

Of creatures gauzy dim
That cloud the dusk, and painted fish that
swim,
At the weaver's whim ;

And wonderful birds that wheel and hang in
the air ;
And beings with hair,
And moving eyes in the face,
And white bone teeth and hideous grins,
who race
From place to place ;

They build great temples to their John-a-nod,
And fume and plod
To deck themselves with gold,
And paint themselves like chattels to be sold,
Then turn to mould.

Sometimes they seem almost as real as I ;
I hear them sigh ;
I see them bow with grief,
Or dance for joy like an aspen leaf ;
But that is brief.

They have mad wars and phantom mar-
riages ;

Behind
The
Arras