ORPHIC MYSTERIES

The Afterglow

"She is here!" to my wild heart I murmur:
I repeat, "It is she, it is she!"
But my wild heart, growing no firmer,
Sighs sadly, "It cannot be!"

O my heart, my wild heart, I answer,
Thy doubtings to certainty hush.
How else should that beautiful dancer,
Hope, through my arteries rush?

Could'st thou in my bosom be beating
So wildly, if she were not nigh?
But my heart kept thickly repeating
"'Tis but a sweet butterfly."

"She is here! It is she!" in a whisper
I nudge my wild heart to say.
The leaves announce her and lisp her,
And the flowers by their stillness betray.

The lily is white with its wonder;
Wild rumours the roses apprise.
The doves, they have seen and grow fonder.
Wild heart, believe and have eyes!

The doves in the tree-tops are cooing;
Abuzz in the lime are the bees.
They are wild her sweet face to be wooing.
What ails thee to doubt and to freeze?

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Awake to each lovely pulsation
   Of wings, that ambassadors come
To herald her step; 'tis elation,
   'Tis rapture, where all was now dumb.

Rose, canna and lilac, each warden
   She left of her memory here,
They know when she walks in her garden.
   What ails thee to doubt she is here?

List not to the whispering treason,—
   Misgivings that make thee to start.
Look not through the cold eyes of reason
   Through thy wild eyes look, O my heart.

Each pulse-beat thou givest to fancy
   Shall ope for thee hundreds of eyes,
To look with the rose and the pansy,
   Her unseen presence surprise.

Can all nature have sight to behold her?
   Can the air yearn after and feel,
Nor love, faith, courage be bolder
   With keener sense to reveal?

See, Hope hath her lantern supplied thee,
   And Memory hers, from behind.
She is standing, is smiling beside thee
   She touches thee, heart. Art thou blind?

Thy candle of fantasy give me!
   Oh, give me the lamplight of dream!
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Her sweet face, her figure, believe me,
   Heart, my heart, on thy wild eyes shall stream.

She is here. She but waits for our greeting.
   Oh, strain to clasp her through air!
Why wildly, my heart, art thou beating
   With the hope that consumes despair?