

Untitled, 1930

I want to write poems whose fragrance shall be Of the newly bloomed
flowers,
The spray of the sea,
Of the wind in the clover--
Oh, over and over
I long to write poems--
But mostly of thee.

My lover, where art thou that I must pretend To dream to write
verses
To Nature, my friend?
When sure you must hear it--
This song in my spirit,
The song of a lover I'm longing to send.

But I shall write poems forever and aye, Of the brick-breasted
robin
And sweet smelling hay,
And the wind in the clover--
But over and over
I'll long to write lyrics
My love to betray!

In a pool of water
I see the sky;
In a sweeping windstorm
I hear you cry. So do you think I'll
ever be
Quite sure of all I hear and see?

A stone bench sleeps under The shadow of a tree.
The bench looks grown to earth, The tree--
A wisp.

The world dies
Early in the morning,
Before the glimmer of a darkling dawn Begins to creep
around the hills.
It is pain then
To listen to the rustle of dry leaves.

Yellow flames shoot from the green candles In the darkened
room.
Ladies, in bright waving silks
Rustle in the stillness
And pierce through the shadows.
Sometimes shadows in the twilight
Look more firm
When they sink into the grass
Than the buildings they creep from

Windless Lays 1930

I love the windless days!
Not like my sisters who have eyes of storm
And revel in the great blown moods of earth

And catapulting groans of clouds!
Standing defiant 'gainst the moans of rain,
They think to hold within themselves a power
All overwhelming and outliving those
That earth and sky display in moods of ire

But I love windless days.
With all my heart upturned to a dim sky,
I stand and listen to the murmuring sighs
Deep buried in the far flung fields of corn.
All darkling are the trees about me autumn -bent,
All silent in the gaunt grey moonlit patch
That melts the clinging darkness heaven sent.

And in the quiet wakefulness of nights and days
I live content and with my dreams. And in my heart
There stirs no great unconquerable hope
To fight gigantic nature and her whims.
For on the windless days come my best thoughts to me:
Thoughts of the peace of earth and the good tranquility
Of plain blue skies,
Thoughts of the far illimitable strength of lands
That stretch their boundless acres tremulous beneath the heights.

Unending, passionless and pure
Are dreams I have on still bright days
Or quiet uncomplaining nights

May 4, 1930

Like quiet birds upon a singing tree
My silences upon your heart will poise, When
you have paused a breath in telling me
The love you bear is wrought with peace and joys.
Enhallowed, fair, and caught as from a cloud,
This rove that like a hurricane can sweep! You
sing your songs with rapture and aloud, But all
at once your very heart will leap--
You feel my hush that lingers on your words-- The
hush of summer morns and songless birds.

And can you let your soul be touched with pain,
Because all time has passed one moment past, And
answers from my lips fall not like rain, Nor
words, from out my heart come pouring fast? Ah, you
must know my soul ecstatic cries
Upon your soul; your very breath is mine! And
in the dark my eyes seek out your eyes, And in
the hush my spirit answers thine.

FANTASIA 1927

The Poet
Too many worlds lie within my hands.
I can turn them round and round and click them together And
bounce them against my palms and make any moonbeam Crack
their crystal clarity.
But I cannot run them together.
I cannot make the soul of one flow into the heart of the other. They
stand like green palm leaves and float about

And divide themselves into millions of ideas.
One world is like a china cup with fantastic cracks in it-- Held
together by thoughts.
It can never be shattered into nothingness
For there are too many poets.

The Lover

I float in the blue atmosphere of her eyes
And wonder why the sky looks so far away.
Green fireflies spin around me
And make the tips of my fingers tingle so I think they have
Sparked out a little of their light at me.
I catch hold of golden door knobs,
But they melt away
And the leaves whisper that she is gone.
I close my eyes and look through my heart
At the drops of rain that shower down upon my warm eyelids. Love
burns me
And still I cast myself into the fire.

The Adventurer

I want the notes I play to ripple from my fingers And
stand tiptoe on the ceiling.
I want my heart to be fragrant and stuffed with stars. I
want all the loves in the world to beckon to me
And to offer me wine with sweet dazzling icicles. There
is no mist around the moon for me--
It is dripping with color that it gathered from the gold mines. It
is rick in a dark sky.

