

When balmy winds from Cuban shores blow
o'er

Th' Louisianian stretches, wild and wet.

Spring may not green its branches new again;
The oak-tree's life hath gone. But there you
see

The mistletoe, like eagles' nests, hang strag-
gly.

Or, down some lower branch, the beard-like
mosses

Stream shaggy to the grass luxuriant green.

Some living vegetation finds its life upon
A long-dead tree; so in the human world
Some men dishonest thrive upon the works
Of long-dead men.

It happened that, the day
Before our Orson died, three authors came
To Salt Lake City. From the east they came.
They were in search of subjects fit for plays.

Two were theatric managers ,prim, stout, and
red
Of face—deep shrewdness twinkling in their
eyes.

The third, an author true, though lacking
genius.

“This town is not a place for comedy—
How desolate the scenery seems—here Dante,
The purgatorial poet, would have sung
More Hell-like songs than when he heard them
sound

Within his soul inspired. Here are no themes
For us. 'Tis best we travel westward on.”

The author voiced his thoughts gloomily.

“Not so,” his shrewder friend retorted then—

“We'll wait a day or so—chance may be ours;
We'll read the news each morn—perhaps we'll
find

Some scandal kept for local papers only!”

“I do agree with you,” the third said quickly.

For he was shrewd as Satan—and would not
let

A hairbreadth-chance escape his greedy clutch.
Thus waited they.

As Orson had no friend—

His body had to lie far from his home.

They buried him upon the hill in view

Of lake and rocky peaks. Then all his chat-
tels—

Not much forsooth—were sold at public auc-
tion,

The fourth day after he had lonely died.
One day before, the papers told the story;
And, lightly touching on the dead man's life,
Disclosed that he had lived like a recluse
For many years—and it was known he wrote.
When the shrewd manager beheld the news,
Fast smiled he then; he must bid on the trunk.
For in it there must be some stories fair,
Perchance some play.

The three were timely there
Next morning. The trunk was shown; bid-
ding was brisk—

Till for a paltry sum the trunk was theirs.
When they came home that afternoon, they
oped

The trunk—and what surprise was theirs that
day!

Five plays they found—ten stories short—a
book

Of poems fair. “Not Dante could have found
Such treasure; we've been guided auspiciously.
Three cheers!” the author joyously exclaimed.
Then conned they many—and their final shout
Was: “Three plays meet with our approval!”
Hurrah!”

* * * * *

Next winter in the eastern metropolis
The public's voice was loud with praise; for
 he,
The author who had found our Orson's plays,
Had won success with his "Down South It
 Was."

A play of perfect art—dramatic power—
Written by him, his name upon the bill.
But none suspected that the real author
Had died a year ago, his bones acrumbling
Within the saline earth of bare Utah.
The honest author reaped no guerdon fair—
Nor heard he praises sung by crowd or elect—
Nor was his name fast heralded afar—
But the dishonest author, lacking genius,
Yet owning shrewdness and ignoble aims—
He gloried in the glamor of the shouts—
And praise rung brilliant round his ears sur-
 prised;
All while within his guilty heart he felt
His conscience prick him, as with cactus-hairs.
His guileful mind acknowledged his low play,
Yet baseness lies within the special blood
No one can make it change to loyalty—
As in the Indian's blood, though teaching use
Firm rule to civilize the savage mind
Years after, when he's left alone—at once
He yells, hunts, scalps, and paints his face for
 war,
So he laughed loud at his unearned success—
And drank with friends to cleverness and trick.

III.—CONCLUSION.

How is the public cheated often times,
 As this our song attests! Who knows how
 trick

Is often basely used for honest work?
 How sad it is to know that genius builds
 Vast works that find no recognition wide;
 But when death takes him—they are praised
 and sold—

Or pirated, as with our Orson great.
 But of such men the world is made—ah! me!
 Our Orson's name remained unknown, and
 Silence

Keeps locked the whereabouts of his far grave,
 To all the world at large. He worked and
 thought—

Created plays of worth, that worthless seemed
 While he had lived—but when he died were
 praised

Not only by some authors competent,
 But by the public, as fair master-works.
 O genius! thou riddle of the sciences—
 No glorious place hast thou in matter's book.
 Thou art so different from other men—
 That, to my mind it seems, thou art a god
 Holding all Knowledge in thy soul, yet quick
 With Spirit, till new life glow in all thy
 works!

(June, 1897.)

TO THE FIRST FIRE-FLY.

(1897)

The crescent hung above the city-towers,
The planet sparkled to the right—
I looked across the yard to ivy-bowers
And all lay still in thick'ning night.

I gazed out on prosaic houses low—
One house had ivy o'er it trailing—
While 'bove the roof, afar, their spires
Loomed faint—like sails when storms are
wailing.

All lay so still;—like million motes all dusk
The air of night veiled objects all—
South-eastern breezes shifted smoke aslowly—
To gloomy thoughts the world was thrall.

I gazed out in the stilly night—and dreamed—
'Twas July, on her honeymoon—
When near the weird houses, of sudden,
gleamed
A minute spark—and vanished soon.

Again it gleamed—and moved so slowly on—
Then lay the wall so black as night,
Methought it was within the room so lone
That some one came with candle-light.

Then suddenly out of my dreams I woke—
Yea, this was July, newly come—
And then I knew that in this month their lived
The glow-fly—seeking a sleeping bloom.

Yea, there it gleamed—then dark, then a
spark—
And so it moved the house along;
A minute spark that moved—then grew all
dark—
The first fire-fly o' the new-born throng!

I hailed its fair advent to summer's heat
When city-houses lie forlorn—
Though dreary are the houses and the street
A charm is of a sudden born.

Then live thy short, short life—O fire-fly—
Thou gladdenest our eyes grown weary
Each month hath a new wonder for our eye,
We joy again, though we're grown dreary.

The hot night's dusk is live with lanterns small
That move—now sparkle they awhile—
Then are extinguished—so through night
withal—
And thus man's weariness beguile.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Out in the bay
Near the cliffs of Moher—
Welter away

The waves of the sea;
Though around the ocean's bosom be
Calm as the scented sleep of Tranquillity,
Ever in that spot have rolled the waves
Splashing on rocks, and sounding the wave-
lipped caves!

Out in the bay
Near the cliffs of Moher!

Out in the bay
Near the cliffs of Moher,
Welter away

The waves of the sea;
Once there stood and glowed a city free—
Palaces and streets built pompously—
Haughty the ruler was;—he did a crime,
But it lies dark-covered to man and time.
Save to the bay—

Near the cliffs of Moher.

Out in the bay
 Near the cliffs of Moher,
 Welter away

The waves of the sea—
 Every seven years—all gorgeously,
 City with turret and palace rise full free,
 Glowing in merry splendour as once of old—
 But all life lies dead—and all is cold—

Out in the bay
 Near the cliffs of Moher.

Out in the bay
 Near the cliffs of Moher,
 Welter away

The waves of the sea—
 Could a man but keep his eyes alee—
 Cross the rocks and pools all safely—
 There the town majestic he could restore,
 Looming up in grandeur—as before—

Out in the bay
 Near the cliffs of Moher.

Out in the bay
 Near the cliffs of Moher,
 Welter away

The waves of the sea—
 But no man e'er gained the city free—
 So the spot must e'er a secret be—

The women, the children, the life in the pen.
Then onward they flashed like a furious storm,
Of many scuds when the summer's warm—
To the Big Bat, the scout's, corral,
Where seven times hundred horses he had—
They swooped upon it—and then they stole
all,
And rode off, like a crowd of demons turned
mad,
To the caves and the canons of Bad Lands:
A country wild, where the age-old sands
Have taken shapes of forts, and of towers—
With embrasures and embattlements strong;—
And there Short Bull is wielding his pow-
ers;
Alert to avenge the white man's wrong.

Short Bull, with his demoniac face,
To all his warriors tells apace:
That on one night he saw four stars
Fall from the midnight heaven—he went
For the orbs of night's wide firmament—
But three arose to the myriad stars,
While one lay on the ground;—beside
It was a letter he could not read—
To the warriors he said: ah! woe betide!
It is a message that I should lead
You warriors against the pale-faced foe.—
And all believe it must be so!

Short Bull, Two Strike, Crow Dog, Kicking
Bear,

Those four keep their thousands of warriors
there;

In the land of the sands that have merlons
wide,

And towers, and parapets, where they hide
From the white-faced foe, marching onward
now—

While the cold is on sand, on every bough
Of the few pine-trees, that give ambush some
To the Rosebud Indians to find their tomb
Soon or late on the tracts of the wild Bad
Lands.

And as the snow-squalls are whitening the
sands,

And the winds howl about the battlements,
By Nature made—so o'er the throng

Of the Indians, our deadly cannons strong
Will send death balls; and our army-tents
Will whiten the grounds of the Indians wild,
And peace will again be our country's child!

But in the memories of those,
Who have heard the Rosebud Indians dash
O'er plains, and passed settlements flash—
The sound of the seething grasses dry,
And the chieftain's yell and shrill cry,
Will be like harsh strains sung to bitter woes!

TO A SWEET MAIDEN'S EYES.

Whene'er thy lids are upward drawn—
Methinks to dream at Spring's rose-dawn—
For in thy rosy features fair—
When I do smile—*two violets blossom there!*

LYRIC.

You've touched the vibrant chord
That is to me like soldier's sword—
You've set my soul astir—
To sing to Eros' dulcimer—
So is the chord sweet vibrant made
By those fair words thy heart had said!

Fair genius-girl, with gifts unnumbered!
Why through these days have thy songs slumbered?
Why had not thy heart-words been ringing
To lithest lilt, and wanton singing?
Why had not I known this new gift thine own
While all these days thy lesser gifts had shone!

You've made my lyre quiver
Like lily-stems along Love's river!
You've touched the vibrant string
To make me ever sweetly sing—
So is my song-sky, dappled with thy numbers,
And now my lyre's world no longer slumbers!

LOVE.

Rare relic of the ages old
When yet fair-browèd chivalry
In quest for thee came strong and bold
To sue for her—to win—or die!
Now thou art thrown aside like some lace-gar-
ment worn
For in all maids the thought of gold
Is born!

The blushes of a vernal day
Would send a thrill of joy to maids,
For they could, by the woodland way,
Meet their loved swain in blossomy
shades.
But now the girls sit in gold chairs for Mam-
mon's call
And fill their hearts with vain display—
Their thrall!

Sweet pout of virgin lips, stay here—
 Thou amorous rose-kiss—rest thou yet
 Within our folds! throughout the year—
 And be for us our violet—
 But through the autumn of this century there
 grows
 In maiden's heart no flower, man's pet,
 Love's rose!
(March, 1895.)

LOVE.

Oh! love is beauteous harmony!
 Her thoughts must chime with his—
 As notes that make a melody,
 Sung by fair maids of Nis!

Oh! hatred is a dissonance
 Within the minds of two!
 How can a sour soul entrance
 A soul that loves all true?

Oh! only when their thoughts are kin,
 Then only can they love.
 How can he who is loath to sin
 Fit mate for fury prove?

Oh! love is harmony, my dear!
We love, for both our souls
And hearts chime as a tune so clear
Where the glorious Hudson rolls!
(October 18, 1902.)

TO AN ESTUDIANTE.

“What may’st thou do, my black-eyed fellow!
With thy large, bony hand?
Thine eyes are filled with long-wept woe,
Thy sober mouth seems no more bland,
And weird is thy mustachios’ flow.
What may’st thou do with thy lank hand?
It seems it knows but strife and woe!”
“Ah! with it I may thrill the strings
Of my own alto-cello—
While my sad gaze
Makes memories blaze—
And brings
Weird tones to my own alto-cello!”

“What may’st thou do, my black-eyed fellow!
With thy large hand so pale?
Thy black, deep eyes are upward turned;
Their white glistens—what is thy tale—

And hath thy heart for true love yearned?

What may'st thou do with hand so pale
When thy black eyes are upward turned?"

"Ah! with it mournful tones I sound

On my own alto-cello:

Weird melodies of deep gloom—

Where sea-cliffs loom

Around

At eve—when sea waves moan and bellow!"

"What may'st thou do, my raven-locked fellow!
low!

With thy pale, bony hand?

Thy black mustachio flows like power—

Thy eye-ball rolls with sadness bland;

Thy head-locks seem an ebon flower.

What may'st thou do with thy pale hand—

In it there seems no wondrous power!"

"With it I play on strings deep-toned

Of my own alto-cello;

Call back dark days

Or lithesome lays

I owned

When hills and brakes were rosed or yellow!"

"What may'st thou do, my weird-eyed fellow!

With those lank fingers all?

That hang like cicles from thy pale palm!"

Like petals to drear blight a thrall.

What fire streams from thy black eyes calm?

Yet lank are thy pale fingers all—

That hang like cicles from the pale palm!"

"Though powerless they seem, they thrill

My own dear alto-cello:

Swift Jotas jingle

Till bodies tingle—

With skill

I play upon my dear own alto-cello!"

"Then come to me, sad black-eyed fellow!

That bony hand hath powers

To change to smiles the weary days.

Those fingers all are spelled with dowers

From weird, sad, joyous, moody lays.

To change to life the weary days!"

"Ah! friend—now listen to the tone

Of my own alto-cello:

The heart-sighs hear—

And many a tear

That own

A long, sad tale—like waves that bellow!"

New York City (1892).

SONG.

I see her tombstone set up there

Where the autumn-winds must blow.

Upon a hill-top—open to the air

And to the flakes and flakes of snow.

It is not real; 'tis not of stone;
 But in my soul it loometh high;
 And telleth me that I must be alone;
 My life a dream—my life a sigh!

I see her tombstone set up there.
 Oh! am I breathing thro' the day?
 It is upon a hill-top—where
 The fickle seasons mourn and play!
(1887)

OTTO HEGNER.

At last I've heard thy myth-performance,
 child!
 Thine artist-head on those frail shoulders
 borne—
 Those fingers putting older men to scorn—
 What all-surpassing power is in them, when
 the wild
 Concerto calls for passion!—then what mild
 And soft-touched notes that melt into the
 dream
 Of melody, like nymph-songs by liliated
 stream,
 Commingle with the breeze—so Pan's be-
 guiled!

O child! thou hast the master-mind in thee!
Each touch hath feeling, bears a thought
thine own;
Some question who hath in thy being strown
Such ease, such fire touch, such mastery!
While listening, while seeing thee perform—
Who doth deny God's breath in calm or storm!

MUSIC.

AT SYMPHONY CONCERT.

While all the instruments were lost in sound—
Schubert's last symphony they played—there
sped
In me strange thoughts; and stranger
dreams were bred:
A multitude of tones!—they leapt—they
wound,
In languors;—thunder smote; and the pro-
found
Beat fast against its cliffy shore! Instead
Of melody, a battle—hurtle from dead
And living demons rose from out the ground.
Was that sweet music's climax; the fair crown
To all of tones and complex harmonies?
It seems to me those wrangling melodies
Are like earth's elements, when they do frown:

Not understood, but wondered at! Who
knows
What Schubert dreamed, ere the piece saw
its close!

AT THE THEATRE—"CARMEN."

She singeth cheerily her light sing-song—
She danceth wantonly the Spaniard's dance;
With castagnettes, amerrily—a trance!
And laughs, and smiles, and pleases the pit-
throng;
She seemeth gayest, healthiest—more than
young!
But, wretchedness, as others now advance,
When she may turn her head, may turn her
glance,
And sing no more; oh! take thine ear along
The stage, and hear the deep, hoarse cough
that sounds.
Let thine eye spy the soft small hand that
presses
A heaving bosom; a paining eye, that
wounds
Thy feelings all humane; and see her tresses,
That tremble when covertly her sick heart
bounds!
Would'st not implore to Mercy that she
blesses!

THE BLISS OF DREAMS.

Once in a verdant valley—

Whose southern slope bore rugged rocks—
With draperies of rosy eglantine
And puffs of red-gold columbine—

There slept a pool; around, grieved docks;
Yet on its bosom shone a flower

Of deepest gold—

And near there rose a vine-dressed bower:

The dream-maid's dewy fold.

All day she there would dally

While breezes fluted musically

In and o'er that verdant valley—

To Nature's beauties she was thrall—

She loved the listless bees

Murmur in clustering linden trees—

The low, faint sound

Of the valley's snow-foamed waterfall;

She loved to see the smaragd snake

As 'neath the daisies fair it wound—

And loved to hear from budding brake

The linnet's song the day awake!

All on the sunny days

She bathed within their golden rays—

Yet when the dripping drops

Of June-rains fell on chestnut-tops

Within that viny bower, under cover,

She dwelled with her sweet unseen lover—

Her lover, who had brought her store

Of dreams, to dream them o'er and o'er—

All in the morning she would twine
Rare fillets of fresh flowers

In her golden tress divine—

All in the silvery noontide hours

When music rises from the lawns and woods
Upon a lute she played—

All in the even in those solitudes.—

Forth to the pool she swayed

Her languid shape that dreamed as though

The essence of her dreams she swayèd so

That part they took in her fair gait—

And there she mirrored her sweet face, elate

With vision she would see

Within the dark pool's secrecy!

She kneeled before the golden bloom

Then touched its petals rich and rare,

Then on the shorly bosom of the pool

She saw swift pictures living there—

When round the docks, so succulent and cool,

She heard soft wails like moans of doom:

“We in this pool

Live ruled by one rare flower of gold.

This flower is ruled by the valley's ghoul,

That haunts our deeps since ages old.

This central golden bloom

Is mankind's only doom—”

Then bends the Dream-maid closer to

The gold-flower: “Not a one doth woo

A dream to pass away their time,
When drippings gloom—or winter's rime?"

“No dreams those people
Know ever—they who rear high steeple
And edifice of wood or stone—
Are votaries of *gold* alone!”
Then grew the pool as brown
As hummum, when the sun is down.

Apace—

With marvel grace—
As bounds an antelope
Down some slight-shelving, flowery slope—
She seeks her vine-dressed bower
And trims her bosom with flower and flower;
Then flute the breezes musically
In and o'er that verdant valley.
And in the even calm
The Dream-maid there doth dally:
Wrapped in odors rare of quince, and balm
Of suckle—and the many blossoming vines.
Then upon a canopy of roses,
Fresh yet with dew from delly closes,
Her marvel shape she there reclines.
Dreaming blissfully of wondrous things
Far from the world whose idol rings
From stony, harsh hard gold—
So are the dreamers in the world's large fold:
Furnished with dreams from that fair valley
Where breezes flute and all sings musically!

(May 2, 1891.)

BALLAD.

(A FACT OCCURRED YESTERDAY.)

*White lily-life is often outraged wild!
To spare expenses an unfortunate
Rich man will do away with his own child—
Our woe and joy are in the hands of fate!*

“What carry you upon that bier—
It seems 'tis beauty frozen—”

“Oh! gaze—and shed one silent tear—
Death had a blossom chosen—

“Death entered in her father's mind—
Till he grew frantic quite
And gave his child to the sea and wind
Deep, deep in the dead of night!”

“And had you found her naked so—
With but a shoe—a ring.
Her robe, her golden tresses' flow—
Besides, no other thing?”

“So in her glowing nudity
Afloat on the moon-lit wave—
We drew her up from the dark, deep sea—
To honor her with a grave!”

“Oh! is it true—no direct clue!
Who may that beauty own—
Her eyes seem two clear drops of dew—
Her frame as firm as stone.

“Like marble-wrought, so perfect fair
Her naked body lies—
Her tapering fingers, her well-kempt hair,
Her large and noble eyes—

Her neat white feet—her haunches full,
Her rounded limbs, and waist
Upon whom rises so beautiful
A bosom beauty-graced.

“All show that she on luxury thrived—
The idol of wealth’s home—
Yet who—wherefore—what had deprived
Her through life’s summer to roam!”

“We know not, Sir—we picked her up
While making then our round,
But think I that her father’s cup
Of wealth had fallen to ground—

“Mayhap a family large had he—
So, in despair, he told
Some men to drive her to the sea—
Her garments to unfold—

“Then with rough violence thrust her far
Upon the ocean’s wave
While on the deed gazed night’s cold star.
And not an one to save!”

