

She wished to speak. Under her breasts she had  
Such multitudinous burnings, to and fro,  
And throbs not understood; she did not know  
If they were hurt or joy for her; but only  
That she was grown strange to herself, half lonely,  
All wonderful, filled full of pains to come  
And thoughts she dare not think, swift thoughts and  
dumb,  
Human, and quaint, her own, yet very far,  
Divine, dear, terrible, familiar . . .  
Her heart was faint for telling; to relate  
Her limbs' sweet treachery, her strange high estate,  
Over and over, whispering, half revealing,  
Weeping; and so find kindness to her healing.  
'Twixt tears and laughter, panic hurrying her,  
She raised her eyes to that fair messenger.  
He knelt unmoved, immortal; with his eyes  
Gazing beyond her, calm to the calm skies;  
Radiant, untroubled in his wisdom, kind.  
His sheaf of lilies stirred not in the wind.  
How should she, pitiful with mortality,  
Try the wide peace of that felicity  
With ripples of her perplexed shaken heart,  
And hints of human ecstasy, human smart,  
And whispers of the lonely weight she bore,  
And how her womb within was hers no more  
And at length hers?

Being tired, she bowed her head;  
And said, "So be it!"

The great wings were spread