

TO HER WHOSE NAME IS WRITTEN BELOW

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,
Bright and expressive as the stars of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies
Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly these words, which hold a treasure
Divine—a talisman, an amulet
That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure—
The words—the letters themselves. Do not forget
The smallest point, or you may lose your labor.
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre
If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Upon the open page on which are peering
Such sweet eyes now, there lies, I say, *perdu*,
A musical name oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets—for the name is a poet's too.
In common sequence set, the letters lying,
Compose a sound delighting all to hear—
Ah, this you'd have no trouble in descrying
Were you not something of a dunce, my dear:—
And now I leave these riddles to their Seer.

[February 14, 1846]