

as if for fear you would espy
 the little distinct foot(if whose
 very minuteness doth abuse
 reason,why then the artificer
 did most exquisitely err.)

When the world was like a song
 heard behind a golden door,
 poet and sage and caliph had
 to love them and to make them glad
 ladies with lithe eyes and long
 (when the world was like a flower
 Omar Hafiz and Harun
 loved their ladies in the moon)
 —fashioned very curiously
 of roses and of ivory
 if naked she appears to me
 my flesh is an enchanted tree;
 with her lips' most frail parting
 my body hears the cry of Spring,
 and with their frailest syllable
 its leaves go crisp with miracle.

Love!—maker of my lady,
 in that always beyond this
 poem or any poem she
 of whose body words are afraid
 perfectly beautiful is,
 forgive these words which i have made.
 And never boast your dead beauties,
 you greatest lovers in the world!
 who with Grania strangely fled,
 who with Egypt went to bed,
 whom white-thighed Semiramis
 put up her mouth to wholly kiss—
 never boast your dead beauties,
 mine being unto me sweeter
 (of whose shy delicious glance
 things which never more shall be,
 perfect things of faerie,
 are intense inhabitants;
 in whose warm superlative
 body do distinctly live
 all sweet cities passed away—
 in her flesh at break of day