

Of Bronze— and Blaze—  
The North— Tonight—  
So adequate— it forms—  
So preconcerted with itself—  
So distant— to alarms—  
An Unconcern so sovereign  
To Universe, or me—  
Infects my simple spirit  
With Taints of Majesty—  
Till I take vaster attitudes—  
And strut upon my stem—  
Disdaining Men, and Oxygen,  
For Arrogance of them—

My Splendors, are Menagerie—  
But their Competeless Show  
Will entertain the Centuries  
When I, am long ago,  
An Island in dishonored Grass—  
Whom none but Beetles— know

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset  
How the Hemlocks burn—  
How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder  
By the Wizard Sun—

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet  
Till the Ball is full—  
Have I the lip of the Flamingo  
That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows—  
Touching all the Grass  
With a departing— Sapphire— feature—  
As a Duchess passed—

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village  
Till the Houses blot  
And the odd Flambeau, no men carry  
Glimmer on the Street—

How it is Night— in Nest and Kennel—  
And where was the Wood—  
Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing  
Into Solitude—

These are the Visions flitted Guido—  
Titian— never told—  
Domenichino dropped his pencil—  
Paralyzed, with Gold—

It's like the Light—  
A fashionless Delight—  
It's like the Bee—  
A dateless— Melody—

It's like the Woods—  
Private— like the Breeze—  
Phraseless— yet it stirs  
The proudest Trees—

It's like the Morning—  
Best— when it's done—  
And the Everlasting Clocks—  
Chime— Noon!

I'll tell you how the Sun rose—  
A Ribbon at a time—  
The Steeples swam in Amethyst  
The news, like Squirrels, ran—

The Hills untied their Bonnets—  
The Bobolinks— begun—  
Then I said softly to myself—  
“That must have been the Sun”!

But how he set— I know not—  
There seemed a purple stile  
That little Yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while—

Till when they reached the other side,  
A Domine in Gray—  
Put gently up the evening Bars—  
And led the flock away—

A Bird came down the Walk—  
He did not know I saw—  
He bit an Angleworm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew  
From a convenient Grass—  
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall  
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all around—  
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—  
He stirred his Velvet Head—

Like one in danger, Cautious,  
I offered him a Crumb  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,  
Too silver for a seam—  
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon  
Leap, plashless as they swim.

It would never be Common– more– I said–  
 Difference– had begun–  
 Many a bitterness– had been–  
 But that old sort– was done–

Or– If it sometime– showed– as 'twill–  
 Upon the Downiest– Morn–  
 Such bliss– had I– for all the years–  
 'Twould give an Easier– pain–

I'd so much joy– I told it– Red–  
 Upon my simple Cheek–  
 I felt it publish– in my Eye–  
 'Twas needless– any speak–

I walked– as wings– my body bore–  
 The feet– I former used–  
 Unnecessary– now to me–  
 As boots– would be– to Birds–

I put my pleasure all abroad–  
 I dealt a word of Gold  
 To every Creature– that I met–  
 And Dowered– all the World–

When– suddenly– my Riches shrank–  
 A Goblin– drank my Dew–  
 My Palaces– dropped tenantless–  
 Myself– was beggared– too–

I clutched at sounds–  
 I groped at shapes–  
 I touched the tops of Films–  
 I felt the Wilderness roll back  
 Along my Golden lines–

The Sackcloth– hangs upon the nail–  
 The Frock I used to wear–  
 But where my moment of Brocade–  
 My– drop– of India?

Why make it doubt- it hurts it so-  
So sick- to guess-  
So strong- to know-  
So brave- upon its little bed  
To tell the very last they said  
Unto itself- and smile- and shake  
For that dear- distant- dangerous- sake-  
But- the instead- the pinching fear  
That something- it did do- or dare-  
Offend the vision- and it flee-  
And They no more remember me-  
Nor ever turn to tell me why-  
Oh, Master, This is Misery-

The Red- Blaze- is the Morning-  
The Violet- is Noon-  
The Yellow- Day- is falling-  
And after that- is none-

But Miles of Sparks- at Evening-  
Reveal the Width that burned-  
The Territory Argent- that  
Never yet- consumed-



Within my Garden, rides a Bird  
Upon a Single Wheel—  
Whose spokes a dizzy Music make  
As 'twere a travelling Mill—

He never stops, but slackens  
Above the Ripest Rose—  
Partakes without alighting  
And praises as he goes,

Till every Spice is tasted—  
And then his Fairy Gig  
Reels in remoter atmospheres—  
And I rejoin my Dog.

