

It lingers a second and vanishes—and appears again. And then it's gone until another time.

How tender, how lovely, how bright is the golden ripple against the cold, cold blue!

It is come and gone in a minute.

We do not know its coming or its going.

But while we see it our hearts beat high and fast.

"It may be," I say when it is gone, "that this golden ripple will show us some way to get beyond the wall where things are divine."

"It may be," says my friend Annabel Lee, "that the golden ripple will show us something divine among these few things on this side of the wall."