“How could a man such actions do
A sinless woman to kill—”

“Ah, me! ’twas love of wealth did sue
That she should e’er be still!”

“Can a human heart beat in such men
O God! I faint in Thee—
That where Thou art, lies a murderer’s fen—
That such—that such can be!”

“Poor girl—sweet woman lost so soon—
Born—breathing till summer’s hour—
Then killed—to never know love’s boon
Nor kiss thy body’s flower!”

“Such is the world—in wealth ’tis well—
When sad misfortunes come,
Then is life but a despairing hell—
‘Young beauties seek their tomb!’”

“Oh! take that lily blossom away!
Yet honor her with a grave—
Such beauty body in nude array—
Ah! none, at! none could save!

“Yet well for the wave that kept afloat
 Her marvel-mould in bloom—
 And let us take her in our boat
 To build for her a tomb!”

“Let tender flowers fall on her form—
 Let them sweet drape her clay—
 Then lay her away—far from world’s storm,
 Her soul soars in fairer day!”

White lily life oft’ dies in summer-hours—
 There are yet cruel, inhuman hearts of stone!
 He thought that ere she be in Vice’s powers
 ’Tis better to die—than live for lust alone!
 (April 10, 1892.)

IS THE GODLY AMONG MANKIND?

As to a Christ I walked the worldly streets,
 Wishing to be affectionate to all.
 But when I met a girl, all young, yet tall,
 She barred my speech—and would not list to
 sweets.
 O if the godly were among mankind
 She would have smiled, and greeted me in
 love—
 But all her actions hatred’s moods did prove,
 She had no feeling we in friendship find!

The savages greet all that come their way—
 We Christians shun each other when we
 meet—

O is the godly in us, Paraclete?
 Nay, we are worse than heathen men that pray!
 I walked abroad among my own—but there
 I found no one with love or friendship fair!
 (April 28, 1902.)

RINGS.

What lieth in a simple ring of gold?
 Yet 'tis the token of deep troth for two
 That tieth them to mateship till death sue.
 Such ring its story many a year hath told.
 There is a ring used so to seal great fold
 That none should open all its secret true.
 Then the bright jewelled rings that beauties
 imbue
 With queenliness—and them with dignity hold.

But as the fly doth use the bee's fair girth,
 To sip the nectar of the flowers fair—
 There are in mankind beings without stint
 That use the marriage-ring—to put on air
 That they their nuptials held—when truth
 makes known:
 By it they hide their harlot-life alone!

SONNET.

She who hath gazed with lingering eyes at me
And showed her budding bosom through
lace, loose hung—

Who to my eyes had tender ditties sung
And showed herself from guile and slander
free—

This eve she passed with all her coquetry;
With sweet dress, looped up in her hand—
then came

To me a feeling of repugnance, all aflame:
I hated her artifice—her vanity!

And then methought to see her change in
shape:

She trudged along like some she-hell-fiend
nude.

I saw in her the animal coarse and rude.
And all her lewdest nature would escape.
Then vanished all her grace, her beauty rare:
I saw a nude she-fiend beast-scowling there!

MUSIC.

(FRAGMENT.)

True, true, dear Hannah—music hath charms,
to soothe
The pestered prey of love and passion—music
meet
For love's despair—to cool the fevered brain;
And bring bright memories back, to sheen
the state
Of forlorn love—blighted life. Ay, mine
Annie, my love;
Methought the guardian angels left me griev-
ing—
With heart all lacerated—pulse as wild
And weary as the madman in his dungeon-
cell;
As irresponsible as the toper's, when his wrist
Doth wrangle wildly with his throat; with
mood
So dejected, wan, as blight upon the sheening
vine,
That trails along the ruined monastery's walls.
When but the owl hoots, and bats batter 'gainst
the ghosts
That haunt the debris of a hallowed dome;
With soul that sees its own destruction near,

O, saddest plight! with thoughts to God, polluted

By converse with the nether fiends—infesting
My mind with apostatic syllogisms!

O, desperate predicament—a hell on earth—
An atrophy that quenches its thirst in longing,
And actuates in ravenous hunger in thoughts
Of thee; O, Hannah, music hath fascination;
Such deep enchantment, as the eyes of flowery
Apollo's sweetest virgins, when they unwimple
Their brow, and beam long curious looks—that
pierce!

Methought to die! I felt so feeble, so worn—
Woe-struck—as febrile, as a sickly maiden
When by Loando's shores the sun looms high
And thrusts its ardent lances through her curls,
To gild her frame, and shake her as a reed.
I mused to do away with life—to walk no
more—

To bid farewell to flouting mankind—say
Adieu to “spick and span” society;
To haunt thee with my ghost—my spirit,
flown;

To roam the skies about, O Hannah, dear
And lovely love, I began to ask if broods
Of devil-hearts had swarmed about thee—flock
Of glozing, courteous dunces lured thee on;
And in such brunt of danger thou couldst fall
Their dupe. Forgive—to fret is a lover's love!

So seemed I—when this morn, by angels guid-
ed,

My worried fingers lost their plaints in sad,
Sweet melody—a song upon the ivory keys
Of Mozart's harpsichord—transcended now
To Verdi's loud and softened pedal: name
So inharmonious to the one its father.
O, days of joy and coy contentment; hours
Of cosy bliss within the pales of chaste re-
treat;

When music was a link to chain the hearts
Of each to each—and dear repose of mind
Found hearth by melody and harmony!
O souls of two score years now choked by
weeds

And worts of poisonous roots and petals—
come

Again to charm the homes of Adam's children
Rejoice once more the hearts of Ève's fair
daughters—

Once more revive!—Yea, Annie, in that song
I found consolement—for I pictured thee
To bask and blush—and bend—and banter
boonly—

Rejuvenating all my heart—and shedding
sense

Of sweeter comfort all upon my soul.—
Just here, love, let me tell thee what I deem
Sweet music's lofty office be: to purge
The unclean soul—to soothe the weary heart—

Unchain the manacles that gird a despot—
To revolutionary brows, unknit
The furrows—lovelier tie the fond affections
Of maiden-blush to manhood's glowing glee—
When rodent cares intrench the harassed harm
Of blighted life—to indue with fragrant fold
The daunted spot—when hopes are shorn and
bare,

To linger in fair music's halls—and listen
And hearken—for angels are in melody—
Inwoven—as perfume in the flower's bloom!
It is the sound—which being nowhere, yet
Is present—the wonder-art to find a tone
That vibrates with the inner fibres of man!
The magic-sense to call to birth a stream
Of Aeolian sounds, that laves with conscious
flow

Each heart, to soothe or sadden—to joy—
mourn.

It is a marvel! an emblem of a Heaven—
A feeling that our soul is there—immortal!
But now its Lydian softness I shall tell;
Nor leave the sweetness of its song to die.
My love! I glided o'er the keys such strains
That wound their sinuous serpent-wreaths
along

The languid-flowing stream of fantasy.—
A dream! a soul-dream! angel-scented-grown,
As violet-buds burst, to a dream of days
When Elbe's muttering woe, and drowsy moan

Low-swelled to castle-heights and vineyards
fair—

Ancestrally endowed with kingship—made
To win the princes' eyes, and thrill their hearts
To live, and die within their glorious goal.

When gently gliding by the wolds of myth
And folk-lore mystic—even-bells had knelled
The plaintive parting of two sister-hearts
And pale the one—with raven tresses stream-
ing

Along her quivering bosom to her haunches
rare—

Wept silently;—and rosèd one with bleared
And glistening orb—with yawles yet glowing
faint—

And praying audibly—when each their way
So lonely went—to leave fair night remain!
Hast heart the distant canticles, sung low
Upon the Rhenish waters—where the moon
Its purpled horn oft-times within the waves,
So passion-heaving, dips? Hast heart the song
Of dream-lips, swelling as some Syren-lures
Withforth the sapphire grotts of Capri, there
By heavy-perfumed parks, and warbling bosks
Where fond Lugano kneels before a sky
Of fairy-splendour, blowing visions mellow—
And fancies, purpled orient; broidered glowing
By fingers rich—fantastic—blazing softly
To legends sweet and languid—sky of
Heaven—

A paradise within the rays of dying sun!
Hast heard, through orange-gilded groves soft-
 flowing,
Harmonious duet emulate—by Adria's bloom
Of palace and of chatellette—when rarest
 scents
Of garden-flowers sling, like an Indian-rain,
Their freshness far abroad—and heave the
 songs
With palm-land passion—ring the lark-like
 ditties
With glow of Syrian skies: where Lebanon
Its lute-voiced cedars proud outspreads.—Hast
 heard
My love—my passion, all my thought—my
 life—
Hast heard the tune of even, when o'er far
Far spreads of oak-land wails the ocean's echo,
While on some castled cliff the pale rose-veil
Low-museth in the meandering breeze—and
 sighs
Of love roll plaintive with the main's caresses
That pitch their glimmering fingers against
 the moss-
Flecked headland's giant-rock! Hast heard
 the tales
By Sharon, where the rose is guarded saintly—
Roses garland brows of prophets, and the rose
Is worshiped, as the rosy Ibis far, O, far
In dream—Ethiopia's dusky wolds of palm

And tamarind, and spice-trees, blooming large!
 Hast heard the languor in the playing ripples
 Round lotus-flowers—when they quiver in the
 sheen

Of moon-beams, kissing Kistnah-river! Love!
 Hast known of sweetness in the Limat, blow-
 ing

Canorously o'er vineyards on Ceylon,
 Where oft' the warble of the coast-birds wan-
 ders

Within such languid breeze, that woos with it
 The sweet smell of luxuriant palace-gardens
 'Way o'er the cliffs of Malabar? O, Love?

(Fragment) (1885)

GREATNESS.

“Tell me, oh Muse, what must man do to win
 The world's applause and be called great—
 tell me!

For I in vian have sung of God and Thee—
 And used my pen to slay the worldly sin;
 But never have I been called great as yet.

Still, one, who sings of common men, and
 writes

With no rare beauty in his phrase, delights
 The world: they call him great, and is their
 pet!”

“O woe to thee, my child, the world may never
 Judge of the God-voiced one—he must be
 still—

And sit alone upon God’s glorious hill.
 He sings for high souls and for Angels ever—
 Though greater than the one the world call
 great

Thou bearest but the God-child’s wonted fate!
 (March, 1899.)

TO THE SCIENTISTS.

Go, small scientist—

You teach me nothing new—
 I’m far more happy in my faith—
 More joyous in my sky of blue
 Wherein I see the Angels play—
 I’m far more happy in my God—
 Who teaches me so pure a story
 And shines before me His Own Glory—
 More joyous be a child in merry May,
 And sing my song in praise of One
 Who made me—and this earth—all that is
 done!

Go, small scientist,

You teach me nothing new—
 You tell me I’m a beast—and I’m a fool—
 Man is the seed of grovelling swine—
 You make us dunces, prone to grow a school
 Of apery—make us lengthwise whine—

Go, small scientist,
 . I've all I want from you—
 Ay, study *your own self*, your *inward* self—
 Not all the books upon your moulded shelf—
 Ay study glory in the soul; the heart's array;
 Not bones, and oil, and filthy air, and clay.
 Ay, study Nature, through your feelings all
 elate—
 Then you shall love the God; and your own
 selves will hate!

(1884)

EXTASY.

I looked at the harvest-moon, it was waxing—
 Through the window-pane—
 And I wept—and I cried—
 For the world's offensive strain
 Made moan!
 I gazed at the harvest-moon, it was waxing—
 Afore they said I was amad—
 They said I was too old, when Spring was in
 me—
 I was not man to wish me cool
 Beneath the flowery sod;
 But I said naught that God would take me
 above—
 That Heaven would welcome me.

O, quiet was I; inwardly prayed: "Forgive them."

I went to the lone, dark room—
To gaze at the gold harvest-moon, 'twas wax-
ing,

Through the window-pane:
And I wept and cried—

For I felt so sorry for those scorers—
I prayed they may be spared small wrath—
And I wept—and I cried all deeply—

I begged that death would lenient judge.
O, how may they, who have not felt, feel what
the soul is—

What bliss pervades it, oh! beauteous bloom-
ing!
They laugh at those who feel elate at simple
holiness—

They think one mad when one is half in
Heaven!!!

(1884)

A HYMN.

O, God! Thou art wonderful—
But Thy sting is deep—
All Thy marvels beautiful—
Yet Thy child doth weep—
But lo! it is our earthly lot to steep
Our hearts in woe—to soothe its smart in
sleep!

O, how passing pure Thy Love—
 But Thy Word is strong—
 God, Thy Glory shines above—
 Here is plaint and wrong—
 But lo! sweet nature sings a sweetened song,
 And through the May no suffering will throng.

O, God! Thou art marvellous—
 But Thy Law severe—
 Thou bestowest gifts on us—
 Yet we shed a tear—
 But lo! our earthly lot is to bear from day to
 year—
 O, till we reap that death—a curse—a cheer!
 (January 2, 1886.)

A FRAGMENT.

(1885)

Hence, ye vain memories—the bubbles
 Upon the hidden lake of thought-sprung
 troubles—
 Hence, and stay ye where the weaker mind
 Low-cowers from the roar prophetic
 Of meditation's swiftest wind—
 Whose whirl-storm speed uproots the oak-
 trees hoar

That bear the glowing fruits philosophical!
Nor play about me any more!

Hence, ye phantom-memories—the joy
Of hours, that toll never again their bells—

But ever the restless striving mood annoy!
Dear tenants in the tainted halls of my soul—
Vain passengers that hail me as I roll
On waves of life through unbounded seas
Of the infinite Infinity! The vanities
Of present thought—since dead—unresurrect-
ing—

Since past—unable gleam-future's feet direct-
ing!

Hence, ye vain memories—the toys
Of virgin Urania—foam to feelings sprung
By sudden sight of past mementos—feeble
tongue

Of easy-lipped Morpheus—drowsy voice
Of Time—the languors of self-perusalling
man—

The being of th' has-been—the models for a
stanza's plan—

Hence, ye vain memories—the ease
Of the Muse's throe—the charm of her flow-
ing grace—

Hence, ye memories, you no more please—
Hide, hide—and lie at calm in your long-
wonted place!

But show thy brow! Unseen, unuttered Vis-
ion—

Whose power is of Hell—and hath the thews
Elysian!

Show up thy face, whose awe unlooses mounts
Whose age is vaster than the sun its aeons
counts—

Upshow thy lofty shoulders—Atlas-strong—
Bear truth that thou dost wage with good and
wrong

As Sisyphus with rocks—to unending task
condemned—

Arise before me in thy shrouds—with man-
hearts hemmed—

In all thy all-colossal size—as though the stars
We may not see—played round thy navel-
scars—

And thy proud temples felt the soothing
breathings musky

Of Heaven's Spirits—while low in lands
all smoked and dusky

Thy stupendous ankles wade a-through their
vaporious shore!

Thou Titan—Titan—appear—and show thee,
musing's Conqueror!

Now crouch thee down—so I may touch thy
brow—

While winging all my thoughts with preter-
natural speed

To where lone Neptune, with his splendour
and glow,

Doth jewel thine ear. Oh! Titan—whom our
deep thoughts need—

O, thou great unknown monster—*Philosophy!*
Uprearing in man's minion skull *Infinity!*

O, thou, whose look, pervades small man with
awe—

Whose speech doth tremble man's most noble
brain—

O, thou, uncontemplated *Phantom*—whose un-
fathomed law

Fingers to Divinity—Thou, be here—in med-
itation's pain!

As some unworshipped Sphinx, so tall, uptow-
ering

To where the zenith's fiercest storms are cow-
ering—

So lie, with Herculean arms, thought-folded—
And seem the hugest Power of thought to real
form moulded!

Upbear thyself, O Titan, indomitable to
science's scanning—

O, Titan, brooding, steeped unfathomably in
deepest planning—

O, rear thyself, as domes that once loud Asa's
world had cided—

O, Titan, torture to the tyrants, slaying who
are never pitied—

Great Glory to the God-man, who through thee
grows god-like—

O, Titan, thoughtful, deep Philosophy—that
loveth live all god-like—
Thou stand! and muse in thy titanic mood—
And let one lone lad in thy musings brood!

Thoughts bred of wombs uncircumscribed—
invisible—

The children to time's lightning-leisure—and
the fruits

Of trees—unwatered—whose strong roots felt
soil—nor smell

Of rotted leaves—the awe-creations of a mind,
that shoots

Its tools, as mystic trees their seeds—unac-
countable!!

The tower-clouds of moments untutored—like
the mounts

Of Termites—mite-ceatures building steps
unmountable!

The phantoms of a mood—like sheets of spray,
above the founts

Of boiling waters—rising—broadening, thick-
ening—unimpeachable!

So aweing—confounding—till they affright
the eye that seeth—

The laws of spirit, from whose interminable-
ness no mortal fleeth—

O, thoughts bred of the joy to see God's mar-
vels open beautiful—

O, shed thy soothing fruitfulness upon me, in
showers bountiful!!

VIGILANCE.

Our mothers were so vigilant while we
Lay growing, thriving in their mystic
wombs.

When breathing infants, we were, like the
blooms

That fear a blast might shake their petals free.
In boyhood, oh! how careful that no harm

O'ertake us;—so in age: from illness, woe,
We seek to free ourselves; when locks of
snow

Crown us, we strive to parry death's strong
arm!

Ay! life is vigilance! without it, death!

Life o' every occupation is stern care

To listen to the heart's promptings every-
where.

Each man must guard himself;—there is no
breath

We take, but we are vigilant to see

If no harm take us, so we living be!

WHO UNDERSTANDS GREATNESS?

O wise philosopher write all thy wit
 Thy wisdom—all the truth thou fathomest—
 Show to the world what would bring social
 rest—

What would slay murder—crime—oh! every
 fit

Of brutish tendency assailing man—
 Write volumes—ay one paragraph—so they
 The mass, or e'en the legislators—may
 Get benefit—and follow thy new plan.

Write, write—the truth—oh! given thee by
 God!

'Tis worthless—for the multitudes are slow
 And ignorant—their hearts and bents are
 low.

E'en legislators would find strange thy thought
 For thou philosopher did dream in Truth's far
 land—

But not an one would thy truth *understand!*
 (November 5, 1893.)

POLYCRATES INFLUENCED BY
ANACREON.

Polycrates, the glorious son
Of Aeces, who long wars had won—
And born on Samos-isle
Was famed for monstrous guile—
He grew a tyrant—and led troops
With spears, on hundred full-sailed sloops
To conquer all those flowers
Of Greece—that made her bowers—
Those islands—fair to see,
And children to glad liberty—
Crete, Delos—Rhodes and Cos,
Their kith so multitudinous.
He failed—then grew his grasping mood
Like to a sea-approaching flood—
And cruel deeds were his—he swore
To fight, to conquer more and more.—
He speared his slaves—his soldiers slew—
Till he to a monstrous tyrant grew—
When to his court a poet came
Born on the Teian hills—aflame
With vines and fruits and flowers and trees.—
He sang such lovely melodies
Of wine and love and passion soft
That he who heard was ta'en aloft
To peaceful regions calm and warm—

Where never raged or wrath or storm.
Him heard Polycrates—when lo —
His heart's blood 'gan softly to flow—
Anacreon soothed all his ire
With dulcet lays of love's desire—
With ditties, praising rubious wine—
And odes of flowing words divine—
That poet sang all day such strains
One hears in Venus' lily-fanes—
Or knows to sound where Eros dreams
Where bees drone near Olympian streams—
Those songs of love and wine had power
To make his fierce mood fearing cower
And sent into his blood a fire
The sense that steals from girl-strung lyre
It soothed him!—and from that fair day
Polycrates would list alway
To songs Anacreon would sing:
Songs live with love's low murmuring
Like bees in summer's eventide—
Fair lays that praised the groom and bride—
And ditties dedicate to wine
To Bacchus—and the anointed Nine—
Such power soft hath lovely song;
It made a tyrant's fierceness strong
Change to sweet tenderness—it saved
Men from a tyrant's hand depraved—
And let fair women smile again
And virgins sing their vestal-strain—
Anacreon fair poesy's child!—

Thy love-songs were so sweet and mild
 So filled with flowers and Cupid's smiling
 Melodious words, all men beguiling
 That to Polycrates they showed
 A path on which sweet love-scents glowed,
 That led his tyrant's heart away
 Near love and wine and song to stay!
 (November 8, 1893.)

