

I watched the Moon around the House  
 Until upon a Pane—  
 She stopped— a Traveller's privilege— for Rest—  
 And there upon—

I gazed— as at a stranger—  
 The Lady in the Town  
 Doth think no incivility  
 To lift her Glass— upon—

But never Stranger justified  
 The Curiosity  
 Like Mine— for not a Foot— nor Hand—  
 Nor Formula— had she—

But like a Head— a Guillotine—  
 Slid carelessly away—  
 Old independent, Amber—  
 Sustain her in the sky—

Or like a Stemless Flower—  
 Upheld in rolling Air  
 By finer Gravitations—  
 Than bind Philosopher—

No Hunger— had she— nor an Inn—  
 Her Toilette— to suffice—  
 Nor Avocation— nor Concern  
 For little Mysteries

As harass us— like Life— and Death—  
 And Afterwards— or Nay—  
 But seemed engrossed to Absolute—  
 With shining— and the Sky—

The privilege to scrutinize  
 Was scarce upon my Eyes  
 When, with a Silver practise—  
 She vaulted out of Gaze—

And next— I met her on a Cloud—  
 Myself too far below  
 To follow her superior Road—  
 Or its advantage— Blue—

Again– his voice is at the door–  
I feel the old Degree–  
I hear him ask the servant  
For such an one– as me–

I take a flower– as I go–  
My face to justify–  
He never saw me– in this life–  
I might surprise his eye!

I cross the Hall with mingled steps–  
I– silent– pass the door–  
I look on all this world contains–  
Just his face– nothing more!

We talk in careless– and in toss–  
A kind of plummet strain–  
Each– sounding– shyly–  
Just– how– deep–  
The other’s one– had been–

We walk– I leave my Dog– at home–  
A tender– thoughtful Moon–  
Goes with us– just a little way–  
And– then– we are alone–

Alone– If Angels are “alone”–  
First time they try the sky!  
Alone– if those “veiled faces” be–  
We cannot count– on High!

I’d give– to live that hour– again–  
The purple– in my Vein–  
But He must count the drops– himself–  
My price for every stain!

1315

Which is the best– the Moon or the Crescent?

Neither– said the Moon–

That is best which is not– Achieve it–

You efface the Sheen.

Not of detention is Fruition–

Shudder to attain.

Transport's decomposition follows–

He is Prism born.

1638

Go thy great way!  
The Stars thou meetst  
Are even as Thyself—  
For what are Stars but Asterisks  
To point a human Life?