

TO "ELIZABETH."

WITH A COPY OF TANNHÄUSER.

Written in the Akasa.

THE story of a fool. From love and death
Emancipate, he stands above. The goal
Is in the shrines of misty air : there roll
The voices and the songs of One who saith :
"There is no peace for him who lingereth."
Love is a cinder now that was a coal :
Either were vain. The great magician's soul
Is far too weak to risk Elizabeth.

All this is past and under me. Above,
Around, the magian tree of knowledge waves
its rosy flowers and golden fruit. I know
Indeed that he is caught therein who craves ;
But I, desiring not, accept the glow
And blossom of that Knowledge that is Love.