

Melt with soft Tuscan, glow with arms and lips  
 Cream-white and crimson making mock at reason.  
 Thy balm on brows by care uneaten drips;  
 I have thy favors but I fear thy treason.  
 Fain would I hold thee by the dusk wing-tips  
 Against a grievous season.

### Ballade of the Poet's Thought

A POET was vexed with the fume of the street,  
 With tumult wearied, with din distraught;  
 And very few of the passing feet  
 Would stay to listen the truths he taught;  
 And he said,—“ My labour is all for naught;  
 I will go, and at Nature's lips drink deep.”  
 For he knew not the wealth of the poet's thought,  
 Though sweet to win, was bitter to keep.

So he left the hurry, and dust, and heat  
 For the free, green forest where man was not;  
 And found in the wilderness' deep retreat  
 That favour with Nature which he sought.  
 She spake with him, nor denied him aught,  
 In waking vision or visioned sleep,  
 But little he guessed the wealth she brought,  
 Though sweet to win, was bitter to keep.

But now when his bosom, grown replete,  
 Would lighten itself in song of what  
 It had gathered in silence, he could meet  
 No answering thrill from his passion caught.  
 Then grieving he fled from that quiet spot,  
 To where men work, and are weary, and weep;  
 For he said,—“ The wealth for which I wrought  
 Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep.”

### ENVOI

Oh, poets, bewailing your hapless lot,  
 That ye may not in Nature your whole hearts steep,  
 Know that the wealth of the poet's thought  
 Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep.