

BOTOLPHS.



he little marshlands of a shrunken river,
Moist pasture-fields, a sense of sunken
sun
On a wet world of green, slight rills that
run
Riverward, fieldward, loosely, and the quiver
Of tiny sea-winds: Botolphs. The sweet shiver
Of virgin Spring is marvelously won
Here in the lush; zones soon to be
undone,
The promise of what Summer will deliver.

Bright grey and tender green; a silvery light
Set in a stream; a little dewy world,
Too young for gold, for summer-love too slight;
A little maiden-ecstasy close-curved;
A wet sweet land of dream in a blue night
Of lightest sleep; a murmuring emerald.