The Painter

Lovely colors murmur like baby bees
And kiss the mouth of the silken brush.
It is like showering great worlds from a nutshell To
throw such lines upon a canvas.
The ladies step from the frame
And touch their lips with moist finger tips.
Water swirls in a cool bowl
And gold fish glide about reflecting window lights.
The ladies cup their hands and draw n gold fish to their palms. They
dance back to the fume
And pour the Couleur d'Or upon their bosoms.

The Butterfly

I have stepped on flowers
That spoke to me with honey in their mouths.
I have crept into leaves that lie under spruce trees.
There were villagrs there of young green figures.
I tiptoed, about and flew to a nest
And in it lay an unglazed jewel
That had rolled itself in star dust and dropped from the sky.

The Sufferer

It is like living in a mist where veils of grey float.
I have strung my tears on a cobweb and have wrapped it
Like a cloak around my body, dancing in its pearliness.
In the early morning I have crept out of the fog
And into the sunlight,
But the beams have cut my teardrops into diamonds.
Sharp points sting softly and I run into the mist.
It is easier to suffer.

The Philosopher

I lay long fingers on summer sunbeams
And let them ripple noiselessly through my hands.
There is a glimmer—like the colored beauty of dewy flower.
My eyes look through the gossamer of silken tulle
And the world is lovely. No-one can hurt me.
My heart is like an offering of jasmine.
My soul touches the depths of things.

The Mystic

I am interested in death.
There is a light in your soul
Like a bright moon lying at the floor of a pool.
There are garlands in the air
If we look up and find them.
But clouds hide so much.
We cannot be certain how deep the stars are inlaid in the sky.
Raindrops are real and not visions.
The earth carries them in her arms
And lets them creep about her bosom.
And then they are gone.
Death is like that.

The Child

I wonder why I'm not a bird
So many times I think the birch bark must be glad it loves the tree.
It clings to it beautifully and offers white velvet.
Yesterday a bee talked to a butterfly and no-one understood.
They were swinging on a pansy.
I was glad and walked quietly on tiptoe in the grass
And gathered armsfull of dry red leaves
And let them flutter in the air and heard them laugh!
I think they must like to play tag with the wind.
I do.
So I found a brown pebble and threw it to the sky.
I only felt the earth rock.
A cloud caught my pebble up.
I know because I saw one smile.
I talked to a tall young lad yesterday who said the world was grey.
Her eyes were full of *rain* drops and she called them "tears".

FANTASIA 1927

The Flower girl

Bright colored petals cast their leaves away
And totter on silken stems.
The dew drops roll on their smooth sides
And to the moth it sounds
Like the rumble of pearls in the blue air.
The roses imagine themselves into a purple color
And the sweet peas dance through the silver weavings
That twist about brown wood.
The daisies creep through the grass
And toss their heads about
Like buttons on green velvet.
The earth is a friend of the sky--
Between themselves they throw glances at the flowers.

The Dreamer

I shall cut patches out of the sky
Tonight at sundown.
Tomorrow I shall put them in my pocket
And run with the wind
So that my eyes get tangled in the sunshine.
I shall spill squares of color
On the feathered growing grass,
And if one catches to my finger
I shall lay it on my cheek
And breathe in the warmth of the world's afternoon.
Then I shall lean against a tree
And dream of fairies
Painting the moon silver with their tongues.

The Brook

I am a shower of glass
Tinkling upon rough stones. Rainbow lights flash through me
And weep to be drowned. Someday
The cold claws of a black night will freeze me,
and my drops will splutter out and cling to a rock
Like crystal necklaces.
Then there will be a white silence in the world. The

Sky

My infinite greatness of blue
Flashes like a soft fire
And spans the world.
Do the trees think they can touch me
When they fling themselves so high?
I could stretch a cloud
Into a strong white arm
And draw them upward.
They would thrill!
For trees can feel ecstasies
Like shimmers of lightning.
And Oh! To touch the sky!

The Night

I carve my figures out of darkness,
And push the shadows about
Till they groan and make sounds

Like the clashing of trees.
Leaves tremble
And splash blackness at each other.
I make the sky of lapis lazuli,
And tuck a gold moon in the corner.
Only in an open field
Can you get clear moonlight,
And there you are afraid.
My arms are everywhere.

