

RODIN
IV
Illusion

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Icarus cries; " My love is robed in light
And splendour of the summits of the sun.
Wing, O my soul, thy plumed caparison
Through ninety million miles of space beyond sight!
Utmost imagination's eagle-flight
Out-soar! "But he, by his own force undone,
His peacock pinions molten one by one,
Falls to black earth through the impassive night.

Lo! from uprushing earth arises love
Ardent and secret, scented with the night,
Amorous, ready. Sing the awakening bliss
That catches him, from the inane above
Hurled—nay, drawn down! What uttermost delight
Dawns in that death! Icarus and Gaia kiss.