

## MOONRISE

AND who has seen the moon, who has not seen  
Her rise from out the chamber of the deep,  
Flushed and grand and naked, as from the chamber  
Of finished bridegroom, seen her rise and throw  
Confession of delight upon the wave,  
Littering the waves with her own superscription  
Of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards  
us  
Spread out and known at last, and we are sure  
That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,  
That perfect, bright experience never falls  
To nothingness, and time will dim the moon  
Sooner than our full consummation here  
In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.