Illusion (Sue to Gilbert--unhappy pair)

It is **not** pity that I seem to crave,
But love. (I have no longing to be brave!)
If I could tell you in some startling song
Just how I seek your eyes, and how I long
To have you turn them, lovelit, on my face. But
you are fearful lest you might erase
The memory of a maiden lovelier far
Than I. And so I shall not mar
The image of me chiselled in your brain;
I shall not spoil it by this inward pain
Thrust forth in words--lest I should someday find
That you have found it easiest to be kind.

Poetry

Poetry is such a flash
Of silver-ribboned songs!
Catch them in your **nets**, you fishers of the earth!
Sigh and laugh and let your young eyes sparkle
Like the sea drops, like a moon!
Hold them tight--tight--tight--
Press them soft against your bosom
On a pale blue night, And the stars will tell you
How to drink their silver-ribboned light!

Then, you sea-tossed fishermen
With wide dripping nets,
Will walk as kings in velvet robes
Who understand the sun.
And clouds will be as sea to you,
The sea will be the sky,
And the moon--the gold-spun. moon--
You can hold it in your arms at night
By leaning to the water.
If your souls will speak you will bend your heads to listen
While the world is passing by.
And the world will ring as your young hearts sing:
"Hold them tight--tight--tight--!
Press them soft against your bosom
On a pale blue night
And the stars will tell you how to drink

Their silver ribboned light!"

I sing of a home lying up on a hill,
Of the prim little way it stands ever so still.
But, Oh, could you see what lies back of its door,
You would vow to stay always and forever more!
Then you'd sing of its gay walls, its dream walls of blue
And the pictures that poise and throw colors at you;
The green of the forests, The Mexican clouds,
The etching of Prague and its hurrying crowds.

And you would remember the pussies that try
To climb the tall willows that swing from on high.
And the broom for the hearth and the brown Philippine,
And the Indian pots with their heavy baked sheen.

And bright patterned eggs in a basket lie near,
Guarded well by brass adders that fill you with fear.

Among them a rain God sits placidly still,
In the hope that a shower his clay urn will fill.
On the mantle sits Buddha who never will rise
From his small teakwood table; he'll only look wise.
And near him a candlestick bought in the rain
At the bookstalls of Paris that border the Seine.
And great turquoise ear-rings in silver inlaid,
That hung on the ears of some East Indian maid.

This home in a garden of trees and of birds
Cannot be described in my colorless words;
Would I were a poet inspired from above,
To describe the domain that evolved from our love.

Savant

And so you would like to be a philosopher!
I wonder why.
Do you feel the need of dwelling more
With complex thoughts?
You have lived a generation out
And still the secrets of the soul
Disturb your visions of a heavy life.
Think of the endless pages you must probe;
And days of sacrifice will crowd around your deeds—
Perhaps you like this way of growing old,
Since satisfaction comes in slow rebounds,
And visions sift their way through ponderous years.
And you could teach me--
No! I beg to be allowed to lie
In the low grass beneath your feet,
Where I may look be' and you to the sky.
I am so young,
And days go by too swiftly,
Leaving dreams and unremembered hours
And songs I should have sung.
But somehow in my heart
There is the quietness of life:
I go my way as stars will bid me;
On darkened days I lean back
To the thoughts of sun.

The world is all too great!
Someday this drop of years
That made you old,
That made me young,
Will vanish like a tear into the sea.
Ten thousand years of death and we shall be as one.
Ten thousand years of sun.
And yet you wish to be a sage I wonder why.
Is there so much of life,
Of breath,
Upon an undiscovered or a written page?

Moon Magic

And is it moonlight, love, tonight?
I have riot seen
What lies beyond my door in ghostly sheen.

Soft spring the shadows
And the sky lies low,
Let me not look abroad les I should go.

Deep draws the moon to me
Lifts up my heart;
Looking, I leave you , love,
Standing apart.

Cover the window panes,
Gather me tight!
Else I shall fly, beloved,

Into the night

HOME 1984

Why do I love my home so much
Now that I am alone,
Now that there is no children's rush
Through all these rooms? Away they've flown
To other homes that are now their own.

I sit and gaze at all the things
That make this home a work of art;
And all the memories they bring
Lie calm and deep inside my heart.

The warmth of books that line the walls,
The books we shared and read aloud
Long evenings, far into the night;
And on the brass and silver bright
The quiet light so smoothly falls,
And gives a glow to cosy chairs,
And cushions flung about in pairs.

The paintings speak to me of times
Spent far abroad when I was young—
They flash upon the walnut walls
Like songs that long ago were sung,
Or soft-toned bell chimes gently rung.

