

in whose young chiseled eyes the people saw  
 their once again victorious Pantarkes  
 (whose grace the prince of artists made him bold  
 to imitate between the feet of awe),  
 thunderer whose omnipotent brow showers  
 its curls of unendured eternal gold  
 over the infinite breast in bright degrees,  
 whose pillow is the graces and the hours,

father of gods and men whose subtle throne  
 twain sphinxes bear each with a writhing youth  
 caught to her brazen breasts, whose foot-stool tells  
 how fought the looser of the warlike zone  
 of her that brought forth tall Hippolytus,  
 lord on whose pedestal the deep expels  
 (over Selene's car closing uncouth)  
 of Helios the sweet wheels tremulous—

are there no kings in Argos, that the song  
 is silent, of the steep unspeaking tower  
 within whose brightening strictness Danae  
 saw the night severed and the glowing throng  
 descend, felt on her flesh the amorous strain  
 of gradual hands and yielding to that fee  
 her eager body's unimmortal flower  
 knew in the darkness a more burning rain?

## 2.

And still the mad magnificent herald Spring  
 assembles beauty from forgetfulness  
 with the wild trump of April: witchery  
 of sound and odour drives the wingless thing  
 man forth into bright air, for now the red  
 leaps in the maple's cheek, and suddenly  
 by shining hordes in sweet unserious dress  
 ascends the golden crocus from the dead.

On dappled dawn forth rides the pungent sun  
 with hooded day preening upon his hand  
 followed by gay untimid final flowers  
 (which dressed in various tremulous armor stun  
 the eyes of ragged earth who sees them pass)  
 while hunted from his kingdom winter cowers,  
 seeing green armies steadily expand  
 hearing the spear-song of the marching grass.