

The Child.

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Alight and alive is the holiest flame.
Leap out, O sparks, at the half-hidden name
For ever my glory, for ever my shame!

Rejoice, O my soul, if his happiness hear!
Exault thee, my joy, if the spell shall uprear
Delight in my dream, in the dream of my dear.

By passion and clamour the music is vain
Resurges the stridence, insists it is pain;
Until, at the last, all the puzzle is plain.

Cry out on Apollo; he laughs at the whine.
Evoke we a soul nor of man nor divine
Deep-throned in a darker, unspeakable shrine.

O beautiful, beautiful! Light be thine luck!
Unveil thee to me; for my flower is to pluck;
God gives thee my purloined honey to suck.

Lo! now is the hour, lest the happy hour go.
Ah! love me an hour, if it kill me or no!
So be it, my God! be it so, be it so.

A. C.