"Ah, Eros doth not always smite"

Ah, Eros' doth not always smite
With cruel, shining dart,
Whose bitter point with sudden might
Rends the unhappy heart—
Not thus forever purple-stained.
And sore with steely touch,
Else were its living fountain drained
Too oft and overmuch.
O'er it sometimes the boy will deign
Sweep the shaft's feathered end;
And friendship rises without pain
Where the white plumes descend.
—1893

"Solitary Death, make me thine own"

Solitary Death, make me thine own,
And let us wander the bare fields together;
Yea, thou and I alone,
Roving in unembittered unison forever.

I will not harry thy treasure-graves,
I do not ask at thy still hands a lover;
My heart within me craves
To travel till we twain Time's wilderness discover.

To sojourn with thee my soul was bred,
And I, the courtly sights of life refusing,
To the wide shadows fled,
And mused upon thee often as I fell a-musing.

Escaped from chaos, thy mother Night,
In her maiden breast a burthen that awed her,
By cavern waters white
Drew thee her first-born, her unfathered off-spring,
toward her.

On dewy plats, near twilight dingle,
She oft, to still thee from men's sohs and curses
In thine ears a-tingle,
Pours her cool charms, her weird, reviving quaint rehearse.

Though mortals menace thee or elude,
And from thy confines break in swift transgression.
Thou for thyself art sued
Of me, I claim thy cloudy purlieus² my possession.

—1893

An Apple-Flower

I felt my leaves fall free,
I felt the wind and sun,

¹ the god of love, and son of Aphrodite.

².environ.
MICHAEL FIELD

To a lone freshwater, where the sea
Stirs the silver flux of the reeds and willows,
Come thou, and beckon me
To lie in the lull of the sand-sequestered billows:

Then take the life I have called my own
And to the liquid universe deliver;
Loosening my spirit's zone,
Wrap round me as thy limbs the wind, the light, the river.

—1893

"A curling thread"

A
Uncoils overhead—
From the chimney-stack
A replenished track
Of vapour, in haste
To increase and waste,
Growing wings as it grows
Of amber and rose,
With an upward flight
To the frosty light.
Puff on puff
Of the soft breath-stuff,
Till the cloudy fleece
Thickens its feathers; its rounds increase,
Mingle and widen, and lose the line
Of their dull confine,
Thinning mote by mote
As they upward float,
And by-and-bye
Are effaced on the sky.

To evoke,
Like the smoke,
Dower on dower

By the power
Of our art:
To have part
In the air and the sun,
Till our course be run,
Till the sigh be breathed,
Till the wreath be wraithed,
And we disappear,
Leaving heaven clear.

—1893

A Spring Morning By the Sea

I
I did not take me to the sea,
When the winged morning wakened me
With beamy plumes: I used them right
To bear me in an Eastern flight
Of arrowy swiftness to the bed
Where my beloved still slumbered,
Lying half poet and half child,
The twin divinity reconciled.
And I, who scarce could breathe to see
Her spirit in its secrecy
So innocent, drew back in awe
That I should give such creature law;
Then looked and found God standing near,
And to His Rule resigned my Dear.

—1893

Love's Sour Leisure

A
As a poem in my mind
Thy sweet lineaments are shrined:
From the memory, alas!
Sweetest, sweetest verse will pass;
And the fragments I must piece
Lost the fair tradition cease.
There is balmy air I trow
On the uplands of thy brow,