

Epithalamion

II

father of gods and men whose subtle throne
twain sphinxes bear each with a writhing youth
caught to her brazen breasts, whose foot-stool tells
how fought the looser of the warlike zone
of her that brought forth tall Hippolytus,
lord on whose pedestal the deep expels
(over Selene's car closing uncouth)
of Helios the sweet wheels tremulous—

are there no kings in Argos, that the song
is silent, of the steep unspeaking tower
within whose brightening strictness Danæ
saw the night severed and the glowing throng
descend, felt on her flesh the amorous strain
of gradual hands and yielding to that fee
her eager body's unimmortal flower
knew in the darkness a more burning rain?

2.

And still the mad magnificent herald Spring
assembles beauty from forgetfulness
with the wild trump of April: witchery
of sound and odour drives the wingless thing
man forth into bright air, for now the red
leaps in the maple's cheek, and suddenly
by shining hordes in sweet unserious dress
ascends the golden crocus from the dead.