

**FEMINA CONTRA MUNDUM**

The sun was black with judgment, and the moon      Blood: but between I  
saw a man stand, saying, 'To me at least      The grass is green.

'There was no star that I forgot to fear      With love and wonder. The birds  
have loved me'; but no answer came--      Only the thunder.

Once more the man stood, saying, 'A cottage door,      Wherethrough I  
gazed That instant as I turned--yea, I am vile;      Yet my eyes blazed.

'For I had weighed the mountains in a balance,      And the skies in a  
scale, I come to sell the stars--old lamps for new--      Old stars for sale.'

Then a calm voice fell all the thunder through,      A tone less rough: 'Thou  
hast begun to love one of my works      Almost enough.'