



# POEM OF PASSION

BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX  
1883

This ebook is available for FREE at [PinkPoem.com](http://PinkPoem.com). If you bought it, you've paid too much. Feel free to share it, post it, print it, or copy it.

# Poems of Passion

---

## LIST OF POEMS :

1. Love's Language
2. Impatience
3. Communism
4. The Common Lot
5. Individuality
6. Friendship After Love
7. Queries
8. Upon The Sand
9. Reunited
10. What Shall We Do?
11. The Beautiful Blue Danube
12. Answered
13. Through the Valley
14. But One
15. Guilo
16. The Duet
17. Little Queen
18. Wherefore?
19. Delilah
20. Love Song
21. Time and Love
22. Change
23. Desolation
24. Isaura
25. The Coquette
26. New and Old
27. Not Quite The Same
28. From The Grave
29. A Waltz-Quadrille
30. Beppo
31. Tired
32. The Speech Of Silence
33. Conversion
34. Love's Coming
35. Old And New
36. Perfectness
37. Attraction
38. Gracia
39. Ad Finem
40. Bleak Weather
41. An Answer
42. You Will Forget Me
43. The Farewell of Clarimonde
44. The Trio

# Poems of Passion

---

## PREFACE

Among the twelve hundred poems which have emanated from my too prolific pen there are some forty or fifty which treat entirely of that emotion which has been denominated "the grand passion"—love. A few of those are of an extremely fiery character.

When I issued my collection known as "Maurine, and Other Poems," I purposely omitted all save two or three of these. I had been frequently accused of writing only sentimental verses; and I took pleasure and pride in presenting to the public a volume which contained more than one hundred poems upon other than sentimental topics. But no sooner was the book published than letters of regret came to me from friends and strangers, and from all quarters of the globe, asking why this or that love poem had been omitted. These regrets were repeated to me by so many people that I decided to collect and issue these poems in a small volume to be called "Poems of Passion." By the word "Passion" I meant the "grand passion" of love. To those who take exception to the title of the book I would suggest an early reference to Webster's definitions of the word.

Since this volume has caused so much agitation throughout the entire country, and even sent a tremor across the Atlantic into the Old World, I beg leave to make a few statements concerning some of the poems.

The excitement of mingled horror and amaze seems to center upon four poems, namely: "[Delilah](#)," "[Ad Finem](#)," "[Conversion](#)," and "[Communism](#)."

"[Delilah](#)" was written and first published in 1877. I had been reading history, and became stirred by the power of such women as Aspasia and Cleopatra over such grand men as Antony, Socrates, and Pericles. Under the influence of this feeling I dashed off "[Delilah](#)," which I meant to be an expression of the powerful fascination of such a woman upon the memory of a man, even as he neared the hour of death. If the poem is immoral, then the history which inspired it is immoral. I consider it my finest effort.

"[Ad Finem](#)" was written in 1878. I think there are few women of strong character and affections who cannot, from either experience or observation, understand the violent intensity of regret and despair which sometimes takes possession of the human heart after the loss by death, fate, or the force of circumstances, of some one very dear.

## Poems of Passion

In "Ad Finem" I intended to give voice to this very common experience of almost every heart. Many noble women have since told me that the poem was true to life. It is not, as many people have wilfully or stupidly construed it, a bit of poetical advice to womankind to "barter the joys of Paradise" for "just one kiss." It is simply an illustration of a moment of turbulent anguish and vehement despair, such moments of unreasoning and overwhelming sorrow as the most moral people may experience during a lifetime.

In "Communism" I endeavored to use a new simile in illustrating that somewhat hackneyed theme of the supremacy of Love over Reason; and simply to carry out my idea I represented the violent uprising of the Communist emotions against King Reason.

"Conversion" was suggested to me by the remark of a gentleman friend. In speaking to me of the woman he loved, he said: "I have always been a skeptic regarding the existence of heaven, but I am so much happier in my love for this woman than I ever supposed it possible for me to be on earth that I begin to believe that the tales of heavenly raptures may be true."

I embodied his idea in the poem which has brought, with a few others, so much censure and criticism upon this volume, although it contains nearly seventy-five other selections quite irreproachable in character, however faulty they may be in construction.

It is impossible to pursue a successful literary career and follow the advice of all one's "best friends." I have received severe censure from my orthodox friends for writing liberal verses. My liberal friends condemn my devout and religious poems as "aiding superstition." My early temperance verses were pronounced "fanatical trash" by others.

With all due thanks and appreciation for the kind motives which interest so many dear friends in my career, I yet feel compelled to follow the light which my own intellect and judgment cast upon my way, rather than any one of the many conflicting rays which other minds would lend me.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

## LOVE'S LANGUAGE

*H*ow does Love speak?

In the faint flush upon the tell-tale cheek,  
And in the pallor that succeeds it; by  
The quivering lid of an averted eye—  
The smile that proves the patent to a sigh—  
Thus doth Love speak.

*H*ow does Love speak?

By the uneven heart-throbs, and the freak  
Of bounding pulses that stand still and ache,  
While new emotions, like strange barges, make  
Along vein-channels their disturbing course;  
Still as the dawn, and with the dawn's swift force—  
Thus doth Love speak.

*H*ow does Love speak?

In the avoidance of that which we seek—  
The sudden silence and reserve when near—  
The eye that glistens with an unshed tear—  
The joy that seems the counterpart of fear,  
As the alarmed heart leaps in the breast,  
And knows and names and greets its godlike guest—  
Thus doth Love speak.

*H*ow does Love speak?

In the proud spirit suddenly grown meek—  
The haughty heart grown humble; in the tender  
And unnamed light that floods the world with splendor;  
In the resemblance which the fond eyes trace  
In all fair things to one beloved face;  
In the shy touch of hands that thrill and tremble;  
In looks and lips that can no more dissemble—  
Thus doth Love speak.

## Poems of Passion

---

*H*ow does Love speak?

In the wild words that uttered seem so weak  
They shrink ashamed to silence; in the fire  
Glance strikes with glance, swift flashing high and higher  
Like lightnings that precede the mighty storm;  
In the deep, soulful stillness; in the warm,  
Impassioned tide that sweeps through throbbing veins  
Between the shores of keen delight and pains;  
In the embrace where madness melts in bliss,  
And in the convulsive rapture of a kiss—  
Thus doth Love speak.

## IMPATIENCE

*H*ow can I wait until you come to me?  
The once fleet mornings linger by the way,  
Their sunny smiles touched with malicious glee  
At my unrest; they seem to pause, and play  
Like truant children, while I sigh and say,  
How can I wait?

