

EIDOLON

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Ah, sweet-eyed Christ! Thy image smiles
In its Cathedral cell,
Shrined in the heaven-enamored arms
Of her who never fell;
And if my phantom eyes implore
A more benignant beam,
'Tis a nepenthe I would crave
For a memorial dream!

Dear Leonie! here did'st thou kneel
That musky summer noon,
As the zephyrs kissed in ecstasy
The dimpled cheeks of June—
As the sunlight drifted o'er thy brow
A golden wave of grace,
Bright blending with the miracles
Of that angelic face.

POEMS OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL

Adorably Madonna-like,
By this communion rail,
Thy raptured face, though rich with youth,
Was spirit-lit and pale;
And oh those opulent blue eyes,
Those Meccas of despair—
They, they were glorious Eden-isles
Lost in a lake of prayer!

Saint Leonie! I saw thee flit
Gazelle-like to the street,
And pure, melodious angels led
Thy dainty, tinkling feet;
My rebel thoughts were petrel-winged,
Attendant upon thee,
Chasing thy loved and lissome shape
As Arabs of the sea.

Long did I love thee, *belle Creole*,
As Gebirs love the sun,
And in the temple of my soul
Thou wast the eidolon;
Long did I love thee, *belle Creole*,
Where corsair billows rise,
And where the silver planets soar
In unfamiliar skies!

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Dark Corcovado! did I not,
With heart and soul aflame,
Carve on thy broad, monarchical brow
Her wildly-worshipped name —
Watching the homeward ships scud by
Before the nimble breeze,
Till memory with them wept away
Beyond the tropic seas!

Years, years had died, and once again
I saw the spires of home;
Then, armed with an undying hope,
I stood beneath this dome.
But not within the pillared aisle,
Nor by the sacred sign,
Could my bewildered eyes behold
The loveliness of thine.

The sad November days had come,
And eagerly I fled
To find thee where the maidens deck
The kingdoms of the dead;
I found thee—yes, I found thee, love,
Beneath the willow tree—
With marble cross and immortelle
And one word—“Leonie!”