“This knife — here it is in my hand — which has served me to whittle the rind from
The sap-swollen branches and carve them to pipes, I shall plunge in my heart
Clear up to the handle and sink to my death with the coming of twilight.”

“You shall not, for how it would vex me if blood in a sinister current
Should darken the mirror I cherish, the lake with its limpid enchantment.”

THE LORD OF THE ISLAND

In southern seas — the fishers tell the story —
Far on an island rich in cinnamon,
And oil, and jewels that glitter in the gravel,
There was a bird who, standing in the rushes,
Could use his beak to pluck the topmost branches
Of even tallest trees, and when he lifted
His wings, the dye of Tyrian snails, to travel
In low and heavy passage, he resembled
A darkly drifting cloud. They say by day
He waited in the wood, but of an evening
When he had settled on the shore in flurries
Of seawind redolent of salt and weed,
He loosed the sweetness of his voice and dolphins,
The friends of song, swam nearer in an ocean
That brimmed with golden sparks and golden feathers,
And this had been his life since time began.
None but the shipwrecked ever saw him, for
When first the shining sails of men were favoured
By fortune, and a prow approached the cliffs,
He slowly climbed the hill and there his glances
Encompassed all the land he long had cherished,
And widely spreading his enormous pinions
He passed away with muted sounds of anguish.