*H*ow can I wait? Of old, the rapid hours  
Refused to pause or loiter with me long;  
But now they idly fill their hands with flowers,  
And make no haste, but slowly stroll among  
The summer blooms, not heeding my one song,  
How can I wait?

*H*ow can I wait? The nights alone are kind;  
They reach forth to a future day, and bring  
Sweet dreams of you to people all my mind;  
And time speeds by on light and airy wing.  
I feast upon your face, I no more sing,  
How can I wait?

*H*ow can I wait? The morning breaks the spell  
A pitying night has flung upon my soul.  
You are not near me, and I know full well  
My heart has need of patience and control;  
Before we meet, hours, days, and weeks must roll.  
How can I wait?

*H*ow can I wait? Oh, love, how can I wait  
Until the sunlight of your eyes shall shine  
Upon my world that seems so desolate?  
Until your hand-clasp warms my blood like wine;  
Until you come again, oh, love of mine,  
How can I wait?

## C OMMUNISM

When my blood flows calm as a purling river,  
When my heart is asleep and my brain has sway,  
It is then that I vow we must part forever,  
That I will forget you, and put you away  
Out of my life, as a dream is banished  
Out of the mind when the dreamer awakes;  
That I know it will be, when the spell has vanished,  
Better for both of our sakes.

When the court of the mind is ruled by Reason,  
I know it is wiser for us to part;  
But Love is a spy who is plotting treason,  
In league with that warm, red rebel, the Heart.  
They whisper to me that the King is cruel,  
That his reign is wicked, his law a sin;  
And every word they utter is fuel  
To the flame that smoulders within.

And on nights like this, when my blood runs riot  
With the fever of youth and its mad desires,  
When my brain in vain bids my heart be quiet,  
When my breast seems the centre of lava-fires,  
Oh, then is the time when most I miss you,  
And I swear by the stars and my soul and say  
That I will have you and hold you and kiss you,  
Though the whole world stands in the way.

And like Communists, as mad, as disloyal,  
My fierce emotions roam out of their lair;  
They hate King Reason for being royal;  
They would fire his castle, and burn him there.  
Oh, Love! they would clasp you and crush you and kill you,  
In the insurrection of uncontrol.  
Across the miles, does this wild war thrill you  
That is raging in my soul?

<< Back to Poem List

## THE COMMON LOT

It is a common fate—a woman's lot—  
To waste on one the riches of her soul,  
Who takes the wealth she gives him, but cannot  
Repay the interest, and much less the whole.

As I look up into your eyes and wait  
For some response to my fond gaze and touch,  
It seems to me there is no sadder fate  
Than to be doomed to loving overmuch.

Are you not kind? Ah, yes, so very kind—  
So thoughtful of my comfort, and so true.  
Yes, yes, dear heart; but I, not being blind,  
Know that I am not loved as I love you.

One tenderer word, a little longer kiss,  
Will fill my soul with music and with song;  
And if you seem abstracted, or I miss  
The heart-tone from your voice, my world goes wrong.

And oftentimes you think me childish—weak—  
When at some thoughtless word the tears will start;  
You cannot understand how aught you speak  
Has power to stir the depths of my poor heart.

I cannot help it, dear,—I wish I could,  
Or feign indifference where I now adore;  
For if I seemed to love you less you would,  
Manlike, I have no doubt, love me the more.

## Poems of Passion

---

'Tis a sad gift, that much applauded thing,  
A constant heart; for fact doth daily prove  
That constancy finds oft a cruel sting,  
While fickle natures win the deeper love

## I NDIVIDUALITY

O yes, I love you, and with all my heart;  
Just as a weaker woman loves her own,  
Better than I love my beloved art,  
Which, till you came, reigned royally, alone,  
My king, my master. Since I saw your face  
I have dethroned it, and you hold that place.

I am as weak as other women are:  
Your frown can make the whole world like a tomb;  
Your smile shines brighter than the sun, by far.  
Sometimes I think there is not space or room  
In all the earth for such a love as mine,  
And it soars up to breathe in realms divine.

I know that your desertion or neglect  
Could break my heart, as women's hearts do break.  
If my wan days had nothing to expect  
From your love's splendor, all joy would forsake  
The chambers of my soul. Yes, this is true.  
And yet, and yet—one thing I keep from you.

T here is a subtle part of me, which went  
Into my long pursued and worshipped art;  
Though your great love fills me with such content  
No other love finds room now, in my heart.  
Yet that rare essence was my art's alone.  
Thank God, you cannot grasp it; 'tis mine own.

T hank God, I say, for while I love you so,  
With that vast love, as passionate as tender,  
I feel an exultation as I know

## Poems of Passion

I have not made you a complete surrender.  
Here is my body; bruise it, if you will,  
And break my heart; I have that *something* still.

You cannot grasp it. Seize the breath of morn  
Or bind the perfume of the rose, as well.  
God put it in my soul when I was born;  
It is not mine to give away, or sell,  
Or offer up on any altar shrine.  
It was my art's; and when not art's, 'tis mine,

For love's sake I can put the art away,  
Or anything which stands 'twixt me and you.  
But that strange essence God bestowed, I say,  
To permeate the work He gave to do:  
And it cannot be drained, dissolved, or sent  
Through any channel save the one He meant.

**F**RIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE

*A*fter the fierce midsummer all ablaze  
Has burned itself to ashes, and expires  
In the intensity of its own fires,  
There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days,  
Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.  
So after Love has led us, till he tires  
Of his own throes and torments and desires,  
Comes large-eyed friendship: with a restful gaze  
He beckons us to follow, and across  
Cool, verdant vales we wander free from care.  
Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?  
Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?  
We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;  
And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

## QUERIES

**W**ell, how has it been with you since we met  
That last strange time of a hundred times?  
When we met to swear that we could forget—  
I your caresses, and you my rhymes—  
The rhyme of my lays that rang like a bell,  
And the rhyme of my heart with yours, as well?

**H**ow has it been since we drank that last kiss,  
That was bitter with lees of the wasted wine,  
When the tattered remains of a threadbare bliss,  
And the worn-out shreds of a joy divine,  
With a year's best dreams and hopes, were cast  
Into the rag-bag of the Past?

**S**ince Time, the rag-buyer, hurried away,  
With a chuckle of glee at a bargain made,  
Did you discover, like me, one day,  
That, hid in the folds of those garments frayed,  
Were priceless jewels and diadems—  
The soul's best treasures, the heart's best gems?

**H**ave you, too, found that you could not supply  
The place of those jewels so rare and chaste?  
Do all that you borrow or beg or buy  
Prove to be nothing but skilful paste?  
Have you found pleasure, as I found art,  
Not all-sufficient to fill your heart?

