

Swift Wings.

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SWIFT WINGS.

SWIFT WINGS :

SONGS IN SUSSEX.



THE VINE PRESS,

STEYNING.

MCMXXI.

DEDICATION.

TO KAROG.

Lithe shall be your lover ;
Blithe shall be your breast ;
How your heart shall hover
When your breast is prest !

Be green trees above you ;
The blue sea beyond ;
Make your lover love you
If you'd have him fond.

So he still shall follow,
Your siren-glamoured man :
Be yours the wise Apollo,
Be his the lurking Pan.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The Poems in this Volume have been selected—at the Author's Suggestion—from the much larger Work, "Starcraft", which is to Appear this Autumn from The Vine Press.

PROLOGUE.

Songs of the South Land,
Songs of sward and sea,
Wrought by a crafty hand
To an old melody.

All my songs were heard before,
All my words were sung,
Here beside a Southern shore,
But in an alien tongue.

Perfect from the Portal,
Towering from the Tomb
Sounds the Song Immortal
In sempiternal bloom.

Behind lies the sunlight,
 Before lies the day ;
Lo! there is but one light,
 One only Way.

One Way is certain :
 Oh, my Southern shore !
There is light behind the curtain ;
 That and nothing more.

SWIFT WINGS.

GYPSIES.



he only faithful to the earth and sky
Of all the Aryan hordes; on the sun's anvil
Hammered to coppery force; the family
Of Bampfylds Moore Carew, of Joseph
Glanvil,

His Scholar Gipsy, in The Vanitie
Of Dogmatizing: men of shift and shovel,
The lithe-lipped children of the Romany;
The Sappho songs of queer Fenella Lovel.

O Matthew Arnold and Augustus John!
Ye have done well to love the rough-ribbed
herds
Of men who rove from York to Ashington,
Lazy as sheep, and picturesque as birds.
To gather horehound when the moon has run
To seed; to batten on soft hedgehog pie.
Who would refuse under the rolling sun?
Under the silver stars to live and die?

They tell how once you shamed the Virgin Parian
Dug out of Hellas; now you're all sun-
smitten
To swarth, O wandering children of lost Arian
Tribes, the black rams of mankind, ruled
and written
As vagabonds. Balzac loved you; Hungarian
Music is yours, as once the lore of Plato;
Before 'stout Cortes' you were up on Darien,
Your kith were kings from Menes' reign to
Cato.

And here you are, under a Sussex coppice,
Cursing and boozing round a smoky fire,
Familiar with old starlight: earth whose top is
Nowhere, still claims you for your old
desire
Of wandering and wandering. What stop is
Possible for you now? Oh, gray as granite,
Stronger than steers, perpetual as poppies,
You ramble roughly round an old, worn
planet.

CUCKFIELD.



et in the key of blue, with harmonies
Bee-brown, is Cuckfield, land of green
and dew,
With hanging woods and opulent chestnut-
trees

Set in the key of blue

When Sussex' downs were leafier, and more new
The wonders of the woodlands and the seas,
This lowland love was "Field of the Cuckoo."

Then some new Poet, seeking images
For towns, heard Cuckoo-calls, and Christ-
ened you
The Cuckoo Field, land of gold melodies
Set in the key of blue.

SHOREHAM HILLS.



Up on the hills, in the sun's risen calories,
There is a winding way;
There the wind blows in harmonies of
Malory's,
There Arthur still has sway;
Shoreham lies under the great green galleries
Of the great golden Day.

And it is England still; the old Arthurian
History flames forth in gold;
There errant knight is mingled with centurion,
And all is bright and bold;
All the world's back to the lost Lemurian
Age on the wind-swept wold.

And it is Day, reverberant, thrasonical;
Here is the ancient quorum
Of far old races; here's the brave old chronicle,
Celts, Britons, Romans, in the forum,
The old brave gods, eternal and ironical,
Look over the heights of Shoreham.

