**Keats Key Tragic Quotations**

A story from Boccaccio (14th Century Italian) – yet it satirises 19th Century society

**Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil**

**FAIR Isabel**, poor simple Isabel!

Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love’s eye!

They could not in the self-same mansion dwell

Without some stir of heart, **some malady;**

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,

but still the ruddy tide

Stifled his voice, …

****Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

Hamartia?  **Falls** for her

irony

**“Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,**

Parting they seem’d to tread upon the air,

**Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart**

He with light steps went up a western hill,

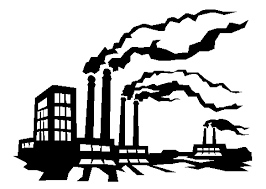
And bade the sun farewell, and joy’d his fill.

Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk, 85

Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,

Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.



With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt, 105

Enriched from ancestral merchandize,

And for them many a weary hand did swelt

**In torched mines and noisy factories**,

And many once proud-quiver’d loins did melt

In blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes 110

Many all day in dazzling river stood,

Modern domestic tragedy-esque

To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

**Why were they proud?** Because red-lin’d accounts 125

Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,

Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired

In hungry pride and gainful cowardice, 130

How was it these same **ledger-men** could spy

Fair Isabella in her downy nest?

And many a jealous conference had they,

And many times they bit their lips alone, 170

Before they fix’d upon a surest way

To make the youngster for his crime atone;

And at the last, **these men of cruel clay**

Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;

For they resolved in some forest dim

To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,

Bow’d a fair greeting to these serpents’ whine; 190

And went in haste, to get in readiness,

With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman’s dress.

“Good bye! I’ll soon be back.”—“Good bye!” said she:—

And as he went she chanted merrily.

Sick and wan

The brothers’ faces in the ford did seem,

Lorenzo’s flush with love.—They pass’d the water

Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed, 225

Lorenzo had ta’en ship for foreign lands,

Because of some great urgency and need

In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;

Sorely she wept until the night came on,

And then, instead of love, O misery! 235

But Selfishness, Love’s cousin, held not long

Its fiery vigil in her single breast;

….passion not to be subdued,

And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves

The breath of Winter comes from far away…

So sweet Isabel

By gradual decay from beauty fell,

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes

She ask’d her brothers, with an eye all pale,

Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes

Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale 260

Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes

Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom’s vale;

And every night in dreams they groan’d aloud,

To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance, 265

But for a thing more deadly dark than all;

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,

The dull of midnight, at her couch’s foot

Lorenzo stood

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright

The while it did unthread the horrid woof

Of the late darken’d time,—the murderous spite

Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof

In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell, 295

Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

“Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,

“And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

“I am a shadow now, alas! alas! 305

“A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss

“To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad;

“Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel

“A greater love through all my essence steal.” 320

It made sad Isabella’s eyelids ache,

And in the dawn she started up awake;

“Ha! ha!” said she, “I knew not this hard life,

“I thought the worst was simple misery; 330

“I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife

“Portion’d us—happy days, or else to die;

**“But there is crime—a brother’s bloody knife!**

“Sweet Spirit, thou hast school’d my infancy:

“I’ll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes, 335

“And greet thee morn and even in the skies.”

Resolv’d, she took with her an aged nurse,

And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

What feverous hectic flame

“Burns in thee, child

And they had found Lorenzo’s earthy bed;

The flint was there, the berries at his head.

Upon the murderous spot she seem’d to grow, 365

Like to a native lily of the dell:

Then with her knife, all sudden, she began

To dig more fervently than misers can.

**Soon she turn’d up a soiled glove, whereon**

**Her silk had play’d in purple phantasies, 370**

**She kiss’d it with a lip more chill than stone,**

**And put it in her bosom, where it dries**

**And freezes utterly unto the bone**

**Those dainties made to still an infant’s cries:**

**Then ’gan she work again; nor stay’d her care, 375**

**But to throw back at times her veiling hair.**

**That old nurse stood beside her wondering,**

**Until her heart felt pity to the core**

**At sight of such a dismal labouring,**

**And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar, 380**

**And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:**

**Three hours they labour’d at this travail sore;**

**At last they felt the kernel of the grave,**

**And Isabella did not stamp and rave.**

With duller steel than the Persèan sword

They cut away no formless monster’s head,

Pale Isabella kiss’d it, and low moan’d.

’Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned. 400

In anxious secrecy they took it home,

And then the prize was all for Isabel:

She calm’d its wild hair with a golden comb,

And all around each eye’s sepulchral cell

Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam 405

With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,

**She drench’d away:—and still she comb’d, and kept**

Sighing all day—and still she kiss’d, and wept.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews

Of precious flowers pluck’d in Araby, 410

And divine liquids come with odorous ooze

Through the cold serpent pipe refreshfully,—

She wrapp’d it up; and for its tomb did choose

A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,

And cover’d it with mould, and o’er it set 415

Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,

And she forgot the blue above the trees,

And she forgot the dells where waters run,

 And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze; 420

And, furthermore, **her brethren wonder’d much**

**Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,**

**And why it flourish’d, as by magic touch;**

Greatly they wonder’d what the thing might mean: 460

They could not surely give belief, that such

A very nothing would have power to wean

Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,

And even remembrance of her love’s delay.

Therefore they watch’d a time when they might sift 465

This hidden whim; and long they watch’d in vain;

For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,

And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;

And when she left, she hurried back, as swift

As bird on wing to breast its eggs again; 470

**And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there**

**Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.**

**Yet they contriv’d to steal the Basil-pot,**

**And to examine it in secret place:**

**The thing was vile with green and livid spot, 475**

**And yet they knew it was Lorenzo’s face:**

**The guerdon of their murder they had got,**

**And so left Florence in a moment’s space,**

**Never to turn again.—Away they went,**

**With blood upon their heads, to banishment.**  480

sweet Isabel, will die;

Will die a death too lone and incomplete,

Now they have ta’en away her Basil sweet.

Piteous she look’d on dead and senseless things,

Asking for her lost Basil amorously: 490

And with melodious chuckle in the strings

Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry

After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,

To ask him where her Basil was; and why

’Twas hid from her: “For cruel ’tis,” said she, 495

“To steal my Basil-pot away from me.”

Wandering, broken – like Oedipus or King Lear…

Missing a key part of her identity

Pitiful, madness

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,

Imploring for her Basil to the last.

No heart was there in Florence but did mourn

In pity of her love, so overcast. 500

And a sad ditty of this story born

From mouth to mouth through all the country pass’d:

Still is the burthen sung—“O cruelty,

**“To steal my Basil-pot away from me!”**

**La Belle Dame Sans Merci**

**Ballad**

* Anagnorisis of the knight
* Helplessness
* Desolation of the surroundings

“And I awoke and found me here on the cold hill’s side.”

“Alone and palely loitering?”

* Solitude
* Lack of colour/beauty
* Dwelling and lingering

“Though the sedge is withered from the lake, and no birds sing.”

* Nature (sublime)
* Bleakness/stagnation
* Quietness

“Full beautiful - a faery’s child.”

* Complete/unparalleled
* Supernatural/metaphysical
* Mesmerising (use of dash)

And her eyes were wild.

“Thee hath in thrall.”

* Spellbinding
* Power/malignity
* Amazement

She took me to her elfin grot

And there she wept, and sigh’d fill sore,

And there I shut her wild wild eyes

With kisses four.

* Recurring motif of death
* Sickness and love
* Negative use of nature

“I see a lily on thy brow, with anguish moist and fever dew, and on thy cheeks a fading rose fast withereth too.”

**I set her on my pacing steed**

**She found me roots of relish sweet,**

**And honey wild, and manna dew,**

**And sure in language strange she said—**

**“I love thee true.”**

I saw pale kings and princes too,

Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;

They cried—“La Belle Dame sans Merci

Hath thee in thrall!” 40

* Circular narrative

And this is why I sojourn here, 45

Alone and palely loitering,

Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,

And no birds sing.

**The Eve of St Agnes**

Frigid, cold beautiful, chaste

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;

**The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass**,

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,

Innocent Nature is vulnerable

Like pious incense from a censer old,

Seem'd taking flight for heaven,

Where is God?

