

## A TERZAIN

King of myself, I labour to espouse  
An equal soul. Alas ! how frail I find  
The golden light within the gilded house.  
Helpless and passionate, and weak of mind !  
Lechers and lepers ! – as all ivy cling,  
Emasculate the healthy bole they haunt.  
Eternity is pregnant; I shall sing  
Now – by my power – a spirit grave and gaunt  
Brilliant and selfish, hard and hot, to flaunt  
Reared like a flame across the lampless west,  
Until by love or laughter we enchaunt,  
Compel ye to Kithairon's thorny crest –  
Evoe ! Iacche ! consummatum est.