

The Harbour, Vera Cruz

I hear the waters faint and far,
And look to where the Polar Star,
Half hidden in the haze, divides
The double chanting of the tides ;
But, where the harbour's gloomy mouth
Welcomes the stranger to the south,
The water shakes, and all the sea
Grows silver suddenly.

As one who standing on the moon
Sees the vast horns in silver hewn,
Himself in darkness, and beholds
How silently all space unfolds
Into her shapeless breast the spark
And sacred phantom of the dark ;
So in the harbour-horns I stand
Till I forget the land.

Who sails through all that solemn space
Out to the twilight's secret place,
The sleepy waters move below
His ship's imaginary flow.
No song, no lute, so lowly chaunts
In woods where still Arisbe haunts,
Wrapping the wanderer with her tresses
Into untold caresses.

For none of all the sons of men
That hath known Artemis, again
Turns to the warmer earth, or vows
His secrets to another spouse.
The moon resolves her beauty in
The sea's deep kisses salt and keen ;
The sea assumes the lunar light,
And he—their eremite !

In their calm intercourse and kiss

Even hell itself no longer is ;
For nothing in their love abides
That passes not beneath their tides,
And who so bathes in light of theirs,
And water, changes unawares
To be no separate soul, but be
Himself the moon and sea.

Not all the wealth that flowers shed,
And sacred streams on that calm head ;
Not all the earth's spell-weaving dream
And scent of new-turned earth shall seem
Again indeed his mother's breast
To breathe like sleep and give him rest ;
He lives or dies in subtler swoon
Between the sea and moon.

So standing, gliding, undeterred
By any her alluring word
That calls from older forest glades,
My soul forgets the gentle maids
That wooed me in the scarlet bowers,
And golden cluster-woof of flowers ;
Forgets itself, content to be
Between the moon and sea.

No passion stirs their depth, nor moves ;
No life disturbs their sweet dead loves ;
No being holds a crown or throne ;
They are, and I in them, alone :
Only some lute-player grown star
Is heard like whispering flowers afar ;
And some divided, single tune
Sobs from the sea and moon.
Amid thy mountains shall I rise,
O moon, and float about thy skies ?
Beneath thy waters shall I roam,
O sea, and call thy valleys home ?
Or on Dædalian oarage fare

Forth in the interlunar air?
Imageless mirror-life! to be
Sole between moon and sea.