The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:

Sublime death

…already had his deathbell rung;

The Senses – sudden sinister sounds

. Soon, up aloft,

The **silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide**:

At length burst in the argent revelry,

With plume, tiara, and all rich array,

let us wish away,

And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,

Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,

On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,

Hidden beauty

Seductive Danger

Young virgins might have visions of delight,

And soft adorings from their loves receive

Upon **the honey'd middle of the night**,

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:

The music**, yearning like a God in pain**,

She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,

Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain

Tragic trope of blindness

Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,

And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,

**But she saw not**: her heart was otherwhere:

She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,

Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:

Beautiful victim

Naivety

'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,

Hoodwink'd with faery fancy;

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Clichéd gender roles

Passion = hamartia?

Courtly love

Meantime, across the moors,

Had come **young Porphyro, with heart on fire**

**For Madeline.**

But for one moment in the tedious hours,

That he might gaze and worship all unseen;

Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,

Whose very dogs would execrations howl

Against his lineage

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,

Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,

there's dwarfish Hildebrand;

Then there's that old Lord Maurice,

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,

**Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,**

"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom

Which none but secret sisterhood may see,

When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,

Flushing his brow, and in his **pained heart**

Made **purple riot**:

"A cruel man and impious thou art:

Good Angela, believe me by these tears;

Or I will, even in a moment's space,

Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,

And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;

Never on such a night have lovers met,

Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,

Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:

She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,

Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;

Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;

Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,

Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,

Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,

And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced



from the closet brought a heap

**Of candied apple, quince, and plum**, and gourd;

With jellies soother than the creamy curd,

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;

Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd

From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,

From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—

Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,

In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy":

Close to her ear touching the melody;—

Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:

He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly

Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:

Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

**Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,**

**Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:**

**There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd**

**The blisses of her dream so pure and deep**

**At which fair Madeline began to weep,**

**And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;**

**While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;**

**Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,**

**Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.**

**"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now**

**Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,**

**Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;**

Anti-climactic

Anagnorisis?

**And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:**

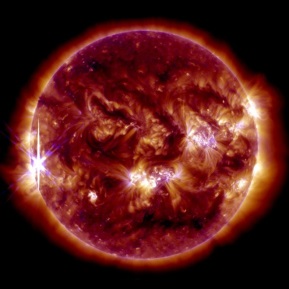
**How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!**

**Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,**

**Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!**

**Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,**

**For if thy diest, my Love, I know not where to go."**



**Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far**

**At these voluptuous accents, he arose**

**Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star**

**Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;**

**Into her dream he melted, as the rose**

**Blendeth its odour with the violet,—**

**Solution sweet:**

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,

A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:

Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—

The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—

Let us away, my love, with happy speed;

There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—

Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,

For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

Suggests tragedy? Transience.

Furtive…

**They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;**

Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago

**These lovers fled away into the storm**.

That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,

Were long be-nightmar'd. **Angela the old**

**Died palsy-twitch'd**, with meagre face deform;

Circular narrative – cycle of life / death, hot / cold

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,

For aye unsought for slept among his **ashes cold**.

