

*The Mad-  
ness of  
Ishtar*

The waning belt of Orion,  
The crescent zone of the moon—  
What is the mystic transport  
We shall see accomplished soon?

The sun and the rain and the South wind,  
With all the treasure they bring—  
What will the sorceress Ishtar  
Make from the substance of spring?

She will gather the blue and the scarlet,  
The yellow and crimson dye,  
And weave them into a garment  
Of magical texture and ply.

And whoso shall wear that habit  
And favour of the earth,  
He shall be lord of his spirit,  
The creatures shall know his worth.

She will gather the broken music,  
Fitting it chord by chord,  
Till the hearer shall learn the meaning,  
As a text that has been restored.

She will gather the fragrance of lilacs,  
The scent of the cherry flower,  
And he who perceives it shall wonder,  
And know, and remember the hour.

She will gather the moonlight and starshine,  
And breathe on them with desire,  
And they shall be changed on the moment  
To the marvel of earth's green fire,—

The ardour that kindles and blights not,  
Consumes and does not destroy,  
Renewing the world with wonder,  
And the hearts of men with joy.

For this is the purpose of Ishtar,  
In her great lone house of the sky,  
Beholding the work of her hands  
As it shall be by-and-by: