

Fallen the music manifold  
Of moving limbs and strange caresses,  
And deadly passion that possesses  
The magic ecstasy of these  
Mad maidens, tender as blue seas.

Night spreads her yearning pinions,  
The baffled day sinks blind to sleep;  
The evening breeze outswoons the sun's  
Dead kisses to the swooning deep.  
Upsoars the moon; the flashing steep  
Of Heaven is fragrant for her feet;  
The perfume of the grove is sweet  
As slumbering women furtive creep  
To bosoms where small kisses weep,  
And find in fervent dreams the kiss  
Most memoried of Artemis.

Impenetrable pleasure dies  
Beneath the madness of new dreams;  
The slow sweet breath is turned to sighs  
More musical than many streams  
Under the moving silver beams,  
Fretted with stars, thrice woven across.  
White limbs in amorous slumber toss,  
Like sleeping foam, whose silver gleams  
On motionless dark seas; it seems  
As if some gentle spirit stirred.  
Their lazy brows with some swift word.

So, in the secret of the shrine,  
Night keeps them nestled, so the gloom  
Laps them in waves as smooth as wine,  
As glowing as the fiery womb  
Of some young tigress, dark as doom,  
And swift as sunrise. Love's content  
Builds its own monument,  
And carves above its vaulted tomb  
The Phoenix on her fiery plume,  
To their own souls to testify  
Their kisses' immortality.