

THE THIRTIETH DAY.

“For god’s sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen,
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.”

King Henry IV.

BITTER reproaches passed between us twain,
Hers real, mine with sneering logic sewn
Proving my trespass hardly half her own,
Its cause; I proved her how she made me fain
And left me mad, and led through joy and pain
To that unthinkable thing: I might atone
No whit in this way: then that stubborn stone
My heart grew tears: we were good friends again.

Therefore at night I added nothing new:
Only a little while I lay with her
And with mere kisses sucked her soul away,
And made my banquet of immortal dew,
Demanding nothing but to minister
To her desire until the dawn grew grey.