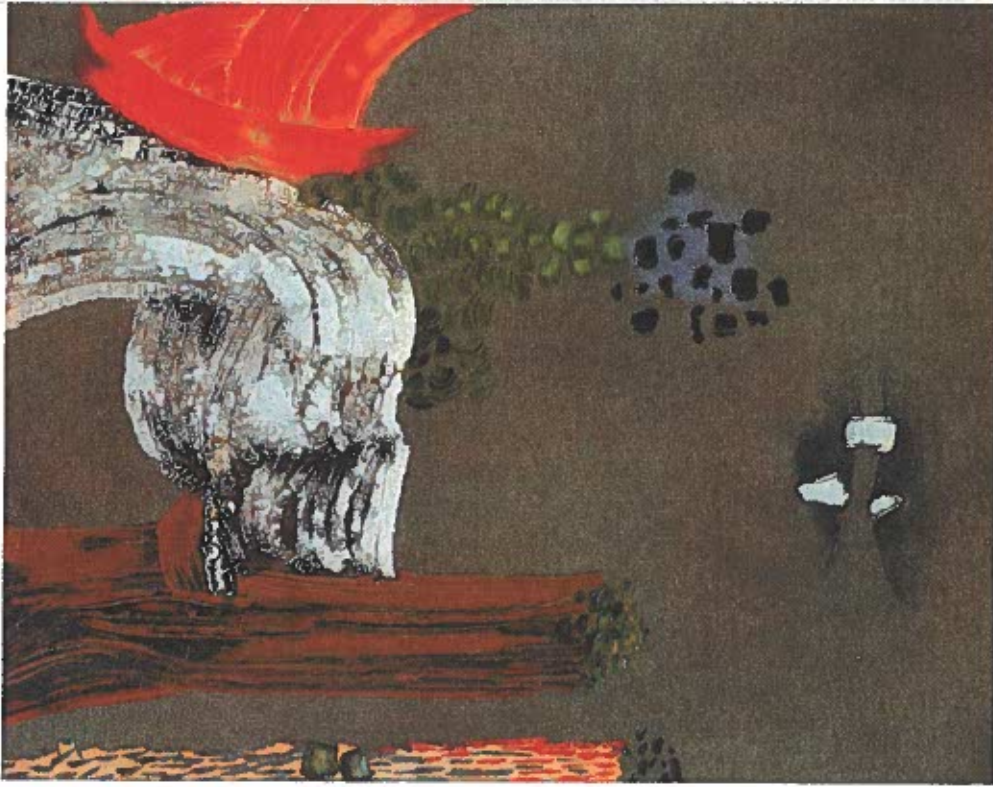


"Le Baiser"
J. Herold



The kiss is what it evokes;
The shade from its double reclaims;
A swish and a swirl to replay
The minute sculptured in grace
Of a woman delivered, refined;
Light and the lips unstained
In love through its last remains
For the innocent lost of ideals;
Of spirited blushes to fire
The bodiless untouched but in man.
The kiss is but what it invokes.

Oh kiss yield the stars sensed reply
As the sparkle that coats out the eye.

Oh kiss that is given but twice:
Twice to be lost then arise,
Twice to the promised fulfill,
Twice to install - then recall.

Oh kiss, twice departed, alone
But denied an increase
As revealed

Bring the real as its soul belongs.

to make her soul.