

WATER-LILIES

Behold—a mere like a madonna's head
Black-locked, enchapleted with lilies white;
By Him the Prince of Artists in Earth's sight,
Eons ere her most ancient master wed
With Immortality. Such lustre, spread
So livingly before our starting sight,
Cries in the accents of its primal might:
“This artist and his art were never dead!”
See, when Dawn paints still water with the skies,
The wreath of consecrated faces rise,
With parted lips in fragrancy of prayer;
Look, while the ripening Night bends Heaven's bough,
Upon the mere—each spiritual brow
Sleeps in the floating halo of its hair.