

*The vaulted chambers of the poet's brain
Are peopled by a restless throng who beat
Bewildering music, sometimes low and sweet,
Sometimes a loud, wild-resonant refrain.*

*There glide soft-sheeted ghosts of long spent years,—
Sweet, sensuous loves of youth that lived an hour,
Hope's phantom forms, delicious dreams of power,
When all the world was new, and later fears*

*Entangled not the boy's swift-flying feet.
Beneath the dim, unearthly arches hide
Odors from far-off flowers, and there abide
The mother-songs that childhood's ears first greet.*