**D**o you sometimes sigh for the tattered shreds  
Of the old delight that we cast away,

## Poems of Passion

---

And find no worth in the silken threads  
Of newer fabrics we wear to-day?  
Have you thought the bitter of that last kiss  
Better than sweets of a later bliss?

What idle queries!—or yes or no—  
Whatever your answer, I understand  
That there is no pathway by which we can go  
Back to the dead past's wonderland;  
And the gems he purchased from me, from you,  
There is no rebuying from Time, the Jew.

## UPON THE SAND

All love that has not friendship for its base  
Is like a mansion built upon the sand.  
Though brave its walls as any in the land,  
And its tall turrets lift their heads in grace;  
Though skilful and accomplished artists trace  
Most beautiful designs on every hand,  
And gleaming statues in dim niches stand,  
And fountains play in some flow'r-hidden place.

Yet, when from the frowning east a sudden gust  
Of adverse fate is blown, or sad rains fall,  
Day in, day out, against its yielding wall,  
Lo! the fair structure crumbles to the dust.  
Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,  
Needs friendship's solid mason-work below.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## R EUNITED

*L*et us begin, dear love, where we left off;  
Tie up the broken threads of that old dream,  
And go on happy as before, and seem  
Lovers again, though all the world may scoff.

*L*et us forget the graves which lie between  
Our parting and our meeting, and the tears  
That rusted out the gold-work of the years,  
The frosts that fell upon our gardens green.

*L*et us forget the cold, malicious fate  
Who made our loving hearts her idle toys,  
And once more revel in the old sweet joys  
Of happy love. Nay, it is not too late!

*F*orget the deep-ploughed furrows in my brow;  
Forget the silver gleaming in my hair;  
Look only in my eyes! Oh! darling, there  
The old love shone no warmer then than now.

*D*own in the tender deeps of thy dear eyes  
I find the lost sweet memory of my youth,  
Bright with the holy radiance of thy truth,  
And hallowed with the blue of summer skies.

*T*ie up the broken threads and let us go,  
Like reunited lovers, hand in hand,  
Back, and yet onward, to the sunny land  
Of our To Be, which was our Long Ago.

<< Back to Poem List

## WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Here now forevermore our lives must part.  
My path leads there, and yours another way.  
What shall we do with this fond love, dear heart?  
It grows a heavier burden day by day.

Hide it? In all earth's caverns, void and vast,  
There is not room enough to hide it, dear;  
Not even the mighty storehouse of the past  
Could cover it from our own eyes, I fear.

Drown it? Why, were the contents of each ocean  
Merged into one great sea, too shallow then  
Would be its waters to sink this emotion  
So deep it could not rise to life again.

Burn it? In all the furnace flames below,  
It would not in a thousand years expire.  
Nay! it would thrive, exult, expand, and grow,  
For from its very birth it fed on fire.

Starve it? Yes, yes, that is the only way.  
Give it no food, of glance, or word, or sigh;  
No memories, even, of any bygone day;  
No crumbs of vain regrets—so let it die.

<< Back to Poem List

## **T**HE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE

They drift down the hall together;  
He smiles in her lifted eyes;  
Like waves of that mighty river,  
The strains of the "Danube" rise.  
They float on its rhythmic measure  
Like leaves on a summer-stream;  
And here, in this scene of pleasure,  
I bury my sweet, dead dream.

Through the cloud of her dusky tresses,  
Like a star, shines out her face,  
And the form his strong arm presses  
Is sylph like in its grace.  
As a leaf on the bounding river  
Is lost in the seething sea,  
I know that forever and ever  
My dream is lost to me.

And still the viols are playing  
That grand old wordless rhyme;  
And still those two are swaying  
In perfect tune and time.  
If the great bassoons that mutter,  
If the clarinets that blow,  
Were given a voice to utter  
The secret things they know,

Would the lists of the slain who slumber  
On the Danube's battle-plains  
The unknown hosts outnumber

## Poems of Passion

---

Who die 'neath the "Danube's" strains?  
Those fall where cannons rattle,  
'Mid the rain of shot and shell;  
But these, in a fiercer battle,  
Find death in the music's swell.

With the river's roar of passion  
Is blended the dying groan;  
But here, in the halls of fashion,  
Hearts break, and make no moan.  
And the music, swelling and sweeping,  
Like the river, knows it all;  
But none are counting or keeping  
The lists of these who fall.

# Poems of Passion

---

[<< Back to Poem List](#)

## A ANSWERED

Good-bye—yes, I am going.  
Sudden? Well, you are right;  
But a startling truth came home to me  
With sudden force last night.  
What is it? Shall I tell you?  
Nay, that is why I go.  
I am running away from the battlefield  
Turning my back on the foe.

Riddles? You think me cruel!  
Have you not been most kind?  
Why, when you question me like that,  
What answer can I find?  
You fear you failed to amuse me,  
Your husband's friend and guest,  
Whom he bade you entertain and please—  
Well, you have done your best.  
Then why am I going?  
A friend of mine abroad,  
Whose theories I have been acting upon,  
Has proven himself a fraud.  
You have heard me quote from Plato  
A thousand times no doubt;  
Well, I have discovered he did not know  
What he was talking about.

You think I am speaking strangely?  
You cannot understand?  
Well, let me look down into your eyes,  
And let me take your hand.  
I am running away from danger;  
I am flying before I fall;

## *Poems of Passion*

---

I am going because with heart and soul  
I love you—that is all.  
There, now you are white with anger;  
I knew it would be so.  
You should not question a man too close  
When he tells you he must go.

<< Back to Poem List

## **T**HROUGH THE VALLEY [AFTER JAMES THOMSON]

*A*s I came through the Valley of Despair,  
As I came through the valley, on my sight,  
More awful than the darkness of the night,  
Shone glimpses of a Past that had been fair,  
And memories of eyes that used to smile,  
And wafts of perfume from a vanished isle,  
As I came through the valley.

*A*s I came through the valley I could see,  
As I came through the valley, fair and far,  
As drowning men look up and see a star,  
The fading shore of my lost used-to-be;  
And like an arrow in my heart I heard  
The last sad notes of hope's expiring bird,  
As I came through the valley.

*A*s I came through the valley desolate,  
As I came through the valley, like a beam  
Of lurid lightning I beheld a gleam  
Of love's great eyes that now were full of hate.  
Dear God! Dear God! I could bear all but that;  
But I fell down soul-stricken, dead, thereat,  
As I came through the valley.

<< Back to Poem List

## BUT ONE

The year has but one June, dear friend;  
The year has but one June;  
And when that perfect month doth end,  
The robin's song, though loud, though long,  
Seems never quite in tune.

