

# “With the Strength of Dreams”

By George Sterling

I saw the Lesbian Sappho bowed in light  
Before the hushèd altar of the sea—  
Song-swept, a lyre on which in threnody  
Th’ ascendant tremors of her spirit’s might  
Thrilled chord on chord to music. In my flight  
From dream to dream, I paused; I wept; while she  
Sang till I saw the western glory flee,  
A molten pearl, one with the wine of night.

I know not if the blossom of their day,  
In Paradise, be blessed with fairer fruit;  
If deeper ecstasies of music may,  
Dying or latent, fill their fancied lute,  
Or happier tear-drops find the olden way,  
Ere yet the twilight seraphim be mute.