

The Golden Bowl

On seeing a picture of a boy gazing at a golden bowl, which, among
Eastern nations, was a symbol of life.

IN a dream he seems to lie
Gazing at the golden bowl,
Where dim visions passing by
Whisper vaguely to his soul.

Restless phantoms come and go
Crowned with cypress or with bays ;
Sad or merry, swift or slow,
Tread they through the mystic maze.

Still the pageant winds along,
Youth and age and love and lust,
Till at last the motley throng
Fades and crumbles into dust.

All in vain upon the bowl
Gaze the wondering, boyish eyes ;
He shall read its hidden scroll
Only when it shattered lies.