

THE FOURTEENTH DAY.

“Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow’s bliss ;
There be fools alive, I wis.”

Merchant of Venice.

ALL day we chose each moment possible
When to the other’s face each face might cling,
Each kiss burn forth, a double fiery sting
Exalting us in joy foreseen to swell
A mighty exultation ; it befell,
However, that I saw the shadowy thing
Lurk behind love, and flap a scornful wing,
Seeing our honour stood a citadel.

I saw the foolishness of love and saith :
“I am exalted over shame and death,
But will not take my fill of death and shame.”
For each kiss leaps, a more insistent breath,
And adds fresh fuel to the amorous flame,
Not quells it—Is not honour but a name ?