

## THE TWILIGHT CLOUDS.

THE amber clouds, so hugely piled  
On the edge of the darkening heavens,  
Rise up in forms all wierd and wild  
By the restless west-wind driven.

Now rise tall mosques, their minarets  
In the light of even aglow ;  
Now, castle turrets, ivy-grown,  
With embattled arches below.

Now giant warrior, clad in mail,  
With greaves, and sword, and helmet bright ;  
Or priest, with censor fuming pale,  
And flowing robes of fleecy white.

Now rise a dim and motley crowd —  
The turbaned Turk, the hooded friar,  
The wizard grey, to earthward bowed,  
Or dreaming minstrel with his lyre.

These are the forms of the twilight clouds ;  
Thus they vary, and take no rest,  
Till night's thick darkness blackly shrouds  
Day's latest glimmer in the west.