

XVI

when citted day with the sonorous homes
of light swiftly sink in the sorrowful hour,
thy counted petals O tremendous flower
on whose huge heart prospecting darkness roams

torture my spirit with the exquisite froms
and whithers of existence,
as by shores
soundless, the unspeaking watcher who adores

perceived sails whose mighty brightness dumbs

the utterance of his soul—so even i
wholly chained to a grave astonishment
feel in my being the delirious smart

of thrilled ecstasy, where sea and sky
marry—

to know the white ship of thy heart
on frailer ports of costlier commerce bent