

Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
 And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

II.

HAZE.

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
 Woven of nature's richest stuffs,
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
 Last conquest of the eye ;
 Toil of the displayed, sun-dust,
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
 Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,
 Fine summer spray on inland seas ;
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
 From heath or stubble rising without song ;
 Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

T.

SONNETS.

I.

SWEET Love, I cannot show thee in this guise
 Of earthly words, how dear to me thou art,
 Nor once compare thy image in my eyes
 With thy dear self reposed within my heart.
 The love I bear to thee I truly prize
 Above all joys that offer in the mart
 Of the wide world, our wishes to suffice, —
 And yet I seek *thy* love ; for no desert
 That I can boast, but that my new love cries
 For love that to its own excess is meet,
 And searching widely through this dark world's space,

Hath found a love which hath its holy seat
 Within thy bosom's blissfulest embrace,
 And to awake this love is at thy feet,
 Whence will it not arise till thou accord this grace.

II.

Let not my love implore of thee in vain,
 For in its loneliness it dooms to wo,
 From whose deep depths I cannot rise again ;
 Let not thy love conspire to kill me so
 With my love, which will only share its reign
 With thine its sister ; rather may both go
 To that high altar, where no longer twain,
 In sweetest concord both together grow,
 Thence to ascend to the Eternal Love,
 And be absorbed and spread through all the life
 That breathes in purest holiest bliss above,
 Or that incites all mortals to the strife
 Of kindness, in this scene of mixed delight
 And griefs — of brightest day and darkest night.

W.

TO * * *

WE are centred deeper far
 Than the eye of any star ;
 Nor can rays of long sunlight
 Thread a pace of our delight.
 In thy form, I see the day
 Burning of a kingdom higher ;
 In thy silver network play
 Thoughts that to the Gods aspire ;
 In thy cheek I see the flame
 Of the studious taper burn ;
 And thy Grecian eye might tame