

THE BUILDER

HE builds of dust who builds with senseless
marble:

He builds of rust who builds with iron and brass.
Proud monuments to fair queens dim and crumble:
Their gilding fades, their arching glories pass.

I build with verses frailer than rose petals.

I build to Love and Beauty with frail words.
With my heart's throbs I quicken my slow rhyming
And of my quick soul wing my thoughts like birds.

I build to Love. Dear One, take this my building!

I build to Beauty, dreaming of your eyes.
O beautiful and lovely! in your worship
I raise a gleaming tower to the skies.

Of verses frailer than a rose's petals

And heartbeats tethered in a net of words;
Of thoughts as quick as blowing April shadows,
And dreams a-wing and soaring like bright birds.