

Dreamland.

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For I was falling, falling from on high
With the deceitful earth, which sunk away.
Unmeasured depths were sounded as I fell,
And there was peace no more, nor could I tell,
For dizziness, the darkness from the day,
So numb of sense, so dead with fear was I.

O blessed was the hand that caught my hand,
Unseen, and swung me thrice throughout all space !
Blessed that sought me at the ocean's brink,
And gave me hope as food and love as drink,
And fanned with snowy flowers mine anguished face,
And soothed me with her kisses as she fanned.

Lo, she was holy and most strangely fair,
Sleek-throated like a dove, and solemn-eyed.
Her lips were, as an infant's, small and sweet,
And as an infant's were her naked feet ;
And scarf-like flowed and shimmered at each side
Her cloven tresses of untrammelled hair.