



V.

What's in the "Times"?—a scold  
At the Emperor deep and cold 30  
    He has taken a bride  
    To his gruesome side,  
That's as fair as himself is bold:  
    There they sit *ermine-stoled*,  
And she *powders her hair with gold*. 35

VI.

Fancy the Pampas' sheen!  
Miles and miles of gold and green  
    Where the sunflowers blow  
    In a solid glow,  
And—to break now and then the screen— 40  
    Black neck and eyeballs keen,  
Up a wild horse leaps between!

VII.

Try, will our table turn  
Lay your hands there light, and yearn  
    Till the yearning slips 45  
    Thro' the finger-tips  
In a fire which a few discern,  
    And *a very few feel burn*,  
*And the rest*, they may live and learn!

VIII.

Then we would up and pace, 50  
For a change, about the place,  
    Each with arm o'er neck:  
    'T is our quarter-deck,  
*We are seamen in woeful case*.  
    Help in the ocean-space! 55  
Or, *if no help*, we'll embrace.

IX.

See, how she looks now, dressed  
In a sledging-cap and vest!

‘T is a huge fur cloak—

Like a reindeer’s yoke 60

Falls the lappet along the breast:

Sleeves for her arms to rest,

Or to hang, as my Love likes best.

X.

Teach me to flirt a fan

*As the Spanish ladies can,* 65

Or I tint your lip

With a burnt stick’s tip

*And you turn into such a man!*

Just the two spots that span

Half the bill of the young male swan. 70

XI.

Dearest, three months ago

When the mesmerizer Snow

With his hand’s first sweep

*Put the earth to sleep:*

‘T was a time when the heart could show 75

*All—how was earth to know,*

*‘Neath the mute hand’s to-and-fro?*

XII.

Dearest, three months ago

*When we loved each other so,*

Lived and loved *the same* 80

*‘Till an evening came*

*When a shaft from the devil’s bow*

Pierced to our ingle-glow,

And the friends were friend and foe!

XIII.

Not from the heart beneath— 85  
‘T was a bubble born of breath,  
    Neither sneer nor vaunt,  
    Nor reproach nor taunt.  
See *a word*, how it severeth!  
    Oh, power of life and death 90  
In the tongue, as the Preacher saith!

XIV.

Woman, and will you cast  
*For a word*, quite off at last  
    Me, your own, your You,--  
    Since, as truth is true, 95  
I was You all the happy past—  
    *Me do you leave aghast*  
*With the memories We amassed?*

XV.

Love, if you knew the light  
That your soul casts in my sight, 100  
    How I look to you  
    For the pure and true  
And the beauteous and the right,--  
    *Bear with a moment's spite*  
*When a mere mote threatens the white!* 105

XVI.

*What of a hasty word?*  
Is the fleshy heart not stirred  
    By a worm's pin-prick  
    Where its roots are quick?  
See the eye, by a fly's foot blurred— 110  
    Ear, when a straw is heard  
*Scratch the brain's coat of curd!*



