

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY.

“By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband’s bed.”

King John.

MORTALS are not for nectar all the time :
Ambrosia feeds not men ; nepenthe’s sip
Is only for a moment : then we dip
Back to the earth and leave the bed sublime,
And tune our kisses to a terrene rhyme.
So, once again before we left the ship
With right good will our bodies cling and slip,
And the life’s flame sinks as the kisses climb.

There never has been such a supreme kiss
Since heaven and earth began to be as this !
Doubt nothing of it ! yet our spirits knew
Its savour was as roses fallen to dust :
Our proper food was of Selenian dew,
And love without a battle conquered lust.