

THE PILGRIM

To Edward Storer

THEY mingle, flesh and spirit,
In the waters of Despair;
Their kingdom they inherit
In the shining fields of air.
A dream, a dream—I saw it fly,
As I lay asleep under the sky.

They mingle, mingle tenderly,
Lost in the twilight's gray,
While the stars sparkle slenderly
Upon the grave of day
A dream, a dream—I saw it die,
The pulsing day, under the sky.

A moment still of wonder,
A harvest-field of stars,
And the white light is sucked under,
And flame the fairy cars.
A dream, a dream—I saw it die,
A pilgrim resting in the sky.

Light wind, light wind of summer,
Where had thy whisper birth?
It came to me, and dumber,
Still dumber grew the earth.
A breath-born echo of a sigh,
A dream of song under the sky.

The mingled smell of roses
And the salt spray of the sea
Come to me; the day closes
In unsolved mystery.
No word of mine shall be; no cry
Shall stir this silence of the sky.

The glowing sunset paling—
The dark hills darker grown—
The kindly earth-light failing,
As here I lie alone—
What matter now to wonder why?
I lie adream under the sky.

Echoes of water flowing,
Through rustling boughs the wind,
The darkness darker growing,
As earth grows dumb and blind.
So sleep descends, and rises high
The last, most potent lullaby;
The last low song beneath the sky.

Lo! here the way; the water flows, the breezes call,
the earth's at rest;
Watch thou the way the starlight goes, lie still upon
the dark earth's breast;
Sleep stills the burning of the Rose; the sun has died
within the west,
And sleep descends; the water flows, the wet winds
call. Lie still and rest.