

THE THIRTEENTH DAY.

“If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.”

Cymbeline.

IN the dim porchway where the sea's deep boom
Under our very feet made ceaseless song,
We sate, remote, the lone lanai along
Sequestered from the young moon in the gloom
Of early even: then the tender bloom
Shone on her cheek and deepened as the strong
Arms gathered round her, more than shame or
wrong,
And the soft question murmured “Love you—
whom?”

The deepening rose; the heart's pulse quickening;
The fear; the increasing ecstasy of this—
A little cloud lifted a sombre wing
Shadowing our secret breath from Artemis—
Breasts met and arms enclosed, and all the
spring
Grew into summer with the first long kiss.