

Bertram and Gilbert, Louis, Frank and
James,
Each with his aims ;
One thinks he is a poet, and writes verse
His friends rehearse ;
Another is full of law ;
A third sees pictures which his hand can
draw
Without a flaw.

Strangest of all, they never rest. Day long
They shift and throng,
Moved by invisible will,
Like a great breath which puffs across my
sill,
And then is still ;

It shakes my lovely manikins on the wall ;
Squall after squall,
Gust upon crowding gust,
It sweeps them willy nilly like blown dust
With glory or lust.

It is the world-ghost, the time-spirit, come
None knows where from,
The viewless draughty tide