**Lamia**

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| Part I |
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| |  |  | | --- | --- | | UPON a time, before the faery broods |  | |  |  | | Into a forest on the shores of Crete. |  | | For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt |  | | A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt; |  | |  | *15* | | So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat |  | | Burnt from his winged heels to either ear, |  | |  |  | | In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found, |  | | And so he rested, on the lonely ground, |  | | Pensive, and full of painful jealousies |  | |  |  | | “When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake! |  | | “When move in a sweet body fit for life, |  | | “And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife | *40* | | “Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!” |  | |  |  | | Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake. |  | |  |  | | She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue, |  | | Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue; |  | | Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard, |  | | Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr’d; | *50* | |  |  | | She seem’d, at once, some penanced lady elf, | *55* | | Some demon’s mistress, or the demon’s self. |  | |  |  | | Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne’s tiar: |  | | Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet! |  | | She had a woman’s mouth with all its pearls complete: | *60* | |  |  | |  |  | | “Fair Hermes, crown’d with feathers, fluttering light, |  | | “I had a splendid dream of thee last night: |  | | “I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold, | *70* | | “Among the Gods, upon Olympus old, |  | |  |  | | “Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?” | *80* | |  |  | | “Telling me only where my nymph is fled,— |  | | “Where she doth breathe!” “Bright planet, thou hast said,” |  | | Return’d the snake, “but seal with oaths, fair God!” |  | | “I swear,” said Hermes, “by my serpent rod, |  | | “And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!” | *90* | |  |  | | “Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone, | *110* | | “If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!” |  | |  |  | | “I was a woman, let me have once more |  | | “A woman’s shape, and charming as before. |  | | “I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss! |  | | “Give me my woman’s form, and place me where he is. | *120* | |  |  | | One warm, flush’d moment, hovering, it might seem |  | | Dash’d by the wood-nymph’s beauty, so he burn’d; | *130* | | Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn’d |  | | To the swoon’d serpent, and with languid arm, |  | | Delicate, put to proof the lythe Caducean charm. |  | | So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent, |  | |  | *135* | | And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane, |  | | Faded before him, |  | |  |  | | And, like new flowers at morning song of bees, |  | | Bloom’d, and gave up her honey to the lees. |  | | Into the green-recessed woods they flew; |  | | Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do. | *145* | |  |  | | Left to herself, the serpent now began |  | | To change; her elfin blood in madness ran, |  | | Her mouth foam’d, |  | |  |  | | Flash’d phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear. |  | | The colours all inflam’d throughout her train, |  | | She writh’d about, convuls’d with scarlet pain: |  | | Nothing but pain and ugliness were left. |  | | These words dissolv’d: Crete’s forests heard no more. | *170* | |  |  | | [Whither fled Lamia](http://www.bartleby.com/126/1000.html#36.171), now a lady bright, |  | | A full-born beauty new and exquisite? |  | | She fled into that valley they pass o’er |  | | Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas’ shore; |  | |  |  | | Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid | *185* | | More beautiful than ever twisted braid, |  | |  |  | | Why this fair creature chose so fairily | *200* | | By the wayside to linger, we shall see; |  | | Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near— |  | | Close to her passing, in indifference drear, |  | | His silent sandals swept the mossy green; |  | |  | *240* | | “Ah, Lycius bright, |  | | “And will you leave me on the hills alone? | *245* | | “Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown.” |  | | He did; not with cold wonder fearingly, |  | | But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice; |  | | “Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see |  | | “Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee! |  | | “For pity do not this sad heart belie— |  | | “Even as thou vanishest so I shall die. | *260* | | “It cannot be—Adieu!” So said, she rose |  | | Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose |  | | The amorous promise of her lone complain, |  | | Swoon’d, murmuring of love, and pale with pain. |  | | The cruel lady, without any show | *290* | | Of sorrow for her tender favourite’s woe, |  | | But rather, if her eyes could brighter be, |  | | With brighter eyes and slow amenity, |  | | Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh |  | | The life she had so tangled in her mesh: | *295* | | And last, pointing to Corinth, ask’d her sweet, |  | | If ’twas too far that night for her soft feet. |  | | The way was short, for Lamia’s eagerness |  | | Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease | *345* | | To a few paces; not at all surmised |  | | By blinded Lycius, so in her comprized. |  | | They pass’d the city gates, he knew not how |  | | So noiseless, and he never thought to know. |  | |  |  | | Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear, |  | | Her fingers he press’d hard, as one came near |  | | With curl’d gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown, |  | | Slow-stepp’d, and robed in philosophic gown: | *365* | | “’Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide | *375* | | “And good instructor; but to-night he seems |  | | “The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams. |  | |  |  | | While yet he spake they had arrived before |  | | A pillar’d porch, with lofty portal door, |  | | Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow | *380* | | Reflected in the slabbed steps below, |  | | Mild as a star in water; for so new, |  | | And so unsullied was the marble hue, |  | | So through the crystal polish, liquid fine, |  | | Ran the dark veins, | *385* | |

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| Part II |
| **Motif of death**  **Sudden & inevitable** |

