

Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
 And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

II.

HAZE.

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
 Woven of nature's richest stuffs,
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
 Last conquest of the eye ;
 Toil of the displayed, sun-dust,
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
 Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,
 Fine summer spray on inland seas ;
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
 From heath or stubble rising without song ;
 Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

T.

SONNETS.

I.

SWEET Love, I cannot show thee in this guise
 Of earthly words, how dear to me thou art,
 Nor once compare thy image in my eyes
 With thy dear self reposed within my heart.
 The love I bear to thee I truly prize
 Above all joys that offer in the mart
 Of the wide world, our wishes to suffice, —
 And yet I seek *thy* love ; for no desert
 That I can boast, but that my new love cries
 For love that to its own excess is meet,
 And searching widely through this dark world's space,

Hath found a love which hath its holy seat
 Within thy bosom's blissfulest embrace,
 And to awake this love is at thy feet,
 Whence will it not arise till thou accord this grace.

II.

Let not my love implore of thee in vain,
 For in its loneliness it dooms to wo,
 From whose deep depths I cannot rise again ;
 Let not thy love conspire to kill me so
 With my love, which will only share its reign
 With thine its sister ; rather may both go
 To that high altar, where no longer twain,
 In sweetest concord both together grow,
 Thence to ascend to the Eternal Love,
 And be absorbed and spread through all the life
 That breathes in purest holiest bliss above,
 Or that incites all mortals to the strife
 Of kindness, in this scene of mixed delight
 And griefs — of brightest day and darkest night.

W.

TO * * *

WE are centred deeper far
 Than the eye of any star ;
 Nor can rays of long sunlight
 Thread a pace of our delight.
 In thy form, I see the day
 Burning of a kingdom higher ;
 In thy silver network play
 Thoughts that to the Gods aspire ;
 In thy cheek I see the flame
 Of the studious taper burn ;
 And thy Grecian eye might tame

Natures ashed in antique urn,
 Yet with this lofty element
 Flows a stream of gentle kindness,
 And thou to life thy strength hast lent,
 And borne profoundest tenderness
 In thy Promethean sinewy arm,
 With mercy's love that would all angels charm.
 So trembling meek, so proudly strong,
 Thou dost to higher worlds belong
 Than where I sing this empty song.
 Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,
 Can kneel before thy pathless mind,
 And see in thee what my mates say
 Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.
 Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,
 And later ages rarefies,
 And even on my tuneless lyre
 A faint wan beam of radiance dies.
 And might I say what I have thought
 Of thee and those I love to-day,
 Then had the world an echo caught
 Of that intense impassioned lay
 Which sung in those thy being sings,
 And from the deepest ages rings.

c.

—————
 TO ———

PLANETS bear thee in their hands,
 Azure skies have folded o'er thee.
 Thou art sung by angel bands,
 And the deep, cold, throbbing sea,
 Whispered in each sighing tree,
 In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,
 And the ghostly night-breeze swells,
 And the brook prolongs a tune,
 Through the slumbering meadowed dells, —
 There thou weavest unknown spells
 To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide
 Ceaseless measures of content,
 And thou art of form the bride —
 Shapely picture's element.

c.

—————
 THE FRIENDS.

OUR village grave-yard, — would I could relate
 To you all that I think of it, its trees,
 Its trailing grass, the hanging stones that say,
 This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us.
 My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then
 I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,
 While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves
 Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread
 O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.
 One night the pastor's form among the tombs
 Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow; —
 You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these
 Can win a boy's emotions.

 These graves — I see you mean, —
 Their history who knows better than I?
 For in the busy street strikes on my ear
 Each sound, even inaudible voices
 Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.
 Now mark how reads th' inscription, "Here lie
 Two, who in life were parted, now together."
 I should remember this brief record well, —
 In faith, I penned it, for I have strange notes,