

III—TO ODYSSEUS: FONDEST OF LOVERS.

Not thine the spirit, Odysseus, of wild unrest!
Who drank the Cup of Life deep to the lees,—
Now on the plain of Troy, now on the seas
With thine apostate mariners, whose zest
The insidious Lotus dulled, staying their quest
Of Home with opiate dreams of ease.
But thou, impelled by Love's sweet memories,
Mad'st darkling onward to the West
And thy Penelope. O Lover fond!—
Type of the Wise who mark the holy light
From the Soul's throne shine forth undimmed beyond
The senses' wearied wold, and the starless skies,—
I mark thy ways when through the murky night
I toil, lest Love fail of his high emprise.