Hand moulded jars and lovely bowls
Lie here and there in casual place
To greet the eye and please the soul,
The handiwork of artists' grace.

I wander slowly through these rooms
That saw so much of youth and cheer;
I hear the laughter, still so near,

But now the quiet the has come,
And all these rooms bring sweet repose;
Through all the years, the many tears of joy
And sorrow---everything that comes and goes
And through a life-time softly flows.

"The sky is a big balloon."
Children have souls made of poems. Why should
Why men try to create
What to a child is flowering thought?
I would rather hear a baby voice say,
"Look, Mother, the grass is crying--I see the tears--"
Than have an old accepted poet
Try to think of words which twirl our brains
In order to describe the morning dew.

A child looks at a quarter moon with curious eyes.
It is a wondrous thing to see him point and say:
"Oh--see--
It is half buttoned in the sky!"
And I know too this child
Would sit in brightened windows basking.
With open arms he'd gather sunlight in his hands
And put it on his face.
That's why little children have such happy smiles.
"Lift me up high, Mother, So I may
see the **wind**."

Stars--Stars!
Do you hear the stars buzz tonight?
I do,
Because they look to me
Like bees on the dome of a hive;
Swarms of them
Whispering entangled secrets,
Making the heavens alive
To the movement of illuminated patterns.

And I should like to be
A keeper of bees,
So that I could stretch my hand
Into their midst and not be frightened
By the sharp sting of their glitter.
They might creep up my arm
And murmur,
And waft themselves lightly against my face,
And I should let them dance about ME--
The keeper of **bees**.

But in the heavens,
With the stars,
He is God.

MUSINGS

Poetry I like to write with thin and wispy pens.
Things that I should like to write poems about because they are
beautiful in an inner sense:

The creases in the necks of aged men,
Red, working hands that now lie resting in a lap,
The loveliness of washing clothes in foamy suds,
The feel of book covers that makes me want to read,
The expressions on fingernails.
The sudden loneliness of a lonely-less girl,
The beauty of a building left in ashes--the power
of God's fire.

Your eyes are made of sadness
Though you smile;
You think with curved lips
To beguile

Unthinkingly I throw a sheet of paper on the red coals.
A sheet all black: with writing of my own,
Suddenly a long arm of flame, reaches up and clutches it,
Throttles and strangles, mercilessly warm;
Each chosen word I carelessly had writ
Begins to curl and tragically writhe,
And thoughtfully I sit and watch them die, Then all
the coals look satisfied and cry: "Does it amuse,
you, all this revelry?"
And I am sorry that I carelessly have writ
Those words that by red coals must be relit.

I sit and watch the aged man
With creases in his neck,
I think of colorless old boats Bent
jagged in a wreck.
There's something of divine despair
That urges on my pen,
That makes re want to write and ode
On necks of aged men.

Note to a Rich Husband Who Loved Me 1928

It is not as you told me;
I used to want diamonds,
But now I long for water in a brook,
And trees that lift their greenness to the sky,
And sounds of night!
Your gems are bright.
They cut me to the heart
In the same way
That burnished moons have done.
But I used to love that pain
That beauty gave me;
Now I cringe--
Your rubies look like blood!
Somewhere
I have lost my soul
In a wind--stormed tree,
And you drew me down without it
And did not see--
You did not see!

Now I go to find my soul again.
"Nothing dies," you said. It comforts me.
I have left you my last pearl;
You will not find it warm--
Cold as a snowdrop
For I touched it not
Since last I had the dream about the brook.
You used to clothe me in tender silk gowns;
I have folded them up in your inlaid chest.
If you find a tear drop
Remember that I wept for you.
Farewell--I go--
Rich in my own body!
You must not find me;
But if you should look,
(somehow I think you will)
Seek me not in places,
But let your footsteps lead you
To some sparkling, brook.

THWARTED

Under my eyelids flash the fires
Of smothering, uncontrollable desires!
But when at last I open them and look,
I gaze upon a world serene as any quiet flowing brook.
And no-one knows the pain that lies
Back of these tranquil, quiet-seeming eyes!
Into my shell 7 quivering creep,
And all the world comes there to weep;
While I but beat upon my breast and pray
That I may hide an image of dismay.

Ah, no-one know the pains that lies
In all those strange concealed cries!

