

To Ruth.

I remember a passionate lark, from fields at home  
Launched in the gem-spread cradle of Summer air,  
That filled, as no bird but the proud lark dare,  
With life of liquid sound the whole heaven's dome.  
But this lone mystic of Italian hills,  
With wings beating at the doors of Paradise,  
Not only charms my wakeful ear, but fills  
With fire of the one true vision, my smouldering eyes.

Now I am lost in listening, and the streams  
Of pure music suspended at a great height  
Drop even to me, then borne through quivering light  
Float o'er unmeasured space, until it seems  
That the same lark winging the universal blue  
Wakes the same trembling ecstasy in you.

April 12 - Easter Day 1914

