

AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY

THERE is a silent wood, where swart flowers lift
 Insolent heads in purple savagery,
 Sullenly brooding by a soundless sea.
There the drugged winds for ever change and shift,
Charged with barbaric incenses that sift
 Languid with sleep from tree to shadowed tree.
 Where did I breathe that air? Where did I see
That wood beside the lake where slow winds drift?

I am quick with flickering fantasies to-night
 Meshed in the quivering fabric of my soul
 Like tremulous visions of another sphere.
O heart, are they sick memories of delight
 Lost long ago? Or glimpses of a goal
 That I shall win after long pain and fear?