

Δαιμονιζόμενος

By Arthur Christopher Benson

YOU were clear as a sandy spring
After a drought, when its waters run
Evenly, sparingly, filtering
Into the eye of the sun.

Love you took with a placid smile,
Pain you bore with a hopeful sigh,
Never a thought of gain or guile
Slept in your wide blue eye.

Suddenly, once, at a trivial word,—
Side by side together we stopt,—
Rose a tempest that swayed and stirred ;
Over your soul it swept.

Dismal visitants, suddenly,
Pulled the doors in your house of clay ;
Out of the windows there stared at me
Something horrible, grey.