I'd like to write a poem now
About the Pussy willows
That have drawn their slim young bodies up
In dark blue bowls
And stand idly in each other's arms.
I think they almost lift a sadness in me—
The kind that makes my lips smile.
My heart loves simple things,
And pussy willows always send
A warmth through my thoughts.
There are so many sorrows in this world,
And tangled bitterness—
Poignant hours
When dazed minds flounder
At the slightest breath of wind.

I came back once with a great, leaden soul,
Wondering at life.
But I lifted my hands to the dark blue bowls,
And pussy willows bent
And swayed--leaned to my tears--
And there was light
And purity and gentle tone
In what they said to me.
Like the poem I want to write.

In the dark
The silver grey of their silken heads
Is color for my day.
They are pussy willows,
And I am a young girl!

Embers

Embers lovely, embers bright,
You have made a splendid light
In the darkness of the night;
You have made me want to write.

But in hours of early morn
Of your loveliness you're shorn,
You look cold and so forlorn;
Now you make me want to mourn.

Shall I sing of burning red
Before your loveliness is fled?
Or shall I chant a dirge instead,
Of coals that now still and dead?

PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA 1927
Thoughts on Charles Bridge

I stroll down the wet
Brick patterned walk
That leads a happy way
Along the river.
Rain---night---and bright gold chandeliers
Skim the water's depth.

A sonnet is a heartfelt of words,
Carry them, rain,
To the river for me!

And the Bride
With its gaunt stone statues scattered--
Playing ghosts!
Foundation is beautiful!
I feel the firm heaviness under me;
And yet--I walk swiftly.

The old gleam of the pavement,
Intricate foot prints
That fade into the stone--
All that--with the towers of Hradcany unseen,
Mysteriously smothered in the sky,
Makes my laughter
Drown into a poignant sob.

If I could only lift my head
As high as two tall towers
That guard the ends.
But high things sometimes hurt.
And still, they sing a tune
And make me think of twilights,
There is only one way to know a river:
Come alone in a glad rain.
And then--you've felt a river!

Prasna Brana (Prague's historic Powder Gate)

The Powder Gate is beautifully tall!
Like a great stone ghost
It slumbers in the night
Without a whisper--
Without a glance at the world below.
It talks to the sky, perhaps,
In dream language,
When houses sleep their years away,
And dim lamps flicker
Like tear drops the wind blows.
And in the morning
It keeps its silence with the sun.
It has seen armies.
It has heard guns.
It has been brave.
It stands with an old heart,
And people pass
Quivering life,
And add on to its generations
When they die.

PRAGUE

Sometimes when I walk in the rain in Prague,
In narrow streets'
Where the dark clouds droop
And tremble over roofs that sag
And lift their age
To eyes that love old things—
A feeling comes to me
That makes my careless words a slander
In the dimness of the day;
All the buildings crowd together
And the dampness creeps about
Where the ancient boards decay.
And I pass along--all silently--
The wind has come--to pray.
In narrow streets where the dark clouds droop
The wind has come to pray.

As Beauty Grew Into My Heart
I saw so many things when I was young!
I looked at deep moonlight
Sifting through a fir tree,
Tip-tilted my head,
Looked up at the stars--
And I could not keep my heart from dripping tears!
I am young!
How can I suffer?
Why do worlds cry out at me?
And the wind came through the fir tree
Softly--in a whisper:
"You are sage--
You are as old as you will ever be!"

Prague

The glaze of a frozen river
And a snow encrusted spire!
Oh! how, when winter's falling
Can my soul be all on fire!
And I have been in deserts

Where the sun was all my own,

But in the blue of summer winds

My heart was chill as stone.

The solemn eyes of Russian women—
 Can the great Black Sea forget?
 And they used to look at Petrograd:
 And there were sleighs with frosty bells breaking
 Into chill air.
 And Russian women smiled, and sighed,
 And ached with love of spirit.
 They like to remember the bright warm days in Crimea;
 They want to forget the rest.

Drink deep of the eyes of Russians!
 The grey—the blue—
 That gaze with hidden ecstasies and brave young hearts
 At years still unexplored—
 Calling—too fast—with echoes in the sky.
 Drink deep!
 And to your heart will come the strangest tales
 That are not cloaked in words.
 The solemn eyes
 Are those of Russian women.
 And you will look and dream, and understand.

