



Confession

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S p e 1 1

From the moonlit brink of dreams
 I stretch foiled hands to thee,
 O borne down other streams
 Than eye can think to see!
 O crowned with spirit-beams!
 O veiled spiritually!

★
 Guerra
 Junqueiro

My dreams and thoughts abate
 Their pennons at thy feet,
 O angel born too late
 For fallen man to meet!
 In what new sensual state
 Could our twined lives feel sweet?

What new emotion must
 I dream, to think thee mine?
 What purity of lust?
 O tendrilled as a vine
 Around my caressed trust!
 O dream-pressed spirit-wine!