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W. H. Calkins
from
C. G. D. R.

LINES FOR
AN OMAR PUNCH-BOWL

(To C. B.)

BY
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



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No. 18

Charles G. D. Roberts

LINES FOR AN OMAR PUNCH-BOWL.

(To C. B.)

Omar, dying, left his dust
To the rose and vine in trust.



“Thro’ a thousand springs,” said he,
“Mix your memories with me.

“Fire the sap that fills each bud
With an essence from my blood.

“When the garden glows with June
Use me thro’ the scented noon

“Till the heat’s alchemic art
Fashions me in every part.

“You, whose petals strew the grass
’Round my lone inverted glass,

“Each impassioned atom mould
To a red bloom with core of gold.

“You, whose tendrils, soft as tears,
Touch me with remembered years,

- " Where your globing clusters shine
Slow distil my dreams to wine ;
- " Till by many a sweet rebirth
Love and joy transmute my earth,
- " Changing me, on some far day,
To a more ecstatic clay,
- " Whence the Potter's craft sublime
Shall mould a shape to outlast Time."



Omar's body, Omar's soul,
Breathe in beauty from this bowl,

At whose thronged, mysterious rim
Wan desires, enchantments dim,

Tears and laughter, life and death,
Fleeing love and fainting breath,

Seem to waver like a flame,
Dissolve,— yet ever rest the same,

Fixed by your art, while art shall be,
In passionate immobility.

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