

The Green Sheaf



THE WATERS OF THE MOON.

I DREAMED I came to an enchanted vale,
Where, shadowed by dim mountains of delight,
The never-resting opal waters gleamed ;
And as the moon hung like a blossom frail
And tremulous athwart the languid night,
I bathed in magic wells of crimson fire,
Whence coming forth with glowing limbs, I dreamed
I met a spirit shining as the dawn.
I looked on eyes filled with night's mystery,
On slumbering hair more soft than rainbow mist
Of wind-blown fountains on a flowering lawn,
Till the air trembled with the sweet desire
Of murmured laughing speech. Then star-lit eyes
Gleamed at my eyes, rapturous dream lips kissed
My lips and brought their hidden memory.
I knew how I had looked into those eyes,
Kissed those red lips, and loved that slumbering hair
Dim years ago, and while the immortal gaze
Yet held my gaze I strove to cry aloud.
But all things passed ; the radiant dreamland ways
Were lost in darkness, as a rising cloud
Fades into mist, and sleep became despair.
I have dreamed many dreams these many years,
But I have never met that shining one,
Whose brow was rapt beyond all hopes and fears,
Sweet as the moon and splendid as the sun.

Cecil French.