SLANDER.

Could pain have pinnacle in sulphurous lones
 Higher than is the summit of all pain,
 Low slander! shent upon one like hell-tones
 Vociferously clamoring amain—
 Designèd talk to arouse hate, fire-like
 Fletching its flames at sensibilities
 When, kindled, rise incendiuous—while they
 . strike
 The tender core of love's heart like from
 skies
 Of storm the lightning's javelins! Low say,
 Embittering the innocent—flaming his soul
 To his confession—yet all will betray
 Him, though his life's in virtue's high con-
 trol—
 Ah! me—who will believe the innocent
 When slanderers, like fire-flames, on him are
 bent!
 (November 10, 1893.)

SONNET.

(TO SHAKESPEARE.)

As one who loiters on some flower-field
He plucks the blooms, unwitting who had
made
Their colors rare—the hues—their tint—
their shade—

At once he recognizes who could yield
Such store of riches—of creations fair—
So while perusing lines of verse unsigned
Their wondrous diction made that I devined
Their spell-sounds were of poetry's greatest
heir!

How well thou writest, William, song's own
child!

In thy rare verse flows wine from god-cups
rich—

From sun-gods—or from magian, or strange
witch

Thou drankest potions so thy songs be wild
Or softly tuned, as even in April-days
The spring-kissed breeze glides through lone
woodland-ways!

MUSIC IS VAPOROUS.

Only the soul is sentient of true music—
Like love spiritual—or like thought ideal.
So music is like lispings, low and leal,
Man lifts out from his soul to his love-woman.
Who scale Beethoven's thoughts, or Chopin's
wailing—
Only most sensitive fair natures can.
As thought and mood in us, so music's
plan—
Both are unseen—both are like air or cloud-
life!

Music is like soft vapors in the sky,
We listen to its tones—but then they die—
As vapors in faint space slow-melted are;—
And melodies, if not immortalized
At once—as painters, with rare clouds afar—
They vanish from our mind, that them had
prized!

WOOING A VIRGIN.

Softly—gently—to a virgin do ;
Time is power her rosy kiss to woo,—
No man wins if he doth tire ;
Time alone crowns our desire.
Softly tread—
When thou wouldst to kiss a virgin's head !

Weeks it takes to woo the flower ;
Spring's not blooming in an hour—
But who heard that sun of Spring despairs
When not quickly melt the frosty airs !
Time will do it—
So despair not, when her kiss you woo it !

Softly—gently—o'er a virgin bend—
Time will let thy lips with her own blend—
Man can never win a virgin's kiss
In a moment—nor sweet touching's bliss—
Gently go—
Till thy soft tread reap her willing glow !

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Her fair cheek-color vies
With the roses at her breast,
And the sparkles in her eyes
Are two stars, aft' the sun hath gone to rest.

TO A SWEET MAIDEN'S EYES.

Whene'er thy lids are upward drawn—
 Methinks to dream of Spring's rose-dawn—
 For in thy rosy features fair—
 When *I do smile—two violets blossom there!*

FANCY'S CONCEPTION OF GENIUS.

TO PADEREWSKI.

While Paderewski's humid facile fingers
 Poised o'er the keys, as snow-hawks in mid-
 air—
 Or danced above them, as the bubbles fair
 Foam on the fall-pool's face, where Aegle lin-
 gers—
 Or thundered, till both hands were lost in
 haze—
 It came to me, as did the theme, he played,
 Burst in Beethoven's soul: some are arrayed
 With powers that others show *save in dream's*
maze!

Oft', oft', in dreams, I swayed the piano's keys
 As Paderewski doth—but when day blooms
 A dilettante I—my efforts are their tombs.
 To some lone men for supernatural powers.
 To some lone men for supernatural powers
*A genius' wonders are the Dream-god's
 dowers!*

MY EPITAPH.

Come, Muse, and Pao, and Euterpe fair!
 Three sisters dear to me till my last day—
 From this hour forth I know my sad dismay
 To be all unrewarded; and despair
 Must cling to me through years of loneliness!
 'Tis strange but true, the greatest giant-mind
 Can never any recognition find;
 He, like great Homer, lives in lone distress!

I see those low one-sided men be praised—
 Those who perform one art—untutored still
 In any other; they the world can fill
 With wonderment—so be ye all amazed:
 Unknown am I who loves ye three so well—
 Who is seven-souled—and works by hidden
 spell!

(March, 1899.)

THE WATERSNAKE SPEAKS.

Coiled on the nether willow-boughs, I look—
 Watchful for newt, or fish—spider, or fly;
 But when I hear a human step pass by—
Sudden I fall into the stone-jammed brook,
And vanish in my hole, by him unseen;
 Then I glide to my kind by touchmenots
 That hide from view the twigs, and logs,
 where rots
The debris under summer's beautifying green.

There summer we among the tortuousities
 Of root, branches, and brooklet-willows low;
 There none may see us, for our colors show
As do the stones and leaves; but when one
 pries
Into our lair—then we have fangs that kill—
While we live by the brook's weird bank so
 still!

FADED FLOWERS.

Faded flowers ;
Short spent hours—

Wither'd leaves and petals grey :
Lost their bloom within a short-lived day !
Given me by doubting hands,
Fingers trembling in sweet girlyhood—
When upon the distant river-strands
Gazed we, from a sloping oaken-wood !

O eyes, that found those wild field-flowers—
Flowers fresh'ning in June's transient show-
ers—

Flowers blowing with the cadenced breeze
Flowers bringing troubled heart and soul,
Mild-toned tinklings, deft surcease.

Flowers, bringing, with a captious toll,
To the Hymen-dance a liveliness,
Such, when merry bells run round
O'er a wavy blossoming ground,
When May sings in her brindest dress !

Flowers waiting for the maiden's touch—
Maiden whom a wheedling tongue
Had promised bliss, had hawed much,
To praise her ever rosy-young !

Flowers flashed for fair Briseis.
Flowers skied for Berenice lorn—

Flowers golden-eboned, where a glee is
As the bird's song o'er morning borne!

Flowers that a Phillis once had wreathed
For a crown—and, in erubescence, breathed
Her nubile innocence to Corydon,
Whom Thrysis wished for her alone.

Flowers in their gairish bloom attired,
Whom the elfins, at their sable hour,
With their apt attendants hired—
Hired to light their airy bower—

For they left pale lustre on
The moon-impinged jonquil-crown!

O eyes, that sought, with youthful glow
Those sweeter thoughts that adolescent dreams
Not yet could know—

O tempting orbs, with slavish beams
To eagerness of an envious mind
Those woman-wiles within the heart to find;
When still in moody meekness, all unknown,
They flourish, waiting for their mulier's
crown!

O hazel uveas, urvant hazel-songs—
Soft sylab'ling the unfelt throngs
That are weaned from a breast
Short-matured to an amorous zest
Of desire yet budded in its pink—
O eyes, the reflex of a Houri-gaze;—
Sun-glowed sparkle on some fickle wink,
That doth from Mylitta's laughter dart—

Where the scenting Damajavag's maze
Soothes the cyprian Ethiop's heart!
O eyes, the nut-brown morn to noon of jet—
Innocent pierce of maiden-wile—
Beaming, winning, fiercer than the pet
Of gay Anthony, when Alexandra's pride
Was pomp and loud-voiced holocausts—and
 bride

And lover wedded in a golden-bloomed exile!
Eyes, beads of Hiawatha's umbrate locks—
Laugh-echoes of that trill that mocks
The lolling doe upon some hidden mat
Where oft', in love-thoughts, Aegle sat.
Eyes, sparkle on the bethel-orb, when not
Its dreamy wine could meander through a
 thought.

Eyes, in maid's alacrity—
Where no deeper sorrow beameth nigh—
Of the babling stream a drop,
Bedewing the brown cat-tail's bended top.
Eyes, O eyes that grow! in beauty-dreams
Their days enjoy! O eyes where never themes
Of a story dwelt—or modulations sweet
Their classics wove, with life replete!
You young *brown* eyes; staring in an air—
Where the mirroring pools no swollen trees
Yet wed—mere tender stems of flowers fair—
Mere enticements that the maidens please.
Eyes, in innocent pertness, as the spray
 Of the jasmine, where it scents the day,

Upborne! delving, with mattock untoothed,
The inner mines of man. O eyes, you soothed
When to those flowers glancing, with their
scent,
Your far rays within my look were pent!

Faded flowers,
Short spent hours!

Flowers culled upon the sheldy mead—
Where the kine, the sheep, and hoven steed
Their lazy limbs beguile in grazing pace.
Flowers culled by the fast flowing race
That its swiftness to the mill propels,
Where the grain to whitest hillocks swells.
Flowers broken by the jocund-tuned hill-side,
Where the sumack glows; the brambles wide,
Their savory jet-fruit sprinkle generous—
Where the strawberries in rubicundest smile
Fair strayers with their lusher fruits beguile—
Where the red bird-berries bunch profuse—
And the mulleins tall their torches trim.
For the autumn, when glow-eyes grow dim.
Flowers culled by fences fallen fantastic'ly—
Where the vines please to be twining free;
Where the saplings bend—the bushes burst—
Where a spring purls, for the birdling's thirst.
Flowers culled by the margin of the pool
Where at star-time flies the winged ghool.
Flowers such that ever Estelle had bound

With gayest bands—when her dear shepherd
found

Her lying on the chequered lawn; exiled
From home and field, till he again had smiled.

Flowers as once she on Enna's meads

Close to the singing, slender reeds,

Stooping culled—when, sudden, the black sin

All before her mumped—and her did win

To ever be once rapture, then repulsion cold—

Alternate life and death, in Nature old!

Flowers beckoning to their soggy, slender
friends,

Where oft', at eve, the antlered forehead bends

Slaking thirst; O, such that nestle fond

In families around some bracken-pond;

Where, at morn, bright lizards sparkle on a
stone,

Serpents glide where late the moon had shone.

Flowers blooming where the rindle curves—

And with many a sally swerves

Withround the mossy rock—that gives

Shelter for a gudgeon, that so lonely lives!

Flowers torn by the swift water-course—

Flowering through the languished meadow-
grass.

And the whip-por-will wants to be heard—

Sorrowful its cadence; where it stirred

There the leaves sigh, and the branches swing

To a weird strain full of sorrowing.

Flowers whose boon fragrance through the
pines

In alley-shadows wreathing twines.

Flowers whose gay colors brighten the glen,
Where sing the oriole, the thrush and wren.

Flowers, when the morning bringeth love
Shed a splendrous freshness o'er the grove.

When the planet through the reddening clouds
Its far attendant prompts to shine—

Such flowers glimmer in the gloaming's
shrouds—

Weary-pendent o'er some long forsaken shrine!

Flowers, when the moon doth burst the flood-
ing sky,

To tremble the grey river, and the eagle high—
Sheen in scarlet, such as Nara presses,

'Gainst her bosom when one caresses!

Flowers waving as the grain on river-isles

When June doth wheedle with her wanton
smiles,

Such as on some pond by Madagascar lone
Gold-spot the blooms of darkest roan!

Flowers weeping way by hilly source,
Where wide oaks keep cool the living glass.

Flowers such that Rachel, through the corn,
Plucked, her swain so virtuous to adorn.

Flowers floating on the silent bosom bright
Of a lake—the solace to the kite;

Where in lambient swiftness he espies

A fish—spatters—then more swiftly flies!

Flowers peeping through some ferny roof
 Netted with the spider's miraculous woof.
 Where the rare war-beetle, and the horned
 leaf-chafer,
 In battle move—to squabble all the safer!
 Where in crevices scale-insects nit—
 So small, that breezes ne'er their cradles hit.

All those flowers now are faded,
 Given me by doubting hands—
 While we gazed o'er river-lands
 From a hill, the wind pervaded
 With the lays of flowers and skies—
 O her brown, deep, girly eyes!
 Faded flowers—
 Short spent hours.

Milford, Pa. (1886).

FORGETFULNESS.

Thou blessing to the multi-mooded mind—
 Thou boon to those in woe, forgetfulness—
 Soft-screening hours of dark and dire dis-
 tress—
 Kind waft to sorrow, like a May-loved wind!

Oh! were it not for thee, how could we bear
Those periods of pain or saddened hours
That come to all like fire-filled showers
Belched from volcanoes in the midnight-air!

For weeks I lay in illness' grasp, forlorn—
My mind was like a woodland cavern drear,
Seeming for aye to live less laughter's cheer,
But when all healed—a sudden light was born,
The dark, dark hours were all forgotten then—
And, like soft May, life burgeoned sweet
again!

(1904)

MEMORIES.

Elusive film of last day's pleasure!
With tints of amaranth o'ershed,
To thee this sweet, voluptuous measure
To memorate the passion-bed.
And why not weave fair evening hues
Around the pureness of dear loving thews—
All it needs are colors true
The passion with pigments to indue.

It seems a gauze yet round me moves
Of memories of short-spent bliss:
The pressure long of a mouth that loves;
The long-lipped—heart-felt kiss.

And in this gauze my thoughts are drowned,
Thinking of how my hours sweet were
 crowned
By feeling all the bashful signs
Of love-lost maid who me entwines.

Rapt fragrance floats around me yet:
 Her kiss, so long and deep—I feel;
Yet lingers in me one regret
 That all so short-lived was that seal.
Why not a praise to passion clean
When deep and loving pleasure is between!
With halcyon song all passion is pure—
Long, long—till age may it endure!

QUESTION.

Are ye the same, dear stars, O constant stars!
 The same as when I stood alone—
With outstretched arms, imploring you to be
 My only consolation!
When all my hours had breathed love's misery—
 And in my heart, love's plaintive wars
Grew thick with desperate sigh, and deathly
 moan.

Ye are the same, O stars! O living stars!
But I am altered these five years.
I gaze toward ye, with deep thoughts of aye—
My thinking hath full wider spheres—
Despair hath turned to resignation high
And, in my heart, love's plaintive wars
Subsided, knowing of life's patient peers.

Oh, musing thus, O light doth stream within
My soul, and telleth me new lore:
Immutable are Nature's laws, while man
Doth change his thoughts from door to
door!

Ye stars are aye the same—and Nature's plan;
But we do grow, with bliss and sin,
To stranger souls, some Heaven-like the more!

We grow in soul, while Venus ever shines
The same, in shape and brilliancy.
The universe is like in aeons ago—
But changing in our thoughts are we.
Thus telling that we for new regions grow,
Where happiness fore'er reclines—
And where our souls may live more blissfully!

On, on, then, soul! with Seraph-wings ahead!
Fly onward to high life's true goal.
Heed not the cry of mortal men that stay
Upon this earth to shirk their soul—

Fly till the realms will shine—and Seraph-lay
Will sound so sweetly clear instead.
Till in the venture thou'lt have Heaven's
Scroll!

Ye are the same, O stars! oh! living stars!
But I am altered—grown more wise.
God's Work lies like it was of yore—
That highest souls should recognize
His Wonders, He has given Nature's store
To all alike.—Oh! no one mars
Soul's upward flight, save those who God de-
spise!

San Diego, Cal. (1889).

DURING A RAIN-STORM.

Hast thou ever heard the rain
Streaming down in wildest menace—
Stamping on the tender lane—
With swift cruel feet, to harass
The feeble blades of lullèd grass!

Hast thou ever heard the rain
Plunging headlong from the heaven—
Drowning downy heads of grain—
As though the stream, by Neptune driven,
Were doomed the earth's thick crust to pass!

Hast thou ever heard the rain

Splashing o'er the roads, as war-bound—
Clashing all its barbarous strain
Discordant to the windling, star-bound—
When singing, murmurous, to the Night!

**SHORT RECOLLECTION OF MY HOME:
LAUREL HILL.**

I remember the walk that leads from the house
Stately mansion that sees the distant blue hills.
I the walk now with happy thought recollect
Leading upward through beds of flowers so
full;

Winding 'longside the lines of roses and pinks!
Greeting there the red Dahlia, proud of its
weight;

Now geraniums, red, and pink, and so white;
There the aster, the waif of stars in their
wrath!

Sweet and tender white lily, charm of the bed,
Not forgetting the tulip, nodding in glow!
Nor the four-o'clock-flower, watchful of time!
Too Clematis, deceitfully clamb'ring, cunning-
ly sweet!

Fuchsia, in such scarlet robe, and abloom.
Many flowerless growths in bright green at-
tire,

Shed their light on the fairy-hall of the beds!
"Fare ye well!" cries the walk to all the fair
 charms.

Steps run upward, inviting farther proceed.
Few there are. On each side a statue stands
 firm—

There a Milo, and there the Goddess of Chase.
Each in Grecian splendor, they beckon to sky,
And enhance the long terrace, bright and in
 bloom.

Poppies red, and awaving breezily their stems,
Glow amidst a profusion, gawdy yet fair,
Such as garden egregious only allures.

Sentinel, the acacia, lovingly smiles!

Birds on branches, they bathe in sweetest per-
 fumes!

Sing a tune all the day, a praise at the dawn!
Ere your foot be arrested by stony broad steps,
Pebbly paths go diverging—right, and to left;
Losing far in the distance shape and brown
 hue.

Hail to Hermes, Apollo, gods of soft Greece—
Vainly seeking Olympus, dales of their home!
Staring, stricken by landscape strange and so
 bleak,

In oblivion's land, so distant, so large!
Still, they fill the high soul with reverent awe,
As they stand on green pedestals, floweret-
 cast!

Shining rays of the sun ennobling their look!

Broadly spreads the imperishable path with its
charm.

Both its borders are hallowed with firs and
with pines :

Firs, that looking to Heaven, proudly look
round,

Like the spread of the eagle's wings, in the
sky.

Firs whose shade leads to dreamland's cot and
soft dell—

Where the breezes melodious heart-songs out-
pour :

Sighing, smiling, and rippling through
branches, atune !

Gently moaning, now wrathful mutterings
flow.

Till anon, the same harmony's sung through
the firs,

Bringing rapture to happy dreamer ashade.

Pines their resinous fumes salubriously waft.

To the visitor cherishing the dear spot :

Breathing pure and perfumèd air all aglow.

Charmed by medleys from wingèd songsters
aplay !

In the mellow gray shade a rustic low-bench
Beckons : "Welcome, you dreamer ! love my
retreat !"

Of't have I, in the lowly Sabbath-morn's reign,
Sat there, dreaming, and praising Nature, in
prayer !

Lonely 'twas ; still the thoughts, that dwell in
the halls

Nature gilds with the essence, Worship but
hails,

They are born of the soul—whose shining but
needs

Solitude—and Almighty glow on His Day!

Off' when toilsome, long day did smilingly
nod,

I, enraptured, did fly to retreat of my joy—
There in extasy mused, with innocent thought,
What would next be the lot of days yet to
come ;

What should hail me, poor soul, with bounds
of frail hope,

When the days of my glory shine for me
bright.

Shadows long ; or the tinkling, welcome soft
bell

Made me ask the low bench : “When next shall
we meet?”

Walk of innocent days of youth ! be the joy—
Rapture, troubled long days but hail in their
grief !

Be the breezy, soft consolation in hours,
When discouraged I stand—impotent of will !

Be the ensign in moments temptations assail—
Be immortal in memory mine, to the last !

Ithaca (1883).

IN NATURE DWELLS CONTENTMENT.

*This morn, along the river, I was walking—
 Slow through the jungles, flower-blesst.
 Away from slander, and old women's talking,
 For Nature-knowledge pure in quest:*

Oh! there I heard the shallow river flow
 Over low stones to where
 The deep-red oxen, toward even, go
 To soothe their even-fare.
 And all the winds of north did blow
 And shook the phloxes there
 And let the nesting birdlings know
 That they this eve could pair!
 Upon the fork of two injoining boughs,
 I sat me, o'er the river's flow—
 Across: was such a nook for lagging cows;
 A mooring beach, where birches grow.
 Oh! there I listened to the singing trees—
 The babble of the bushes heard—
 Oh! there fond Nature's sooths and mysteries
 Upheld the truths of Spirit's Word!
 Then through the swale-lands pushed my way,
 Where vines; and flowers various-bloomed;
 And tangled boughs; and graceful trees held
 sway.
 And all a fairy-wild assumed.

