

- " Where your globing clusters shine  
Slow distil my dreams to wine ;
- " Till by many a sweet rebirth  
Love and joy transmute my earth,
- " Changing me, on some far day,  
To a more ecstatic clay,
- " Whence the Potter's craft sublime  
Shall mould a shape to outlast Time."



Omar's body, Omar's soul,  
Breathe in beauty from this bowl,

At whose thronged, mysterious rim  
Wan desires, enchantments dim,

Tears and laughter, life and death,  
Fleeing love and fainting breath,

Seem to waver like a flame,  
Dissolve,— yet ever rest the same,

Fixed by your art, while art shall be,  
In passionate immobility.

22 West 9th Street,  
New York, February, 1901.