

THE YELLOW MOON.



midst the dark penumbrous
Slow green foilage,
Vast, vast and slumbrous,
She dallies for an age.—

Our Moon of Vision Valley,
Light of Yellow Blaze,
Sombrely to rally
Men of forgotten days.

Surely once they hear her,
 Slowly as she sings?
Surely once they near her,
 Softly as she swings?

Down in her palace
 She lights them all again;
In sleep they taste her chalice,
 The strange sleeping men.

They savour love long over,
 Superannate Grail,
As over evening clover
 Outpours the dreamy tale.

Longer may they slumber,
 Nor let them yet return—
Moon-children without number,
 Men who are born to burn.

Stay not to watch them sleeping,
 All-conscious that they sleep;
They wake not yet to weeping,
 Whatever creatures creep.

They lie there; let them linger
 Until they hear the Wings,
Nor twang with wanton finger
 The old exciting strings.

Moon of Vision Valley,
 They must be born again:
But let them drowse and dally
 Yet, the sleeping men.

Leave then to their slumber,
 For they must wake anew,
Your children without number,
 Who bear the curse of you.