

SONGS

I

(thee will i praise between those rivers whose
 white voices pass upon forgetting(fail
 me not)whose courseless waters are a gloat
 of silver;o'er whose night three willows wail,
 a slender dimness in the unshapeful hour
 making dear moan in tones of stroked flower;
 let not thy lust one threaded moment lose:
 haste)the very shadowy sheep float
 free upon terrific pastures pale,

whose tall mysterious shepherd lifts a cheek
 teartroubled to the momentary wind
 with guiding smile,lips wisely minced for blown
 kisses,condemnatory fingers thinned
 of pity—so he stands counting the moved
 myriads wonderfully loved,
 (hasten,it is the moment which shall seek
 all blossoms that do learn,scents of not known
 musics in whose careful eyes are dinned;

and the people of perfect darkness fills
 his mind who will their hungering whispers hear
 with weepings soundless,saying of “alas
 we were chaste on earth we ghosts:hark to the sheer
 cadence of our grey flesh in the gloom!
 and still to be immortal is our doom;
 but a rain frailly raging whom the hills
 sink into and their sunsets,it shall pass.
 Our feet tread sleepless meadows sweet with fear”)

then be with me:unseriously seem
 by the perusing greenness of thy thought
 my golden soul fabulously to glue
 in a superior terror;be thy taut
 flesh silver,like the currency of faint
 cities eternal—ere the sinless taint
 of thy long sinful arms about me dream
 shall my love wholly taste thee as a new
 wine from steep hills by darkness softly brought—