

## A Fragment

By Theo Marzials

AND then it seem'd I was a bird  
That dipt along the silent street.  
In that strange midnight nothing stir'd,  
And all was moonlight, still and sweet.

By lofty vane and roof and loft,  
Aloof, aloft, where shadows hung,  
Down ghostly ways that wafted soft,  
Warm echoes where I sank and sung;

And lower yet by flower-set sill,  
And close against her window-bars,  
And still the moonlight flowed, and still,  
The still dew lit the jessamine stars;

And oh! I beat against the pane,  
And oh! I sang so sweet, so clear,—  
I heard her wake, and pause again,  
Then nearer, nearer—killing near;

And back she flung the window-rod,  
The moonlight swept in, like a stream;  
She drew me to her neck—Oh! God,  
'Twas then I knew it was a dream!

