

THE THIRTY-NINTH DAY.

“Had I not eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible.”

Venus and Adonis.

NOTE from this day no possible event.

All secrets told, and all desires fulfilled
Primitive passion of our soul have killed.
We dwell within a calmer element

Perfectly pure and perfectly content.

The subtler splendour of our love has stilled
Those sombre glories that it never meant.
Those giant meanings that it never meant

Fire only is our substance ; there we dwell,
The Salamandrine with the Salamander.

No fuel to crack, no water to make tunes,
No air to blow us hither and thither ; well !

At our own will through cosmic space we wander
Alive, the sun's beam mixing with the moon's.