FIELDWAY COPPICE.



ld gold, post-vernal in perpetual purity
Of the earth-passion, sheds a manifold
Glamour: ripe, rounded, rich, the light's
unrolled
In Fieldway Coppice. Royal in security,
Imperial love, divine in hot maturity,
Bursts through the clouds, the seas, the
mother-mould.
O Earth, inheritrix of sun-born gold,
Too rich, too ripe for man is this thy surety.

It is too much, this light! It is too sure
To gaze upon! Too many gold-waves
hurtle
Against man's blinded eyes: too royally
spirtle
The sun-spears on his brain; thy golden lure
O Mother-Earth, refrain: leave but thy
myrtle;
That shall suffice; this passion is too pure!

OLD STEYNE.



It is divine, an emerald light
Set in the somber breast of night:
A wavering nocturne in a town,
With silver starlight looking down
Upon the breeze-tossed, dark green trees
Murmuring soft night-harmonies.

A symphony of duskiness,
A rustling world of foilaged stress;
The cars glide by on living wires,
Windows smile down with human fires
Within them. Did Beethoven dream
A lovelier light, a tenderer gleam,
A subtler green, a softer breath
Than this Old Steyne, that witnesseth
Beauty set in a living crown,
An artist-heart in a throbbing town?

Keats and Corot would never make
A fairer world for Beauty's sake;
Turner's dream of amethyst,
Written down in a golden mist
By the feathery pencil of Paul Verlaine,
Would never achieve the strange chance gain
Of this delight of utter green,
This shadowy wonder called Old Steyne.

RICHARD JEFFRIES.



hapless Greek, loathing Art's usurpature
Of beauty in the world; who loved the
Of fields and hills and seas, with eyes
To bear our hideous mask, flat in inflature
Of folly and filth. His was the candidature
For the old life, when the world's heart
Against the sunny sky, in the mature
Worship of Beauty, soul and veil of Nature.

Bitter our world was to him, who saved still
The Golden World of eld, the mystic Hill
Of Olympus, navel of the Ægean Sea.
What was his portion in our baser part?
Death. And what slew him? This: he broke his
Against the eternal rock of Ecstasy.

A RIVER-BED.



he belt of sea-board town's skin-deep; a
single-mile inland
The strange, eternal, green downs stand:
where once a river ran
There's a green road untrod of man, and on that
secret way
The hovering elementals play over the sunken sand.

The rocks are garbed in sunny green, the sea is still
their lover;
While butterflies delirious hover: where once the
Ouse full-flowed
The busy lizard's made a road; where once the
barbell swam,
The little, simple, crying lamb finds fossils in the
clover.

The sea's spell lingers, loiters still; ever it shall
remain:
A faithful lover is the main, though never to his bed
He may return to lay his head: a peace surpassing
peace
Broods dreaming in this world-release, this land of
utter gain.

OVINGDEAN.



pon the fills are infinite shades of green,
Nuance eternal in the shifting light;
Clouds on the cliffs; the subtlety of
night;
The supreme sun; the moon, cool, serene
Forever young, things that have ever been;
Forever old, in the earth-legend's might,
Lifting and drifting: cloudy, coloured,
bright,
Over the hills of valleyed Ovingdean.

Who would not win the passion of the pencil?
The gifted glory of the living line?
Who would not steal the sternness of the stencil,
The canvas-call that slays the Philistine?
To mould the stone to everlasting life?
To make a tree eternal with a knife?

HOVE STREET.



till the old airs! Vainly the fools 'improve'!
Thought lingers solidly; a lasting stain
Of thought, of dream, of love, of hate, of
pain.

After the centuries there is a grove
Of oaks here still; white, furious figures move
Stormily to an old tempestuous strain;
Red drips remain where once were votives
slain

In the centuries before the birth of Hove.

