

And I marvel much at the dreams she must
withhold.

She has spoken no word about her curious
sleep,

And the light in her eyes we have vainly
essayed to read,

The secret of her dream she must hidden keep,
For her lips are framed but to an earthly
need.

She has left her sandals lying upon the floor
And all untasted her goblet of amber wine,
She has gone out to the sun beyond the door
To sit in the cool green gloom of the
hanging vine.