

Thy grand revengeful eyes when all is o'er, -  
These things are well enough, - but thou wert made  
For more august creation! frenzied Lear  
Should at thy bidding wander on the heath  
With the shrill fool to mock him, Romeo  
For thee should lure his love, and desperate fear  
Pluck Richard's recreant dagger from its sheath -  
Thou trumpet set for Shakespeare's lips to blow!

Poem: Phedre

(To Sarah Bernhardt)

How vain and dull this common world must seem  
To such a One as thou, who should'st have talked  
At Florence with Mirandola, or walked  
Through the cool olives of the Academe:  
Thou should'st have gathered reeds from a green stream  
For Goat-foot Pan's shrill piping, and have played  
With the white girls in that Phaeacian glade  
Where grave Odysseus wakened from his dream.

Ah! surely once some urn of Attic clay  
Held thy wan dust, and thou hast come again  
Back to this common world so dull and vain,  
For thou wert weary of the sunless day,  
The heavy fields of scentless asphodel,  
The loveless lips with which men kiss in Hell.

Poem: Sonnet On Hearing The Dies Irae Sung In The Sistine Chapel

Nay, Lord, not thus! white lilies in the spring,  
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted dove,  
Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring:  
A bird at evening flying to its nest  
Tells me of One who had no place of rest:  
I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,  
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,  
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song,  
Come when the splendid fulness of the moon