

We have stopped here, for we can not go on.

I wonder and conjecture much about the wall, and my friend Annabel Lee regards it sometimes with interest and sometimes with none.

And, times, we forget all about the wall and merely sit and rest in the shade it casts, or walk back on the road, or in the grass about it, or pluck a few wild sweet berries from the stunted wayside briars.

And, too, when a thunder storm comes up and the air is full of wind and rain slanting and whistling about us, we crouch close against the base of the wall, and we do not become so wet as we should were there no wall.

But that is only when the wind is from beyond it.

When the wind with its flood of rain comes toward us as we crouch by the wall