

ODE TO SAPPHO.

O LESBIAN maiden!  
O plumèd and snowlike in glory of whiteness!  
O mystical brightness  
With love-lyrics laden!  
Joy's fulness is fainting for passion and sorrow.  
To-night melts divine to the dawn of to-morrow,  
O Lesbian maiden!

The flame-tongue of passion  
Is lambent and strong;  
In mystical fashion  
Sucks sweetness from shade,  
As the voice of thy song  
In the halls of the dead,  
Breaking fitful and wild,  
Weird waking the slumber of Venus, the  
sleep of her child,  
O Lesbian maiden!

Thy tongue reaches red  
On that pillar of might!  
Flaming gold from thy head  
Is a garland of light  
On the forehead of night,  
As we lie and behold  
All the wonders untold  
That the joys of desire  
In their secrets enfold,  
As the pillars of fire  
On the ocean of old!  
O Lesbian maiden!

The delight of thy lips  
Is the voice of the Spring  
That the nightingales sing  
Over Winter's eclipse,  
While my fingers enring  
The white limbs of thy sleep  
And my lips suck the lips  
Of the house of my dream,  
And press daintily deep,  
Till the joys are supreme  
That thine amorous mouth  
On the home of thy love  
Would exhaust the fierce drouth  
Of the rivers thereof,  
Till thy white body quiver  
With mystic emotion  
As the star-blossoms shiver  
On silvery river  
Rushed into the ocean!  
O Lesbian maiden!