



A GLOBAL PURSUIT

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What curse befell your soul in youth's first bloom
 That you would chart the seas by night's dim stars,
 And steer your ship beneath inconstant moon
 To lands of blind illusion held afar?
 What spear first frightened love from out its nest?
 What demon sent it whirling off in space,
 Till like the nightingale, you bled at breast,
 The blood of which my love could not efface?

When in that hour your dream you dying claim,
 And chaste eternity, her welcome veils
 In shrouds of ghostlike phantasy; when pain
 To blizzards white and wild departs with hell,
 Oh, gently mark the voyage you have made
 That by your corpse my heart be also laid.