

"The Dream"  
Henri Rousseau



Priestess

Which primes for the serow in the gorge  
Of the feline fruit which fathoms ferment  
Frenzy the forest in fantasies' field -  
Secret the self from the serpent spiced  
By the lie of the lion's lea -  
Border the blessed in blossom's blush  
Of paradise aride  
Which covets the chaste conceived.  
Thrust not thy thoughts on the thorn.