

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY.

“Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant.”
Tempest.

LAST night—but the boy shrieked in's sleep—then,
there
I had ended all! Having ingressed the track
That leads from green or white-crowned hours to
black,
The pleasant portals of the scorpion snare,
First gleaming toils of an enchantress' hair
That afterward shall change their fervours slack
To strong gripe of a devil-fish: go back?
The hand is put forth to the plough—beware!

I took my shrine down: at the night we lay
Four hours debating between fear and sin:
Whether our love went deeper than the skin,
Or lower than the lips: love won the day.
We nestled like young turtles that be twin
Close till the morn-star chased the moon away.