

IN THE TEMPLE

THE subtle-souled dim radiant queen
Burns like a bale-fire through the mist;
The slender earth is bright and green,
Emerald, gray and amethyst;
The wavering breeze has slowly kissed
The way between
Her zone and wrist.

Pale guardian of the altar-flame,
Syren of old, perfidious song,
A murmuring runnel lately came
In streaming hate of mortal wrong.
Wait, for, my goddess, not for long
The snake is tame. . . .
See! He is strong!

The wide-set temple-pillars gleam,
As marble white, and tall as pines;
The doorway to immortal dream
Lies through the temple's purple shrines.
Behold, pure queen, the magic signs.
Let words out-stream
As mingled wines! . . .

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.