

And centuries have failed to cool the memory of
your hands
That bound about my arms those massive, pliant
golden bands.

You wreathed around my wrists long ropes of coral
and of jade,
And beaten gold that clung like coils of kisses love-
inlaid ;
About my naked ankles tawny topaz chains you
wound,
With clasps of carven onyx, ruby-rimmed and golden
bound.

But not for me the Royal Pearls to bind about my
hair,
“ Pearls were too passionless,” you said, for one like
me to wear,
I must have all the splendour, all the jewels warm
as wine,
But pearls so pale and cold were meant for other
flesh than mine.

But all the blood-warm beauty of the gems you
thought my due
Were pallid as a pearl beside the love I gave to you ;
O ! Love of mine come back across the years that
lie between,
When you were King of Egypt—Dear, and I was
Egypt’s Queen.