

The Window of Dreams. After the morning, those things were :
A ship that rode triumphantly
(This sight would be

Plainest a little ere the noon)
On wide blue waters, with the wind
Strong from the west that lay behind ;
Its sail curved like a slender moon,
Born into June.

An empty ship beside the shore
Of some unconquered foreign land ;
Some brave men fighting on the sand
As they had never fought before
In any war ;

A few men fleeing to the hills
(This came a little after noon),
God, but the fight was ended soon !
They were not hard to wound and kill !
A trumpet shrill

Echoes, and many knights pursue !
And on the hillside dead men lie,
Who learned before they came to die
The yellow flags the victors flew
Were crossed with blue !