

POEMS

By
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I.

*What counsel has the hooded moon
Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet,
Of Love in ancient plenilune
Glory and stars beneath his feet
A sage that is but kith and kin
With the comedian capuchin?*

*Believe me rather that am wise
In disregard of the divine
A glory kindles in those eyes
Trembles to starlight. Mine, O Mine!
No more be tears in moon or mist
for thee, sweet sentimentalist.*

II.

*From dewy dreams, my soul, arise
From love's deep slumber and from death
For lo! the trees are full of sighs
Whose leaves the morn admonisheth.*

*Eastward the gradual dawn prevails
Where softly burning fires appear
Making to tremble all those veils
Of grey and golden gossamer.*

*White sweetly, gently, secretly,
The flowery bells of morn are stirred
And the wise choirs of faery
Begin (innumerable!) to be heard.*