

THE SECOND DAY.

“Keep you in the rear of your affection Out
of the shot and danger of desire.”

Hamlet.

I WAS so hopeless that I turned away
And gave my love to foul oblivion,
Shuttered my bosom's window from the sun,
Kindled a corpse-light and proclaimed “The
day!” ;
Lurked in Aeaean fens to elude the ray
Whose beauty might disturb me : I did shun
The onyx eyes that saw me not as one
Possible even for a moment's play.

Thus I was tangled in some house of hell,
Giving mine own soul's beauty up to lust,
Hoping to build some fort impregnable
Against my love : instead the deep disgust
Of my own beasthood crushed it into dust,
And left my manhood twisted in her spell.