

## MORS JANUA AMORIS

IN the night my passion fancies  
That an incense vapour whirls,  
That a cloud of perfume trances  
With its dreamy vapour-curls  
All my soul, with whom there dances  
The one girl of mortal girls.  
The one girl whose wanton glances  
Soften into living pearls  
Comes, a fatal, fleeting vision,  
Turns my kisses to derision,  
Smiles upon my breast, and sighs,  
Flits, and laughs, and fades, and dies.

By the potent starry speeches ;  
By the spells of mystic kings ;  
By the magic passion teaches ;  
By the strange and sacred things  
By whose power the master reaches  
To the stubborn fiery springs ;  
By the mystery of the beaches  
Where the siren Sibyl sings ;  
I will hold her, live and bleeding ;  
Clasp her to me, pale and pleading ;

Hold her in a human shape ;  
Hold her safe without escape !

So I put my spells about her  
As she flew into my dreams ;  
So I drew her to the outer  
Land of unforgetful streams ;  
So I laid her (who should doubt her ?)  
Where enamelled verdure gleams,  
Drew her spirit from without her !  
In her eyelids stellar beams  
Glow renascent, now I hold her  
Breast to breast, and shining shoulder  
Laid to shoulder, in the bliss  
Of the uncreated kiss.

Lips to lips beget for daughters  
Little kisses of the breeze ;  
Limbs entwined with limbs, the waters  
Of incredible blue seas ;  
Eyes that understand, the slaughters  
Of a thousand ecstasies  
Re-embodied, as they wrought us  
Garlands of strange sorceries ;  
New desires and mystic passion  
Infinite, of starry fashion ;  
The mysterious desire  
Of the subtle formless fire.

Vainly may the Tyanaean  
Throw his misconceiving eye

To bewitch our empyrean  
    Splendours of the under sky!  
If the loud infernal paeon  
    Be our marriage-melody,  
We are careless, we Achaean  
    Moulders of our destiny.  
Hell, it may be, for his playing,  
Renders Orpheus the decaying  
Love—in Hell, if Hell there be,  
I would seek Eurydice!

If she be the demon sister  
    Of my brain's mysterious womb;  
If she brand my soul and blister  
    Me with kisses of the tomb;  
If she drag me where the bistre  
    Vaults of Hell gape wide in gloom;  
Little matter! I have kissed her!  
    Little matter! as a loom  
She has woven love around me,  
As with burning silver bound me,  
Held me to her scented skin  
For an age of deadly sin!

So I fasten to me tighter  
    Fetters on her limbs that fret;  
So my kisses kindle brighter,  
    Fiercer, flames of Hell, and set  
Single, silent, as a mitre  
    Blasphemous, a crown of jet

On our foreheads, paler, whiter  
Than the snowiest violet.  
So I forge the chains of fire  
Round our single-souled desire.  
Heaven and Hell we reck not of,  
Being infinite in love.

Come, my demon-spouse, to fashion  
The fluidic marriage-bed!  
Let the starry billows splash on  
Both our bodies, let them shed  
Dewfall, as the streams Thalassian  
On Selene's fallen head!  
Let us mingle magic passion,  
Interpenetrating, dead,  
Deathless, O my dead sweet maiden!  
Lifeless, in the secret Aidenn!  
Let our bodies meet and mix  
On the spirit's crucifix!