

HEINE'S THREE KISSES.

I.

THE GREEK GODDESS.

Through leafy boughs the summer moonbeams
sift

Upon a shattered column, wreathed with
flowers,

By which, like some bright vision of dream
hours,

A sculptured goddess lies, her bosom's drift,
When curious winds the jealous blossoms lift,
Glowing amid the grasses' dew-pearled bowers.
Sleeping she seems, for night's kind genius
dowers

The marble with life's flush as his love gift.

Beside the statue kneels a child, and bends
To lay his lips upon the Parian cheek,
And kiss the stately brow and pulseless
breast,

Which yield him, for the warmth his young
cheek lends,

Visions of beauty, which, in futile quest,
He evermore throughout the world shall
seek.