Upon a tangling plant I found a nest ;
 Four eggs lay in it—where was she
 Who laid them—had I then disturbed her rest.

Oh! bird forgive! I frightened thee!
 But there! she whistles on the button-bush ;
 She's brown, spotted as her eggs.

O happy bird—here there's a lasting hush—
 Thou drinkest wine without the dregs!
 Such tall pink-flowered weeds—such golden
 flowers,

Fair Touch-Me-Nots, and starry wild
 Clematis, fragrant as fair Krishna's bowers—
 And many blooms fit for a child

As wreath to wear, made beautiful the swale!
 All in the music of the stream

Oh! there are never heard a moan or wail—
 But dreams, spun to a lovelier dream!

*And to this jungle wild, along the whispering
 river—*

*I lingered, meditating on our life:
 How few delight in Nature—all their thoughts
 are ever*

*Brimmed with their pelf, thus leading them
 to strife!*

Delaware River.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will—
 The western star shines diamond-bright—
 The western sky strews silver-light.

Whip-poor-will—
 The wary mounts are dark, and drear—
 The tree-tops ghastly skyward leer!

Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will—
 The brook dreams drearily even-dreams.
 The star-beams through the forest streams—

Whip-poor-will—
 The reflex of its glitter glides down—
 As though it bathed in waters brown.

Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will—
 The graceful elm-trees' trembling leaves
 Waft lullabies low to golden sheaves—

Whip-poor-will—
 The wind-waved reeds are rustling shrill—
 The bittern sleeps, the hern is still—

Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will—
 The peaks are pitch—the trees loom back—

The vale is veiled in raiments black—

Whip-poor-will—

The western star chaunts cheerly now—

The heavens shine pale in starlight glow—

• Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will—

The mires gleam faint with flickering fires

The toad draws out his song that tires—

Whip-poor-will—

The raven is perched on a phantom-tree—

The wood-birds wander through the copses
free.

Whip-poor-will.

• Whip-poor-will—

The sallow light in a window far,

Flickers as some weird prophetic star—

Whip-poor-will—

The echoing tread of a wanderer lone

Now dies—and fear with it has flown!

Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will—

Then thou, mysterious bird of gloom,

Dost strike thy call, a whisper of Doom—

Whip-poor-will—

And all the blackness of the night

Rings with a mournful, sad delight!

Whip-poor-will.

Whip-poor-will—
 From hill to vale, thy call doth wander—
 While brooding night doth dream and ponder—

Whip-poor-will—
 And where thou, gloomy bird, hadst called—
 That black space is by gloom enthralled!

Whip-poor-will.

Adirondacks (1883)

IN REPLY TO:

“THE DESIRE OF NATIONS.”

(A Poem by Edwin M——, published in a New York Daily. I sent the following to said Daily in reply, but the editor returned it to me.)

O Poet, glorious seems thy prophesy—
 Thy song, that, clarion-clear, doth try to free
 This sordid world from all that's low and
 wrong—

To purge from vice and pelf the trodden
 throng—

'Tis a delusion—for never will the world
 See once the Flag of Brotherhood unfurled.
 Fair Brother-Singer, in thy song doth dwell
 The spirit of the One who thou dost dream

Will guide the world—and make all mortals
seem

Like Seraphs strong, crowned with fair aspho-
del.

For lo! all poets have the vision fair—

All poets had the light divine and rare—

All poets to be born will sing the song,

That fills all noble souls, to right the wrong.

He, he of whom thy song thrills through and
through—

He has been in the world—is here, and will

Be in the hamlets, towns and valleys still,—

A Soul, of whom the proud world nothing
knew!

All great good men born in each century

Reaped but the world's neglect and mockery.

See, Christ, He gave the laws for Brother-
hood—

The world mocked Him; He reaped a vilest
death.

See Milton, he was all divine—and good—

But no one gave to him the laurel-wreath.

And how was Wordsworth ridiculed through
life—

His mission was to lessen woes and strife.

There Shelley, a Seraph strayed from Heaven's
spheres,

He taught men how to live the godly day—

He was exiled—and reaped the world's low
jeers—

He who had sung the sweetest, loftiest lay!
 See, Luther, giant-soul, whose deeds were
 high,

Could not subdue the Pope's vast tyranny.
 It seems this world can never glow in light—
 The vaunted millenium is not for earth—
 The multitudes will never find the Right.
 The world is ruled by gold's almighty worth!
 Therefore be disillusioned as I'm now—
 We poets live and sing—God is our theme—
 We rarely reap a wreath to crown our brow
 While singing here; but we have cleared the
 Dream

Of Life and Death; and all we prophets earn
 Is mockery from the crowds, who ne'er discern
 cern

That whom they laughed at was God's fairest
 child—

A soul that sang to all so they should rise
 To lives of peace, by truest Love beguiled,
 Fit denizens for worlds beyond earth's skies!

O oft' upon the flower-scented crest
 Of some vale-hill I've sat, when in the west
 The last bright light shot up within the gloom,
 And there I dreamed, like Moses, of the doom
 Of man, and all the wretchedness and woe
 That must, and will forever be, his lot.
 And there, like he, who saw Jehovah's glow,
 When he on Sinai's rocks sat in deep thought,

Awaiting counsel from the Voice, I heard
Within my soul prophetic word and word:
“Forego to muse of woe and pelf and sin—
Thou hast the master-song of God within.
He made the worlds, and peopled them full
well,

Each life hath gifts for it most suitable.
Upon the earth, that is thy dwelling now,
Contented be with what thou doest there.
Grieve not that in the wilds the savage-brow
Can never feel the thrill of visions fair.
Nor that in cities great so many weep
For want of food or that the tyrants keep
Them far from knowledge or from pleasure’s
glow.

He made all; be content that in thy soul
The billows of celestial song do roll—
That Angels to thy mind Heaven’s marvels
show.

Those others who can fathom not thy mind—
They need not feel the song in vernal wind—
Their life is bounded yet; some day He’ll free
Them of their earthliness and vanity.

Four elements He made, to build His realm:
Earth, water, air, and fire. To these all lives
Are subject—and in man their natures whelm,
Each element a special nature gives.

And no new law can change what He has
made.

So all thou seest, wrong or woe, is well—

Care not, He never ceases, by hidden spell,
T' adjust the woe, that doth the world pervade.
Live thou thy life—thou hast the song divine—
Thy brothers live their life in pleasures vain—
They seek for wealth, intent on show and
gain—

While others all His gifts to them decline;
And they deny Him. Sing thy song—sing on,
It pleases Him; and though the world doth
shun

To know thy songs that praise Him evermore,
Care not, thou sangest from thy heart's deep
core—

Some day thy song will cheer some sorrow-
laden,

When thou art fled to Him in realms of
Aiden!"

Such words were wafted to me by a spirit
On those calm evenings, when I sat alone—
And, since, I weep not when the world doth
groan—

For each his own deserts will once inherit.
We reap what we have sown. But God is kind
And lets the evil-doers atonement find
By letting them live through this world again
Till they the charms of righteous life attain.
All poets great are crimeless—fair of soul—
We sing of Brotherhood, but find it not.
For we have in us all the glorious thought
That those in Heaven have—the poet's goal!

So Brother Poet! sing again thy song—
 But sing not that thou dost await the day
 When One will govern all the trodden throng:
 'Twill never be—for Him the world would
 slay

As Christ was crucified; as Luther great
 Was banished, almost killed by his own
 friends.

For Mammon, Tyranny, insatiate
 Will reign *supreme till this world's history
 ends.*

(1899)

LILIAN'S EYES.

O Maid of Erin, lovely are thine eyes;
 There are no others that match thine own:
 So large, so soft, in whose blue depths there
 lies

The tenderness, from affection flown.

O violet-eyes, o'er whom diffuses

The mellow breath of the love-Muses!

So soft a veil of something, none can feel,
 Lies o'er thine eyes—what doth such veil re-
 veal?

O Maid of Erin, summers seventeen

Have seen thee grow to beauty-hood.

Thy wavy shape is Dryad-fair; I ween

Thy heart is true; thou art all-good.

But thine eyes, they spell me so to dream-
ing—

For in their softness there's a gleaming
Of Angel-faces we shall see in other spheres—
A something veils them soft, that all my love
endears.

O Maid of Erin, and thy body seems,
As though I held a velvet clay—
So yielding like a polyp, where Nereus dreams;
I can not from thy form away.

O thou wert dowered with Angel-softness,
Thou art not like thy beauteous sisters,
Lilian!

Thy clay hath Angel-beauty—and thine eyes
Have softness o'er them laid, as film on violet-
skies.

O Maid of Erin, misty are thine eyes—
Thy violet-eyes, with lash embrowned:
So large, where o'er a soft veil lies,
As dusk o'er all the dream-profound.

O violet-eyes, o'er whom diffuses
The mellow breath of the love-Muses,
What makes them seem so dreamy, beautiful—
That they enspell me, all my soul to dreaming
lull!

UNE MELODIE.

De l'amour pur que reste-il aujourd'hui?
Les filles n'ont plus un coeur
Comme autrefois.

Elles se delaissent dans un malsain puits—
D'un homme honnête elles ont peur—
Quel honteux choix!

Mais le plaisir leur plaisent, et l'argent
Vaut mieux qu'un coeur de feu ardent!

Fillettes! pourquoi dansez vous
Antour du dieu que Mammon aime?
Oh! que les jours reviennent quand tous
Les hommes eurent leurs amours sans blême!

Oh! y a-t-il encore des coeurs qui battent
Ne que pour l'amour profond—
L'exstase divine?

La belle nature existe; les cieux constatent
Encore les merveilles sans fond—
La verdoyante colline—

Mais jamais je ne vois les yeux d'une fille
S'animer quand dans un coeur la passion brille!

SONG.

Ah me! where are my friends of olden days?
Those souls that used to dream with me—
Who seemed to show for me affection's rays—
And tried to speak sincerity?
They are no more; tho' many still are living—
Far, far away they are—no friendship giving!

One girl, who asked me be her husband true—
She never wrote, these five long years.
And all my olden "chums" have left me rue;
For ten years now I've known but tears.
Ah! where are they? No voice doth rise to
tell me;
Their silence palls on me—what tremors spell
me!

Oh! are they flown to worlds beyond the tomb?
Or, living, have they all forgotten me?
I still keep in my heart their friendship's
bloom.
Still see them when in reverie!
But oh! their loss starts tears within me,
lonely!
Must earthly friendship last a brief time only?

RECOLLECTION.

Thick-embowered by century-vines—
Where the mount-brook like an agate shines—
 The bluebird flitting momentarily—
 And sounds so faint the drone of passing
 bee,
 The purl of waters gliding o'er the moss—
 The rustle in tree-tops as the breezes cross—
Oh! there we sat, deep-musing; while her eyes
Bespoke her fond affection's extasies!
 “Why don't you marry me?”
 “I loved one years ago; none is her peer!”
Then kissed, and fondled we—
 All by the sparkling brook so near.
We kissed and fondled long by the brooklet's
 bower—
She, saddened; I, recalling my fair long-lost
 flower!

Wild flapping veil that shrouds our life—
Rent into shreds when hellows strife—
Now with its whirling folds it blinds
Our eyes; then with its threads it binds
Our destiny—till we see all awry—
And know not how to lift or bend our brow.
Oh! she had love for me that woodland-day—
And she I loved long past had no love-word to
 say!

REVERIE.

How futile is the comment critics use
 That always shows the thorn, but hides the
 rose—
 When will they once for always choose
 The juster way: to praise what splendid
 glows!
 For be it known that not a man's great work
 is free
 From blemishes—if so, we all would God-like
 be!

Aye, show to me a perfect work, sustained—
 Some short, sweet lyrics may be so—but
 where
 Was wrought perfection when the song con-
 tained
 Dramatic action, as in Milton's epic fair?
 Shakespeare, aye Homer, in their giant songs
 oft strayed
 From fair perfection, and weighty, maudlin
 errors made!
 So, you, who would meek judgment give, be
 more
 Atune to praise; leave censure alone—
 Content yourself that he wrote from heart's
 core,
 And not with artifice soiled poesy's throne.

The sweetest rose-bush grows with thorns be-
neath its leaves—
The greatest epic has its faults—and Perfec-
tion grieves!

NEW YORK.

(1905)

Thou godless Monster! pounding day and
night
Thy stone-paws; merciless to man and beast,
Thou soundest forth thy clangs and yells at
will!
Who gave thee birth? Thou, browless, shape-
less, tramplest
On all; thy breath infects each mortal, till each
soul
Hath lost its fellowship with humanity.
Thou art demoniac; caring naught for pity,
But thinking of new victims. Rich and poor
Thou scourgest with thy all-relentless greed,
Putting to ground ideals. From over-seas
Come countless men, and women, children
frail;
They cower in thy greedy paws, and, glad
To know they all are tainted with some crime,

Some ill-repute—thou carest not if they
Infect thy true-born kind; thou roarest then,
For thro' the streets those hell-fiends roam at
 large;
And murder menaces the good; and vice
Is teacher of thine offspring; dishonesty
Sits victor over honor; love lies dead!

SADNESS.

Ah! God is sad! Hath He not placed in those
That wield the brushes or the chisel's point
The power to portray saddest faces fair—
That have within their eyes a languorous woe
A sad woe, something more remote than
 tears—
Something that hints at spells in higher
 worlds!
And who but God inspired them to thrill
Their work with touches of rare sadness deep
That seems as if God was so sad when He
Put life upon this earth—yet was astounded
When after moments—death, usurped His
 Power;
For is not death the powerful—slaying Beauty,
Rare beauty, highest effluence from High God.
Ah, me—and to his highest intellect

The poet—He gave sweet sadness so he sing—
As through the May-groves—steal the winds
along

So drearily, thinking of the snow—and frost
And dying autumn's bleekness, like sea shores!
Was He not sad (and therefore clouds form
tears—

And do not stream like torrents down) when
God

Found that His highest work grew food for
lowest—

When at His high behest that glorious life
Should linger long and lovely on this globe—
God saw an icy fiend rush as on prey
Upon the strange yet sweet unfolding child
And knew that of the soft-rose bloom wry
mould

Arose, that stank, like charnel waters dank.—
Ah! did He dream that of the peach-hued
cheek

That dreadest fiend sucked out the dark-red
blood

And waxen made the smile, like stone the eyes,
Like steel the sinews—and like ice the heart!
So He shed tears—and when it rains it seems
That Power creative weeps thereat—yet lo—
From out His tears the mould upsprings—
Peeps from the wet peet-sod—the fiend is killed
And from his fetor He makes form anew—
To delectate the sad mood of His fairest work!

Still, God is sad that He must war with Death!
'Tis greatness lifts its head from bed of woe—
Like tropic beauty-flowers rise from jungles
Where loneliness lies moaning! Ah!—thus

God

Reigns all supreme above the universe
With all it harbors—stars and worlds—and
things,
And life—and mankind—blesses with thought
creative.

The saddest heart sang sweetest—minds in
sorrow

Like woodlands dreary have their nightin-
gales;—

Created rarest litany—downcast lives
Have ever made their gloom glow radiant
By wondrous epics kenne'd by genius alone!
Art Thou not sad, unfathomed God—that
Beauty

Must be mocked at by Death—and genius the
prey

Of ignorance—and the couth violet blow
Its fragrance for fair spring—then be ignored
By glorious autumn—yet Thou settest hand
Upon the earth again—and on the runnelled-
hill,

Within shy nooks dost make them smile anew.
And let them scent the airs! Still—sadness
rises

To Thee—for change makes sport of Thy
sweet wishes!

Then what art Thou—who makes sweet life a
joy

Yet hast no power to slay death when he kills!
Ah! two in one—and one composed of two—
The riddle solved—when, lo, Thy other nature
Doth rise gaunt—like a whisp o'er moorlands
drear.—

We call Thee good—when lo! Thou slayest
fast

Young joys a mother had for two short weeks.
Her cherub-babe, scarce born, lies in its grave!
Those people cradled in the vale Pamere
Where giant Himalay rules all earth's mounts;
They thought full well and knew Thy double-
power—

Yet Christ was born and called Thee One in
All—

Yea, One in All—One Light that swayed all
lights,

Unmercifully dealing with Virtue's smiles
And smirches of sad vice! One Light—that
laughs

A saint of scorn—and lets him die a death:
The prey of savage devils who do torture!
Yet oft' dost let a tyrant die in state—
Rich pomp—and shawm-playing his obsequies!
Ah—sad it is—yet sadder still to know
That Thou dost give no answer to our prayers!

(1898)

IN CALIFORNIA.

'Tis pleasant, at the silent hour
 Of night, to dream again on hills
 Of tree, and brush, and golden flower—
 And hear the music of flash rills.

'Tis pleasant, in the drear of night, to be
 Again in sunshine, filled with minstrelsy!

'Tis night—and not a noise—a breath:
 It seems all sounds rest—save the seeth-
 ing,

From mysterious causes, in the ear-ways!
 Is it so silent at our death?

'Tis night—yet I can feel the sun pour down
 Upon my hand, fondling a flower-crown!

In a hollow of the wavèd coast,
 That hears the faint, sad sullenness
 Of ocean's surf-roll—I am lost
 To city's din, and its distress:

There seated on an old field-rake, while near
 To me two lizards all my whistlings hear!

Two lizards small—they do not move—
 But seem as spelled; not frightened, nay!
 Both resting in the tune they love.
 For when afeared, they glide away—

Then stop, and curl their tail—and thrust their
head
Upward—so, till they know their foe has fled.

They listened—I saw their little eyes—
I then stood up—and rustled the grass—
Away, away—then they would lie
Upon some herb. When I would pass
My staff afore the sun, the shadow's shape
Worked on them so to quicken their escape.

O in the night, I see them gliding,
Athwart the sand, and herbs; they rest
And listen; I see them run, and hiding
Within a shadow. I wish them blest!!
O in the night to loll o'er a wave of ground,
Sunlit, whose breeze carries the sad sea-sound!

STILLNESS.

It is still; the breeze is out;
Not a creature is about.
All is quiet, as at death—
Save the breeze's milder breath
Blowing;—save the rolling surf
In the distance: one short mile
From this grass-greened pebbly turf
Away. At morn, it would beguile,

When I searched for mosses strange :
All in sight of the high rock-range ;
But I heard it not from here
Where the din of town, and cheer,
Infantine and girly, rose
In between.—O still, calm night—
(To the mind a Heaven it shows!)
But the ocean is not still—
Ever sounding sad delight—
E'en when night's deep songs do thrill!

Sad, sad, plangent waves of the sea,
Rolling, breaking ceaselessly,
To the silent night you are giving
Voices—souls that chaunt aghast!
So at death the soul will be living,
Sounding Heaven's songs at last!

WHILE GAZING AT THE CLOUDY MOON.

While gazing at the cloudy moon,
From the darkness of a silent street,
It seemed my fingers could have touched her—
So near to the clouds she hung there,
As peeping at the low, forgetful world:
In matter, gold, and greed tight-furled.
When no one gazed to see
Her bright light shine above the tree,
That dark grew in the low clouds' gloom!

How near the distant moon appeared,
 When thus surrounded by thick clouds
 So is God nearer when woe-shrouds
 And sorrow bind us.—And, afeared,
 We think upon the world's strange doom!

How distant seems the moon, when brightest
 stars,
 And perfect night hang over earth and sea!
 How far away is God, when nothing mars
 Our wants, and we are steeped in luxury!
 Oh! I have thanked the Heavens for my pain—
 My woe, my grief—for in them shone
 God's guiding Love-Light nearer and more
 plain!
 So thought I, while I was alone—
 In the darkness of the silent street
 Dream-gazing at the cloudy moon!

SCIENCE:—FAIR HERITAGE TO MAN!

STROPHE.

Fair Science is so proud—
 Yet can evoke no cloud
 To rise for two short hours,
 And float above earth's bowers—
 O Science be
 More loving to the great Divinity!

ANTISTROPHE.

She takes fame's laurels given—
 Yet is she never driven
 To own that all she knows
 Has ever been fair Nature's throes.
 So Science own
 That all you do—was God's design alone!