The impression stays, violent, vivid;
A rush of red; a crushing crimson relic;
A scarlet attain, flushing the
astral fluid

With purple, and the heart of it is livid.
What priestly prayer, what aureole Angelic
Can slay the splendid spells of
the dark Druid?

CLIFFS IN WINTER.



wind of the Norland!
O salty south foreland!
The Eagle of Winter is over the dunes:
The aquiline wings;
The wide-sweeping swings;
The Southland for song, and the Norland
for runes!

The wild weald for wonder!
The Norland for thunder!
The Aquiline Master is on the grey seas:
The trees bow before him;
The eagles adore him;
The hills are swept bare by the breath
of his breeze!

O wind of the brume!
O tang of the spume!
O health of the holly! O width of the
snow!

The cliffs are all bare
By the spell in the air;
The bluffs and the headlands are bared
by the blow!

WHITE HAWK HILL.



ou shed no shadow, O my sensitive
Divine delight of life, whereby I live.
Yet are you of the earth, for earth's a star:
And only stars give birth to what you are;
The very gods conceive the thing you give.

O diamond-dust, soul of a hell-dark sign!
O child immortal of a mortal line!
The sight that sees the Night within the night;
The sight that sees the Light within the light;
Doth this gift not suffice? This gift is mine!

Whether in Naishapur or Babylon,
Or upon White Hawk Hill, the tale is one;
But oh! my scented seaboard, how I love you;
The gorse behind you, and the sky above you,
And overhead the same eternal Sun!

The setting changes; and the figures change;
Through sunken islands and lost lands I range;
Still to return to the old loved illusion;
And still the light shines through the fierce confusion,
The same as ever, always fresh and strange.

Centuries pass; the drowned man knows the sea
His mother; and the buried man is free
To worship Earth; he who hath passed through fire
Knows utterly the Sun for source and sire;
Hence love I all the earth, as earth loves me.

We who are burned by fire, buried in earth,
Drowned in the water, know the secret mirth
Sung to the stars by wandering elementals;
The Soul of all things; the true transcendentals
Deeper than death, above the need of birth.

We who have passed into the Upper Air
Thence behold Earth, and know how she is fair.
More than her sister Stars sweet Earth doth love us;
She holds our hearts: the stars are high above us.
O Mother Earth! Stars are too far and rare!

O White Hawk Hill, above you shines the moon;
O White Hawk Hill, the early stars are strewn
About you. O my Mother, Mother Earth;
I praise the gods who gave me here my birth,
Birth and rebirth that ends in tranced swoon.

I shall return from ecstasy to you,
While among stars you swim; while still the blue
Illusion holds you in the abyss of fire;
I shall return to satiate my desire;
To feel the green earth-kiss, eternal, true.

I shall return; the Green Star has me still,
Brain, body, soul and heart. My spirit's will
From tranced sleep of splendour will be drawn
Back to the Green Star of the Golden Dawn:
I shall return; even to White Hawk Hill.

THE SEA-BREEZE.



he wind at a tangent
The sea-hollows shaves;
Plashing and plangent,
The play of the waves
Ripples and ruffles
The flash of the foam;
The breeze skips and scuffles
Wave crests as they roam.

Calm be your comb,
Weird of the water,
As you haste to the home
Of the Sea-monarch's daughter;
Fly to the far-away
Under the main,
The sea-silver star-way
Where salty drips drain.

Green for the grain!
Coolth for the corn!
Ripeness for rain!
Mirth for the morn!
Oh, earth has heard
Blithe through the breeze
The breath of a bird,
The sway of the seas

Light on the leas!
 May for the meadows!
Triumph for trees!
 Shame for the shadows!
Fly to the bye-way
 Under the earth,
Quit the hot highway
 Of murmurous mirth!

Death to all dearth
 In the womb of the wife!
Bright be the birth
 That is leaping to life!
Love laughter-laden
 Unclasps the green kirtle;
The mirthfullest maiden!
 The tenderest turtle!

