

Her lover is the great Blue Ghost,
Who broods upon the world at noon,
And woos her wonder to his will
At setting of the frail new moon.

*The En-
chantress*

VERMILION and ashen and azure,
Pigment of leaf and wing,
What will the sorceress Ishtar
Make out of colour and spring?

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

Of old was she not Aphrodite,
She who is April still,
Mistress of longing and beauty,
The sea, and the Hollow Hill?

Ashtoreth, Tanis, Astarte—
A thousand names she has borne,
Since the first new moon's white magic
Was laid on a world forlorn.

Odour of tulip and cherry,
Scent of the apple blow,
Tang of the wild arbutus—
These to her crucible go.

Honey of lilac and willow,
The spoil of the plundering bees,
Savour of sap from the maples—
What will she do with these?

Oboe and flute in the forest,
And pipe in the marshy ground,
And the upland call of the flicker—
What will she make of sound?

Start of the green in the meadow,
Push of the seed in the mould,
Burst of the bud into blossom—
What will her cunning unfold?