

## ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

I died : and you by death refreshed,  
    Washed in my blood, gave up my soul  
To Love, who, seeing us enmeshed,  
    Wept, and with one smile made us whole :  
Whence you have all life's gold for gain  
And I am grown a boy again.

I am a thousand worlds withdrawn  
    From these lone leagues of sand and sun.  
I am with you in the windy dawn ;  
    I am with you when night's fingers run  
Over the desert, when the dunes  
Lift up their faces to the moon's.

I am blind to these : my life's one ache.  
    My tongue is swollen ; my lips are burnt ;  
My body shivers for your sake,  
    For this last lesson I have learnt  
(Laylah, my Night !) tragic and true :  
I never loved till I loved you.

For you have fixed the boyish dream,  
    And saved the man from " love's a wraith."  
Your love rekindled hope's blue gleam,  
    And hope fulfilled requickened faith,  
And faith confirmed renewed the birth  
Of a new heaven and a new earth.

Mine is the only star that ever  
    Left the lone Cross to blend its ray  
With my Lion's Heart in dear endeavour  
    To knell the night and dim the day.  
Mine is the only maiden worth  
The wooing ever won on earth.

Laylah, my night ! Enshadow me :  
    Draw down mine eyelids ; bid me sleep  
And dream of thee, and dream of thee,  
    Or wake and weep, or wake and weep.  
I care not which, so thee I find  
(Present or absent) in my mind.