Sparkle and spirtle,
 Freedom of foam!
Shall myrtle not hurtle
 The dome of Sun-home?
Oh, virtue is virent,
 Aspirant in Spring;
Toil is a tyrant;
 Will a god's wing.

Who will not fling
 Floods of foam-fire?
Who will not sing
 Songs of desire?
Laughter shall leap
 Fleeter than flame,
Shall slay subtle sleep,
 Shall leave lethargy lame!

A truce to the tame!
 The infinite skill
Knows death but a name,
 And life a wind-will!
With breathing unbroken,
 The infinite ire
Knows death a lost token,
 And life a wind-lyre!

Moles to the mire!
 Ghosts to their graves!
Strong spirits, aspire
 To the lands the sea laves!
It shadows and shaves,
 Plashing and plangent,
The will of the waves,
 The spring sea-wind's tangent.

WILLIAM COLLINS.



olid in old red brick that breathes the
Georges,
Redolent of port and beefsteak orgies,
Is somnolent and Tory Chichester;
For this I love her dullness: that in her
Was born the Poet, who was born to sing
The perfect lyric of the Evening.

But the poor Poet loathed his father's mart,
And went to London, where he broke his heart;
Broken and young and beautiful he died;
Chatterton, Otway, Keats, some few beside
Died so, but happy Collins lived to sing
The perfect Song sung to the Evening.

Exquisite Evening so worshipped him,
She dwelt with him until his mind grew dim;
He had drunken of her wine, and he was laid,
Unknown, unsung, beneath her dusky shade.
One perfect Song her lover sang to her,
Her hapless Poet born in Chichester.

Little young Collins sang, but once he knew
The joyous taste of pure Castalian dew.
In Chichester was born one perfect rose,
And in all love, a brother Poet goes,
A pilgrim, to the staid old Tory shrine,
For one pale rose, one draught of perfect wine.

OCTOBER.



In gardens of grey the springs are in spate,
Flowers are fallen and leaves whirled
away.
Night-fall is early, and dawning is late,
In gardens of grey.

Ocean's in flood and the air's strong with spray;
Starless and somber, the earth's big with
fate,
Waters and winds are the lords of the day.

Wild are the waves under skies of cold slate,
The mountains are veiled and the wild
horses neigh:
Colossal it looms, October's huge freight,
In gardens of grey.

ROTTINGDEAN.



hen the spray-tingling air was soft and thin
About the enchanted sea-board,
The silver splendour of a violin
Made the starred sky a key-board.

Where sapphire cliffs rival the opal sea,
While Naiads sing between
Opal and sapphire in an emerald key,
There, there was Rottingdean.

The Southern land vibrated; the whole string
Tingled to white desire;
And Sappho strode the shore, a living thing,
With a huge golden lyre.

O gold and green, O living green and gold,
 O word in gold and green!
Why does all Hellas suddenly unfold
 In radiant Rottingdean?

FULKING HILL.



rey, level eyes sweep round the laughing valley,
Immortal in their sure, intense mortality;
Transcendent in austerest, fierce morality
Of artist-love. Rooks make their noisy sally;
The wind-wheat song floats up in a swift rally
Of Nature's perfect master-tones, legality
Of all the lyres of man. Here is sodality
Of Art. Here form, light, sound blend naturally.

Poppies, white-drifting clouds, the red geranium,
The undulating, solid sea of hills,
The invisible lark, still
shouting at the azure;
Was it not so in Tyre and Herculaneum,
My mortal Artist of immortal thrills,
Watching and dumb from
Fulking Hills embrasure?

ROCK POOL.



pon the blue-white margent
Star-celandines are blowing;
Slim weeds mix with the argent
Dimples of summer-flowing.

The flowing stipples mingle;
The sun is in the pool;
Green waters wash brown shingle,
Alluring, lucent, cool.

