

III

Thy face is a still white house of holy things,
Graced with the quiet glory of thy hair.
Upon thy perfect forehead the sweet air
Hath laid her beauty where girlhood clings.
Thine eyes are quivering celestial springs
Of naked immortality, and there
God hath Hope, where those twin angels stare,
That sometimes sleep beneath their sheltering wings.
The seals of love on those strong lips of thine
Are perfect still; thy cheeks await their kiss.
Thou art all virginal; God made thee His.
Lost in the unreal life, the deathful din,
Man bows himself before the Only Shrine—
Who shall go in, O God—who shall go in?