

# Moon-Wane

By Michael Fairfax

HUSH! the moon dazzles. In her virgin light  
The carnival of day  
Is shrouded, the nun's sharp-cut black and white  
For the dancer's tinsel and feathers, glowing gay  
In the spot-light. Hush! No sound  
Perfume the enchanted ground,  
But this hymn's ebb, this incantation's wane,  
For I must lull the fairies, and strike dumb  
Satyr and Ægipan, restrain  
Even the nymphs, till earth become  
A shrine of silence—then  
Let my voice cease to offend the ears of Gods and men!  
Hush! the moon dazzles! As I pace nine times  
The circle in her praise,  
My steps uncertain as my soul sublimes  
Its instrument; voice trembles as I raise  
The spell. Mist gathers, clouds  
Mine eyes with gossamer shrouds.  
I am drunken on her purity, distraught  
By her divinity, made blind  
By the intense light of her thought  
—It is not lawful for mankind  
To drink of the hidden springs  
With unchaste lips, with hands impure to touch true things.  
She hath made me mad. She hath kindled a cold fire  
Upon the altar-stone  
Of my dead heart, no incense of desire  
To burn, but with my life to feed it, thrown  
For fuel to its sterile splendour,  
No swordsman to defend her,  
No priest to worship her, no pythoness,  
No prophet, will she, but a mirror-soul  
By light received to express  
Her virtue, to shine sole