


A Prelude

ATCHING the tremulous flicker of the green
Against the open quiet of the sky,
I hear my ancient way-fellows convene

In the great wood behind me. Where I lie
They may not see me ; for the grasses grow
As though no foot save June's had wandered by ;

Yet I, who am well-hidden, surely know,
As I have waited them, they yearn for me
To lead them whither they are fain to go.

Weary as I, are they, O Time, of thee !
Yea, we, who once were glad only of Spring,
Gather about thy wall and would be free !

With wounded feet we cease from wandering,
And with vain hands beat idly at thy gate ;
And thou, — thou hast no thought of opening,
And from thy peace are we still separate.

YET, comrades, though ye come together there,
And search across the shadows for my face,
Until the pines murmur of your despair,