

*I taste a liquor never brewed –
 From Tankards scooped in Pearl –
 Not all the Frankfort Berries
 Yield such an Alcohol!*

*Inebriate of Air – am I –
 And Debauchee of Dew –
 Reeling – thro endless summer days –
 From inns of Molten Blue –*

*When “Landlords” turn the drunken Bee
 Out of the Foxgloves’s door –
 When Butterflies – renounce their “drams” –
 I shall but drink the more!*

*Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats –
 And Saints – to windows run –
 To see the little Tippler
 From Manzanilla come! (214*)*

3. Frankfort Berries] Vats upon the Rhine 16] Leaning against the – Sun –

*

*A feather from the Whippowil
 That everlasting sings –
 Whose Galleries are Sunrise –
 Whose Stanzas, are the Springs –*

*Whose Emerald Nest – the Ages spin –
 With mellow – murmuring Thread –
 Whose Beryl Egg, what School-Boys hunt –
 In “Recess,” Overhead! (161*)*

*

Je goûte une liqueur jamais brassée –
 Dans des Chopes de Perle taillée –
 Nulle Baie de Francfort ne saurait
 Livrer Alcool pareil !

A moi – Souleries d’Air – Orgies de Rosée !
 Aux jours sans fin de l’été
 Je titube – sur le pas des cabarets –
 De l’Azur en fusion –

Hors de la Digitale, boute,
 “Aubergiste”, l’Abeille ivre –
 Papillon – renonce à ta “goutte” –
 Moi je boirai plus encore !

Les Anges agiteront leur neigeux Chapeau –
 Les Saints – à la vitre accourront –
 Pour voir, de Manzanilla venue –
 Passer la petite Poivrote ! (214*)

3. Baies de Francfort / Cuves sur le Rhin 15. Appuyée contre le – Soleil –

*

Une plume de l’Engoulevent
 Qui perpétuel chante –
 Ses Galeries d’art sont le Soleil levant –
 Ses Strophes, les Printemps –

Son Nid d’Emeraude – les Siècles le tissent –
 D’un Fil murmurant – mélodieux –
 Son Œuf de Béryl, l’Ecolier le cherche –
 A la “Récréation”, Là-haut ! (161*)

*

*I lost a World – the other day!
Has Anybody found?
You'll know it by the Row of Stars
Around it's forehead bound.*

*A Rich man – might not notice it –
Yet – to my frugal Eye,
Of more Esteem than Ducats –
Oh find it – Sir – for me! (181)*

*

*If I should'nt be alive
When the Robins come,
Give the one in Red Cravat,
A Memorial crumb.*

*If I could'nt thank you,
Being fast asleep,
You will know I'm trying
With my Granite lip! (182)*

*

*I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes –
In a Cathedral Aisle,
And understood no word it said –
Yet held my breath, the while –*

*And risen up – and gone away,
A more Bernardine Girl –
Yet – know not what was done to me
In that old Chapel Aisle. (183*)*

*

J'ai perdu un Monde – l'autre jour !
 Quelqu'un l'a-t-il trouvé ?
 Vous le reconnaîtrez au Bandeau d'Etoiles
 Qu'il porte autour du front.

Un Riche – ne le verra peut-être pas –
 Mais – à mon Œil frugal –
 Il a plus de prix que les Ducats –
 Oh trouvez-le – Monsieur – pour moi ! (181)

*

Quand viendront les Rouges-Gorges
 Si je ne suis plus en vie
 Donne au Cravaté de Rouge
 Une miette Commémorative.

Si dans mon sommeil profond
 Je ne puis te dire merci,
 Sache que je m'y essaie
 Avec ma lèvre de Granit ! (182)

*

J'ai entendu parler l'Orgue, parfois –
 Dans une Nef de Cathédrale,
 Je n'en saisissais aucune parole –
 Mais retenais mon souffle –

Et me suis levée – et en allée
 Plus Bernardine –
 Ne sais pourtant ce qui m'advint
 Dans cette Nef antique. (183*)

*

*A transport one cannot contain
 May yet, a transport be –
 Though God forbid it lift the lid –
 Unto it's Extasy!*

*A Diagram – of Rapture!
 A sixpence at a Show –
 With Holy Ghosts in Cages!
 The Universe would go! (184)*

*

*“Faith” is a fine invention
 For Gentlemen who see –
 But Microscopes are prudent
 In an Emergency. (185*)*

*

*I got so I could hear his name –
 Without – Tremendous gain –
 That Stop-sensation – on my Soul –
 And Thunder – in the Room –*

*I got so I could walk across
 That Angle in the floor,
 Where he turned so, and I turned – how –
 And all our Sinew tore –*

*I got so I could stir the Box –
 In which his letters grew
 Without that forcing, in my breath –
 As Staples – driven through –*

*Could dimly recollect a Grace –
 I think, they call it “God” –
 Renowned to ease Extremity –
 When Formula, had failed –*