

"For thy dear sake I have fared alone
And fronted failure and housed with none.

"What youth was that, when the world was
green,
In the lovely mythus Greek and clean,

"Was doomed with his flowery kin to bide,
A blown white star by the river side,

"And no more follow the sun, foot free,
Too long enamoured of one like thee?

"Shall God who abides in the patient flower,
The painted dust sustained by his power,

"Refuse to the wing of the dragonfly
His sanction over the open sky, —

"A frail detached and wandering thing
Torn loose from the blossomy life of spring?

"And this is man, the myriad one,
Dust's flower and time's ephemeron.

"And I who have followed the wander-list
For a glimpse of beauty, a wraith in the mist,