The rose, though still its blushing face  
By bee and bird is seen,  
May yet have lost that subtle grace—  
That nameless spell the winds know  
Which makes it garden's queen.

Life's perfect June, love's red, red rose,  
Have burned and bloomed for me.  
Though still youth's summer sunlight glows;  
Though thou art kind, dear friend, I find  
I have no heart for thee.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## GUILO

Yes, yes! I love thee, Guilo; thee alone.  
Why dost thou sigh, and wear that face of sorrow?  
The sunshine is to-day's, although it shone  
On yesterday, and may shine on to-morrow.

I love but thee, my Guilo! be content;  
The greediest heart can claim but present pleasure.  
The future is thy God's. The past is spent.  
To-day is thine; clasp close the precious treasure.

See how I love thee, Guilo! Lips and eyes  
Could never under thy fond gaze dissemble.  
I could not feign these passion-laden sighs;  
Deceiving thee, my pulses would not tremble.

"So I loved Romney." Hush, thou foolish one—  
I should forget him wholly wouldst thou let me;  
Or but remember that his day was done  
From that supremest hour when first I met thee.

"And Paul?" Well, what of Paul? Paul had blue eyes,  
And Romney gray, and thine are darkly tender!  
One finds fresh feelings under change of skies—  
A new horizon brings a newer splendor.

## Poems of Passion

---

*A*s I love thee I never loved before;  
Believe me, Guilo, for I speak most truly.  
What though to Romney and to Paul I swore  
The self-same words; my heart now worships newly.

*W*e never feel the same emotion twice:  
No two ships ever ploughed the self-same billow;  
The waters change with every fall and rise;  
So, Guilo, go contented to thy pillow.

<< Back to Poem List

## THE DUET

**J** was smoking a cigarette;  
Maud, my wife, and the tenor, McKey,  
Were singing together a blithe duet,  
And days it were better I should forget  
Came suddenly back to me—  
Days when life seemed a gay masque ball,  
And to love and be loved was the sum of it all.

**A**s they sang together, the whole scene fled,  
The room's rich hangings, the sweet home air,  
Stately Maud, with her proud blond head,  
And I seemed to see in her place instead  
A wealth of blue-black hair,  
And a face, ah! your face—yours, Lisette;  
A face it were wiser I should forget.

**W**e were back—well, no matter when or where;  
But you remember, I know, Lisette.  
I saw you, dainty and debonair,  
With the very same look that you used to wear  
In the days I should forget.  
And your lips, as red as the vintage we quaffed,  
Were pearl-edged bumpers of wine when you laughed.

**T**wo small slippers with big rosettes  
Peeped out under your kilt skirt there,  
While we sat smoking our cigarettes  
(Oh, I shall be dust when my heart forgets')  
And singing that self-same an,  
And between the verses, for interlude,  
I kissed your throat and your shoulders nude.

## Poems of Passion

---

You were so full of a subtle fire,  
You were so warm and so sweet, Lisette;  
You were everything men admire,  
And there were no fetters to make us tire,  
For you were—a pretty grisette.  
But you loved, as only such natures can,  
With a love that makes heaven or hell for a man.

They have ceased singing that old duet,  
Stately Maud and the tenor, McKey.  
"You are burning your coat with your cigarette,  
And *qu'avez vous*, dearest, your lids are wet,"  
Maud says, as she leans o'er me.  
And I smile, and lie to her, husband-wise,  
"Oh, it is nothing but smoke in my eyes."

<< Back to Poem List

## LITTLE QUEEN

Do you remember the name I wore—  
The old pet-name of Little Queen—  
In the dear, dead days that are no more,  
The happiest days of our lives, I ween?  
For we loved with that passionate love of youth  
That blesses but once with its perfect bliss—  
A love that, in spite of its trust and truth,  
Seems never to thrive in a world like this.

I lived for you, and you lived for me;  
All was centered in "Little Queen;"  
And never a thought in our hearts had we  
That strife or trouble could come between.  
What utter sinking of self it was!  
How little we cared for the world of men!  
For love's fair kingdom and love's sweet laws  
Were all of the world and life to us then.

But a love like ours was a challenge to Fate;  
She rang down the curtain and shifted the scene;  
Yet sometimes now, when the day grows late,  
I can hear you calling for Little Queen;  
For a happy home and a busy life  
Can never wholly crowd out our past;  
In the twilight pauses that come from strife,  
You will think of me while life shall last.

## Poems of Passion

---

*A*nd however sweet the voice of fame  
May sing to me of a great world's praise,  
I shall long sometimes for the old pet-name  
That you gave to me in the dear, dead days;  
And nothing the angel band can say,  
When I reach the shores of the great Unseen,  
Can please me so much as on that day  
To hear your greeting of "Little Queen."

<< Back to Poem List

## W HEREFORE?

Wherefore in dreams are sorrows borne anew,  
A healed wound opened, or the past revived?  
Last night in my deep sleep I dreamed of you;  
Again the old love woke in me, and thrived  
On looks of fire, and kisses, and sweet words  
Like silver waters purling in a stream,  
Or like the amorous melodies of birds:  
A dream—a dream!

Again upon the glory of the scene  
There settled that dread shadow of the cross  
That, when hearts love too well, falls in between;  
That warns them of impending woe and loss.  
Again I saw you drifting from my life,  
As barques are rudely parted in a stream;  
Again my heart was torn with awful strife:  
A dream—a dream!

Again the deep night settled on me there,  
Alone I groped, and heard strange waters roll,  
Lost in that blackness of supreme despair  
That comes but once to any living soul.  
Alone, afraid, I called your name aloud—  
Mine eyes, unveiled, beheld white stars a gleam,  
And lo! awake, I cried, "Thank God, thank God!  
A dream—a dream!"

<< Back to Poem List

## DELILAH

**I**n the midnight of darkness and terror,  
When I would grope nearer to God,  
With my back to a record of error  
And the highway of sin I have trod,  
There come to me shapes I would banish—  
The shapes of the deeds I have done;  
And I pray and I plead till they vanish—  
All vanish and leave me, save one.

**T**hat one with a smile like the splendor  
Of the sun in the middle-day skies—  
That one with a spell that is tender—  
That one with a dream in her eyes—  
Cometh close, in her rare Southern beauty,  
Her languor, her indolent grace;  
And my soul turns its back on its duty,  
To live in the light of her face.

**S**he touches my cheek, and I quiver—  
I tremble with exquisite pains;  
She sighs—like an overcharged river  
My blood rushes on through my veins',  
She smiles—and in mad-tiger fashion,  
As a she-tiger fondles her own,  
I clasp her with fierceness and passion,  
And kiss her with shudder and groan.

