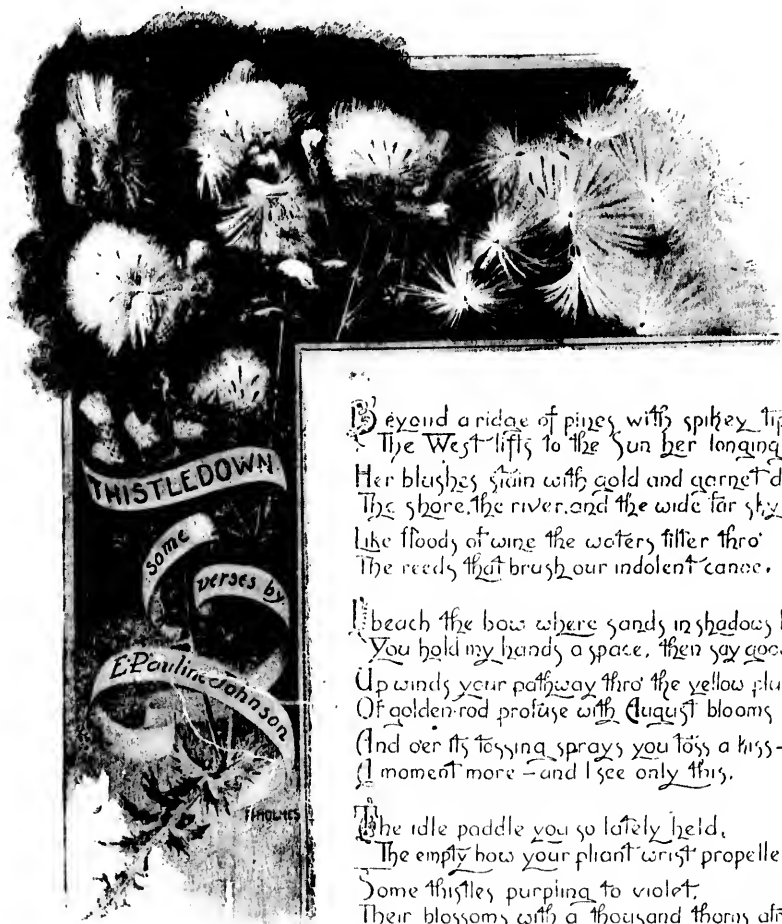




Beyond a ridge of pines with spikey tips,
 The West lifts to the Sun her longing lips.
 Her blushes stain with gold and garnet dye -
 The shore, the river, and the wide far sky
 Like floods of wine the waters filter thro'
 The reeds that brush our indolent canoe.

Beach the bow where sands in shadows lie,
 You hold my hands a space, then say good bye.
 Up winds your pathway thro' the yellow plumes
 Of golden-rod profuse with August blooms
 And o'er its tossing sprays you toss a kiss -
 A moment more - and I see only this.

The idle paddle you so lately held,
 The empty bow your pliant wrist propelled.
 Some thistles purpling to violet,
 Their blossoms with a thousand thorny alet,
 And like a cobweb shadowy and grey
 Far floats the down - far drifts the dream away.