Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
still at an unearthly height, One luminary clock
Holds in perfection but a little moment
What by your measure is the heaven of desire,
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

From what I’ve tasted of desire I hold
a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain’d me,
the far-off depth and height reflecting my own face,
The access of perfection to the page.
The seagull’s wings shall dip and pivot him,

And one star, swinging, take its place, alone,
her wild hollow hoarlight hung to the height
in the winter air A white perfection
high in the air, floating with motionless wings
beyond desire. Alas, the sparrow knoweth

What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
Sheer off, disposeveral, a star, | death blots black out;
Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
to-day; He hath no desire nor sense,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

desire, All mind and violence and nothing felt
with warm breast and with ah! bright wings
into glory peep. If a star were confin’d
there on the sad height, Curse, bless, me now
we love you—there is perfection in you also;
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
Gives motion to perfection more serene
It is the star to every wandering bark,
on the belfry’s height A glimmer, and then a gleam
And I said, O that I had wings like a dove;

I walked—as wings—my body bore—The feet—
Bring me my Arrows of desire: Bring me
cloud In which it towers, infinite in height.
Go and catch a falling star, Get
forced to choose perfection of the life