

II.

PSYCHE TO CUPID.

In bondage sweet of love thy slave am I,
And have no will, but to be loved by thee,
My lips are parched for kisses, feed thou me,
Surely these rubies yet one kiss can buy?
I am all thine, nor can thee aught deny;
And shouldst thou tire of me and set me free,
Like bird released from long captivity,
Cageward my heart would flutter back, or die.

I have withheld nor body, nor my soul;
Thou hast awakened with thy passionate
kiss
The love that slumbered on my ignorant
lips.
Right, wrong, life, death, keen sorrow or
deep bliss,
I know not—care not—which may be my goal,
For in thine arms all thought from my
heart slips.