## Poems of Passion

---

Once more, in our love's sweet beginning,  
I put away God and the World;  
Once more, in the joys of our sinning,  
Are the hopes of eternity hurled.  
There is nothing my soul lacks or misses  
As I clasp the dream shape to my breast;  
In the passion and pain of her kisses  
Life blooms to its richest and best.

O ghost of dead sin unrelenting,  
Go back to the dust and the sod!  
Too dear and too sweet for repenting,  
Ye stand between me and my God.  
If I, by the Throne, should behold you,  
Smiling up with those eyes loved so well,  
Close, close in my arms I would fold you,  
And drop with you down to sweet Hell!

<< Back to Poem List

## LOVE SONG

Once in the world's first prime,  
When nothing lived or stirred—  
Nothing but new-born Time,  
Nor was there even a bird—  
The Silence spoke to a Star;  
But I do not dare repeat  
What it said to its love afar,  
It was too sweet, too sweet.

But there, in the fair world's youth,  
Ere sorrow had drawn breath,  
When nothing was known but Truth,  
Nor was there even death,  
The Star to Silence was wed,  
And the Sun was priest that day,  
And they made their bridal-bed  
High in the Milky Way.

For the great white star had heard  
Her silent lover's speech;  
It needed no passionate word  
To pledge them each to each.  
Oh, lady fair and far,  
Hear, oh, hear and apply!  
Thou, the beautiful Star—  
The voiceless Silence, I.

<< Back to Poem List

## **T**IME AND LOVE

**T**ime flies. The swift hours hurry by  
And speed us on to untried ways;  
New seasons ripen, perish, die,  
And yet love stays.  
The old, old love—like sweet, at first,  
At last like bitter wine—  
I know not if it blest or curst  
Thy life and mine.

**T**ime flies. In vain our prayers, our tears!  
We cannot tempt him to delays;  
Down to the past he bears the years,  
And yet love stays.  
Through changing task and varying dream  
We hear the same refrain,  
As one can hear a plaintive theme  
Run through each strain.

**T**ime flies. He steals our pulsing youth;  
He robs us of our care-free days;  
He takes away our trust and truth:  
And yet love stays.  
O Time! take love! When love is vain,  
When all its best joys die—  
When only its regrets remain—  
Let love, too, fly.

<< Back to Poem List

## C H A N G E

Changed? Yes, I will confess it—I have changed.  
I do not love in the old fond way.  
I am your friend still—time has not estranged  
One kindly feeling of that vanished day.

But the bright glamour which made life a dream,  
The rapture of that time, its sweet content,  
Like visions of a sleeper's brain they seem—  
And yet I cannot tell you how they went.

Why do you gaze with such accusing eyes  
Upon me, dear? Is it so very strange  
That hearts, like all things underneath God's skies  
Should sometimes feel the influence of change?

The birds, the flowers, the foliage of the trees,  
The stars which seem so fixed and so sublime,  
Vast continents and the eternal seas—  
All these do change with ever-changing time.

The face our mirror shows us year on year  
Is not the same; our dearest aim or need,  
Our lightest thought or feeling, hope or fear,  
All, all the law of alteration heed.

## Poems of Passion

---

*H*ow can we ask the human heart to stay  
Content with fancies of youth's earliest hours?  
The year outgrows the violets of May,  
Although, maybe, there are no fairer flowers.

*A*nd life may hold no sweeter love than this,  
Which lies so cold, so voiceless, and so dumb.  
And shall I miss it, dear? Why, yes, we miss  
The violets always—till the roses come!

## DESOLATION

**I** think that the bitterest sorrow or pain  
Of love unrequited, or cold death's woe,  
Is sweet compared to that hour when we know  
That some grand passion is on the wane;

**W**hen we see that the glory and glow and grace  
Which lent a splendor to night and day  
Are surely fading, and showing the gray  
And dull groundwork of the commonplace;

**W**hen fond expressions on dull ears fall,  
When the hands clasp calmly without one thrill,  
When we cannot muster by force of will  
The old emotions that came at call;

**W**hen the dream has vanished we fain would keep,  
When the heart, like a watch, runs out of gear,  
And all the savor goes out of the year,  
Oh, then is the time—if we can—to weep!

**B**ut no tears soften this dull, pale woe;  
We must sit and face it with dry, sad eyes.  
If we seek to hold it, the swifter joy flies—  
We can only be passive, and let it go.

## ISAURA

Dost thou not tire, Isaura, of this play?  
"What play?" Why, this old play of winning hearts!  
Nay, now, lift not thine eyes in that feigned way:  
'Tis all in vain—I know thee and thine arts.

Let us be frank, Isaura. I have made  
A study of thee; and while I admire  
The practised skill with which thy plans are laid,  
I can but wonder if thou dost not tire.

Why, I tire even of Hamlet and Macbeth!  
When overlong the season runs, I find  
Those master-scenes of passion, blood, and death,  
After a time do pall upon my mind.

Dost thou not tire of lifting up thine eyes  
To read the story thou hast read so oft—  
Of ardent glances and deep quivering sighs,  
Of haughty faces suddenly grown soft?

Is it not stale, oh, very stale, to thee,  
The scene that follows? Hearts are much the same;  
The loves of men but vary in degree—  
They find no new expressions for the flame.

Thou must know all they utter ere they speak,  
As I know Hamlet's part, whoever plays.  
Oh, does it not seem sometimes poor and weak?  
I think thou must grow weary of their ways.

J pity thee, Isaura! I would be  
The humblest maiden with her dream untold

## Poems of Passion

— — — — —  
Rather than live a Queen of Hearts, like thee,  
And find life's rarest treasures stale and old.

**J**pity thee; for now, let come what may,  
Fame, glory, riches, yet life will lack all.  
Wherewith can salt be salted? And what way  
Can life be seasoned after love doth pall?

## Poems of Passion

<< Back to Poem List

### THE COQUETTE

Alone she sat with her accusing heart,  
That, like a restless comrade frightened sleep,  
And every thought that found her, left a dart  
That hurt her so, she could not even weep.

Her heart that once had been a cup well filled  
With love's red wine, save for some drops of gall  
She knew was empty; though it had not spilled  
Its sweets for one, but wasted them on all.

She stood upon the grave of her dead truth,  
And saw her soul's bright armor red with rust,  
And knew that all the riches of her youth  
Were Dead Sea apples, crumbling into dust.

Love that had turned to bitter, biting scorn,  
Hearthstones despoiled, and homes made desolate,  
Made her cry out that she was ever born,  
To loathe her beauty and to curse her fate.

