

*The
Window
of
Dreams.*

And twisted in the broken glass.
Some time ago, the little tree
That she had planted tenderly
Was not much higher than tall grass ;
But now, alas,

Its branches were the greatest where
Her window looked toward the sun.
One branch, indeed, its way had won
Into her room, — it did not bear
Green leaves in there.

Above the window, and inside,
Great spider-webs were spun across.
Where stone was, there was wet green moss
Wherein small creeping things did hide
Until they died.

The leaves that looked toward the room
Were hardly anything but veins ;
They had been wasted by the rains,
Like some dead naked girl in the gloom
Of some old tomb.

But those outside were broad and green,
And lived between the sun and shade.
A perfect bower they had made, —
Beneath them there should sit some queen,
Born to be seen !

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