

## Helene

Could ivory blush with a stain of the sunset on  
highlands

Of snow: could the mind of me span  
The tenderness born of the dew in immaculate  
islands

Virgin of maculate man:  
Could I mingle the Alps and Hawaii; Strath Ness  
and Aapura and Bai;  
Kashmir and Japan:

Could lilies attain to the life of the Gods: could a  
comet

Attain to the calm of the moon:  
I would mingle them all in a kiss, and draw from it  
The soul of a sensitive tune.  
All lovers should hear it and know it: not needing  
the words of a poet  
In ebony hewn.

O beam of discovery under the eyelids awakening  
The sense of delight! O assent  
Slow dawning through cream into roses! O white  
bosom shaking  
The myrtles of magical scent  
In the groves of the heart! O the pleasure that  
runs over all overmeasure,  
The wine of Event!

Overmastered the hurl of the world in the hush of  
our rapture;  
Entangled the bird of success  
In the snare of bewildering fancies. We capture  
Delight in the toils of a tress  
Rough gilded of sunlight and umber with virginal  
shadows of slumber  
Ah! sorrow, regress!

Till the idle abyss of eternity swoon to our pinions  
    With music of wings as we fly  
Through the azure of dreams, and the purple of  
    mighty dominions  
    Exalted, afoam in the sky;  
And to us it were wiser and sweeter to ruin the  
    race of the metre,  
    And song were to die.