

# Commemoration

Claude McKay

When first your glory shone upon my face  
My body kindled to a mighty flame,  
And burnt you yielding in my hot embrace  
Until you swooned to love, breathing my name.

5 And wonder came and filled our night of sleep,  
Like a new comet crimsoning the sky;  
And stillness like the stillness of the deep  
Suspended lay as an unuttered sigh.

I never again shall feel your warm heart flushed,  
10 Panting with passion, naked unto mine,  
Until the throbbing world around is hushed  
To quiet worship at our scented shrine.

Nor will your glory seek my swarthy face,  
To kindle and to change my jaded frame  
15 Into a miracle of godlike grace,  
Transfigured, bathed in your immortal flame.