STROPHE.

She doth so many a thing—
 But cannot make the throat
 That with mellifluent note
 Allows the bird to sing—
 O Science show
 Due reverence to Nature's Master-glow!

STROPHE.

How proud is Science fair—
 Yet can not bloom the air
 With freshness of June-showers;
 And fragrance of wet flowers!
 O Science! be
 More loving to the great Divinity!

ANTISTROPHE.

Aye! Science shows that He
Hath dowered humanity
With a few drops of lore;
His thoughts that bloomed before!
So, Science! show
Sweet reverence to God's *superior* glow!
(1892)

SPIRIT IS INDESTRUCTIBLE.

O God! How weak this clay of mine may be!
A swathling, naked on its mother's breast,
Is stranger than I feel, aft' I had been op-
pressed
By long disease—in bed, so suff'ringly.
But though I could not walk, or rise, or stand,
My *mind* was gloriously exultant then:
I thought; and wrote as wise, illustrious
men;
My soul was strong; my spirit fair and bland!
Then thought I of Beethoven, Milton great:
One deaf, one blind: yet each soul was so
strong

To build high verse—compose immortal
song!

And to my inner-self I said: though weight
Of illness, mishap make our body weak—
The soul and spirit glorious language speak!
(January 19, 1892.)

AN ELEGIE.

My moods are now the semblance gray
Of giant-cliffs, that brave the tumultuous
sea—

Or seem like clouds: upon a day
Of sultriness when all seems dead to be—
Oh! why must mortal moan
And live with thought alone?

Must greatest man dwell e'er from joy and
bliss away?

Here in this city, filled with human
Depravity and swarms of lowest crowds—
Here, walking now for years, no woman
Nor man hath gazed my way; with blackest
shroudst

My thoughts are veiled—my heart
Can beat no more—a dart,
With hatred poisoned, pierces me—I find no
true man!

I who am thrilled with love and joy
Can never find a lip to press,—nor know
A soft warm hand soothe my long-borne
annoy—

No voice of friend may soothe my woe—

Oh! is it right that here

The loftiest soul live drear—

Must dwell apart from human pleasures, others
aye enjoy?

Must talent be revered; while genius mourns

As doth the ringdove in the solitary pine—

Must commonplace joy, ne'er with thorns;

While woes aye groove the brow of mind
divine?

Why should the God-inbreathèd soul

Aye sing his lonely song in dole—

Not once feel soft acclaim, but bear the world's
low scorns?

Aye! all the Christs, the world hath seen be
born,

They ever shared the poet's grievous lot, so
strange.

Where is the glory of that hallowed bourne

That we must cross, in ampler realms to
range?

Low jealousy aye kills the one

Divine—see! glorious Chatterton!

Beethoven's soul was rankled, and his deep
heart torn!

Then who can blame the bodkin's tempting
edge—

Or who the vintage that enchains the wor-
ried soul—

Young Bristol's bard made sure his Heaven's
pledge—

Mysterious Poe drank deep to find life's
early goal.

Why scoff at those who seek relief

From loneliness, despair, and grief—

So like the hours around the tarn with fallow
sedge!

The memorial urns that immure for posterity
The ashes of the genius' life-unwreathèd
clay—

A few may reverence within the sacristy
Of old Westminster—but the world at large
ne'er may

Know of the works of him whom fame

At death only hath scrolled a name—

While all thro life no word of cheer rose lov-
ingly!

Grim, truthful history ingrains on walls

Of temples deeds of valiant chieftains, pre-
lates great—

But who when they were listening to the calls

Of their proud nation's cause, would hail or
venerate

Their glorious triumphs bold?

Ah! me! at death they told

Their empire's glow—too late to wear their coronals!

So what is life to those who tower above

The multitudes and strain their Titan-powers for glory—

Those all-unselfish souls were thrilled with love
For man, yet the indifferent world, so
blatant, gory—

Leaves them alone—alone—

And gives to them a stone—

Oh! Homer—Jesu—all those souls who died
for Love!

Is genius but a curse—spat on a brow

Who in his youth hath felt the sacramental
breath

Cool lave his mind? Is genius like a vow,

Spoken at God's far altar, to suffer, till
comes death

That crowneth him so late?

Oh! woe to those whose fate

Precludeth fatherhood, acclaim, and friendship
fair, I trow!

Why is it? The villain finds his sweet heart-
mate—

The low seducer binds the orange-wreath
full-well—

The moneyed sloth hath maidens, sweet-elate—
 The criminal finds women-mourners at his
 cell—

The rake lures maids full-fain
 To love him for the gain—

And all are heralded, like worthies, at Re-
 nown's wreathed gate!

But where doth bloom a patient woman's heart
 That beats in rapture that a genius loves her
 deep?

Where are there men who to the world impart
 That they now glorious fruit of a great
 genius reap?

Who cares to lessen woes
 Of genius, whose life ne'er knows

What evil, rape, and crime are—he, Virtue's
 counterpart!

Oh! I must weep for those young battered
 hearts—

White, Otway, Marlowe, Keats and many
 more—

Young Köner, Chénier, Musset, who felt
 neglect's cold darts.

Oh! I must weep—full well I know they
 bore

The pangs of solitude—

The expectant hours, indued

With hopeless hope, that showed that patience
 courage thwarts.

Young heroes—battling with irrecognition
cold—

Laborious; to their sweet imagination duti-
ful.

Feeling their loneliness—still taking hold
Of oft-enweakened resolution—till the lull
In ardor so unnerved

Them for the Muse they served—

That death untimely led them to his flowery
fold!

Still, why must all the spirits, gifted fair,
Lead such sad, sorrowing hours while here
on earth?

Why must the most-inspired find cold despair,
And breathe without sweet mateship and
with mirth.

Who tell?—I know it too—

Those who the highest Muses woo

Are like the stellar orbs; they dream within a
finer air!

Within a finer air they dream—they see
The vastness of another world, with spirit
glowing—

So how can those who live all servily
And never feel the larger, soul-imbuèd
Knowing,

That comes to dreamers high,
The multitude—descry

The extasy of soul, the spirit's joy—so sweet—
so free!

Then, souls, with genius crowned, weep not—
care not—

If lonely, silent, unrevered you breathe—
The jealous throngs live earthly, with no
dreamer's thought—

While ye, in adoration of the life, sweet-
beckoning, wreath
Immortal songs, that are
The pledges to those spirits afar
Where they shall show you all the mysteries
of God!

The mysteries of God, whom never man
Of mind material may make his own—those
dreams,
We genius-garlandèd thro life would often
scan,
But which no earth-chained mind can feel—
those moment's beams
Of Heavenly light we see—
They are not sent to be
For minds satanic, they live to show to genius
God's great Plan!

Then, take sweet Courage, as thou dost a girl,
Upon a vernal field, fair arm in arm,—and
roam

God's splendent realms with her, all mirth, in
blissful whirl—

So know that in the shade of gloom, in sor-
row's gloam,

She lives there for thy own—

With her to dream, tho' all alone—

She is thy gift from God—more precious than
a pearl!

Oh! ye that will be born, when I am dead—

Ye who must bear wan solitude as I have
long—

For greatest souls must follow dire despair's
slow tread—

Ye who must suffer from the highest gift:
great song—

Linger o'er this soft elegy—

Hum it all lovingly—

Oh! may it be as balm, as for the poor their
bread!

Oh! others, long ago, have braved despair—

Great heroes in the battlefield of beauty's
fold—

Oh! those to come must also lonely fare—

Great heroes in the struggle against gold—

But may this song of mine

Be like a breath divine

To cheer them on, like flute-notes in night's
mystic air!

(August 15, 1907.)

CHANSON.

Oh ! que c'est beau
 D'entendre l'eau
 Qui ruisselle autour des verts rochers
 Dans les montagnes lugubres et éscarpées !
 Rêver là, tout seul—
 Ou, instantané, une feuille
 Se berce dans l'air, et tombe, épanouie,
 Sur la mousse, ou un rayon doré luit !

Musique des bois
 Entonnes pour moi
 Une hymne exaltée et pleine de triste mystère,
 Et, momentané, de la gorge altièrre,
 Vient, cadencée—
 Comme le chant d'une fée—
 Une chansonnette d'un merle, douce et pure ;
 Alors se perd dans le mystérieux murmure.

Le Silence se mire
 Dans le vaste empire
 Du ciel à travers les branches de la forêt—
 Et moi, revant du passé—puits de mes tristes
 regrets—
 Je me mirois
 Dans le coeur des bois—
 Ou tout dort dans la solitude ; ou le ruisseau
 Murmure, comme dans mon âme la plainte de
 mes maux !

THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

A SONNET BY BAUDELAIRE.

(A Literal Translation.)

O mortals, I am fair as marble-dream ;
My bosom on whom each bruised his heart,
glows aye
So some lorn poet sing his sweet love-lay :
Eternal, mute as doth earth's matter seem.
A Sphinx unfathomed, I'm throned on high ;
I unite a snow-heart with swan's plumage that
shines ;
I hate the movements marring beauteous lines ;
No laughter ripples—and I never sigh.
The poets kneeling before my attitudes,
Which I impart to proudest monument,
Will pass their days, while, austere Learning
broods ;
For I possess, to fascinate their love-sworn
bents,
Most perfect mirrors, where all more perfect
shows :
My eyes, my large eyes, thrilled with eternal
glows !

(June 18, 1907.)

TO MY HANNAH!

A quiet tune is dreaming in the oak—
A sense of calm pervades my being's mind.
Afar, the waving hillocks sweetly wind
To the hill—with its faint-blue morning cloak.
The birds purl in the brake—the distant croak
Wanders from tree to slope, to field;—the
hind
Low bellows—and a bird knocks the tree's
rind;—
Then sighs a branch—then breathes, as if one
spoke!

O, tender Hannah! So impressional seems
My mind, that while I pencil shapes, that
show
The prospect—whose repose is dear and
low—
My hand is seized by the loftier dreams
In my deep soul—my spirit dwells in spheres
Of quietude—and lives in earlier years.

(1885)

HOW LOVE DOTH CHANGE THE MIND.

A SONG.

I remember how eagerly I viewed the falls
Last year! and one sweet winter blew since
then.

I watched each shadow, listened to the wood-
land calls
With blissful ear; and thought me mated
with the glen!

I remember how I climbed the jutting rocks,
And felt the rich green mosses, while they
slept.

How through the singing cascades' snow-
white locks

I passed my fingers; then shyly downward
crept!

How joyfully I touched the tall-grown fern;
And culled the lone wood-flowers—how
swift

My whistle shrilled through the tree—how
prone to learn

I was of stone, and tree, our life's long drift.

I remember, when I sat me on a high, lone
crag
How bloomèd seemed the vale—and voice-
ful seemed
The sky! How whistful stared I at each jag
That stayed the brook—how blissfully I
dreamed!

I remember how eagerly I clomb the steps
Last year! And one sweet winter with a
love
Hath passed since then! but now my vision
weeps
Before me, and it weeps through all the
grove!

And now the rushing falls sound longing songs
For my sweet love! My ear hears no sweet
bird
Carol blithely—but my bleeding heart so longs
For sweetest laughter to treble to a word!

O, now the rocks bear on their old, old crests
A phantom of my Anne—like Undine
gleamed;
Awhile to dream—and on the moss there rests
Her languid form—with her laugh-eyes full-
beamed!

O, now the soft spray dances on its airy barms :
Full scores of Anne's, all came as my one
own!

O, now the air glows, filled with all her
charms—

Meseems the fall and rocks and woods are
gone!

O, now I care not how the wavelets crisp—
I heed not how the murmurs swell and fall—
My ears are sung to by angels that sweetly lisp
That soon mine Anne will love—and that is
all!

I remember how eagerly I watched the woods
Last year!—and one sweet winter with a
bliss

Hath passed since then! But now these soli-
tudes

Grow lonely—and my lips long for her kiss!

I remember how all the babblings of the falls
Had joyed my heart—last year! but now
they croon

So softly—and my bleeding heart so pleading
calls

And hankers for Love's true and healing
boon!

White Mountains (1885).

THE MOUNTAIN SWALLOW.

See the mountain-swallows drink—

In the warm morning's light.

All are hovering o'er the water's brink

Then float, in their airy flight!

They seem like butterflies, bred in a land

Of giants, while they beak the water bland!

White Mountains.

A MYSTERY.

(A FACT.)

Through silent night's immense and ebon veil

Oh! countless twinkling stars blinked to the
vale.

O Night! hoar Druidess in Time's domain!

Was spending Sibyl-sooths of woe and pain.

Low muttered all the brooklet-spirits and fays;

Slow moaned the breath in aspen and cedarn-
ways!

What gently-strummèd harps oozed melody!

What echoes came falling from high eternity!

Oh! mysteries of weird import shed down
their spells—
Telling in sighs and singing what beyond sweet
dwells.

Calm, calm the heavens heaved; and without
affright—
Full-conscious of a knowing, all-caring Might!

My soul fled away above the glowing stars:
It saw the life that sheens when naught our
dreaming mars!

O Anne! I gazed into the Northern ray—
Where dip those seven stars in the Milky Way.

I marveled at the wonders of the heaven—
When, sudden, blazed the flames of the sum-
mer's levin.

I shuddered—stared—and lo! I saw up there
*A beaded bar of light, sparkle with glow and
flare!*

*It sparkled, as doth a queen's gold diadem;
On either side there streamed a steady flame!*

*It glowed up there, like a sign of the wrathful
gods—*

It seemed like one of Zeus's spangled rods!

*Quiet poised, with no intention, or fierce, or
dire—*

*But importuned to awe Night's glorious starry
fire!*

I stared—I marveled, astounded—and I
thought!

When it flashed away, as suddenly as it was
wrought.

O Anne! then mused I deep—and mused—and
stayed

There, waiting till another blaze its fire swayed.

But none appeared!—I stood—and saw the
star,

That shone full-brightest in th' heavens, near
or far;

*So slowly—calmly—awefully—tranquilly—
Drop abaft the mount, down void's unfathomed
sea!*

Oh! saw those eighteen million clustered stars
shift slow

To rest—where too the southern Bear fell low.

O Anne! and scores of meteors glowed; down-
streaming swift,
Were lost in Night's mysterious veil, whom
none may lift!

Oh! was that wondrous sign an omen of love—
Or was it oracled by mocking Manes above?

No like I saw before—nor shall see again—
Then Night spent Sibyl-sooths of woe and
pain!

Oh! awful Calm: ebon—cowled with jeweled
stole!

Oh! stars and orbs—the Gateway for our soul!
White Mountains, N. H. (Aug. 10, 1885).

THE BROOKLET'S ELEGY.

O, lovely Hannah, this cold morn of June
I strayed here in these leafy woods, where
pines

Sigh and the ash whines in despair. I came
To pencil its sweet fall—in whose lone shade
I fluted strains in memory of thy smile.
Sweet strains, that Beethoven's so magic music
sways:

His song-tune: Recollections Old.
So suited to my mood—soothing my soul!—
I came this windy morn, whose sky was cold

With white autumnal clouds—and brumal
winds—

To pencil the sweet fall, that I had sketched.

O, Hannah, feel with me my woe—the grief
that stole

Into my heart, as my joy-eyes were torn apart
At sight of the destruction in these woods:—
The gentle fall, whose shade enticed me to its
flow

And called me sweet to put its patter on a
leaf—

Was glaring in the sun, its cool snow-white-
ness gone;

For its fond flowing had decreased—before it
lay

Disorderly a huge pine, peeled, cut,

Its sighing branches tearing in the brook—

And yellow blea all glowing in the sun. The
scene,

So fresh, when erst I came to salute its green,
Was strewn with debris of the pine-tree's
limbs;

And hid the brook, and part of that sweet fall!

Oh! how could I now let my pencil lose its
way

O'er the white sheet, since all now lay de-
stroyed!

Methought the lightning's brand'shing sword
had slayn

Those hoary pines; but when I heard harsh
strokes
Of crook-hidden woodmen's axes—then I
woke—
And knew the hand of such destruction low!
And all the while I heard a sighing in the
brook—
As though the spirit of the falls were mourn-
ing there;
And wailing soft its slight woe to the chillèd
wind!
And, Hannah! (and oh! if thou could'st but
have heard
With me!) an elegy, so sweet, oh! simple-
sweet
Was borne to me—the spirit of the fall
Wailed thus its loss of shading pines:

O, blessing pine, where art thou gone?
Thy coolness flowed my breeds;
And hast thou left me all alone
With no song for the meads?

O, leafy linden, breezy-cool—
And tender in your boon,
That greened with smiles my bubbling pool
At eve, at morn, at noon!

O, shade, that gav'st me midnight dreams;
That screened me from the sun—

Where art thou flown—where are the gleams
That basked, when day was done?

I see thy long, lank stem before
Me lie—thy branchlets wed
With my offsprings—but see no more
Thy blessings near me tread!

My soft, sweet cushion is now all sear—
My love-songs croon no more.
I look up in the sun with fear,
Whom I can not adore!

O, pine, O lindens, whispering shade—
Are you so quite, quite dead?
Must all my murmuring love-songs fade
That you are from me fled?

Oh! when shall days come back to me
When to your leaves I sang?
When shoutings of my inmost glee
Through all the forest rang?

Oh! when may those days cool again—
When in your simple shade
My darkness joyed the loving swain
And heard the love he said?

O, pine that once was my sole boon—
What tears I shed for thee!
O, lindens, now my waters croon
A soft, sad elegy!

Such strains I caught from the wind's gushing
breath

That took the brooklet's wail 'way far to lands
Where other streamlets wail the same!

I gazed

Once more on fallen pine, on broken stems
Of tender linden-trees; then bade I farewell!
Ah! mourned with all the brooklet's wail and
cry

And, sad, my spirit sought for sympathy
For what could I, small man, prohibit there,
When man of olden mind had cut the lindens
down;

And felled the pine with axe-stroke; and had
made

A proud heart of the simple, shady falls—
Oh! Anne! so pomp and show of this earth's
world

Bemar the coyness and the loveliness
Of maids!—so sparkle they in jewelled dress
And lost their fond, green coolness of their
minds.

And flow their thoughts in glittering channels
—lit

By gawdy sun of Pride and vain Conceit,
 And where then find again their natural charm
 Of maidenhood, of beauty's shyness—ay,
 Of reverent love, and holy piety?

O Anne, let no one fell that hoary Pine
 That shades and curls thy purest maidenhood!
 Nor tear, with venom'd hand, those charming
 lindens

That green thy grace, with pious voicings
 breathed.

And if thou fearest those rays of pride and
 sin:

O, rest within my pure arms—sleep near me:
 Who lives but here to praise the purity
 Of woman—who but seeks a pure young soul
 To foster his pure thoughts to flow in glow
 Of the One God!

O, Hannah! how my mind
 Is fresh to think thee dream with me, poor lad!
 Endfield Falls, N. Y. (June 8, 1885).

SONG.

When clouds of disappointment and despair
 Have gloomed the soul's wide firmament—
 How soothing is a sign of memory
 Come from a friend, unheard of for a year!
 Ah me! it is a ray of radiancy
 That bursts through all the storm-ruled air;

And in the soul anew there is content—
And from the woe-pressed lips there smiles a
sign of cheer!

The fairest flower that blossoms in sad life,
Whose fragrance mingles with our woe,
Is the dear knowledge that we're not forgot,
And that some bear us hearty memory still.

Then may we brave yet disappointment's lot,
And struggle on through cruel plaint and
strife!

And, when we think there's no more glow,
That flower's fragrance serves our plaint with
hope to fill.

When gloom and disappointment long have
rolled

Above the soul's wide skies, like thunder-
clouds—

How like a ray of sunshine through the yeasty
dome

Doth seem a sudden sign of memory,
Come from a friend!—Then may our thinking
roam

Awhile in sunlit air, while true controlled
By all the magic that the thrill enshrouds:
To know there's one who lets us not forgotten
be!

(April, 1900).

AFTER VISITING F. S. SALTUS'S
MONUMENTAL GRAVE.

Weep not, thou, who in Heaven art rejoicing ;
Weep not that thou on earth wast left for-
lorn :

Around thy marble-tomb the birds are voicing
Rapt songs of praise for thee from early
morn

Till sundown ;—when the graves in shadow lie,
And faint sounds whisper from the brooklet
nigh !

