

EROS ATHANATOS.

I heard the Sea in troubled slumber moan,
As he whom Jove's insatiate vulture tore.
And tremblingly I wot such poignant pang
Presaged the death of man and cosmic doom.
Thereat I cried: 'And must it be that naught
Shall stand when Earth and Moon and Sun and Stars
Forever fall unsphered?' Then did I read
Wherein the Lord of Destinies hath writ
How Love shall ever live nor suffer stanch
Nor shock. Again I harked, and lo! the Sea
Had stayed his sullen, dolorous grief and slept.