

XIII.

Could I dream within arbors Lethean,
Where the poppies that nod to the night
Have yielded at last to the perfume
Of roses enchantingly white ;
Where Morphia lies, and her lore is
Reveal'd, and her secrets are told
In fragments of fathomless stories
Forgotten of old !

XIV.

O souls made fit for the losing
Of all that the World implies,
Yet who tread not the pathway of heroes,
Nor of saints that agonize,
What vision is this that you treasure
Like children, until you are gray ?
Elusive, alluring forever,—
Who can say—who can say ?