Weep not, for on the choice carnation-marble
Thy name is 'graven to last till earth be
gone.

And whoso reads, while thousand birds do
warble,

Will know thou hadst on earth to god-hood
grown :

He'll know thy genius-soul wrought music fair,
And poesy, and love, all past compare !

Hydrangeas bow in homage of thy glory ;
Around thy grave e'erlasting marble stands ;
A royal stone hath 'graven deep thy mind's
fair story :

All keep thee living to men from all earth's
lands.

Then weep not, for full-myriad birds entone
Rapt praise to thee, thou Titan-genius lone!
(October 13, 1898.)

THE DREARY RAIN.

It is when the rain streams down
In mournful fall—
Like murmured call
From Charon, gliding to the darkling town.
Oh! when the rain drenches the trees
And thro its drops sound prophesies:
So sad, so sad, so lorn:
Like wail of hankering Magdalene
Through one full-sorrowing morn
Of woe, and grief,—and no red sheen!
Oh! when the muffled thunder-hoofs slow clat-
ter on—
Thro lones of fretting, young Endymion;
And widely wields his sword proud Zeus old,
Nor spares nor tree, nor lane, nor sleeping
folds—
Oh, then let strains of sad song stream from
me;
And anguish flow in mel-like currents on.
And oh! divine Melancholy!

Let her be crowned with lily-wreaths, and
shone

Upon by smiling, love-lorn virgins fair ;

And let full three-fold music pair !

Oh ! sing ! my torn, lorn heart—oh ! sing—

And Love may spread one scented wing !

White Mountains, N. H.

(1885)

TRIUMPH.

Others may have their triune gifts and love
them—

Thro youth they see which serves them
best—

Then leave forlorn the other two—then serve
one

Thro life, till they may find their final rest—

They were too weak in soul

Three Muses to control—

They sought not for the glorious Grail—its
mighty quest !

Thro youth three splendent Muses smiled
around me—

I could have chosen one for me thro' life—
But I was valiant, and with vigor to charm me

I curbed them to my chariot: Strife—
 They were my steeds I led
 To victory—when I sped
Like a charioteer thro all my woe with moan-
 ing rife!

Such triumph have I earned! Great Michael
 crowned me!

Like to a charioteer those three fair steeds
I bridled—harnessed to Strife's chariot, gold-
 en-garlands

Strung round its wheels, fair valor's meeds—
 And thus I won the race
 And took with heroic grace
The trifoil-wreath, that Victory gives—to
 triumph leads!

(September, 1907.)



The Nook

LUXEMBOURG-GARDENS, PARIS, FRANCE



THE NOOK.

Around, the noise of the metropolis
With its wild fever-flurry sounds;
The vehicles grate the pavement;—carts,
With village cates, rattle; where a motley is
The crowd of equipages full rebounds
The voice of beagles—in fits and starts.
O, 'mong the din and bustle of the town,
I found a lovely spot that's green and lone!

Around the toadies wabble near their bar-
rows—
The aldine trull seeks with enerved eye;—
The gentry walk with undue thoughts;
Gay girlies wanton with the sparrows
And sing in joy; and clerk-boys fly—
Intent: some old cripple begs—and rots!
O, where the fret of furious earning is
I found a nook where flowers secluded bliss!

Around, the hum-drum of traffic's tune—
That mingles with the surge of people
That silently move, halt and vanish!
Around, the distant flutter—as croon
Of farther warbles, where the gilded steeple
Tells mart is bustling to replenish!
O amid the sounds of city's worry-fleet
I found a niche, as Psyche's bower-sweet!

How did I? Purse those damask-buds—
 Love thy blessed phantom, till it fades—
 O, dimple those hillocks of fuchsia-hue—
 Smile till their richness streams, as floods
 From creamy pools, where crimson shades
 Net work the brindled vault of blue!
 How did I? Let thy pearl nod towards my
 chin—
 And thou shalt list to songs as woodland din!

An iron gate leads to the park
 Of Luxembourg—there marbles pure—
 And chiseled by high artist-souls,
 Enhance the shrubberies;—an arc
 Of vines, neat-rampant—with contour
 Of feast festoon—cuts to fair gooles
 Of wall—dense tree-crests—whose brown-
 yellow leaves
 Low rustle winter 'll come—summer grieves!

This arch of wild-vines views a walk
 On either side of a long basin—
 Short leading to a terraced fountain—
 Of evens, lovers wheedle and talk—
 And melancholy eyes ne'er hasten—
 For here: a trickle as of mountain
 A patter as of inland murmuring—
 Or as the leaf-rustle from the lyre-wing!

A stern, deep sculpture walls from sight
The houses, the dome-spired Pantheon—
It seems the bustle of the streets
Is deadened—the wide apex bright,
With garlands, shields the royal crown—
In centre; below a titan meets
His brother; both their water-jars unfilling—
Their thews, reclining forms are vast and
thrilling!

The middle-weathered bronze is huge!
It is great Polyphemus! with
His bullock-hide—his tooth, and sling!
Crouched! leaning, (with a jealous grudge
Upon his brow, with not a writhe—
But with barbaric death-wishing
In all his muscles rioting)—so leans
He o'er a jag that a cave's murmur gleans!

And this cave shelters Galatæa
And her own lover Acis!—how
He holds her languour-fond—he feels
Her back-bent neck—and he may see her
Fair blooming limbs crave passion's glow—
May dream in all her longing weals—
Both are a fancy! soft with love, with dreams
In each line!—How love requited blissful
seems!!

By columns, with the Doric art
 Inwove—and surfaced, as the stone
 Ekes, where the ever-dropping chill
 Hardens to icicle spears—a part
 Of the fount-wall is niched and one
 Dwells Pan—gay piping by a rill—
 And one swift Dian, ready with her quiver's
 give—
 Rare orned it is—O, could a king not live!

And there the waters sleep—as by
 The Sphinx, where palm-woods moist the
 sand—
 They sleep, with dulcet ripples playing—
 With drops slow-falling wearily
 As thrums, far in fair Hindoo-land,
 Fall one by one—as though dismaying!
 And the cool waters sleep—with murmurs
 coming
 From trickling bubbles—as hart-threads
 through the gloaming!

And there the carved stones are green—
 As epidote, where lucent streams
 Flow tranquilly—and sallow-seared—
 By crevices, where sharp decay hath been—
 And pink-dun, as the lornful gleams
 Of far day over—evening bleared—
 Decks the receding blocks—a warmth uprose
 Bred the small parasites—so Nature boons
 bestows!

And there the waters lodge the fries,
And slender fish; they basset where
The liquid deepens the heavens—and leaves
Affront not whizzings of the flies—
O, fly! sopped—you are the frie's fare!
And see them, as by cradled sieves
Gay shoals of shad, and salmon. And they
 play,
Gambol—shoot—as princes pledged to sportive
 fray!

And there curled leaves lie, spotting all
With russet, gule, and orange; heaps
Of mould'ring leaves bunch on the water;
And silently from trees there fall
The autumn tears; touched—up it leaps
High as flowers barbules—then with laugh-
 ter
Smiles at the high branch—and sinketh low
In the caring basin—till it dips in woe!

O, there I stayed—and there I saw
Thee crisping a large sorrel leaf—
With encouraging eyes thou soughtest me—
My fingers quivered—as the haw
With morning's tears encumbered.—Grief
Rustled about—I saw not thee!
But while I mourned—I heard Ionian tales—
Those marbles melodized as in Idalian dales:

“Though thou, mine Acis, beest dead—
No more thy blood, so deep blue-red—
 May blush thy smile for me—
Thy rock’s rich shade I covet ever—
Thy life-blood bubbles up a river
 That seeks the azure sea!”

“O, myriad incense-amphoras
To thee, Oceanus! Who prays,
 With love at heart—for favors—
The father of the sylphids hears!
And dry are all the pleading-tears—
 All fumes of Dictean savors!”

“My goddess-girdle keeps me free
To swim the dear stream up to thee—
 My Acis, lovely love!
But oh how soother, when we twain
Heaved bosom and breast—and then had
 layn
 In scents of nard and clove!

O, thousand songs to Thethys boon—
O, Nereids, with your lyres, croon
 Soft wave-lays for her kindness!
O, tears may turn mellifluent
The sordid brine—and quick consent
 Springs after anger-blindness!

“How happy! Acis—that thy blood
Comes to me in such bland flowed flood—
And draws me to that stone.—
O, we may whisper still our passion—
When all day thy creamed wavelets lash on
The cravings of my zone!

“O, that young love should shattered lie
By age’s uncouth jealousy:
O, cruel Polyphemus!
Why thoughtest thou the sea-god’s daughter
So frail and sweet—should leave the water
To wed one huge as Hemus!

“’Tis done! and my warm tears commingle
With sighings, purling through the dingle
Where one rock is mine all!
O, there we whisper, as nightingales—
As Progne, when mild Aeol sails,
To burn-cliffs, grey and tall!

“O, when from far wolds of Himera
The clouds drift, each a dark Chimera,
There hells the rock’s cave—
O, then our love resounds—and hours—
Erotic moments by shepherd-bowers,
My sorrowing dreamings stave!

“O, bloom of love! for thee, I changed
 My beryl-home—through fields I ranged
 To follow fairest swain!
 Mine Acis stole to me—my love
 Sought him at cote, and pool and grove—
 We wove the wedlock-chain!

“Together, heard we Triton’s horn—
 Ligiea’s barbiton at morn—
 A reed at shady noon;
 A tortoise-lyre by the sand—
 Soft chanting; and a wreathèd wand
 Guiding, by mellowed moon!

“O, arm in arm, we let the spray
 Of jasmine lip us—and away
 We colored all the hills!—
 O, lip to lip, we swooned in scents—
 Or lay on blooms like orpiments—
 And bathed in sheldy rills!

“Together saw we Dian chase—
 The fawn with antlered hart swift race—
 And Pales at the fold—
 We saw how Priapus oft’ comes
 To bless the meads and shepherd-homes—
 How Pan pipes in the wold!

“O, lock in lock—we laughed and shouted—
O, how he kissèd me, when I pouted—
 He wreathed my brow with laurels—
O, eye in eye we prayed to Zeus
That e’er in love-bliss he would see us!
 We slept on beds of morils!

“O, Acis! now the bubbles of dreams
Are what our love grew! And the streams
 Of blood are veils and fears!
O, Acis! I asked restore thee whole—
But this thy rock is as a mole—
 Thy flood but dreary tears!

“O, day too sad for memory—yet
Too sweet and dear to quite forget—
 A scene to burst the heart—
Yet tinge the palèd cheek with pink!
For though we not of love-bliss drink
 We need not be apart!

“High Latium’s King, Arcadia’s lord—
Let flow what Tempe could afford—
 Faunalian feasting gorged
The lanes; the cypress-aisles; the dells.
There were Sicilian jars of mells
 All what Pomona forged;

“Festoons hung tortive round the limes—
 And garlands strown upon the thymes,
 Supinely—as the clouds
 That chain, when Hesper twinkles lone—
 By chequered lawn—an ornèd stone—
 Around whom heaved the crowds

“Worshipping Pan!
 And there were girls—
 With byssine stoles—and aural curls—
 Whose flanks like lilies shone—
 From fair Forina’s nooks their flowers—
 Their leaves and twigs from vintner’s bow-
 ers—
 Their crowns of emerald stone—
 “With pale torquoise their zones were
 spotted—
 Their flying veils with glitter dotted—
 They were the shepherdesses—
 They danced—or moved with grace—or
 bended
 Their cygnet-necks; or silent wended
 To vine-shades for caresses!

“O, Faunus prided in such glow—
 And gulped the goblet’s heavy flow—
 And Satyrs piped—and Fauns
 Their timbrels tapped—till all swung round
 In tiptoe mirth to revelling sound
 And rung the flowering lawns.

“And Acis wheedled me thither too—
Through allies dark of fir and yew
We heard our voices only—
Till through an olive-copse there gleamed
Rich purple cloaks—and splendrous
beamed
A tiar of some lonely,

“Forlorn, bright Dryad. Then we heard
A whurr—a whizzing—then it birred—
And sizzled—till we stood
Where cloven-footed Pan with wreaths
Of brightest blooms was stormed—and
sheaths
Of blossoms kept the carved wood!

“O, Acis wove azealeas dark
In my tresses—pinched my hair with spark
Or rubies, diademmed!
He would have hailed me queen of all—
He would have cloven me as a thrall
To Venus—foam-begemmed!

“O, Acis won the spear of cereals—
Was hailed now one of the Æthereals—
A shepherd-pelt he won!
And to me brought he licnons, wrested
From shy Bacchantes: rosy-breasted:
And twined the umbels on!

“And Sylvans scampered to his throne
Adored him, as by Pelion
Silenus homage gets!
O, Hamadryads crowded round
To blush at him; and Lymniads wound
Long strings of violets!

“And by his side his Galatea
Shone radiant, as Olympian Rhea
At Saturnalia’s pomp—
O, how young shepherds sprang and maids
And Junos danced—as o’er the glades
The ewes and lambkins romp.

“When lydian measures, clarisonous—
Moved slow; and songs antiphonous
Dulcifulously flowed—
And through th’ acanthus, smiling there
’Mongst droopèd beans, as in Lea’s hair
Her spanglets, agate-glowed.

“Citharas swung the cirrose twigs
Of vines; when, where couth sylvan prigs,
In nooks, erotic played—
Rich dythirambic fifes and drums
Strayed to us, as some bloom-hid humms
Of thousand bees. When glade

“And grove seemed bare, and all had run
To shades sequestered, where the sun
Was element, as when Eos
Loves Aeol more, we bended and swung
Our lissome flanks—and clasped—and hung
Our arms—as Hymenæos

“With some fond shepherdess doth use—
We skipped the lawns—as fallows, loose
From long sennightly capture—
Our hems touched breezes o’er us swaying—
Our locks flew long—our amorous saying
Was more than Lucine’s rapture!

“We sought the umbrate gratefulness
Of wolds—and glens—where silentness
Hears but a purl, a strain
Of Echo’s far sweet song to Pan—
But there the revellers began
Their feast before the wane

“Of day! O, cates as Corydon
But wishèd for himself alone—
Rich meats—and savored strong—
Black roe-buck flesh—fawn’s tender loins—
And barbecues—of widest groins—
And lambs on grilling prong.

“And where coy Nais smiled, there heaped
 Sooth confects—sugared tablets—steeped
 In Ariusian blood—
 O, confits of the fea-berries
 Of pulpy grapes from Tyrennian seas,
 Spiced with the fumes of bud

“Of cloves; and gourds of pepper red
 To zest the taste of cereal-bread;
 And mell—from Hyblean-dells—
 And fruits, the shepherds graft each year
 To wax their lusciousness; from near
 Fresh coolness of the wells—

“And pears, and oranges—figs, dates—
 Diversity that ever mates
 With demigodly feast;
 The older drank the nectarine mead—
 Served by fair sylphids of the seed
 Of Neptune; wines from east

“Of fertile Morea trembled in vases
 Endorned with pastoral dance, and mazes
 Of bucolic jollity;
 They stood there, free to Faunus leal—
 As to the prancing Satyre’s zeal—
 The boozling weight to dry;

“And earthen jars, with carved handles,
Their fluted girth gauged two short bands—

Cooled amber-draught; and bags
Of goat-hides bore thick Scio fire;
And specked Chelonian cups rose higher—
And as a love-gone brags

“Of more than what is his—so all
Profess to be to Bacchus thrall,

And gulped till dregs lay sweet
Upon the brilliant goblet-floor—
Till wine and nectar was no more—
And all had lost their feet!

“O, as in Somnus' folds they were—
As yet few citoles dulcet stir

Withthrough the plantains trebled—
O, as girls clanged the cimbals—danced
Antiphonies—retreated—advanced
Before the flame-square, pebbled

“With gold-beads; as the youths their reeds
Yet tipped, some slenderly o'er meads

Gamboling—with limber thews
Proud vying Spartan heroes; as the din
Waned, to soft swelling—and out and in
The labyrinth avenues

“Yet pert eyes hopped, and eager hands
Caught swelte waists—stretched for flow-
ered bands

Mine Acis kissed my bosom—
Our path led to a grotto cool:
Mossed roof for sheerest mountain-pool—
And as some guarded blossom—

“There was a couch of mossèd stone—
Grown for some love-sleep—quiet and lone,
Upon whom lay we, wrapt
In each and others fancies—as they sheened
In our eyes! O, there I leaned
Upon his breast—he lapped

“My stilly buds of maiden-blush—
And we spake not—the fountain-gush
Splashed melodies—with eyes
Soft closed, he sang dreams, lydian toned;
Of love so pure; of love one owned—
Of love that, by surprise,

“The unfelt heart bursts to a forge—
Of love whose happiness doth forge
The illumined virgin-soul—
Of love that cankered grew, eked mad—
Of love such he and I now had—
Resinging all the whole!

“O, would that such had lasted till
Mine Acis were a god of rill
And stream, and flood and sea—
So that we so could rest in ease
Unfrightened—ever thus to cease—
O, ever sleep with me!

“He sang—while through the alley’s shade
The glittering light, each bending blade
Of herbs, as gold now streamed—
Far Ceres’ high cleithros rosed;
And the woods purpled—languour oozed
From everything that dreamed—

“Sol rode his chariot, fleeter-urged—
Down where he meets wan Phoebe; emerged
From far a Zephyr-whiff—
O, Acis sang—I warmed upon
His love-full heart—all while alone
We saw afar the cliff

“Flash glowing crimson—and the sea
Heaved as a windling-scattered lea
Of jonquils, and of clover—
Thick-grown in fullest blossom-hour!
O, Acis sang—while far Ops’ tower
Pinked, as the cheek of lover

When footfalls guide her heark'ning ear!
O, Acis sang—when a shadow drear
 Moved over our curls—
He sang—it darked before us! 'Love,'
His dulcet words said, 'was to prove,
 The chastity of girls'—

“O, Acis sang—when a cloud of black
Swelled all before our eyes—a crack
 A crumbling—oh!—a block
Came rolling—oh! a splash—O, spare!
Huge Polyphemus darked the lair—
 He rolled, and cast the rock!

“ ‘Revenge must see its fierce design
Now burst to action—enough of thine
 Clandestine wooings warm;
Red Galatea must be mine own—
Else Vulcan's bolt will light, and groan,
 And thou die in the storm!’

“So cried, with megalophonous threat,
Huge Polyphemus! A chill—a fret—
 Tumultuously whirled
Through us—‘Mine Acis, we must flee—
Quick, quick to my home, the beryl-sea!
 Or else the rock he hurled

“ ‘Shall be thy tombstone!’ And we flew
Away over knoll—brushed evening dew—
And pressed the tender blooms.
We passed the temple; till the ocean
Rolled, low in affectionate emotion
Our all-uncertain dooms!

“But as we worried o’er a brier—
We saw him run, as star-light fire,
With rock high in his clutch!—
I trembled—O, he hurled the rock;
It cleft mine Acis with a shock—
It bled him thick and much.

“O, as gigantic Tityus he
With rage as flamed Tisiphone—
Triocular Cyclops-head!
He would to grasp my zone—the main,
Where Tethys watched—loved me again—
To the beryl-sea I fled—

“And dashed within the calming waves!—
‘O, Tethys, mother, who but saves
And never dost destroy—
O, give mine Acis to my heart—
Let his blood be a sensate part
Of our home’s foaming joy!

“ ‘Oceanus, hailed god of all
 The waters, lake, and waterfall—
 Flood—river—wide expanse
 Of briney depth—and husband dear
 To Thety’s, Parthenope, O, hear!
 Save! while yet timely chance,

“ ‘Mine Acis warms—ere cold he lies;
 O, let his blood flow to the fries
 Of polyp-wavering shallows—
 O, let his blood be streams of water
 To wanton yet with thy dear daughter
 Where happy Proteus wallows—

“ ‘And let his fair frame change to stone—
 That giveth living springs; where, lone
 Air-Echo may rejoice!
 O, hear and save—Oceanus!
 Once more a love-pair form of us—
 Resound thy lordly voice!

