

perhaps a little suddenly
 (as sometimes the improbable
 beauty of my lady will)
 —at her glance my spirit shies
 rearing(as in the miracle
 of a lady who had eyes
 which the king's horses might not kill.)

But should my lady smile,it were
 a flower of so pure surprise
 (it were so very new a flower,
 a flower so frail,a flower so glad)
 as trembling used to yield with dew
 when the world was young and new
 (a flower such as the world had
 in Springtime when the world was mad
 and Launcelot spoke to Guenever,
 a flower which most heavy hung
 with silence when the world was young
 and Diarmuid looked in Grania's eyes.)

But should my lady's beauty play
 at not speaking(sometimes as
 it will)the silence of her face
 doth immediately make
 in my heart so great a noise,
 as in the sharp and thirsty blood
 of Paris would not all the Troys
 of Helen's beauty:never did
 Lord Jason(in impossible things
 victorious impossibly)
 so wholly burn,to undertake
 Medea's rescuing eyes;nor he
 when swooned the white egyptian day
 who with Egypt's body lay.

Lovely as those ladies were
 mine is a little lovelier.

And if she speaks in her frail way,
 it is wholly to bewitch
 my smallest thought with a most swift
 radiance wherein slowly drift
 murmurous things divinely bright;
 it is foolingly to smite
 my spirit with the lithe free twitch
 of scintillant space,with the cool writhe