

PUELLA MEA

Harun Omar and Master Hafiz
 keep your dead beautiful ladies.
 Mine is a little lovelier
 than any of your ladies were.

In her perfectest array
 my lady, moving in the day,
 is a little stranger thing
 than crisp Sheba with her king
 in the morning wandering.

Through the young and awkward hours
 my lady perfectly moving,
 through the new world scarce astir
 my fragile lady wandering
 in whose perishable poise
 is the mystery of Spring
 (with her beauty more than snow
 dexterous and fugitive
 my very frail lady drifting
 distinctly, moving like a myth
 in the uncertain morning, with
 April feet like sudden flowers
 and all her body filled with May)
 —moving in the unskilful day
 my lady utterly alive,
 to me is a more curious thing
 (a thing more nimble and complete)
 than ever to Judea's king
 were the shapely sharp cunning
 and withal delirious feet
 of the Princess Salomé
 carefully dancing in the noise
 of Herod's silence, long ago.

If she a little turn her head
 i know that i am wholly dead:
 nor ever did on such a throat
 the lips of Tristram slowly dote,
 La beale Isoud whose leman was.
 And if my lady look at me
 (with her eyes which like two elves
 incredibly amuse themselves)
 with a look of faerie,