“So clamantly precipitated
 My voice—I would not be so fated
 As widowed mortal-maid—
 And Nereids doled with me; . . . O, gush
 Of Acis’ blood—on whom the hush
 Of tender woodland-shade

“As trustiness on love’s boon stream—
Came flowing, as in torturing dream
I saw my loneliness!
Again I felt the gentle touch—
Again the kiss I craved so much—
Again his warm caress!

“O, Acis was mine own, as ever—
Swim up and down the passion-river—
And lie upon the stone!
So was my fate turned sooth and light—
Him could I whisper, day and night—
O, Acis fond, mine own!”

So modulated the quiet nook—
Such lays that love to dally by
Old temples, where oleander-trees
Grace near some legendary brook—
Or in the pales of history—
Washed by its thousand-wintered seas!
It was as though dear Thessaly rose fair—
And Ilion its propitious peaks did rear!

I saw Callipso weep, when one
Saw valedictory had spoken—
I heard the pestered waves dash swift—
And saw the storm play havoc on—
On him who had memorial token
From her, who watched the corals drift:

Ulysses entered the huge cave; with brand,
 Burnt three huge eyes—no Cyclops roamed
 that land!

And Ossa's olives shimmered 'gainst the blue
 I heard hoar Atreus play divine—
 Cold Heber's flood warmed in those groves,
 Where nymphs and fauns were warbled to—
 I gazed at frolick in the brine—
 And god-jocosness through alcoves
 Of that dead heaven, whose death sheens our
 sky!

And listening to those songs—I wished to die!

O, Helcion—Peneus-stream
 And groves, with terminuses orned—
 O, Crete, and Lesbos gemmed the sea—
 And lyres striking lovely theme—
 And Vesta-brows with blooms adorned—
 All come from mother-Cybele!
 O, Clotho spun for Daphne; and Amphion!
 And Atropos smiled on fire-doomed Ixion!

O, Anne! there listened I to tunes
 As the high ash hears nigh the fell—
 As mountains chaunt when all is still
 In vale, and forest-close, there croons
 Mysterious lay—as fuming spell
 Doth bristle flowers by the rill!
 O, Anne! the patter of the small drops made
 Such lornful music, as in woodland-shade!

O there I could again so dream
Of thee, and of such silent sighs
That sudden check the heart to beat!
Again could catch that glowing beam
That ever sparkles from thine eyes—
Could hear thy voice, so dear and sweet;
Could dream of days, when merely conning
thee
Aroused in me the sense of exstasy.

O, wishing thy sleek hand to feel
My burning brow—as vainly longed
I bring thy sweetness near to me!
O, wishing thy ripe lips to seal
What I had kept of thee, that thronged
My heart, and shone it tenderly!
O, hoping that one hour thou wouldst speak—
O, that thy brow would press, and burn my
cheek!!

O, Anne! there rustled button-leaves—
How drop by drop, touched the green moss,
And how a silentness suffused
Around! and glory of warm eyes!
How beauteous: grieve my fated loss
Where damsels, knights, and nobles used
To dally there—or lovers hid, when night
Reigned golden—and the palace-panes were
bright!

O, Anne! the palace-garden turned
 Into its state of olden days:
 When long-robed duchesses, and earls,
 And marquises, and heads, who earned
 Their livelihood by comic-plays—
 And priests, and painters with long curls,
 And counts, and marchionesses spent their
 hours
 Parading up and down—by fount and flowers.

When Louis followed Louis; when
 Those sculptured founts, those marbles fair
 Were royal property! those aisles
 Of trees had shaded crowned men—
 And when gay festival was there—
 With menuet, and blooming smiles—
 O, when a kingdom brought to birth such state
 When thrones were glorious—yet insidiate!

O, gardens! where the palace stands!
 What lavishment of kings you be!
 Albeit glowing in your glory—
 Albeit works by genius-hands
 Do beautify your vanity,
 You tell but one long, tedious story:
 A royal garden—selfishness proposed!
 A king's great doing!—whether all opposed?

O, Anne! and far to other shores
 To other homes my mind was blown—
 America—(thou art its rose!)
 With independent, free, wide lores,
 As morn-cloud, all before me shone—
 Where Liberty forever blows!
 O, Anne! And while the purls drooped my sad
 head,
 Through all the airs a song awoke—and said:

 May those columns be,
 With their Doric capitals, fair—
 May the majesty
 Of that sculptured palace be rare;
 If high art contributed to those groves—
 Or sweet founts splashed what a young love-
 pair loves—
 Let it be,
 'Tis all
 Vanity!
 A thrall
 To the pomp of wealth, to the word of pride
 Had designed those paths—while the poor
 heart sighed!
 It is so,
 A king,
 In his glow,
 Could bring
 To his wish of splendor such selfish weal—
 And not fret for people who penury feel!

Let it be,
It is!
Sing to me
But this:

Let me breathe where blows fairest Liberty!
Where all heavens to voices of Equity!

In a land where strong are the weak—
And the strong kiss brows of the weak!

In that land that glows—
(Where no mortal goes—)

In such fumes of health, where large Nature
sways!

Where huge Truth and Justice embalm the
still days!

O, a land where need is not known—

Where this greed to loving has grown!

Where the charms of tepid airs all invite
To be joying wanton at day or night!

For me banners waving in freedom's reign!

Bring me back my country's own charm again!

Where the brave are free, and the free may
save!

And a Soul wafts perfume to all a tune!

Where the goal is love—and a meed the grave!

And this Life is sweet as a blossomed June!

Anne! that song clung to me, as strains
Heard in some grand cathedral-hall!

It would not leave my memory—

As songs the frank-faced Highland-swains

Keep in their hearts, by cote or fall—

So was that noble melody!

And while mine eye saw the sear leaves be
blown—

The autumn-whispers sang in undertone:

Let it be,

'Tis all

Vanity!

A thrall

To the pride of glow, to the gust of power
Built those basilisks, with their lawn and
bower—

Let it be,

It is!

Sing to me

But this:

Give me Nature's love! Give me Freedom's
soul!

Let kind aid be law! And stern Truth life's
goal!

And a land where Liberty garlands all!

Where the free and brave

But to God for succor, and justice call—

Who is Life and Grave!

And there the minnows live in fries:

Now stealing under russet leaves—

Now basset they where twigs float slow—

Or where there is a glimpse of skies—

As fly-swarms through still summer eves,
 As bees that bumble to and fro
 Before their oak-tree hive. Then hide apace—
 Then crowd, to dimple the sheld corner's face!

And there the trickling drop doth spread
 A veil of plaintive murmuring—
 As on the banks of Nubian-Nile
 The Sphynx-hid harpers shed:
 When Gunga's daughters scent, and sing
 So low, that tepid airs but smile.
 And there I hear the silentness of woods—
 I fall on lawns of many dreamy moods!

And there a purl seems as a fell—
 A basin as a moss-greened pool—
 A calm as close in thickets warm—
 O, there the leaves, and breezes tell
 What loveth but the grove so cool—
 When in the glitter gold-bees swarm!
 O, there a transport meditative swelleth—
 As o'er a flowered moss the brooklet wellet!

And marbles orn a fountain-head—
 Fair statuary: bringing tales
 Of hours, when by temples lone
 Shy maidens incense offered—
 By Delphos—or in Cretan vales—
 Where Helios as a godhead shone!
 There languishes a maid in amorous sleep!

A giant frightens! Watermen stern balance
keep!

Around, the noisy streets are filled
With hurried men, and women, used
As slaves (O, in illumined times)
Around, the houses now are silled
With signs—and stores, by man abused,
Ferment in hearts wild, petty crimes—
O, where the State provides for poverty!
I found a cove as sweet as woods can be!

Around, the narrow streets and lanes
Hide what, if brought to light, would seem
Low pit of grovelling Satan-seed!
Around, the crippled beg for gains—
The blind, by dogs led, can but dream!
And there the mercenary feed!
O, right in midst of city's ugliness,
There sleeps for me, what rhyme may not
express!

O, Anne! And when I leave that nook—
O, when a spell draws me to stay—
And when I gaze again at fount—
At leaves, like on some forest-brook—
At moss, and at the fish aplay—
And list to murmurs, as by mount—

O, when awakening meditations break—
 There rings that spirit-song—its lays awake :

Let it be,

It is

But the play of kings—that have killed the
 poor!

And those buildings reared the revolting boor!

Sing to me

But this :

Where the soul and wisdom shall pair
 And fond Nature reign as a sovereign fair—

Where the free shall be

As the wisest men, and shall guide the
 crowd!

Where no poverty

Shall be stifling—but where each soul be
 proud!

Let it be, it is

But the pride of crowns—what vain power
 wrought!

Sing to me but this :

For me freedom wise! with each soul to God!

O Anne, that nook I cherish now!

When weary, to its calm I go!

When there, that marble throngs in me :

“How love requited blissful seems!

Him could I whisper day and night—

O, Acis fond mine own!

So was my fate turned sooth and light!
Upon his breast I fell in dreams—
Him had I all alone!"

O, what was grooving my stern brow!
O, how me thought of thee! and woe
Came round, and sudden misery!
But Anne! A nook I found to soothe my sigh
And when I tire 'tis there I cease to cry!

EPILOGUE.

And ever find we lornful lovers some retreat—
O, seeming as if angels sent us them, to bear
That which doth eke from longing's over-
due!
And ever seems there some bright spirit, pure
and sweet—
To show us where we may regain when we
despair—
O, trust them! Angels are with you, with
you!

Paris (Dec. 19, 1886).



To a Virgin

A SONG

TO A VIRGIN.

I.

Thou supple shape to bewitch our mind—
Why may I not round thee enwind
Mine arm, fair-thrilled by all thy sweetness!
As doth a snake thy body's girth
Twists pliantly the while, in mirth,
I try to clasp beauty's completeness!

Then, with a supplicating glance,
That all my dreamings doth entrance,
Why dost thou guard thy maiden-beauty?
Perchance it must be Love's design
To keep thee pure, and all divine,
That timidness is girl's sweet duty.

Thou virgin! whose fair suppleness
Eludes my Pan-clasp and its stress;
'Tis well—but one fair future morning
Such sense will change to blooming love—
And all thy guardings sweet will prove,
When thou thy lover art adoring!

So bend thy flexible shape so fair—
As reeds bend to June's wanton air—
I'll think you're coy, sweet Syrinx, fleeing
And from thy timidness I'll shape as he
Who clasped a weed, sweet melody,
Praising shy virgin's supple being!

II.

Pink roses are thy velvet cheeks,
 On whom thy heart's flash mantles sweetly.
 As on blue skies the pink-hued streaks
 So about thine eyes pink hues live meetly.

Oh! for a kiss upon those hills
 Where rose's glow each crevice fills!

But who hath touched a fragrant flower
 To catch a butterfly, mel-sipping?
 As soon as thought within our power.
 Away 'tis—where pool-blooms are dripping.
 So when I try to kiss thee, sweet—
 Thy lips will ne'er my own lips meet!

Coy, shy,—elusive virgin, thou!
 'Twas nature made thee supple, evasive.
 That man should task himself to bow
 Before sweetness, and be persuasive.
 Then will I try to kiss those hills—
 Such all my being with rapture fills!

III.

Oh! though I try an age
 Methinks those rosy cheeks I ne'er can kiss.
 For she doth bend askant from this my bliss,
 As snake, beneath sweet sage!
 Ay, snake thou art—for scarce
 Have I thee round my arm, thou slippest
 fleet

With all thy supple body at my feet :
As snake beneath gold furze !

And when I push my lips
Towards those cheeks aflame !—thy bend-
ing head
Frustrates their laboring aim—and, all in-
stead,
I hold thy elusive hips !

So think I who is there
That can surprise thee on thy luscious lips
For all thy body bends—and writhes and
slips :
As snake in summer's lair !

VII.

Thy neck, erst shy and bending low,
Turn up—so I may kiss thy rare lips' glow !
Before upon thy bosom's swell
Thy lip's rich wine thou didst keep well—
But now that thou hast pressed my hand,
Thy lips give up to me their fulgent flavors
bland !

O ! change, like rigorous, icy fields
To succulent June, when a virgin yields !
Aft' long escaping kiss, embrace,
By sweet surrendering all her grace—
So with persuasive Zephyrs blowing,

The season yields to spring so woods and
plains are glowing!

O flexible neck, that bending first
Upon thy bosom now love's sweet thirst
Doth woo it, so to rise till all my zest
Breathes on thy lips love's fair behest—
And though once thou didst flee my kiss
Now slowly yearnest thou to share such bliss!

VIII.

Sicilian Zephyrs love no marble white—
'Tis cold, and so inanimate—
But they the fragrant flowers freight
With breath, because they swing in pure de-
light—
Responsive to the sway
The breezes wield through all the day!

'Twas yesterday my lips to thine I pressed—
O tenderly like Zephyr to rose.
That by rare myth-girt ocean blows—
But thine were like a bloom, all-uncaressed,
By brook-loved breeze—timid,
Thy sweet responding joy lay still far-hid!

This morn thy lips, thy body's sinuousness
Yielded to mine—and oh, the feeling,
When I felt all thy nature reeling—

Thou softly clinging close to my lips' stress—
Ling'ring with my own kiss—
Till either's tepidness wrought tender bliss!

Such feeling when her fragrant, tepid lips
Press softly unto mine aglow—
'Tis love's sweet answer—love wrought it
so!
Then sways she her round, supple limbs and
hips
And, lost in mel-sweet dream,
She is to me like lily to the stream!

Where there is no return of passion or love
The deepest kiss is never sweet,
But when her lips my firelips meet
And softly press—oh! it is like in grove
When Zephyrs the rose doth kiss:
It yields—swings back the Zephyr's bliss!

IX.

Say! is it day-like, that she stays
Quite close to me—with all my body, sways—
As doth a rose-bloom on a wave!
Close to my breast her bosom dreams—
Her lips press fondly—and it seems
As doth a flower on billow, we both behave!

Her supple sweetness sways and bends
As my own body with her ound form blends.
Her lips pout—oh! a rose in blossom!
As gemmy boughs swing up in scents
Of June-wooded airs—her merriments—
So swings my body to her swelling bosom!

Can it be true unyielding maids
Change so that them quick yielding soft per-
vades!

So now, like rose-bloom on a wave
She is to me—her pink blush form
Answers to mine in tepid storm!
And as a bloom in the wind we both behave!

X.

Her face—her face angelic fair—
With rose-bloom cheeks—and fine cut nose—
With lips voluptuous—pinks live there—
And chin so soft—and delicate—
Ah, me! must beauty know of fate—
That face is like a rich, fresh rose!

But when I want to kiss—O change
So magic in those features fine!
The languors of her blue eyes range
Upon each curve—each hill, each swell—
As though her soul were visible
Upon that face, sweet and divine!

When upward turned to me—with soft,
Sweet yearning in her heaven-eyes—
That face hath thrilled me—oh! how oft!
So wondrous, languorous, and fair—
It spells me—so I press it there—
Kiss till, all passionate, she sighs!

XI.

Each morn, each noon, each eve, each night,
We kiss, each other deep and long—
And oh! her cheeks grow rosy bright
And languour sings her lulling song!
So in the passion-flower arbor, do
The doves who, steeped in fragrance, coo!
No more the coy—the bashful maid,
But she loves my kiss as I hers—
Could Daphne, in cool summer-shade,
Kiss Chloris with more gentle stirs!
Than I that perfect mouth whose life gives me
Its thrilling rose-wine now so willingly!

At morn we kiss—through the long day—
When stars uprising from dusky skies—
When we to slumbers hie away—
She lets her lids fall on her eyes
And pouts her rose-mouth—so I kiss her long,
While languour sings to us her lulling song!

XII.

Would I try to touch her bosom—
With my finger-tip alone—
Bends she all her body's blossom
And her sinuous shape is gone—
O since in virginhood she is
And only loves to kiss and kiss!

Sensitive is her sweet bosom
Like a snow-flower—when a wren
Doth alight upon that blossom—
All the bloom is sentient then—
So when her bosom is touched by me—
Her body trembles electrically!

Would I touch her swelled bosom
Quick she bends—her body shivers—
She is like a wind-touched blossom:
When the wind blows, how it quivers!
Oh! since no virgins know such bliss—
And only love to kiss and kiss!

XIII.

I've won thy shy capriciousness
All through my long persistency—
I know that I would love thee less
But that thou art my victory!

Little by little the petals ope—
By bland and fresh winds made to glow—
So love I wooed by blossomy hope
So tarry till I woo thee so!

So longing poets woo the Muse—
At first she's not quick to inspire—
But aft' persistency, there ooze
Quiessant song-thoughts from her lyre.

I know that had I wearied of thee
Never would I have known thy kiss—
And now I know my victory—
We both are drowned in either's bliss!

XIV.

There are two chords strung either side
Her neck so velvet rosy sweet—
In them all passions—feelings meet
That in her body young abide!
Let but a Zephyr-touch thy finger press—
And lo! a thrill runs through her loveliness.

Two chords so vibrant that to blow
Upon one, all her body quivers—
And passion is a-stir—and shivers—
Like lightning she of love doth know—
Oh! that one day both chords will calous be
And passion lose its first felicity!

'Tis well to know such—so we may
 Tell if she be a virgin true—
 Greater the thrill—more love for you—
 Less thrills, a sign she knows man's way—
 So will I touch those chords alive! to tell
 She is a virgin all-adorable!

XV.

On cold, cold days I play a game
 She loves not all too well—
 My finger tips doth flash a flame
 Of saltern fire—a spell!
 Ay 'tis th' electric spark, that from my heated
 clay,
 At contact with her cheek doth flash away!
 She doth affright—with large blue eyes
 Looks at me though I were
 In league with hidden powers of skies
 In short—a sorcerer—
 She says like nettle-prickings feels her rosy
 cheek—
 Then pardonings follow—and we either's
 warm lips seek!

Not all too well she loved such game—
 My sparks burn on her lips—
 She says it tastes like salt that flame—
 Then I as a rose-bee sips
 Rich honey from the golden chalice deep
 So on her pressing lips mine own I keep!

XVI.

Sad day that brought salt-tears
To thy blue eyes, my sweet!—
Some wronged thee—and their jeers
Made all thy woe complete—
So from those true, fair eyes sad tears did roll,
While ah! how deeply hurt were heart and
soul!

Kind boon of God to let
Thee weep—thy wrath to ease—
Thine eyes were red and wet—
So must thy anger cease—
But we, strong men, have not a tear to shed—
We knit our brow—mumble and curse instead.

As though fair nature would
Not see her fairest work
Grow furious—all she could
Do such disgrace to shirk—
She gave to virgins—women tears that flow,
At the least slight or anger—or drear woe!

Not long I saw thee weep
But pressed my lips on those
Two moistening eyes, that keep
A bed for all thy woes
To flow in—so thy heart be emptied quite
Of streams depressing—then to dwell delight!

A blessing are salt-tears
 To virgin's tender heart—
 Then thoughts of slights, of jeers
 Aft' weeping slowly, depart—
 But we, strong men, must linger with our woe,
 We have no tears that soothingly could flow!

Her sweetest work art thou
 My honey-lipped maid—
 And Nature said a vow
 In Eden-garden's shade—
 That so to keep from fury virgins fair
 Salt-tears that soothe her woes, dwell ever
 there!

XVII.

What tends to draw us both together—
 Though now we may not speak—
 A feeling rare like balmy weather
 Compels us each to seek—
 And when we meet—oh! what does so ordain
 That to thy lips I *must* press mine again!

It is the sense of June-loved breezes
 When they do fondle flowers—
 At seeing them their love increases
 They sway to stranger powers—
 And rock the eglantines or vervains low
 Before they all away to vapors flow!

So must I—though I would not linger—
 Enwind thee in my arm—
And let thee bite my rose-flushed finger
 While we grow bland and warm—
For so it is that Nature loves our bliss—
And scoldeth never when we deeply kiss!

XVIII.

Sweeter than a Waterloo
The hours when we fair virgins woo—
There's no death—no damage done,
But rich life and joy are won!
Glorious is the banner's blowing
When sweet kissing's boon is glowing!

