

CIRCE

HER mouth a rosebud of delight,
 Low-laughing 'mid the languid curls,
Whose kissing cadence seems to cite
The rhythmic melody of Night.

Her hair a saraband where whirls
A wanton witch, whose perfumes smite
The shuddering air ; a summer night
 Where summer lightning darts and curls.

Her soul a Parian marble shrine,
 Centred in lily-cups that fold
 Their carven petals, smooth and cold,
Far o'er a lake of frozen wine—
 Yet deep within whose inmost fold
 Sleepeth a snake : the crystal brine
Of endless sorrow seals his shrine ;
 Wiser than Sin is he, so old !

ETHEL ARCHER.