

LE CYCLOPS SURPREND ACIS ET GALATHEE.

COILED in the hollow of the rock they kiss,
Rolled in one sphere of rapture ; looks intense
With love, and laughter shapen of innocence !
They cling, and close, and overhang the abyss.

But over them ! What monster, then, is this
Crouched for his spring, gross muscles nude and tense,
Bulged eyeballs ready for the rape, immense
In hate, the imminent spectre ? He it is.

The Cyclops. Ay ! thought Zeus, and what of that ?
Were it not well for love, in red rough maw
Swift crunched, to expiate my eldest law ?

Better, far better thus. True love lies flat,
A weary plain beyond the single peak.
I then will pity them. I will not speak.