

And now a perfume comes,
A swift Favonian gust;
And the shrinking grass where it doth pass
Bows slave-like to the dust.

In dreams I see her drift
A mist of drapery;
In her jeweled shawl divinely tall,
A Dian deity.

The moon broods high and full
O'er the broken Psyche cold,
And there she stands her dainty hands
And thin wrists warm with gold.

But lovers now are dead,
The air is stung with frosts;
And naught may you find save the homeless wind,
Dead violets' ghosts and ghosts.