

- And soon by some unknown and unexplained  
Permission, I, with a faint-beating heart—  
The hesitance of entering sacred grounds—  
130 Was 'llowed to enter that strange place; but lo!  
When most I thought me there full in and free,  
I was bestruck anew with timidness,  
Adoring, wonder, silence; for, oh Muse!  
I found me in a presence whom I know  
135 Not how to name, for sure, indeed 't is sure,  
If novels, poems, paintings, sculptures held  
Her like, they'd ne'er be deemed daughters of men,  
But of the bright above; yet she was more  
Than they, for flesh she had, with form and tints,  
140 And beauty—beauty passing theirs, and yet  
With Heaven's innocence about it all.  
Oh! that I had Apollo's gift to sing  
The graces 'bodied in that being! Upon  
An easy couch she easily reclined,  
145 And was alone, as a born queen presiding  
O'er her own loveliness. Her sweet face like  
The clear sky of the night—the meeting place  
Only of lovely things. Her eyes, that pair of eyes,  
I would not call them stars, stars are too common,  
150 And if as bright, not half so wonderful;  
For a different sort of luminary they,  
Lit by the soul of Genius; fathomless orbs  
With pupils of bright dew drops compassed 'round  
With hazel fairer than the rings of Saturn;  
155 And these bright orbs, these bright, most speaking gems,  
Whose only setting should be other gems,  
Were set, indeed, in their pure innocence  
Were set—so soft, so musically throned  
Beneath such pencilled brows, that there they dwelt  
160 As empresses do dwell in royal homes;  
And ever through their portal's silky fringe