

THE KING'S CONSORT

I

LOVE, was it yesternoon, or years ago,
You took in yours my hands,
And placed me close beside you on the throne
Of Oriental lands ?

The truant hour came back at dawn to-day,
Across the hemispheres,
And bade my sleeping soul retrace its way
These many hundred years.

And all my wild young life returned, and ceased
The years that lie between,
When you were King of Egypt, and The East,
And I was Egypt's queen.

II

I feel again the lengths of silken gossamer enfold
My body and my limbs in robes of emerald and gold.
I feel the heavy sunshine, and the weight of languid
heat

That crowned the day you laid the royal jewels at
my feet.

You wound my throat with jacinths, green and
glist'ning serpent-wise,
My hot, dark throat that pulsed beneath the ardour
of your eyes ;