

THE ELEVENTH DAY.

“What win I if I gain the thing I seek?”
Rape of Lucrece.

THERE is much sorcery in the word eleven.
I took my lover's image pale and clear,
Fixed in my mind; I saw her standing near,
Wooded her, conjured her by the power of heaven,
Of my own mind, the Genii of the Seven,
To come and live with me and be my dear,
To love me in the spirit without fear;—
Leaving the body's love to follow at even.

Seemeth it not absurd? to use the thought,
The utterly divine impersonal
Mind of a man, the pure, the spiritual,
To such a propose rather less than nought,
A woman's love—considering that all
Wise men assure us that it may be bought!