

*Strikes steadily above the changing sounds.
The sun lies hot upon the dust gray streets,
But here behind the shutters closely drawn
Only a single bar of sunlight slips
And lies a straight bright line upon the floor.
The yellow frames shine from the cool gray
walls
And still white peonies are like wide cups
Of porcelain to hold faint perfumes in.
Here all remote from the great sweep of life
I strive to trace on thin white flut'ring leaves
Some part of that which I have known and
seen :
Fragments of life, a face that tells its grief,
A hillside fiercely yellow with spring bloom,
A room where shades are drawn and hands are
stilled,*