

I dreamed I stood upon a little hill,  
And at my feet there lay a ground, that seemed  
Like a waste garden, flowering at its will  
With buds and blossoms. There were pools that dreamed  
Black and unruffled; there were white lilies  
A few, and crocuses, and violets  
Purple or pale, snake-like fritillaries  
Scarce seen for the rank grass, and through green nets  
Blue eyes of shy perwenche winked in the sun.  
And there were curious flowers, before unknown,  
Flowers that were stained with moonlight, or with shades  
Of Nature's wilful moods; and here a one  
That had drunk in the transitory tone  
Of one brief moment in a sunset; blades  
Of grass that in an hundred springs had been  
Slowly but exquisitely nurtured by the stars,  
And watered with the scented dew long cupped  
In lilies, that for rays of sun had seen  
Only God's glory, for never a sunrise mars  
The luminous air of Heaven. Beyond, abrupt,  
A grey stone wall, o'ergrown with velvet moss  
Uprose; and gazing I stood long, all mazed  
To see a place so strange, so sweet, so fair.

And as I stood and marvelled, lo! across  
The garden came a youth; one hand he raised  
To shield him from the sun, his wind-tossed hair  
Was twined with flowers, and in his hand he bore  
A purple bunch of bursting grapes, his eyes  
Were clear as crystal, naked all was he,  
White as the snow on pathless mountains froze,  
Red were his lips as red wine-spilth that dyes  
A marble floor, his brow chalcedony.  
And he came near me, with his lips uncurled  
And kind, and caught my hand and kissed my mouth,  
And gave me grapes to eat, and said, 'Sweet friend,  
Come I will show thee shadows of the world  
And images of life. See from the South  
Comes the pale pageant that hath never an end.'

**TWO LOVES**  
(the love that dare  
not speak its name)

**Alfred Douglas**



And lo! within the garden of my dream  
I saw two walking on a shining plain  
Of golden light. The one did joyous seem  
And fair and blooming, and a sweet refrain  
Came from his lips; he sang of pretty maids  
And joyous love of comely girl and boy,  
His eyes were bright, and 'mid the dancing blades  
Of golden grass his feet did trip for joy;  
And in his hand he held an ivory lute  
With strings of gold that were as maidens' hair,  
And sang with voice as tuneful as a flute,  
And round his neck three chains of roses were.  
But he that was his comrade walked aside;  
He was full sad and sweet, and his large eyes  
Were strange with wondrous brightness, staring wide  
With gazing; and he sighed with many sighs  
That moved me, and his cheeks were wan and white  
Like pallid lilies, and his lips were red  
Like poppies, and his hands he clenched tight,  
And yet again unclenched, and his head  
Was wreathed with moon-flowers pale as lips of death.  
A purple robe he wore, o'erwrought in gold  
With the device of a great snake, whose breath  
Was fiery flame: which when I did behold  
I fell a-weeping, and I cried, 'Sweet youth,  
Tell me why, sad and sighing, thou dost rove  
These pleasant realms? I pray thee speak me sooth  
*What is thy name?' He said, 'My name is Love.'*  
*Then straight the first did turn himself to me*  
*And cried, 'He lieth, for his name is Shame,*  
*But I am Love, and I was wont to be*  
*Alone in this fair garden, till he came*  
*Unasked by night; I am true Love, I fill*  
*The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame.'*  
*Then sighing, said the other, 'Have thy will,*  
***I am the love that dare not speak its name.'***