

3.

Lover, lead forth thy love unto that bed
 prepared by whitest hands of waiting years,
 curtained with wordless worship absolute,
 unto the certain altar at whose head
 stands that clear candle whose expecting breath
 exults upon the tongue of flame half-mute,
 (haste ere some thrush with silver several tears
 complete the perfumed paraphrase of death).

Now is the time when all occasional things
 close into silence, only one tree, one
 svelte translation of eternity
 unto the pale meaning of heaven clings,
 (whose million leaves in winsome indolence
 simmer upon thinking twilight momentarily)
 as down the oblivious west's numerous dun
 magnificence conquers magnificence.

In heaven's intolerable athanor
 inimitably tortured the base day
 utters at length her soft intrinsic hour,
 and from those tenuous fires which more and more
 sink and are lost the divine alchemist,
 the magus of creation, lifts a flower—
 whence is the world's insufferable clay
 clothed with incognizable amethyst.

Lady at whose imperishable smile
 the amazed doves flicker upon sunny wings
 as if in terror of eternity,
 (or seeming that they would mistrust a while
 the moving of beauteous dead mouths throughout
 that very proud transparent company
 of quivering ghosts-of-love which scarcely sings
 drifting in slow diaphanous faint rout),

queen in the inconceivable embrace
 of whose tremendous hair that blossom stands
 whereof is most desire, yet less than those
 twain perfect roses whose ambrosial grace,
 goddess, thy crippled thunder-forging groom
 or the loud lord of skipping maenads knows,—
 having Discordia's apple in thy hands,
 which the scared shepherd gave thee for his doom—