

Lovely as those ladies were  
mine is a little lovelier.

And if she speak in her frail way,  
it is wholly to bewitch  
my smallest thought with a most swift  
radiance wherein slowly drift  
murmurous things divinely bright;  
it is foolingly to smite  
my spirit with the lithe free twitch  
of scintillant space, with the cool writhe  
of gloom truly which syncopate  
some sunbeam's skilful fingerings;  
is is utterly to lull  
with foliate inscrutable  
sweetness my soul obedient;  
it is to stroke my being with  
numbing forests frolicsome,  
fleetly mystical, aroam  
with keen creatures of idiom  
(beings alert and innocent  
very deftly upon which  
indolent miracles impinge)  
—it is distinctly to confute  
my reason with the deep caress  
of every most shy thing and mute,  
it is to quell me with the twinge  
of all living intense things.