

THE WINGS
WITH A GIFT TO MY LADY

To Dot

HAD I these wings, I would not need to write.

I would be with you ; then, a young male swan,
I would find happiness afloat upon
The ripples of your muscular body, bright
As mother-of-pearl may be in God's own sight
When He would found His whole new heaven thereon !
Thence, would my body were One Eye, to con
Your face, the rosy lotus of delight !

I would dip deep my beak into the flower
And pluck your tongue, its ruby heart, and shower
All my life's love upon you, swift as Spring's !
And I would lift you on my pinions
To light and heat more splendid than the sun's,
Mistress !—Woe's me ! for I have not these wings.