## Poems of Passion

<< Back to Poem List

### NEW AND OLD

*J* and new love, in all its living bloom,  
Sat vis-a-vis, while tender twilight hours  
Went softly by us, treading as on flowers.  
Then suddenly I saw within the room  
The old love, long since lying in its tomb.  
It dropped the cerecloth from its fleshless face  
And smiled on me, with a remembered grace  
That, like the noontide, lit the gloaming's gloom.

*U*pon its shroud there hung the grave's green mould,  
About it hung the odor of the dead;  
Yet from its cavernous eyes such light was shed  
That all my life seemed gilded, as with gold;  
Unto the trembling new love "Go," I said  
"I do not need thee, for I have the old."

## NOT QUITE THE SAME

Not quite the same the spring-time seems to me,  
Since that sad season when in separate ways  
Our paths diverged. There are no more such days  
As dawned for us in that lost time when we  
Dwelt in the realm of dreams, illusive dreams;  
Spring may be just as fair now, but it seems  
Not quite the same.

Not quite the same is life, since we two parted,  
Knowing it best to go our ways alone.  
Fair measures of success we both have known,  
And pleasant hours, and yet something departed  
Which gold, nor fame, nor anything we win  
Can all replace. And either life has been  
Not quite the same.

Love is not quite the same, although each heart  
Has formed new ties that are both sweet and true,  
But that wild rapture, which of old we knew,  
Seems to have been a something set apart  
With that lost dream. There is no passion, now,  
Mixed with this later love, which seems, somehow,  
Not quite the same.

Not quite the same am I. My inner being  
Reasons and knows that all is for the best.  
Yet vague regrets stir always in my breast,  
As my soul's eyes turn sadly backward, seeing  
The vanished self that evermore must be,  
This side of what we call eternity,  
Not quite the same.

## FROM THE GRAVE

When the first sere leaves of the year were falling,  
I heard, with a heart that was strangely thrilled,  
Out of the grave of a dead Past calling,  
A voice I fancied forever stilled.

All through winter and spring and summer,  
Silence hung over that grave like a pall,  
But, borne on the breath of the last sad comer,  
I listen again to the old-time call.

It is only a love of a by-gone season,  
A senseless folly that mocked at me  
A reckless passion that lacked all reason,  
So I killed it, and hid it where none could see.

It smothered it first to stop its crying,  
Then stabbed it through with a good sharp blade,  
And cold and pallid I saw it lying,  
And deep—ah' deep was the grave I made.

But now I know that there is no killing  
A thing like Love, for it laughs at Death.  
There is no hushing, there is no stilling  
That which is part of your life and breath.

You may bury it deep, and leave behind you  
The land, the people, that knew your slain;  
It will push the sods from its grave, and find you  
On wastes of water or desert plain.

## Poems of Passion

---

You may hear but tongues of a foreign people,  
You may list to sounds that are strange and new;  
But, clear as a silver bell in a steeple,  
That voice from the grave shall call to you.

You may rouse your pride, you may use your reason.  
And seem for a space to slay Love so;  
But, all in its own good time and season,  
It will rise and follow wherever you go.

You shall sit sometimes, when the leaves are falling,  
Alone with your heart, as I sit to-day,  
And hear that voice from your dead Past calling  
Out of the graves that you hid away.

## A WALTZ-QUADRILLE

The band was playing a waltz-quadrille,  
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,  
As we floated away, at the caller's will,  
Through the intricate, mazy dance together.  
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,  
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,  
All decked in their bright array;  
And back and forth to the music's rhyme  
We moved together, and all the time  
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill  
From heart to brain as we gently glided  
Like leaves on the wave of that waltz-quadrille;  
Parted, met, and again divided—  
You drifting one way, and I another,  
Then suddenly turning and facing each other,  
Then off in the blithe chasse,  
Then airily back to our places swaying,  
While every beat of the music seemed saying  
That you were going away.

I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill  
Of mirth and music and love and laughter;  
For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille,  
And life will be never the same life after.  
Oh, that the caller might go on calling,  
Oh, that the music might go on falling  
Like a shower of silver spray,  
While we whirled on to the vast Forever,  
Where no hearts break, and no ties sever,  
And no one goes away."

## Poems of Passion

---

*A* clamor, a crash, and the band was still;  
'Twas the end of the dream, and the end of the measure:  
The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille  
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of Pleasure.  
You said good-night, and the spell was over—  
Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover—  
There was nothing else to say;  
But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,  
And the music was sad, and the hall was dreary,  
After you went away.

## Poems of Passion

<< Back to Poem List

### BEPPPO

Why art thou sad, my Beppo? But last eve,  
Here at my feet, thy dear head on my breast,  
I heard thee say thy heart would no more grieve  
Or feel the olden ennui and unrest.

What troubles thee? Am I not all thine own?—  
I, so long sought, so sighed for and so dear?  
And do I not live but for thee alone?  
*"Thou hast seen Lippo, whom I loved last year!"*

Well, what of that? Last year is naught to me—  
'Tis swallowed in the ocean of the past.  
Art thou not glad 'twas Lippo, and not thee,  
Whose brief bright day in that great gulf was cast.  
*Thy* day is all before thee. Let no cloud,  
Here in the very morn of our delight,  
Drift up from distant foreign skies, to shroud  
Our sun of love whose radiance is so bright.

"Thou art not first?" Nay, and he who would be  
Defeats his own heart's dearest purpose then.  
No truer truth was ever told to thee—  
*Who has loved most, he best can love again.*

If Lippo (and not he alone) has taught  
The arts that please thee, wherefore art thou sad?  
Since all my vast love-lore to thee is brought,  
Look up and smile, my Beppo, and be glad.

# Poems of Passion

<< Back to Poem List



**J** am tired to-night, and something,  
The wind maybe, or the rain,  
Or the cry of a bird in the copse outside,  
Has brought back the past and its pain.  
And I feel, as I sit here thinking,  
That the hand of a dead old June  
Has reached out hold of my heart's loose strings,  
And is drawing them up in tune.

**J** am tired to-night, and I miss you,  
And long for you, love, through tears;  
And it seems but to-day that I saw you go—  
You, who have been gone for years.  
And I seem to be newly lonely—  
I, who am so much alone;  
And the strings of my heart are well in tune,  
But they have not the same old tone.

**J** am tired; and that old sorrow  
Sweeps down the bed of my soul,  
As a turbulent river might sudden'y break  
way from a dam's control.  
It beareth a wreck on its bosom,  
A wreck with a snow-white sail;  
And the hand on my heart strings thrums away,  
But they only respond with a wail.

