

TETE DE FEMME
(MUSEE DU LUXEMBOURG).

It shall be said, when all is done,
The last line written, the last mountain
Climbed, the last look upon the sun
Taken, the last star in the fountain
Shattered, the you and I were one.

What shall they say, who come apace
After us, heedless, gallant? Seeing
Our statues, hearing of our race
Heroic tales, half-doubted, being
So far beyond a rime to trance.

What shall they say? For secret we
Have held our love, and holy. Splendour
Of light, and music of the sea
And eyes and heart serene and tender,
With kisses mingled utterly.

These were our ways. And who shall know?
What warrior bard our nuptial glories
Shall sing? Historic shall we go
Down through our country's golden stories?
Shall lovers whisper "Even so

As he loved her do I love you"?
So much they shall know, surely; never
The truth, how lofty and fresh as dew
Our love began, abode for ever:
They cannot know us through and through.

We have exceeded all the past.
The future shall not build another.
This is the climax, first and last.
We stand upon the summit. Mother
Of ages, daughter of ages, cast

The fatal die, and turn to death!
Let evolution turn, involving
As when the gray sun sickeneth—
Ghostly September! so dissolving
Into the pale eternal breath.

When all is done, shall this be said.
When all is said, shall this be done
The aeon exhaust and finished,
And slumber steal upon the sun,
My dear, when you and I are dead.