

THE THIRTY-FOURTH DAY.

“‘Ben.’ Stop there, stop there.  
‘Mer.’ Thou desirest me to stop in my tale  
against the hair.”

*Romeo and Juliet.*

SWEET are the swift hard struggles ere the kiss,  
When the frail body blushes into tears,  
And short breaths cancel the long sighs, and  
fears  
Constrain delight, until their import is  
Made foolish when the struggle's synthesis  
Leads to hot armistice, as dewy spheres  
Glow, and increase the fury that reveres  
No God, no heaven but its own hell's bliss.

So after desperate shifts of modesty  
We could no more ; loosened and lax we lay  
Breathing and holding : then in amorous play  
She laughed and left her body's love to me,  
And kissed one kiss holding the heart of May,  
And kissed again, and kissed our lives away.