

ABOVE THE TREE-LINE

IMPREGNANT and outworn! Was ever bloom
Of flower upon these mountains, living fruit
Ripe for the lips (red lips and reedy flute!)
Of lovers, by some wavering water-plume?
Or were they ever old and ever mute,
Born without youth, in the shut hours of gloom,
Born without love, in chambers destitute,
A brooding menace and a nameless doom?

They turn and shoulder from their beds of silt
In desolate sickness; and the inclement morn
Looks down upon them with cold eyes of scorn,
And the green valley shudders at the guilt
Of those bleak summits, brute and uncreate,
Whose soul is spent, whose spirit devastate.