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| |  | | --- | |  | | **LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust,** |  | | **Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;** |  | | Love in a palace is perhaps at last |  | | More grievous torment than a hermit’s fast:— |  | |  |  | | Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they reposed, |  | | Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed, |  | | Saving a tythe which love still open kept, |  | | That they might see each other while they almost slept; | *25* | | When from the slope side of a suburb hill, |  | | Deafening the swallow’s twitter, came a thrill |  | | Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled, |  | | But left a thought, a buzzing in his head. |  | | and she began to moan and sigh |  | | Because he mused beyond her, knowing well |  | | That but a moment’s thought is passion’s passing bell. |  | | … I am striving how to fill my heart | *50* | | “With deeper crimson, and a double smart? |  | | “How to entangle, trammel up and snare |  | | “Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there |  | | “Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose? |  | | “Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar, |  | | “While through the thronged streets your bridal car |  | | “Wheels round its dazzling spokes.”—The lady’s cheek |  | | Trembled… | *65* | |  |  | | …He thereat was stung, |  | | Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim | *70* | | Her wild and timid nature to his aim: |  | | His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue | *75* | | Fierce and sanguineous as ’twas possible |  | | In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell. |  | | … She burnt, she lov’d the tyranny, |  | | And, all subdued, consented to the hour |  | | When to the bridal he should lead his paramour. |  | | “I have no friends,” said Lamia, “no, not one; |  | | “My presence in wide Corinth hardly known: |  | | “My parents’ bones are in their dusty urns |  | | “Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns, | *95* | | “Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid.” |  | | And knowing surely she could never win |  | | His foolish heart from its mad pompousness, |  | | She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress | *115* | | The misery in fit magnificence. |  | | Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade | *125* | | Of palm and plantain, met from either side, |  | | And shut the chamber up, close, hush’d and still, |  | | Complete and ready for the revels rude, |  | | When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude. | *145* | |  |  | | The day appear’d, and all the gossip rout. |  | | O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout |  | | The silent-blessing fate, warm cloister’d hours, |  | | And show to common eyes these secret bowers? |  | | The herd approach’d; each guest, with busy brain, | *150* | | Arriving at the portal, gaz’d amain, |  | | ’Twas Apollonius: something too he laugh’d, |  | | … “’Tis no common rule, |  | | “Lycius,” said he, “for uninvited guest | *165* | | “To force himself upon you, and infest |  | | Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke |  | | From fifty censers their light voyage took | *180* | | Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood, |  | | Each shrining in the midst the image of a God. | *190* | |  |  | | At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow; |  | | But when the happy vintage touch’d their brains, |  | | Reason / logic breaks the beautiful spell.  Microcosm for Romantic Period VS The Enlightenment  **Do not all charms fly** |  | | **At the mere touch of cold philosophy?** | *230* | | There was an awful rainbow once in heaven: |  | | We know her woof, her texture; she is given |  | | In the dull catalogue of common things. |  | | **Philosophy will clip an Angel’s wings**, |  | |  |  | | By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place, |  | | Scarce saw in all the room another face, | *240* | | The bald-head philosopher | *245* | | Had fix’d his eye, without a twinkle or stir |  | | Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride, |  | | Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride. |  | | Lycius then press’d her hand, with devout touch, |  | | As pale it lay upon the rosy couch: | *250* | | ’Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins; |  | | Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains |  | | Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart. |  | | “Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start? |  | | “Know’st thou that man?” Poor Lamia answer’d not. | *255* | | “Lamia!” he shriek’d; and nothing but the shriek |  | | With its sad echo did the silence break. | *270* | | “Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man! |  | | “Fool! Fool!” repeated he, while his eyes still | *295* | | Relented not, nor mov’d; “from every ill |  | | “Of life have I preserv’d thee to this day, |  | | “And shall I see thee made a serpent’s prey? |  | | Then Lamia breath’d death breath; the sophist’s eye, |  | | Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly, | *300* | | Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging: she, as well  Anagnorisis for both tragic victims! The truth  Echoes of Original sin – Eve in the Garden of Eden |  | | As her weak hand could any meaning tell, |  | | Motion’d him to be silent; vainly so, |  | | He look’d and look’d again a level—No! |  | | **“A Serpent!”** echoed he; no sooner said, | *305* | | Than with a frightful scream she vanished: |  | | And Lycius’ arms were empty of delight, |  | | As were his limbs of life, from that same night. |  | | On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round— |  | | Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found, | *310* | | And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound. |  | |