Kingfishers bluely dartle,
Mavises greenly sing,
A splash! a fish! a startle!
A wavy water-ring!

The fields are lushy,
 Dark the thick trees above,
Redundant, rippling, rushy,
 The wavelets leap for love.

The Sun's gold shield shines over,
 Where murmuring aspens meet;
Soft fretwork on the clover,
 Soft sighings in the heat.

Summer is bold and fragrant,
 But Summer's heart is cool;
It beats here, ripe and vagrant,
 In a mid-forest pool.

FRENCHLANDS.



ere the world's yellow. Here the cosmic yolk
Broke on the Star, and here these flowers
awoke;
This is the single soul that hath no fellow
For secret light. Here the whole world is yellow.

Suns immature are yellow thus, but mellow
They turn to summer gold; therefore the yellow
Is spring-dawn, youth-tide, green-born-gold, awake
Before the Summer, for a promise' sake.

Here the embrazured sunlight sets swake
Soft yellow light, for unborn Summer's sake.
Here a whole world awaits the wakened Will
Promised by primrose, dreamed from daffodil.

Here the whole world soft-throbs into the thrill
That shall be born as yellow daffodil.
Here the world's yellow, where spring-light awoke
The golden gleaming of the yellow yolk.

This is the heart that throbs within the hill!
This is the Word that waits upon the Will!
This is the flood that shall all life fulfil!
That is the promise of the daffodil!

HANGLETON.



or pure delight the perfect panegyric
The green simplicity of utter pleasure
In sunlight, and in seelight, and light
leisure;
White love invincible, mirth unsatyrical,
Angelic, golden; utterly empiric
World-wonder, labour's laughter, travel's
treasure,
Splendour, above the mark of any
measure
The mind may hold: the quintessential lyric.

Light gold, and lighter blue from the sea's brink;
With lightest green, the youngest thought
of Spring;
Rose-rapture that is captured
from the sun:
Only in silver dreams the heart may think,
Only in lucent pink the soul may sing,
The wealden-wonder that is
Hangleton.

THE SEA IN MOONLIGHT.



lyrened by song, molten by melody,
The wondering heart delays, and inly
dies,
Drawn to deep death by midnight
harmonies:
Chords that crash softly in a silver key.
What word can rival this one note, set free
From a light shore where new-born stars
arise,
Where rocks are charmed by silver
Naiad-eyes
That watch the moon-dawn on the restless sea?

Light is not light; it is the secret scent
Of moonlit air: sound is not sound; it is
The sense of silver in these mysteries
Of midnight orchestration; dream-veils rent
By the white lightning-flash of Diana's bow
Shot from her shore in flames of scarlet
snow.

NIGHT-PIECE.



he dusky frame of Night encloses
The palimpsest of day;
Tomorrow, tomorrow the birth of roses,
Tonight the somber way.

Away and away in the somber frame
Hidden deeply, the light
Lies secure, the nameless Flame
Informing the heart of Night.

O Night, O Night of the dusky brow,
Night of the luminous eyes,
Your heart is the home of the live, light Now;
Your song is a world-uprise!

Wind on wild waters! Dreams in the dusk!
Bud-stars under the snow!
Grey and chill are amber and musk,
But the red heart cries below!

EX CATHEDRA.



Over the close-ranked forest pines
The dark sky and the moon;
Is straight-compacted, silent lines
Beneath night's flowering noon.
The hour of cloud and grey and moth—
Taciturn heaven of the Goth.

A poet came who dreamed in stone
A mediæval dream
Of monks who sought the Light alone,
Hermits who found the Glean;
The somber age's lonely light
Informed the artist-hermit.

And Ypres and Chartres saw Notre-Dame
Born of the lonely mood;
When night was still and dark and calm
Craftsmen in stone and wood
Found golden, mystic images
And filigreed, strange traceries.

Out of the dark the living Light;
 The moon within the pool;
Here the dark poet came at night,
 Sombre and true and cool,
To home of shadow-play and moth,
The living temple of the Goth.

