

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

I.

CUPID TO PSYCHE.

I touch, yet cannot see thee, and mine eyes
Draw their fringed veils athwart them, that
they may
Again, in fancy, see thy majesty.
Thy wealth of tresses on my shoulder lies ;
I feel thy bosom melting into sighs ;
Coyly around my neck thy white arms stray,
Drawing my face to thine, and I obey,
Till lips meet lips and make their sweets a prize.

We are far from earth and earthliness, we
twain,
And feed each on the other's rapid breath ;
To heart-beat answers heart-beat, soul to
soul,
And, overmastered by my love, I strain
Thee in mine arms. Would that the
years might roll,
Nor ever part us more in life or death.