

IN CARNIVAL



UT of the multitudinous hours
Of life sealed fast for us by fate,
Are any hours that yet await
Our coming, worthy to be ours?

Life, in her motley, sheds in showers
The rose of hours still delicate,
But you and I have come too late
Into the Carnival of Flowers.

For us the roses are scarce sweet,
And scarcely swift the flying feet
Where masque to masque the moments call ;

All has been ours that we desired,
And now we are a little tired
Of the eternal carnival.

ARTHUR SYMONS.