<< Back to Poem List

## **T**HE SPEECH OF SILENCE

**T**he solemn Sea of Silence lies between us;  
I know thou livest, and them lovest me,  
And yet I wish some white ship would come sailing  
Across the ocean, beating word from thee.

**T**he dead calm awes me with its awful stillness.  
No anxious doubts or fears disturb my breast;  
I only ask some little wave of language,  
To stir this vast infinitude of rest.

**I** am oppressed with this great sense of loving;  
So much I give, so much receive from thee;  
Like subtle incense, rising from a censer,  
So floats the fragrance of thy love round me.

**A**ll speech is poor, and written words unmeaning;  
Yet such I ask, blown hither by some wind,  
To give relief to this too perfect knowledge,  
The Silence so impresses on my mind.

**H**ow poor the love that needeth word or message,  
To banish doubt or nourish tenderness!  
I ask them but to temper love's convictions  
The Silence all too fully doth express.

**T**oo deep the language which the spirit utters;  
Too vast the knowledge which my soul hath stirred.  
Send some white ship across the Sea of Silence,  
And interrupt its utterance with a word.

<< Back to Poem List

## CONVERSION

**J** have lived this life as the skeptic lives it;  
I have said the sweetness was less than the gall;  
Praising, nor cursing, the Hand that gives it,  
I have drifted aimlessly through it all.  
I have scoffed at the tale of a so-called heaven;  
I have laughed at the thought of a Supreme Friend;  
I have said that it only to man was given  
To live, to endure; and to die was the end.

**B**ut I know that a good God reigneth,  
Generous-hearted and kind and true;  
Since unto a worm like me he deigneth  
To send so royal a gift as you.  
Bright as a star you gleam on my bosom,  
Sweet as a rose that the wild bee sips;  
And I know, my own, my beautiful blossom,  
That none but a God could mould such lips.

**A**nd I believe, in the fullest measure  
That ever a strong man's heart could hold,  
In all the tales of heavenly pleasure  
By poets sung or by prophets told;  
For in the joy of your shy, sweet kisses,  
Your pulsing touch and your languid sigh  
I am filled and thrilled with better blisses  
Than ever were claimed for souls on high.

**A**nd now I have faith in all the stories  
Told of the beauties of unseen lands;  
Of royal splendors and marvellous glories

## Poems of Passion

Of the golden city not made with hands  
For the silken beauty of falling tresses,  
Of lips all dewy and cheeks aglow,  
With—what the mind in a half trance guesses  
Of the twin perfection of drifts of snow;

Of limbs like marble, of thigh and shoulder  
Carved like a statue in high relief—  
These, as the eyes and the thoughts grow bolder,  
Leave no room for an unbelief.  
So my lady, my queen most royal,  
My skepticism has passed away;  
If you are true to me, true and loyal,  
I will believe till the Judgment-day.

<< Back to Poem List

## LOVE'S COMING

She had looked for his coming as warriors come,  
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call:  
But he came instead with a stealthy tread,  
Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun,  
As he rode like a prince to claim his bride:  
In the sweet dim light of the falling night  
She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold eye  
Would wake her heart to a sudden glow:  
She found in his face the familiar grace  
Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,  
As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife:  
He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,  
And a peace which crowned her life.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## OLD AND NEW

Long have the poets vaunted, in their lays,  
Old times, old loves, old friendship, and old wine.  
Why should the old monopolize all praise?  
Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends when the old prove weak  
Or fail me in my darkest hour of need;  
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak  
Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,  
When all the grace and beauty leave the old;  
When like a rose it withers at my feet,  
Or like a hearth grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with a prosperous cheer,  
In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days;  
I hold a sunlit present far more dear,  
And worthy of my praise.

When the old deeds are threadbare and worn through,  
And all too narrow for the broadening soul,  
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,  
Fair, beautiful, and whole!

<< Back to Poem List

## PERFECTNESS

*A*ll perfect things are saddening in effect.  
The autumn wood robed in its scarlet clothes,  
The matchless tinting on the royal rose  
Whose velvet leaf by no least flaw is flecked,  
Love's supreme moment, when the soul unchecked  
Soars high as heaven, and its best rapture knows—  
These hold a deeper pathos than our woes,  
Since they leave nothing better to expect.

*R*esistless change, when powerless to improve,  
Can only mar. The gold will pale to gray;  
Nothing remains tomorrow as to-day;  
The lose will not seem quite so fait, and love  
Must find its measures of delight made less.  
Ah, how imperfect is all Perfectness!

<< Back to Poem List

## A**TT**RACTION

*T*he meadow and the mountain with desire  
Gazed on each other, till a fierce unrest  
Surged 'neath the meadow's seemingly calm breast,  
And all the mountain's fissures ran with fire.

*A* mighty river rolled between them there.  
What could the mountain do but gaze and burn?  
What could the meadow do but look and yearn,  
And gem its bosom to conceal despair?

*T*heir seething passion agitated space,  
Till, lo! the lands a sudden earthquake shook,  
The river fled, the meadow leaped and took  
The leaning mountain in a close embrace.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## G RACIA

Nay, nay, Antonio! nay, thou shalt not blame her,  
My Gracia, who hath so deserted me.  
Thou art my friend, but if thou dost defame her  
I shall not hesitate to challenge thee.

"Curse and forget her?" So I might another,  
One not so bounteous-natured or so fair;  
But she, Antonio, she was like no other—  
I curse her not, because she was so rare.

She was made out of laughter and sweet kisses;  
Not blood, but sunshine, through her blue veins ran  
Her soul spilled over with its wealth of blisses;  
She was too great for loving but a man.

None but a god could keep so rare a creature:  
I blame her not for her inconstancy;  
When I recall each radiant smile and feature,  
I wonder she so long was true to me.

Call her not false or fickle. I, who love her,  
Do hold her not unlike the royal sun,  
That, all unmated, roams the wide world over  
And lights all worlds, but lingers not with one.

If she were less a goddess, more a woman,  
And so had dallied for a time with me,

## Poems of Passion

---

And then had left me, I, who am but human,  
Would slay her and her newer love, maybe.

**B**ut since she seeks Apollo, or another  
Of those lost gods (and seeks him all in vain)  
And has loved me as well as any other  
Of her men loves, why, I do not complain.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## A D FINEM

**O**n the white throat of the' useless passion  
That scorched my soul with its burning breath  
I clutched my fingers in murderous fashion,  
And gathered them close in a grip of death;  
For why should I fan, or feed with fuel,  
A love that showed me but blank despair?  
So my hold was firm, and my grasp was cruel—  
I meant to strangle it then and there!

