

## III

it is at moments after i have dreamed  
of the rare entertainment of your eyes,  
when (being fool to fancy) i have deemed

with your peculiar mouth my heart my heart made wise;  
at moments when the glassy darkness holds

the genuine apparition of your smile  
(it was through tears always) and silence moulds  
such strangeness as was mine a little while;

moments when my once more illustrious arms  
are filled with fascination, when my breast  
wears the intolerant brightness of your charms:

one pierced moment whiter than the rest

—turning from the tremendous lie of sleep  
i watch the roses of the day grow deep.