So this rare and radiant morn
Affection in thy kiss was born—
Thou wast peeping through the door
While I wrote strange poet-lore—
When I asked thee: kiss me sweetly—
And thou didst, with ripe lips, meetly!

Oh! more glorious than a crown
Is the virgin's kiss—her own—
There's no state—no country's woe—
All our soul, so sad once, glows—
Sweeter than a victor's feeling
Is a kiss—and passion's reeling!

XIX.

All the while I kissed her lips—
Pressed my loins 'gainst her bloomed hips.
She was learning how to kiss—
Knowing there was sweeter bliss
The way I pressed my lips to hers
Creating in her dulcet stirs!

Oh! this morn she pressed my lips—
Pressed my loins with her sweet hips
As I did to her when kiss
Brought to her such thrilling bliss
I taught her how to kiss so sweet—
Now her stray kiss is all complete.

Fondest recompense to me
Is that kiss reflecting free
All the manner of mine own—
Then I clasp her—when alone!—
And oh! I hug her till she cries—
For bliss in my embracement lies!

XX.

Though Pluvius wailed o'er tower and spire—
A thousand individual drops of water
Fell down from ashy skies—sweet fire
Of passion ran 'twixt us two—and rills of
laughter—
And in her fair deportment she
Descried new passion-love for me!

While in dream-fondling, my nose-tip
Flashed 'gainst her sweeter one—at once she
 shivers,
Exclaiming: Stranger than from lip
 Of thine—when on my nose thy nose-tip
 quivers
I feel as though I would to rave—
For thy warm kiss would ever crave!

Oh! virgin—sweet to learn from thee
 New passion-love—unknown to pious peo-
 ple—
For God it was who made love's glee
 Him must we praise from tower and steeple,
That when I touch thy nose-tip fair—
Flash like, desire uncontrolled laughs in there!

Though winter now sheds tears that show
 He must relent to spring his cold dominion—
From thee, rose-virgin—do I know
 New passion-love—fair love's quaint mys-
 tic minion—
Upon thy nose-tip a spark doth dwell—
When touched, makes thee feel passion's spell!

XXI.

That face—that face—that changes fleet
When both our kisses meet—
Will never from my memory—
For that I treasure thee!

What mystic powers are in bond
When we grow both so fond
Of either's pressure and live kiss
To change thy face like this :

Thy open eyes their lids let fall—
Thy head unborne is thrall
To powers that droop the flower-crown—
O'er all thy face sleep-hues are blown—
And all thy thoughts and moods seem wholly
Like signs of melancholy—
Yet all the muscles of thy face
Grow radiant with soft grace—
As though a veil that fitted there
Lay languidly and fair !

Say, say, dost thou feel how thine eyes
Grow sleepy—dost surmise
How slowly shifts a spread of sense
O'er thee—thou knowest not whence—
Can'st thou within thee feel the change
When dream-veils o'er thee range—
Or is it only felt by me
Who, passion-lost, sees thee—
What mystic powers do sweets possess thee
When I kiss thee and caress thee !
Oh ; could'st thou see thy face change so—
More would thy pink cheeks glow !

That face, that face, transfigured fair
When passion thrilleth there—
Will never from my memory—
Therefore I treasure thee!

XXII.

This noon thy face *exhaled a fragrant warmth*,
Me 'twas delighting potently—
As though I kissed and smelled magnolias
Within the summer's spicy morn—
Ah! rare and rosy cheeks that oozed such scent
With heat suffused—to kiss was ravishment!

And ravished grew I—bathing all my face
In that glow-fragrance as I bathed
Myself in tepid pools rich redolent
With hundred radiant roses full—
I lost control—kissed madly thy soft cheek—
Pressed thee so fondly that we could not speak.

What magic gave to thee such fragrant heat—
I felt it on my face—I smelt
Its perfume—then its magic sped through me;
What could I do but kiss and press—
So was it He who scent gave to the rose,
Let passion rise in warm fragrant overflows!

XXIII.

Oh! let me sing of thee, while bale
 Would wind around this lover's tale—

For so it is—

This sordid world, promulging priest-laws, aim
 By strong defending others, play their *own*
 sweet game—

To none amiss—

Of unperturbed love-dream's bliss!

Oh! let them do—sweet secrecy is blessed

By Angel's voice—

We may yet dream and kiss and win each day
 Our longing's goal—and laugh and be agay—

And may rejoice

That God hath to the lovers ever pleasure
 given—

There's aye a means to meet, and be love-
 driven

If either knoweth either's choice!

So sweet! fear naught—and be of me caressed!

Oh! though they do forbid that we should
 speak

Together, sweet!—I shall seek thy pink cheek
 And print a kiss—

For thou art grown so fond of me—thou must
 kiss well

And seek within my arms' caressing passion's
spell

Nor couldst thou miss
That each day we feel love's rare bliss!

XXIV.

Could tears roll down my cheek—
They would disclose what I would speak—
But cannot! Virgin mine—I weep
For thee—and all these love songs keep
Till one far day the world may see
That love may love all secretly!

Once thou hast whispered low
That thou hadst known sweet music's flow—
And couldst perform. When at thy work—
I in another room did shirk
My minion-songs—and for thee played
That piece so to thy heart arrayed!

My heart was touched. Oh! world!
What cruel laws hast thou unfurled!
But Virgin mine; I'll play each day
That song that makes thy heart so gay.
May Heaven look down on thine ill-fate—
If not, I'll make thy mind elate!

XXV.

Last even when I kissed thee last
Thy brow was knit—thy mood unfit—
So that I played that piece thou lovest—
With sentiment my touch was blent—
Yet through the evening late—it is our fate—
To never see each other—
But this rare morning, aft' the sun, a rare car-
nation
Splurted through vapors grey—as though I
were a brother.
Thou toldest me that through the night
Full flows of tears did wet thy pillow white
For that one simple tune
Brought back to thee thy childhood's June—
Streams fell upon the cheek through night's
lone hours—
That strain recalled thy golden days in flowery
bowers—
Then did I press thee to my breast
Oh! softly—yet intensely, for I felt
As though near me my love had dwelt—
I kissed thine eyes—thy lips and held thee
warm
And wished to shield thee from the world's low
harm—
O virgin, with thy tender heart, be gladdened
now—
Each day that tune will smoothe the hillocks on
thy brow!

XXVI.

Thou choosest me for thy protector strong—
Rare rosy virgin, with blue and knowing
eyes—

There stealeth one who thee would swift
surprise

And take from thee sweet virginhood through
wrong—

But I frustrate his low designs—and stay
Near thee when he is nigh—then thou dost
kiss

Me for it—thanking—loving me, I wis,
Nestling, as though we had our nuptial-day!

The sweetest task for me is shielding thee—

Oh! glorious days of chivalry are past—

But in thy virgin-mien I found at last

One worthy for an act of chivalry—

And thou like some dove fleeing preying
birds,

Dost trust me—thanking me with loving
words!

XXVII.

This morning, when no human life's abroad,

The fiery dawn awoke me from my slumbers

Long, rosy streaks o'er th' faded gold hori-
zon

High up a pink-touched grey—and I was
awed!

I dreamt of thee through all the long, dark
night—

I told thee—oh! affectionately didst kiss me;
Then noon was past—and large soft flakes
were falling—

A grey rain-day aft' morning's dawn-red
bright!

So change our lives too, ah! my dear sweet
virgin!

Soon, soon thy troubles like April-vicissitudes

Will change for spring's flower-radiant
fields and woods—

So hope! brave girl—I honor thee—yet wonder
If sad temptations will assail thee!—nay—

That mouth that kissed me deep is true as
May!

XXVIII.

Thou art a virgin—truest of the true—

I intimated thou wouldst lure a man—

At that thy heart grew grieved—vexed—
now you can

Have no more kisses from me—though you
sue!

Then no kiss could I capture from thy mouth—

Then felt I how some tears would gather
slow

Upon my eye—my heart felt stung with woe
I could not smile, but seemed like one in
drouth!

How could I sleep with all thine anger deep
Like coiling snakes about my sensitive heart!
Then sought I for thee—pleaded—oh! thou
art—

Dear virgin, worthy that I fair nighthood keep,
For thou didst weep—then kissed I deep and
long!

Both of us then could sleep—resing love's
song!

XXIX.

O do not love
For love is pain—
As round some flower in a grove
Twines some black vine of bane!

While loving true,
Both hearts are oceans
Commingling sweetly—each for each doth sue,
One quarrel—oh! the saltern wild emotions!

That tear my heart—
And tears would flow—
For minutes all our love is torn apart
Then is there pain that biteth—harmeth so!

Yet reconciled—
 Our love is sweet—
 We both are by a deeper kiss beguiled
 Our lips with richer fonder fervor meet.

O love ye on
 For love is fair—
 And though a quarrel brings dissension—
 The making-up is sweet as Heaven rare!

XXX.

How strange yet sweeter than a bunch of flow-
 ers

Given to one as pledge of fond affection
 It is to hear from thee thy dream's delec-
 tion

In which myself had sweetened thy dream-
 hours—

And then for me to tell thee that sweet powers
 Had let me see thee through my dream's
 evection

Oh! both had dreamt without either's de-
 tection

Of either, while sleep rained her magic show-
 ers!

What mystic means are there to image up,
 Thro' sleep, thy face, thy kiss, thy embrac-
 ing shape—

And, in thy slumbers, me to see! What cup
 Given by mystery for us to drink contains

Such liquid, showing thee—who will not es-
cape
Through dreams, till morning sings her
roseate strains!

XXXI.

I held her in my arm—our lips they played
In amorous weal till we were love-en-
wound—
But she seemed pale from woe—so all dis-
mayed—
From out her eyes quick tears fell to the
ground—

They could not cease to purl for me who told
Her that departure soon would separate
Us two—she seemed a flower of red and gold
That dreams by rills at day, but, when 'tis
late,
At moon-rise, then sweet dewdrops ooze away
So tears streamed forth so uncontrolled from
her eyes
All for myself—ah! me! had love sweet sway
In her dear heart—my thoughts would so
surmise—
But though I told her cease her weeping so—
I held her while sweet tears of love would
flow!

XXXII.

Sweet confidence has blossomed in her
She tells her secrets deep to me,
O now 'tis but a whisper to win her
But I must live yet lone and free—
She told me how perplexed her heart would
beat,
A man loved her—but she to him could not be
sweet.

So is it with my own love-story—
I love my Lydia—but she not me—
My virgin asks; explanatory
Answers won't make both hearts agree—
That is a fault in nature—love is full of whims.
'Tis rare that love two hearts on *one* sweet
canvas limns!

But she, my virgin, tells her plaining
To me—oh! had she love for me!
Again I brake a heart—'tis raining
Within a soul once thrilled with glee!
O virgin—if thou dost not love him—trust to
love—
And wait till thy heart yearns for one who'll
worthily prove!

XXXIII.

THOSE VIOLET EYES.

Those violet-eyes, those violet-eyes,
They will not aye away—
So fairy-blue like temperate skies
At death of glorious day—
They gazed at me—and spread sweet love
around
Then was the air filled with rare dulcet sound

Like violets peeping in the shade
Where sweet-brier bushes blow—
Fair violets for the dreamer made
Where glassy waters flow—
So were those eyes round whom those cheeks
of thine
Were like the wild fair blooms of eglantine.

Soft love they shed on life's dark dream—
Like cool breeze in hot June—
Then would new bliss within me stream—
My life was all atune—
I swore to love thee, and thy noble heart—
To keep by me love's thrilling roseate dart!

Soft violet eyes, their gaze so true
Assured me of thy love—
Oh! eyes of tender violet-hue
That grow in mossy grove—

That long deep peer within my heart and soul
Resolved me to make thee love's dearest goal!

Those violet eyes, those violet eyes,
They will not all away—
Alone, I dream of them—and sighs
Of longing fill the day—
For since they gazed with love at me, I swore
To make their true gaze mine for evermore!

XXXV.

Her whole fair face is like a rose,
Her eyes are hued as veins therein—
Not as the violet dark
But light as is the rose's vein
When dew-drops whisper: "Hark!
" 'Tis morning sings her roscid strain!
And birds their lays begin
And daylight like a flower blows!

XXXVI.

Her lips, so rare rose-petal fresh,
Their charms not all may know—
Only when caught in Love's bright mesh
Then they their lusciousness will show—
O lush as pomegranate juice
And sweet as honey of the rose—

I munch them—and their flavor choose
 When steeped in many woes—
 For they have magic all to kill
 Save *Love* that freshens in their thrill—
 So all may know not her lush cherry-lips
 Save he who from her love forever sips!

XXXIV.

THE ROSE HATH LEFT.

The rose hath left—
 And put a cleft
 Within the perfect rondure of my thoughts,
 And I am grieving—
 For she was dear—
 Wept many a tear
 For me who pressed her to my heart—
 Without deceiving!

Now she is gone—
 So I'm alone—
 With sweetest memories in my mind,
 With all her kisses
 Yet warm and fresh,
 Her rosy flesh
 Under my lingering fingers then—
 And tender blisses.

The rose hath left—
And put a cleft
Within the harmonious rondure of my soul.
And she is weeping!
Weeping for me
So silently
That all her distant tears I feel—
My loss are steeping.

(1892)



THE CRUELTY OF MONEY.

A SHORT BALLAD.

*(Let money alone, when Love comes laden
with flowers—*

*(Love's voice must lawful prove, thro all of
life's fair hours!)*

There dwelled a loyal man, so fair to see—

He loved a lass in years when the almond-
blooms fall to the ground—

They swore sweet troth—and were to married
be

Next season a month with song to cheer and
merry wedlock sound.

*(Let money alone, when love is at heart,
and constancy smiles!)*

But came a day, when his coffers grew slim
and tight—

He had to forego the near bliss to wreath
the orange-garland fair;

He tried amain to regain his treasure—but no
main and might

Would show him to affluence—he soon fell
prone before despair!

*(Love's voice should join two lovers may
he be poor or nay the whiles!)*

They said he should wait to wed till his purse
grew heavy again—

But he loved her so well, he could not bear
the torture to live a year—

So one day he despaired—and freed himself of
all pain

He shot himself—and she was left unwed,
alone with sad tear and tear!

(Let money alone, when sweet Love
wreathes her garlands in bliss—

(Love's voice must rule—and sweet af-
fection must feel her deep kiss!)

ENVOI.

Oh! man! forswear thy demoniac lust for
gold—

When two hearts love—no money should
keep them away;

Let them marry—two joined may work to earn
their bread—

If tortured too long—such life follows self-
destruction's tread.

(Sept. 16, 1907.)

MARRIAGES.

A SONG.

O! woman! wary be when a wooer wends his
way—

And lingers by your heart's so lovely lawn—
Oh! listen to his lute-songs and his magic lay
That sing to birth for you love's roseate
dawn:

'Tis *he* who loves you, willing listener be—
Scorn not his prayers—no other loves you
so—

He chose you from a thousand other souls!
Scorn not his prayers—he gives you love
and glow!

Oh! woman! know this day that only true men
sue

With words of deep-felt love your mateship
sweet to win—
No man would seek your soul if honest love
imbue
Not all his being—to scorn such love is kin
to sin:

For *he*, who asks you, chose you; and would
see

You happy in a home where honor holds fair
sway.

Say. "Yes"; and lead him to your soul's most
sacred shrine;

Bask in his pure delight that you, his own,
are his always!

Oh! woman! when a wooer whiles his hours
near your ways—

Sweet seek his every whisper; make his mel-
ody your own.

Forsake him not—he wreathes you, sings his
inmost lays

With fervor but for you: you, whom he
cherishes alone!

For he, who singled you from thousands, he
will be

The only man who *loves* you for your heart
and soul!

Say: "Yes"; and listen not to other men—he
lives for you.

Oh! hand in hand, smile sweetly till life's
glorious goal!

(Sept. 16, 1907.)

SOME MINDS.

There are some minds, that, in their early
years,

Had known disastrous times or love-lorn
days—

Had dreamed high dreams that wilted to
dismays,

Had thought life was a smile but found sad
tears.

Oh! shattered dreams—hopes blown awry—all,
all

Have made their mind seem like a lonely
lake

High in the cavernous mounts: where
naught doth wake

The solitude save one slow-spattering fall—

So calm their mind—no ripple on its barm;

Deep, deep, as is that lake, their mind doth
seem—

Only when soft intrusion from bird's beak;
Or leaf, wind-floated, settling; so, when some
speak,

Sweet laughter calling, or a word: affectionate
—warm—

They smile a while—then calm calls them to
nurse their dream!

(Sept. 16, 1907.)

THE SNOW.

The snow, the snow :

The slowly falling flakes !

How falls so solemnly the snow ;

And solemn music makes :

Like muttered prayers the nuns exalt

To Mary, in cold cathedral vault !

The snow, the feathery snow !

But half the world doth see

The snow, the light-fleeced snow !

What wondrous novelty

'Twould be for Afric's race

To gaze at the most solemn snow !

The snow, the mournful snow :

Whose world-strown prophesy

Tells : so the air of the round space

When man will mould, and earth grow cold !

Oh ! the prophesy of the snow !

That shows a glimpse of times

When cools the southern glow—

And all the round earth chimes

Discordantly in snowy airs ;

When man be frozen (like the flower

That peeps through snow-bent grass !)

And dies at the portentous hour

When earth bears no sand-hour glass—

And no fair flower-garment wears !

O the slowly falling snow—

As Time, descending slowly—
From heaven on this our globe—
Time, wafting us a record holy
Wherewith we all our soul-aims probe!

How beautiful the snow—
That falleth when the curfew tolls!
When dusk clambers about the woods;
The landscape with her pall enfolds!

O then the evening breath
Is quiet, like a praying maid,
In adoration of the snow—
That floateth, and fluttereth staid;
Foretells that white-robed Death,
Like to a painted Angel's glow,
Comes slowly to the goodly folk—
Reaps gently—has no fiend-held yoke!

O the snow, the gently guided snow!
O the lily-hued stars of snow!
O the pale, dream-bearing snow!

Slowly falling, noiselessly,
As the moments in eternity!
O so marvellously borne,
Down the airs, so breeze-forlorn!
Flakes, that shape their bodies ever
Star-like—like the dewdrops never—
Never freezing faster, till they be

Like the circles 'neath the turret-eave,
But remain so soft—to leave
Nature shape their bodies free!
Oh! the flakes! how wondrous—
O the snow mysterious!
The foe to gently-dripping rain—
Grim hatred to the mist at morn—
It causeth to the Zephyr pain—
And leaves lulled streamlet lorn.
Still, rain its flood-blood is;
Gray mist was once its bliss—
The Zephyr wooed the watery lea—
The brooklet would its wild bed be!
O the mystery of the Power
That from a tinkling, globuled shower

At His Awe-Mood may fashion sweet
Wet rain, to damp, cold sleet;
And ere the mind hath time to grow
Create the starry sweetness of the snow!
O the oddly fashioned snow:
Falling softly, noiselessly,
As the moments in eternity—
O the snow, the snow!

(1884)

AUTUMN!

In coveys the meadow-butterflies had gathered,
And gaily fluttered in the mellow sheen.

A thousand whispered sweets to meadow-flow-
ers—

A score sang sweeter melodies atween.

A wood-bird chirped still ditties to the pine-
trees—

A bee still sought a nectar-yielding flower;
A bushy tail fled the falcon in the blueness—

Two lips drank bliss far in a colored bower!

To-day—at even-fall—in the dreary darkness,
I gazed aghast thro' the sombre window-
pane.

Dark, dark the chilled landscape and the
heavens

The fire-horizon flushed a mournful strain!

In the west—high, high—shone a twinkling
star so lonely—

I shivered to see so cold and drear a sight.
Lo! like a huge, huge serpent, a dark, black
form was floating;

Beneath the heavens, that hailed to weird-
born Night!

It flew—and swiftly waved towards the South-
sky!—

And lo! I saw a flock of passage birds—
Flying away—away—from the cold, dark Au-
tumn

*To where the warm, blue band the wide-
world girds!!*

O Month of Death! how doleful paints thine
aspect!

Oh! like the gay birds, I would love to fly!
O, Month of Gloom and Woe! how drear thine
evenings!

Oh! like the fire on thy heavens I would love
to die.

Ithaca, N. Y. (1883).





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