

O thou within the chancel of whose charms
 the tall boy god of everlasting war
 received the shuddering sacrament of sleep,
 betwixt whose cool incorrigible arms
 impaled upon delicious mystery,
 with gaunt limbs reeking of the whispered deep,
 deliberate groping ocean fondled o'er
 the warm long flower of unchastity,

imperial Cytherea, from frail foam
 sprung with irrevocable nakedness
 to strike the young world into smoking song—
 as the first star perfects the sensual dome
 of darkness, and the sweet strong final bird
 transcends the sight, O thou to whom belong
 the hearts of lovers!—I beseech thee bless
 thy suppliant singer and his wandering word.