

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 gray 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—e'er 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—

(be with me in the sacred witchery
of almostness which May makes follow soon
on the sweet heels of passed afterday,
clothe thy soul's coming merely, with a croon
of mingling robes musically revealed
in rareness: let thy twain eyes deeply wield
a noise of petals falling silently
through the far-spaced possible nearaway
from huge trees drenched by a rounding moon)