**J** thought it was dead. But with no warning,  
It rose from its grave last night, and came  
And stood by my bed till the early morning,  
And over and over it spoke your name.  
Its throat was red where my hands had held it;  
It burned my brow with its scorching breath;  
And I said, the moment my eyes beheld it,  
"A love like this can know no death."

**F**or just one kiss that your lips have given  
In the lost and beautiful past to me  
I would gladly barter my hopes of Heaven  
And all the bliss of Eternity.  
For never a joy are the angels keeping,  
To lay at my feet in Paradise,  
Like that of into your strong arms creeping,  
And looking into your love-lit eyes.

**J** know, in the way that sins are reckoned,  
This thought is a sin of the deepest dye;  
But I know, too, if an angel beckoned,



<< Back to Poem List

## BLEAK WEATHER

Dear Love, where the red lilies blossomed and grew  
The white snows are falling;  
And all through the woods where I wandered with you  
The loud winds are calling;  
And the robin that piped to us tune upon tune,  
Neath the oak, you remember,  
O'er hill-top and forest has followed the June  
And left us December.

He has left like a friend who is true in the sun  
And false in the shadows;  
He has found new delights in the land where he's gone,  
Greener woodlands and meadows.  
Let him go! what care we? let the snow shroud the lea,  
Let it drift on the heather;  
We can sing through it all: I have you, you have me.  
And we'll laugh at the weather.

The old year may die and a new year be born  
That is bleaker and colder:  
It cannot dismay us; we dare it, we scorn,  
For our love makes us bolder.  
Ah, Robin! sing loud on your far distant lea,  
You friend in fair weather!  
But here is a song sung that's fuller of glee,  
By two warm hearts together.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## **A**N ANSWER

**J**f all the year was summer time,  
And all the aim of life  
Was just to lilt on like a rhyme,  
Then I would be your wife.

**J**f all the days were August days,  
And crowned with golden weather,  
How happy then through green-clad ways  
We two could stray together!

**J**f all the nights were moonlit nights,  
And we had naught to do  
But just to sit and plan delights,  
Then I would wed with you.

**J**f life was all a summer fete,  
Its soberest pace the "glide,"  
Then I would choose you for my mate,  
And keep you at my side.

**B**ut winter makes full half the year,  
And labor half of life,  
And all the laughter and good cheer  
Give place to wearing strife.

**D**ays will grow cold, and moons wax old.  
And then a heart that's true  
Is better far than grace or gold—  
And so, my love, adieu!  
I cannot wed with you.

<< Back to Poem List

## **Y**OU WILL FORGET ME

You will forget me. The years are so tender,  
They bind up the wounds which we think are so deep;  
This dream of our youth will fade out as the splendor  
Fades from the skies when the sun sinks to sleep;  
The cloud of forgetfulness, over and over  
Will banish the last rosy colors away,  
And the fingers of time will weave garlands to cover  
The scar which you think is a life-mark to-day.

You will forget me. The one boon you covet  
Now above all things will soon seem no prize;  
And the heart, which you hold not in keeping to prove it  
True or untrue, will lose worth in your eyes.  
The one drop to-day, that you deem only wanting  
To fill your life-cup to the brim, soon will seem  
But a valueless mite; and the ghost that is haunting  
The aisles of your heart will pass out with the dream.

You will forget me; will thank me for saying  
The words which you think are so pointed with pain.  
Time loves a new lay; and the dirge he is playing  
Will change for you soon to a livelier strain.  
I shall pass from your life—I shall pass out forever,  
And these hours we have spent will be sunk in the past.  
Youth buries its dead; grief kills seldom or never,  
And forgetfulness covers all sorrows at last.

<< Back to Poem List

## **T**HE FAREWELL OF CLARIMONDE

(Suggested by the "Clarimonde" Of Théophile Gautier.)

*A*dieu, Romauld! But thou canst not forget me.  
Although no more I haunt thy dreams at night,  
Thy hungering heart forever must regret me,  
And starve for those lost moments of delight.

*N*aught shall avail thy priestly rites and duties,  
Nor fears of Hell, nor hopes of Heaven beyond:  
Before the Cross shall rise my fair form's beauties—  
The lips, the limbs, the eyes of Clarimonde.

*L*ike gall the wine sipped from the sacred chalice  
Shall taste to one who knew my red mouth's bliss,  
When Youth and Beauty dwelt in Love's own palace,  
And life flowed on in one eternal kiss.

*T*hrough what strange ways I come, dear heart, to reach thee,  
From viewless lands, by paths no man e'er trod!  
I braved all fears, all dangers dared, to teach thee  
A love more mighty than thy love of God.

*T*hink not in all His Kingdom to discover  
Such joys, Romauld, as ours, when fierce yet fond  
I clasped thee—kissed thee—crowned thee my one lover:  
Thou canst not find another Clarimonde.

*J*knew all arts of love: he who possessed me  
Possessed all women, and could never tire;

## Poems of Passion

— — — — —  
A new life dawned for him who once caressed me;  
Satiety itself I set on fire.

**J**nconstancy I chained: men died to win me;  
Kings cast by crowns for one hour on my breast:  
And all the passionate tide of love within me  
I gave to thee, Romauld. Wert thou not blest?

**Y**et, for the love of God, thy hand hath riven  
Our welded souls. But not in prayer well conned,  
Not in thy dearly-purchased peace of Heaven,  
Canst thou forget those hours with Clarimonde.

# Poems of Passion

---

<< Back to Poem List

## THE TRIO

We love but once. The great gold orb of light  
From dawn to even-tide doth cast his ray;  
But the full splendor of his perfect might  
Is reached but once throughout the livelong day.

We love but once. The waves, with ceaseless motion,  
Do day and night splash on the pebbled shore;  
But the strong tide of the resistless ocean  
Sweeps in but one hour of the twenty-four.

We love but once. A score of times, perchance,  
We may be moved in fancy's fleeting fashion—  
May treasure up a word, a tone, a glance;  
But only once we feel the soul's great passion.

We love but once. Love walks with death and birth  
(The saddest, the unkindest of the three);  
And only once while we sojourn on earth  
Can that strange trio come to you or me.

# Poems of Passion

---

-----  
**This Ebook is proudly brought to you by**  
**PinkPoem.com**  
-----

This ebook is not for sale and can be distributed freely without my permission whatsoever. If there's any error in it you can contact me at my site – at [pinkpoem.com](http://pinkpoem.com).

This ebook is produced so that more people would be inspired by poetry. If you love this anthology, please distribute it in your website or send it to others. You never know what impact a poem could make.

Come and visit me at [pinkpoem.com](http://pinkpoem.com) for more inspirational poems and ebooks. Your visit means a lot to me.

Take care and may you have a wonderful day, everyday

Warmest Regards

*iskandar*