

THE PLACE OF HIS REST

THE green marsh-mallows
Are over him.

Along the shallows
The pale lights swim.

Wide air, washed grasses,
And waveless stream;
And over him passes
The drift of dream;—

The pearl-hue down
Of the poplar seed;
The elm-flower brown;
And the sway of the reed;

The blue moth, winged
With a flake of sky;
The bee, gold ringed;
And the dragon fly.