

Beauty

Whence comes the thought of beauty in life's
stress?

From Aphrodite gleaming through the foam,
Or Eve awaking in her garden home,
The first fair bud of earthly loveliness?

Or from the ruddy Dawn when all affright
She flies before her fiery lover Day,

Or Evening as the shadows turning grey,
She blushing steals into the arms of Night?

All these are but the models that suggest
Eternal beauty to the poet's soul,
Which images a fairer world unseen;
The haunt of beauty is his lonely breast,
Where dreams divine are freed from earth's
control

And span with gossamer the gulf between.