

*Florence*

ILLUSIONS.

III.

Thus, in their weary way,  
The desert travellers say  
When the false mirage cheats the straining eye.  
Hopeful they hasten on  
Until the spot is won,  
Then on the desert bare they fall and die.

IV.

Not they deceived alone;  
For most have seen that zone  
Where guileful rays through flashing raindrops  
    peering  
Have hung the alluring bow  
With seven-fold hues aglow  
That draws the seeker on, yet mocks his nearing.