

THE WRONG WAY

I.

I WOKE to find me lying in
A lonely desert place,
Where ever-shifting silver sands
Caress'd my hands and face ;
Of hill or tree or human thing
I saw no sign or trace.

II.

But the lovely dreams that children dream
Were never half so fair :
Oh to that lone awakening
I can no thing compare !
I laugh'd for mere delight to breathe
The moving golden air.

III.

I kiss'd my naked arms, my heart
With subtle rapture beat
When shapely hands, blue-vein'd and wan,
I laid upon my feet :
The trickling sands upon them seem'd
Like waters cool and sweet.

IV.

And loosely I was clad in white,
With a girdle at my waist ;
And from my soul seem'd every stain