Am I beyond the age of offering?
Has honeyed lust for death annulled my right?
Did I not hear the fanfares soar, and sing
The shining ode of love's delight?

But if you deigned to let a shimmer sever
Your lashes, piercing me, then I should frown
Upon all hope of ecstasy forever,
Discard my psalter, having sung your grace,
I should reject the shadow of renown
And perish like the moth, without a trace.

SHORE

Oh, let us leave the meadows of the sea
Which — though they rear and strain in surly foam — sustain
Only the wild gulls in their dipping flight,
And lave the virgin heavens endlessly.
Too long we wore a mask before the light.

To emerald ponds with marsh and flowered trail,
Where grass, and vines, and leaves are rocked in tangled sheaves,
To shrines eternal evening sanctified!
The swans which from a distant inlet sail
In secret sheathed, are escort to the bride.

Delight has snatched us from the fallow fjords
— Where your lips are aglow, exotic petals flow —
And when like drifts of bloom your body sways,
Then all the stems begin to surge in chords
And turn to aloe, tea, and laurel sprays.