

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly.
Flutter by,
Under and over,
Haunting the clover;
Each flashing wing
Fashioning
Quivering glories,
Luminous stories!

Life in a miniature,
Swiftly to win a pure
Realm of ideals,
Hoping it heals.

The best, the best
Is the endless quest.

Is hopefulness vain
To feel or to feign?
Know you not? save to say:
"It is glittering, glittering day!
The sun to me sings,
Beauty dowers my wings,
All of joy I attain!"
Once again
Flutter by,
Butterfly!