Leda

By H. D.

Where the slow river
    meets the tide,
  a red swan lifts red wings
  and darker beak,
  and underneath the purple down
  of his soft breast
  uncurls his coral feet.

Through the deep purple
  of the dying heat
  of sun and mist,
  the level ray of sun-beam
  has caressed
  the lily with dark breast,
  and flecked with richer gold
  its golden crest.

Where the slow lifting
  of the tide,
  floats into the river
  and slowly drifts
  among the reeds,
  and lifts the yellow flags,
  he floats
  where tide and river meet.

Ah kingly kiss—
  no more regret
  nor old deep memories
  to mar the bliss;
  where the low sedge is thick,
  the gold day-lily
  outspreads and rests
  beneath soft fluttering
  of red swan wings
  and the warm quivering
  of the red swan’s breast.

n/a