

Before the round of colour buds like the dome  
of a shrine,  
The preconscious moment when love has  
fluttered in the bosom,  
Before it begins to ache?

How often have we seen the even  
Melt into the liquidity of twilight,  
With passages of Titian splendour,  
Pellucid preludes, exquisitely tender,  
Where vanish and revive, thro' veils of the  
ashes of roses,  
The crystal forms the breathless sky dis-  
closes.

The new moon a slender thing,  
In a snood of virgin light,  
She seemed all shy on venturing  
Into the vast night.

Her own land and folk were afar,  
She must have gone astray,  
But the gods had given a silver star,  
To be with her on the way.

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