

Done with disguise, from whose malignant  
leer  
Out of the ghostly house  
I fled in fear?

O Beauty, how  
I do repent me now,  
Of all the doubt I ever could allow  
To shake me like the aspen bough ;  
Nor once imagine that unsullied brow  
Could wear the evil mask  
And still be thou !

Bone of thy bone,  
Breath of thy breath alone,  
I dare resume the silence of a stone,  
Or explore still the vast unknown,  
Like a bright sea-bird through the morning  
blown,  
With all his heart one joy,  
From zone to zone.

Scituate, June, 1895.

Exit  
Anima

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