

O could I sleep for ever in a dream,
Or dream such dreams for ever while I slept!
Onwards they went, and sung their mystic psalms,
Screening their pallid faces with their palms,
Whither the Unimaginable kept
His kingly state as doth Him best beseem.

Onwards they went unto the Paraclete,
With far-heard sound of voice and instrument,
I could not follow them, I could not tread
Where passion burns not, and where lust is dead;
For love had caught me in his arms, and bent
My will to his, and bound my feeble feet.

Yes, love possessed me, and, with keen desire,
I took her eyes' wild light into my soul.
I clasped her spirit-form, and drunk her breath,
And then our lips, more near than life and death,
Clung each to each in silence, and control
Vanished as snow-flakes vanish in the fire.