

SUGGESTED BY THE PROSE OF ARTHUR RIMBAUD
"ENFANCE."

This idol with black eyes and yellow hair,
Parentless, without court, and nobler far
In every land than gods in fables are,
Has azure and verdure insolently fair
For kingdom stretching forth till waves which bear
No vessels, breaking, name its shores by fame's
Ferociously Greek, Slav, or Celtic names.
In forest-borders—dream's own blossoms there
Like bells chime softly till they, opening, shine—
Is the girl, orange-lipped; her knees she yields
Doubled to clear floods welling o'er the fields,
Nakedness shadowed, flecked, and clothed in fine
By rainbow-bands, the flora, and the sea,—
Such insolence and such immensity.

THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES.

Ladies, who there and back again still pace
On terraces close neighbouring the sea,
Fairies and giantesses. Vert-de-gris,
A foam of verdure billows round the place;
Forbidding, proud, each woman-jewel's grace
Stands upright on rich soil in shrubbery
Or tiny garden's sun-nursed liberty—
Young mothers and grown sisters whose deep gaze
Far pilgrimages have with 'by-gones' filled,
Sultanas, princesses, tyrannical
In bearing and in costume how self-willed,
Little foreigners and folk amiable
Through mild unhappiness. Last, boredom's part,
The chat's hour of "dear body" and "dear heart."