

IV

S.T.

O friend, who hast attained thyself in her,
Thy wife, the almost woman whose tresses are
The stranger part of sunlight, in the far
Nearness of whose frail eyes instantly stir

Unchristian perfumes more remote than myrrh,
Whose smiling is the swiftly singular
Adventure of one inadvertent star,
With angels previously a loiterer,

Friend, who dost thy unfearing soul pervert
From the perfection of its constancy
To that unspeakable fellowship of Art—

Receive the complete pardon of my heart,
Who dost thy friend a little while desert
For the sensation of eternity.