

# The White Statue

By Olive Custance

I LOVE you, silent statue : for your sake  
I My songs in prayer up-reach  
Frail hands of flame-like speech,  
That some mauve-silver twilight you make wake !

I love you more than swallows love the south,  
As sunflowers turn and turn  
Towards the sun, I yearn  
To press warm lips against your cold white mouth.

I love you more than scarlet-skirted dawn,  
At sight of whose spread wings  
The great world wakes and sings.  
Forgetful of the long vague dark withdrawn.

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I love you most at purple sunseting,  
When night with feverish eyes  
Comes up the fading skies. . . .  
I love you with a passion past forgetting !