

in the uncertain morning, with  
April feet like sudden flowers  
and all her body filled with May)  
—moving in the unskilful day  
my lady utterly alive,  
to me is a more curious thing  
(a thing more nimble and complete)  
than ever to Judea's king  
were the shapely sharp cunning  
and withal delirious feet  
of the Princess Salome  
carefully dancing in the noise  
of Herod's silence, long ago.

If she a little turn her head  
i know that i am wholly dead:  
nor ever did on such a throat  
the lips of Tristram slowly dote,  
La beale Isoud whose leman was.  
And if my lady look at me  
(with her eyes which like two elves  
incredibly amuse themselves)  
with a look of færie,  
perhaps a little suddenly  
(as sometimes the improbable  
beauty of my lady will)  
—at her glance my spirit shies  
rearing (as in the miracle