BOTOLPHS.



he little marshlands of a shrunken river,
Moist pasture-fields, a sense of sunken
On a wet world of green, slight rills that
Riverward, fieldward, loosely, and the quiver
Of tiny sea-winds: Botolphs. The sweet shiver
Of virgin Spring is marvelously won
Here in the lush; zones soon to be
The promise of what Summer will deliver.

Bright grey and tender green; a silvery light
Set in a stream; a little dewy world,
Too young for gold, for summer-love too slight;
A little maiden-ecstasy close-curled;
A wet sweet land of dream in a blue night
Of lightest sleep; a murmuring emerald.

ORCHARD SONGS.



hen apple-boughs are fruited,
When violet-leaves are vair,
The orchard's songs are bruited
Into the opal air.

Into the opal air,
Into the sunny lift,
The songs rise tulip-fair
With little airs adrift.

With little airs adrift,
With little winds afloat,
The little dream-songs shift
More lightly than a mote.

More lightly than a mote,
 The orchard-songs are trilled,
Each green leaf-echoing note
 With soft, sure star-dust filled.

With soft, sure star-dust filled,
 Like breaths of wakening birds,
The rainbow-notes are thrilled
 With good, green, shining words.

With good, green, shining words
 The true tree-songs are fluted
To elfin minor thirds
 When apple-boughs are fruited.

AWAKENING.



Love-lays are lilted
In meadows of may;
Her nose it is tilted,
Her eyes they are grey.

Her lashes are silky,
Her mouth is a peach,
Her breasts will be milky,
Wild honey's her speech.

Her pose is a poem,
Her hair is Apollo's,
Her hips are a proem
Whereafter love follows.

And after! And after?
Love follows in doubt;
Too eager for laughter,
Too fearful to pout.

Oh, Love for revealing
Slips after her, sly
With balsam for healing
Her, wayward and shy.

The meadows for may time;
The day for delight;
But after the day time
Love rushes with night.

Pass! Pass! The bright porches
 Are passed; dewy youth
Will quench the day's torches;
 Love knows night the truth.

And love-lays are lilted
 In meadows of may;
Her nose is tilted,
 Her eyes soft and grey.


And there outside it's night; the hill is starred,
Just as it was three thousand years ago:
Take down your Homer, with a gold regard
To old Odysseus. Say; was it not so
When brave Maeonides, a blind, fierce bard,
Fared out to sing—blind, with a sight unmarred?

There lies the barrow, shining in the moonlight,
It is out there, out on the homing hill;
Clasp close the treasured dream, the softly-strewn
That 'lumes your endless mind; oh! it is
light
still
The same old Truth! The same old, wondrous
rune-light
Shall lead you through its moonlight and its noon-
light.

Outside the world flows on; tonight the falling
Dews make the hill all sodden; through
the elms
The same wind blows; far off the sea is calling:
The same old dreams: the same old
roystering realms
Of men and wars; the same old pains are galling;
Outside it's night; the world has hushed its
brawling.

There lie the bones and sinews, nerve and marrow
Mouldered past dust, dead in the living
night;
There is the tomb, divorced from home and harrow:
There the old Chieftain lies; a village light
Gleams, and a blind is drawn. There is the narrow
Old mystic grave. Homer! There lies the barrow!

SADDLESCOMBE.

heocritus who shepherded the white-wooled
flocks of Greece.
Comes out at noon at Saddlescombe when
The noon-tide sun brings peace.
The fields breathe slow in the hey-day hour as
Summer's spell is rolled
Implacably in shimmering heat on flock and field
and fold.
He sings of Shepherd Daphnis, and of how his Love
was slain;
He trills the coolth of inlet-waters by the Argive
main;
And then he moves by Pycombe ridge that stands by
Saddlescombe,
And in the valley's glory dreams of his lost Daphnis'
tomb.
Apollo, winged and wonderful, with white sun-
sandaled feet,
Goes, gracious, golden, terrible, through the Sussex
summer heat
To smile upon Theocritus, who may not ever cease
To guide the singing shepherds as he guided them
in Greece.

