

VIII

And golden pulse grew on the shores.

IT was summer when I found you
In the meadow long ago,
And the golden vetch was growing
By the shore.

Did we falter when love took us
With a gust of great desire?
Does the barley bid the wind wait
In his course?

IX

Men, I thin', will remember us even hereafter.

WILL not men remember us
In the days to come hereafter,—
Thy warm-colored loving beauty
And my love for thee?

Thou, the hyacinth that grows
By a quiet-running river;
I, the watery reflection
And the broken gleam.

X

AND thou seaborn Aphrodite,
In whose beneficent keeping
Earth with her infinite beauty,
Color and fashion and fragrance,
Glows like a flower with fervor
Where woods are vernal.

Touch with thy lips and enkindle
Thy moon-white delicate body,
Drench with the dew of enchantment
This mortal one, that I also
Grow to the measure of beauty
Fleet yet eternal.