

II

REVERIE

(A translation from Sophocles's *Electra*)

This love of ours, you of my heart, is no light thing;
For I have seen it in the east and in the west,
And I have found it in the cloud and in the clear.
Are you not with me at all times, faithfully standing,
The soul of that golden prelude which is the childhood of day,
By each imperishable stanza called a moment,
Unto the splendid close, glory and light, envoi,
Followed with stars?

Verily you were near to me,
To watch the strong boy-swallows carolling in sunset,
To barter day and thought for night and ecstasy,
To dream great dreams, you of my heart; to live great lives.

You are the sunset. You are the long night of peace.
And dawn is of you, a thrilling glory frightening stars.