

DREAM AND IDEAL

DIANA with her limbs of dream,
Her wavering heart of lily-stuff,
For long had mocked me with the gleam
Too sweet, and yet not sweet enough.
Hundreds of times my fevered hands
Had fallen almost on the slope
Of shoulder that was swift to be
At once the pulse and death of hope.
Stayed by her hair in hazels caught,
She fed my blood with honeydew,
And turning for a second showed
Her deep-down eyes of larkspur blue.
So near her lips, I smelled the breath
Could shame the bush of lavender,
Till all my body rang a peal
Of lovely bells in praise of her.
But as I stretched my arms to take
The Goddess from the hazel snare,
Once more with laughter she was gone,
Once more Diana changed to air,
O'erleaped a streamlet's gush of blue
And left me quivering as I thought
How nearly had the dream come true.

But as I follow wideawake
The fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake,