

TO THE SAME.

Less painful is an ulcer than my heart;
It bleeds; it burns; would God that it would break!
Would God that I could sleep and never wake!
Or that a dagger pain and brain would part!
The works of nature and the works of art
Are to an organ that does nought but ache
Flowers whence that wasp can nought but poison take
But whence for joy's bee springs of honey start.
Yet it was wont to flit from flower to flower
And each corolla filled with honey find;
How came to pass the change to wasp from bee?
It came to pass through thy transforming power;
It had not happened had not love been blind;
'Twas not Calypso that I saw in thee.

TO THE SAME.

I droop like one who sees Medusa's head
And flesh to flint feels hardening by degrees;
A creeping numbness tortures freezing knees
And crawls into a heart whence vigor fled;
Medea could to life bring back the dead
And make eld's withered flesh youth's freshness sieze;
But no Medea could from stone release
One in whose gaze the gorgon's neck had bled.
Had I not gazed on thee I never had
Become that adamant men call despair;
I gazed on thee and none can make me glad,
Though some there are whose charms with thine compare;
Forever craving and forever sad
Is thought no beauty from thy spell can tear.