

"For I am weary of the day which dips,  
And, faint with love, I hunger for thy sighs.  
They who have tasted of my limbs, and felt  
My veins and the keen life that in them dwelt  
Like fire, and felt as fire my kindling eyes,  
And caught my tears upon their trembling lips :

"These shall be hateful to me for thy sake,  
If thou, O love! wilt drink of this with me,"  
Whereat a tiny, vase-like amethyst  
She pressed from lip to lip, and then I wist  
Our steps were God-like and our souls were free,  
For all our flesh fell from us flake by flake.

And all our bones we gathered in a pyre,  
Like faggots, and the flesh thereon we laid :  
And all the mystery of baleful years,  
And all our mortal sleep, and sin, and tears  
We heaped upon the pile which we had made,  
And closed them in and burnt them with swift fire.