

## LOVE POEMS

### I

I have looked upon thee—and I have loved thee,  
Loved thy mouth, whose curve is the moon's young crescent,  
Loved thy beauty-blossoming eyes, and eyelids

Petal-like, perfect;

I would brush the dew in a flashing rainbow  
From thy face's twain mysterious flowers,  
And, supremely throned on the lips' full luna,  
Soar into Heaven.