
INTROSPECT

THERE is a cavern where the still sea lingers,
Lapping and slipping through the quiet hall,
And whispers, in the soft-descending darkness
Echo from wall to wall ;

There in the glory of the golden twilight,
Sweet-scented winds from far-off, filmy lands
Come lightly to caress the dreamy waters,
And gently kiss the sands ;

And there I know, when this dread dream is over,
I shall return—to rest ; and resting, find
The old accustomed things—the hopes and visions
So lately left behind—

Then when the daylight dies in saffron splendor,
And all these tortured, fevered days are past,
Into the glad, warm West I knew aforetime
I shall return at last.