

II

S.F.D.

In Memory of Claude o'Dreams

Behold, I have taken at thy hands immortal wine
The fume whereof is ecstasy of perfect pain,
Which is more sweet than flowers unknown uttered of rain,
More potent than the fumbling might of the brute of brine.
Lo, my pale soul is blown upon far peaks with thine,
Steeped in star-terrible silence, at whose feet the plain
Murmurs of thought and time's illimitable refrain,
Upon whose brows eternity setteth high sign.

This thing hath been, by grace; one music in our souls,
One fane beyond the world, whence riseth sacrifice
Unto that god whom gifts invisible appease.
So be it when sunset's golden diapason rolls.
Over our life—then shalt thou, smiling, touch the keys,
And draw me softly with thee into Paradise.