

After, she offered flowers and often set
A bowlful of the pleasant mignonette,
And starred the stones with the narcissus white,
And pansies left athinking all the night,
Then ruffled dewy dahlias, and at last,
When sundown told the summer-time had passed,
The stained asters; but from day to day,
Sadly she took the untouched flowers away.
With autumn and the sounding harvest flute,
She brought her timid god the heavy fruit;
But found it still and cool at early dawn,
Beaded with dew upon the crispy lawn.
At last one eve she placed an apple here,
Smooth as a topaz and as golden clear,
Scented like almonds, with a flesh like dew
And luscious-sweet as honey through and through.
She left it sadly on the sleepy lawn,
But when she came again her apple gold was gone.

Day after day for days she mutely strove,
Not to be separate from her placid love;
Perchance she thought that, breaking through the
spell,
Her shadow-god, deep in the tranquil well.

ATLANTIC
3011100
WYATT