

IN NORTHERN SKIES



Webs of silver, spun in the twilight's travail,
Spring into sight when the orange rim has past ;
Silver webs that a diamond dew-world spangles,
Webs of crystal glittering at glowing angles
Flash into flame at the zenith, rosily massed ;

Crowns of silver, colossal, jewelled, mighty,
Serenely set upon brows straight, bright, and
bland ;
Girdles that grace a priestess high in the azure,
Zones that encircle a queen in her safe embrasure,
Shine on the verge of midnight's velvet strand ;

Shields of silver, studded with fires of topaz,
Harps that are silver-strung, rimmed pale with
pearls ;
Rapiers rich with gems that the gloom encrusteth,
Scythes and scabbards that never a wet moon
rusteth,
Wheels of gold that a tireless helmsman twirls ;

Sails of silver, spread to the spacious ether,
Ships of state that ride with a burnished keel ;
Galleys tall that float to a magic measure,
Dipping divinely down in a radiant pleasure,
Hulls of gold that round with the star-worlds
wheel—

All go by—sails, shields, crowns, gems and girdles.
Hearken the ring of the mighty silvern chains !
Hearken the clang and the clash, the reverberations,
The golden din, as the gleaming constellations
Slowly swing and sink to the dusky plains !