

SONNET TO CLYTIE.

C LYTE, beyond all praise, thou goodliest
Of queens, thou royal woman, crowned with
tears,
That could not move the dull stars from their
spheres
To kiss thee. For the sun would fainter rest
In the gold chambers of the glowing west
Than answer thy love, thine, whose soul endears
All souls but his, whose slow desire fears
The fierce embraces of thine olive breast.

O Queen, sun-lover, we are wed with thee
In changeless love, in passion for a fire
Whose lips bind all men in their bitter spell ;
A love whose first caress, hard won, would be
The final dissolution of desire,
A flame to shrivel us with fire of hell.