

THE SUMMER POOL

THIS is a wonder-cup in Summer's hand.
Sombre, impenetrable, round its rim
The fir-trees bend and brood. The noons o'erbrim
The windless hollow of its iris'd strand
With mote-thick sun and water-breathings bland.
Under a veil of lilies lurk and swim
Strange shapes of presage in a twilight dim,
Unwitting heirs of light and life's command.

Blind in their bondage, of no change they dream,
But the trees watch in grave expectancy
The spell fulfils,—and swarms of radiant flame,
Live jewels, above the crystal dart and gleam,
Nor guess the sheen beneath their wings to be
The dark and narrow regions whence they came.