

**APOLLO & KEATS ON  
BROWNING: A FANTASY,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Apollo & Keats on Browning: A Fantasy, and Other Poems by Clifford Lanier

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**CLIFFORD LANIER**

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BROWNING: A FANTASY,  
AND OTHER POEMS**



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# APOLLO & KEATS ON BROWNING

A Fantasy and Other Poems  
By CLIFFORD LANIER

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APOLLO AND KEATS



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TO HER —

My lovely and steadfast comrade—Whose approval  
has ever been my most welcome laurel (*love's* re-  
serve yielding to the fures of Art), I offer this Vol-  
ume,

LOVE'S RESERVE

TO WILHELMEIN

The poet, raptured, gazing wifeward, said :  
"Thou art the self of Beauty to my sight;  
From dainty feet to glory-crowned head  
Thy figure shapen is in lines of light:  
With perfect rhyme those lithe arms, upward spread,  
A pulsing couplet form in rhythm right;  
And o'er thy bosom drape the vestments white  
Tenderly as words by music vested.  
If verse now had the graphic warmth of sun,  
If Love *could* body what his heart would hide,  
If thou wert less than wifely vested nun,  
Dear love of thee might yield to Art's fond pride,  
And, dressed in poet's breath, these veils aside,  
Thou should'st be wife and poem merged in one."

## APOLLO AND KEATS ON BROWNING

### A FANTASY

The god Apollo once met Master Keats,  
And, greeting "howdye," passed the time o' day:  
The god had quit Olympus for the street's  
Diversion: tired of Heaven's celestial play,  
The thefts of Mercury and high dead-beats,  
Had seized his sun-spoked "wheel" and sped away  
To seek in mortal haunts some novel thrill,—  
As masks in German slums Dutch "Kaiser Will."

"Good morning, Pol!" The bright young mortal said;  
"How goes it with the gods these new, sad days?  
How fare Hyperion and the mighty dead?  
And sweet Endymion in the Latmian maze?  
Now Pan's no more, who makes his leafy bed  
To woo soft sleep amid his flocks a-graze?  
When you to great Olympus make return  
I would go too: my yearnings fairly burn  
To know some things that earthlings cannot tell:  
For instance, who world-laureate next shall be?  
Whether the crusty critic goes to Hel \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Icon or to the sweeter Castaly?  
You gossip with the Muses, and right well  
You, instantly, can tell an ecstasy,  
Or true or false,—pray tell me, is it true  
That "Algy" Swinburne is endorsed by you?"

"Softly, sweet John," Apollo answers him:—  
"I'm here for *dots* myself, and fain would know  
The latest venturers in the rhyming *swim*.  
And, on my way, I touched at Mars to blow  
A while and mend my sun-"wheel's" dented rim:  
I met there Alfred Tennyson and Poe,  
Just come to meet Rob. Browning, so they said,  
And Lowell, Whittier, Emerson,—late dead."