

## A Septennial

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### I.

Seven times has Saturn swung his scythe;  
Seven sheaves stand in the field of Time,  
And every sheaf's as bright and blithe  
As the sharp shifts of our sublime  
Father the Sun. I leap so lithe  
For love today,  
My love, I may  
Not tell the tithe.

### II.

"But these were seven stormy years!"  
"Lean years were these, as Pharaoh's kine!"  
All shapes of Life that mortal fears  
Passed shrieking. We distilled to wine  
The vintages of blood and tears.  
We tore away  
The cloak of gray —  
The sun uprears!

### III.

We know today what once we guessed,  
Our love no dream of idle youth;  
A world-egg, with the stars for nest,  
Is this arch-testament of truth.  
Laylah, beloved, to my breast!  
Our period  
Is fixed in God —  
Eternal rest!