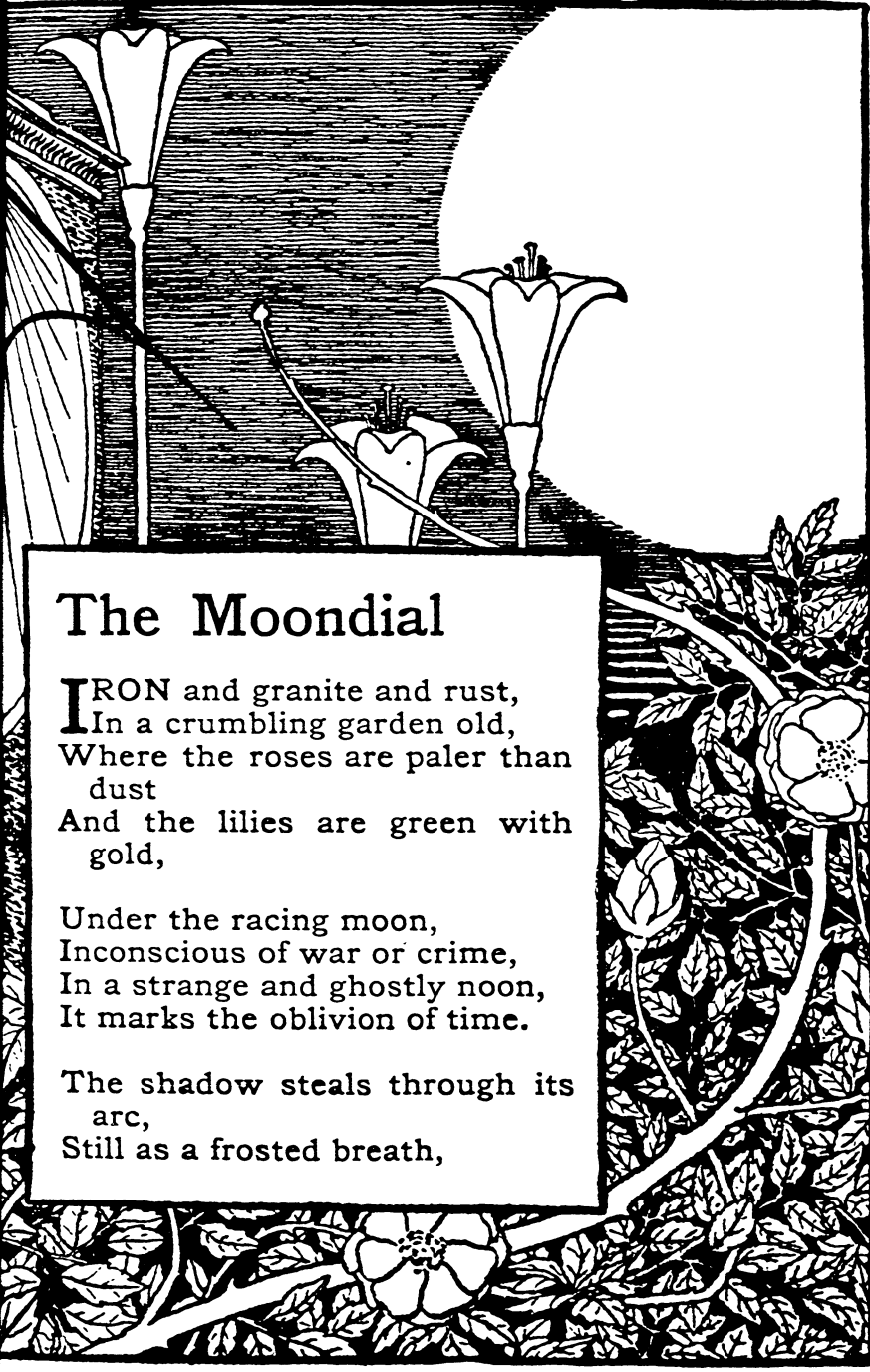




The Moondial

IRON and granite and rust,
In a crumbling garden old,
Where the roses are paler than
dust
And the lilies are green with
gold,

Under the racing moon,
Inconscious of war or crime,
In a strange and ghostly noon,
It marks the oblivion of time.

The shadow steals through its
arc,
Still as a frosted breath,