

SPOLIA OPIMA.

MY home is set between two ivory towers,  
Fresh with the fragrance of a thousand flowers.  
And the twin portals of a ruby door,  
Portcullised with the pearls of India's shore,  
Loosed with a smile and opened with a kiss,  
Bid me a joyous welcome there, I wis.  
My home is on the brink of heaven's delight,  
But for that endless day a lovelier night  
Is in my home, that sunset's arms enfold,  
Lit with the mellowness of autumn gold.

Pillowed on linen of the purest white,  
Half-hidden by her locks' luxurious night,  
Maddened by those soft eyes of melting glow,  
Enamoured of that breast of breathing snow,  
Caught in the meshes of her fine-spun hair,  
Rocked by the beating of her bosom fair,  
Held by her lips too tempting and too warm,  
Bewitched by every beauty of her form,  
The blush upon her cheek is deeper red,  
Half glad, and half repenting what she said.  
A moment's struggle, as her form I press :—  
One soft sad sigh. Love conquers. I possess.