**Hilda Dolittle**

**Oread**

Whirl up, sea—

Whirl your pointed pines,

Splash your great pines

on our rocks,

hurl your green over us,

 cover us with your pools of fir.

**Leda**

Where the slow river
meets the tide,
a red swan lifts red wings
and darker beak,
and underneath the purple down 5
of his soft breast
uncurls his coral feet.

Through the deep purple
of the dying heat
of sun and mist, 10
the level ray of sun-beam
has caressed
the lily with dark breast,
and flecked with richer gold
its golden crest. 15

Where the slow lifting
of the tide,
floats into the river
and slowly drifts
among the reeds, 20
and lifts the yellow flags,
he floats
where tide and river meet.

Ah kingly kiss --
no more regret 25
nor old deep memories
to mar the bliss;
where the low sedge is thick,
the gold day-lily
outspreads and rests 30
beneath soft fluttering
of red swan wings
and the warm quivering
of the red swan's breast.

**Hymen**

There with his honey-seeking lips

The bee clings close and warmly sips,

And seeks with honey-thighs to sway

And drink the very flower away.

(Ah, stern the petals drawing back;

Ah rare, ah virginal her breath!)

Crimson, with honey-seeking lips,

The sun lies hot across his back,

The gold is flashed across his wings.

Quivering he sways and quivering clings

(Ah, rare her shoulders drawing back!)

One moment, then the plunderer slips

Between the purple flower-lips.