SHEEP.



The old frocked, bearded shepherd drives his
cloud
Of fleecy white across the sunny meadows
Up the hill-side. The idle, crying crowd
Dallies to browse, pasturing midst the
shadows
Of gorse and bracken. Slowly the flock passes
Over the turf, amongst the rushy grasses.

The old, wise dog chases the lingering sheep
With modulated barking; the bell-wether
Tinkles to his lazy followers: the steep
Hillock's alive. The white cloud runs
together
Baaing, the dour grey shepherd following;
In noon-tide's blare the tinny sheep-bells ring.

IVORY.



In ivory are Canterbury bells;
The soaring bee's a golden argosy;
Yellow and gold; yellow and golden spells
In ivory.

The yellow-luted cuckoo on a sea
Of daffodils; the fluting of bee-cells;
Beatitudes in ivory melody.

This is the song that sways and swirls and swells
Softly in summer-dawns; an ivory key
To the green Gate where dwell ineffables
In ivory.

DECLINE.



ow droops the soft year to her dusk Nadir;
The sun wearies of wooing; life is stilled,
Silent; old Contemplation is fulfilled;
Now is the Fall of Time, the Under-year.
The skies are tender ere they grow severe;
The skies are tender, passion having willed
Beyond endurance: all the air is chilled,
And mournful is the heavy atmosphere.

The Year's inverted: even echoes dawn,
But tenderly; love lies subdued and
docile;
Greenness is veiled; the grey-
green earth is lush
With dew; on the sad lawn the laughing Faun
Fleers at the unborn Spring; the earth's a
fossil,
And drooping low swings in the
sunless hush.

HYMN TO ASTARTE.



starte, deal, delivery
To the Green World of Wonder;
Thou sickle of midwifery,
Cutting the chords asunder;
Thou Lady of the reverie
Hidden behind the thunder!

Astarte, bring the corn-fields
Fruition in Thy peace!
Astarte, glad the morn-fields
That starlight may increase!
Astarte, heal the torn fields
Of flesh, that men release!

Astarte, may the grain drop
To glad the rutting ram!
Astarte, let the gain drop
From out the heavy dam!
Astarte, send thy rain-drop
That cools the new-born lamb!

Astarte, grant addition
 Unto the waiting womb!
Astarte, deal derision
 Unto the tedious tomb!
Astarte, find fruition
 For every blushing bloom!

Astarte, thou wilt render
 Rest to the restless woods;
Make bearing women slender;
 Ungirdle virgin snoods;
Let tender lips engender
 Life for new multitudes.

Before thee sway the swallows
 Over the spring-set seas;
They seek the hidden hollows
 About the lonely seas;
They know how summer follows
 Thy silver mysteries.

Oh, path and pond and pricket
 Oh, pod and pool and prickle.
Wait at the narrow wicket
 Of life: be thou not fickle!
Grant crow and crake and cricket
 Increase, as swells thy sickle!

Oh, where the ways are stony
 Give life to snake and lizard;
Grant green fields to the coney:
 Thy warlock and thy wizard
With lingam and with yoni
 Burn liver, heart and gizzard.

Thy holy silver dishes,
 Astarte, grace thy dome:
Thy little silver fishes
 Sing in thine holy foam:
Grant thou earth's virgin wishes!
 Drive thou thy true seed home!

EPILOGUE.

From love to love,
From hill to hill,
To rove and rove ;
This is my Will.

Until, until
I shall return,
I thrill and thrill,
I burn and burn.

For love I yearn
While love I spill :
New love I learn
By a Wind-mill.

Oh, wing you still,
My wandering dove,
From hill to hill,
From love to love.



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