

## The Art of Alma · Cadema

There is no song his colors cannot sing,  
For all his art breathes melody, and  
tunes  
The fine, keen beauty that his brushes  
bring  
To murmuring marbles and to golden  
Junes.

The music of those marbles you can hear  
In every crevice, where the deep green  
stains  
Have sunken when the grey days of the  
year  
Spilled leisurely their warm, incessant  
rains

That, lingering, forgot to leave the ledge,  
But drenched into the seams, amid the  
hush  
Of ages, leaving but the silent pledge  
To waken to the wonder of his brush.