

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

“Persevere in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee.”

*Pericles.*

LINKED in the tiny shelf upon the ship,  
My blind eyes burned into her mild ones : limbs  
Twined to each other while fine dew bedims  
Their quivering skins : lip fastened unto lip :  
Whole soul and body frenzied meet and clip ;  
And the breath staggers, and the life-blood swims !  
Terrible gods chant black demoniac hymns  
As the frail cords of honour strain and slip.

For in the midst of that tremendous tide  
The mighty vigour of a god was mine !  
Drunk with desire, her lamentations died.  
The dove gave place a moment to the swine !  
Rapturous draughts of madness ! Out she sighed  
Uttermost life's love, and became a bride.