

REBELLION

THE earth lay wrapped in pale low hanging
mist,

As some white tomb all ready for its dead
I thought, and shudderingly forward pressed
Into that shadowed house where night still
hung

Darkly, as though it yet were loath to leave
While he lay there so still within the room.

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There was a garden once where the rose trees
Were heavy with white globes of scented
bloom,

There the bright-shafted arrows of the moon
Fell down the amethystine ways of night,