

(POESY SPEAKS.)

A BODY of beauty is mine.  
O poet, moulder of me,  
Withhold not the breath divine,  
The soul of truth that makes free.

Fair form in repose for a day,  
(The body of beauty of me)  
With the pulse-beats of life all away,  
Is well, for beauty and thee.

Yet give to me life all aglow,—  
Not a demon of darkness to blight,  
But a love-lit soul pure as snow,—  
Beckon me an angel of light.

A body of beauty is mine.  
O poet, moulder of me,  
Inbreathe with breathings divine,  
Or body alone let it be.