

Iterumne

AH me! No wind from golden Thessaly
Blows in on me as in the olden days;
No morning music from its dew-sweet ways,
No pipings, such as came so clear to me
Out of green meadows by the sparkling sea;
No goddess any more, no Dryad strays,
And glorifies with song the laurel maze;
Or else I hear not and I cannot see.

For out of weary hands is fallen the lyre,
And sobs in falling; all the purple glow
From weary eyes is faded, which before
Saw bright Apollo and the blissful choir
In every mountain grove. Nor can I know
If I shall surely see them any more.

A Blue Blossom

A SMALL blue flower with yellow eye
Hath mightier spell to move my soul
Than even the mightiest notes which roll
From man's most perfect minstrelsy.
A flash, a momentary gleam,
A glimpse of some celestial dream,
And tears alone are left to me.

Filled with a longing vague and dim,
I hold the flower in every light;
To purge my soul's redarkened sight
I grope till all my senses swim.
In vain; I feel the ecstasy
Only when suddenly I see
This pale star with the sapphire rim.

Nor hath the blossom such strange power
Because it saith "Forget me not"
For some heart-holden, distant spot,
Or silent tongue, or buried hour.