

THE HOUSE OF COLOUR

MINE gold is here; yea, heavy yellow gold,
Gathered ere Earth's first days and nights were fled,
And all the walls are hung with scarfs of red,
Broidered in fallen cities, fold on fold ;
The stained window's saints are aureoled ;
And all the textures of the East are spread
On the pavéd floor, whereon I lay my head,
And sleep, and count the coloured things of old.
Once, when the hills and I were all aflame
With envy of the pageant in the West
(Except the sombre pine-trees — whence there came,
Continually, the sigh of their unrest),
A lonely crow sailed past me, black as shame,
Hugging some ancient sorrow to his breast.

THE FOURTH DAY

AS when the tideless, barren waters lay
About the borders of the early earth ;
And small, unopened buds dreamt not the worth
Of their incomparable gold array ;
And tall young hemlocks were not set a-sway
By any wind ; and orchards knew no mirth
At Autumn time, nor plenteousness from dearth ;
And night and morning, then, were the first day,
— Even so was I. Yet, as I slept last night,
My soul surged towards thy love's controlling power ;
And, quickened now with the sun's splendid might,
Breaks into unimaginal flower,
Knowing thy soul knows this for beacon-light —
The culmination of the harvest hour.