

"Perhaps," I say, "it is that the wall is placed here before our eyes to hide from us our limitations."

"Perhaps," says my friend Annabel Lee, "it is that the wall itself is our limitations."

Which, if it is true, is very damnable.

For though human beings have done some divine things they have never gone beyond their limitations.

The blue of the stones in the wall is not a dark blue, but it is very cold. It is the color that is called stone blue.

It never changes.

The sun and the shade look alike upon it; and the wet rain does not brighten it; neither do thick clouds of dust make it dull.

It is stone blue.

Except for this:

Once in a number of days, in fair weather or foul, there will come upon the wide blankness a rippling like gold.