

IVORY.



In ivory are Canterbury bells;
The soaring bee's a golden argosy;
Yellow and gold; yellow and golden spells
In ivory.

The yellow-luted cuckoo on a sea
Of daffodils; the fluting of bee-cells;
Beatitudes in ivory melody.

This is the song that sways and swirls and swells
Softly in summer-dawns; an ivory key
To the green Gate where dwell ineffables
In ivory.