

Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom
 profound;
 Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient
 wrong
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as
 pale as before
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a
 sound,
 75 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the
 night long,
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it
 no more,
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden
 ground,
 Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-
 wrecking roar,
 Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd
 down by the wave,
 100 Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and
 found
 The shining daffodil dead, and Orion¹ low in his
 grave.

IV

I

A million emeralds² break from the ruby-budded
 lime
 In the little grove where I sit — ah, wherefore cannot
 I be

¹ *Orion*. One of the constellations, composed of seventeen stars in the form of a man carrying a sword. The spring equinox had already passed.

² *Million emeralds*. The green leaves breaking from their crimson covering.