

**APHRODITE, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Aphrodite, and other poems by John Helston

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J. H.

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Modern Idealised Conversations

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Lonicera

THE MAN.

This is the hour God goes upon the hills
For vigil, and to watch the western sky. . . .
I doubted not He went there in those days
When you and He were otherwise. . . . And now
We two meet so, nor marvel at the years
That built a temple over my desire,
And made my madness holy that is dust ;
That made my soul reverberant, and made
My pulses echo anthems learnt of God. . . .
Whose fault was it that diapason's done ?
Whose flaw, that fractured first the tender truth
Of ties that not all of the outer world
In wrath had broken up, nor death destroyed ?
Yours—that were in the spirit unashamed
At mean things done disloyal to our love—
Love that is loyal loves not treachery :
I say the spirit's is the parent sin,
If flesh be less than soul for humankind !
There is no respite for a man who loves,
His body knows no stagnant periods ;
But, as a tide without an ebb, desire
Flows in upon him ever, unappeased :
Only by consummation comes his calm.
These things came out of chaos with the sun.
Oh yes, Morality ! And yet I think
Is Woman's Wit the older word, with more
Of saving grace in it than half the codes
That seek to starve our sex and not to save.
The man who loves may ease a woman's whims