Sonnet or the gift from You to **Me**

I hold my bracelet to the morning sun
 And turn my thoughts to Italy and you.
 The beads slip through my fingers one by one,
 Like petals touched with kisses of the dew.
 O lovely turquoise! Taormina's soul
 Has lent you color of a fairy sea;
 I like to think the southern ocean rolled
 A drop of wave from out the depths to me!
 But when you clasped it on my arm that night
 A greater vision came to wake my heart:
 You are the turquoise of the wondrous light,
 I am the jade---a thing of sun apart.
 Close in my hand, the tiny stone I hold
 Are ever linked with tender wisps of gold.

When You Look at Me like That

When you look at me like that
 I see a world in your eyes
 And I think I understand you.
 I see the same mood in a soft summer lake,
 And I know that things could never be different.
 Someway my heart accepts it all,
 And then--there is so little I want except to live--
 Even the shadows--
 They are still there
 But they are dressed in sunlight

See the Indian maiden
Going out to play
And her hair is streaming
For she has runaway

Nebraska

I live in Nebraska,
A state so dear to me,
With snow, rain, and flowers
And many a green, green tree.

The Snow

Now the snow is on the ground,
And the birds have flown away.
Now the children all are out,
Ready for jolly fun and play.

My Dolly

I have a little dolly,
She's sweet as can be,
I love her very much,
And I think she loves me.

My Rocking Horse

I have a nice new rocking horse,
its color is red.
Once I put my dolly on it
And she almost broke her head!

The Kitten

See the kitten quietly sleeping,
And just hear how nice she purrs.
You must let her sleep, not wake her,
Or she'll scratch like sand burze.

Christmas

Everybody's getting presents,
For you know it's Christmas time,
We will watch for dear old Santa,
For his bells will ring and chime.

The Clock

Hear the clock, tick-tock,
any hours will pass away,
And soon will come another day.
Ding Bong, ding dong,
Hear the school bell sing its song.
We must hurry and go to school
For if we're late !twould break the rule.

The Flag

Be true, be true,
To the Red, White and Blue.

No matter where you **are**,
Just don't forget the stripes and stars.

Wild Flowers

There are many wil flowers,
So bright and pretty too,
Buttercups and daisies
And violets so sweet and blue.

Kitty Cat

Kitty cat, kitty cat,
Wants something Food to eat,
Robin redbrest sits high on the roof
singing tweet tweet tweet.

The taffy Pull

There was a little blue-eyed girl,
And once she had a taffy pull.
When all the little folks got there
They began their little affair.

Sunset

Now the sun is setting low,
For the day is done, you know.
All the birds have sought their nests
And everyone will, take a rest.

The Fish

Pretty golden fish,
Swimming in a pool,
You are always happy,
For you are always cool.

The Snowman

See the snow man, see the snow man,
Standing in the snow so white,
But when the hot sun strikes him,
He will be a funny sight.

The Reindeer

See the reindeer
Wildly running
In the forest green,
But if you come too close to him
He will vanish and not be seen,

In Holland

There are many dikes in Holland,
And many windmills too;
The children all wear wooden shoes
That would not fit me nor you.

They are always polite and very good,
They all mind their mamas as everyone should.

Curly Red

There was once a little boy
They called him Curly Red;
He had the sweetest little curls
On his round little head.

His eyes were like two berries,
His teeth were just like pearls,
His cheeks were like red cherries,
They just matched with his curls.

Curly Red was four years old,
His birthday came in May.
When he was asked how old he was
He'd say, "I'm four years old today."

His sisters called him different names
Like Curly, Pet or Bunny.
But his Daddy always said,
"He's just my little sonny."
Curly Red would sing us songs.
He liked Yankee Doodle Dandy.
And at speaking pieces
He really was quite handy.

VENICE 1927

What gives my heart a sudden light

Is the thought of a blue, Italian night,
Where the stars are gold and the streets lie dark,
And the Campanile guards Saint Marc.

Oh, I took that light from a lovely moon
When I stood alone on a night in June--
In the open space of a dove crowned square;
And the evening wrapped me in sweet hushed air.

There was wealth of sky in the dark-wreathed bowl,
And I raised my hands to its distant soul;
I could dream of worlds for a thousand years,
But tonight I loved the instant's tears.

And the light my lonely heart had caught
Flashes back to me with the golden thought
Of the moon-flushed, blue Venetian night
When the streets are dim and the stars are bright.