And He and I, perplex us  
If positive, 'twere we  
Or bore the Garden in the Brain  
This Curiosity—

But He, the best Logician,  
Refers my clumsy eye—  
To just vibrating Blossoms!  
An Exquisite Reply!

It was not Death, for I stood up,  
And all the Dead, lie down—  
It was not Night, for all the Bells  
Put out their Tongues, for Noon—

It was not Frost, for on my Flesh  
I felt Siroccos— crawl—  
Nor Fire— for just my Marble feet  
Could keep a Chancel, cool—

And yet, it tasted, like them all,  
The Figures I have seen  
Set orderly, for Burial,  
Reminded me, of mine—

As If my life were shaven,  
And fitted to a frame,  
And could not breathe without a key,  
And 'twas like Midnight, some—

When everything that ticked— has stopped—  
And Space stares— all around—  
Or Grisly frosts— first Autumn morns,  
Repeal the Beating Ground—

But, most, like Chaos— Stopless— cool—  
Without a Chance, or Spar—  
Or even a Report of Land—  
To justify— Despair.

The Soul has Bandaged moments–  
When too appalled to stir–  
She feels some ghastly Fright come up  
And stop to look at her–

Salute her– with long fingers–  
Caress her freezing hair–  
Sip, Goblin, from the very lips  
The Lover– hovered– o’er–  
Unworthy, that a thought so mean  
Accost a Theme– so– fair–

The soul has moments of Escape–  
When bursting all the doors–  
She dances like a Bomb, abroad,  
And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee– delirious borne–  
Long Dungeoned from his Rose–  
Touch Liberty– then know no more,  
But Noon, and Paradise–

The Soul’s retaken moments–  
When, Felon led along,  
With shackles on the plumed feet,  
And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,  
These, are not brayed of Tongue–

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Delight becomes pictorial–  
When viewed through Pain–  
More fair– because impossible  
That any gain–

The Mountain– at a given distance–  
In Amber– lies–  
Approached– the Amber fluctuates–  
And that's– the Skies–

“Heaven” has different Signs– to me–  
Sometimes, I think that Noon  
Is but a symbol of the Place–  
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World–  
And settles in the Hills–  
An Awe if it should be like that–  
Upon the Ignorance steals–

The Orchard, when the Sun is on–  
The Triumph of the Birds–  
When they together Victory make–  
Some Carnivals of Clouds–

The Rapture of a finished Day–  
Returning to the West–  
All these– remind us of the place  
That Men call “Paradise”–

Itself be fairer– we suppose–  
But how Ourselves, shall be  
Adorned, for a Superior Grace–  
Not yet, our eyes can see–

I think I was enchanted  
 When first a sombre Girl–  
 I read that Foreign Lady–  
 The Dark– felt beautiful–

And whether it was noon at night–  
 Or only Heaven– at Noon–  
 For very Lunacy of Light  
 I had not power to tell–

The Bees– became as Butterflies–  
 The Butterflies– as Swans–  
 Approached– and spurned the narrow Grass–  
 And just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself  
 To keep herself in Cheer–  
 I took for Giants– practising  
 Titanic Opera–

The Days– to Mighty Metres stepped–  
 The Homeliest– adorned  
 As if unto a Jubilee  
 'Twere suddenly confirmed–

I could not have defined the change–  
 Conversion of the Mind  
 Like Sanctifying in the Soul–  
 Is witnessed– not explained–

'Twas a Divine Insanity–  
 The Danger to be Sane  
 Should I again experience–  
 'Tis Antidote to turn–

To Tomes of solid Witchcraft–  
 Magicians be asleep–  
 But Magic– hath an Element  
 Like Deity– to keep–

The Tint I cannot take– is best–  
The Color too remote  
That I could show it in Bazaar–  
A Guinea at a sight–

The fine– impalpable Array–  
That swaggers on the eye  
Like Cleopatra’s Company–  
Repeated– in the sky–

The Moments of Dominion  
That happen on the Soul  
And leave it with– a Discontent  
Too exquisite– to tell–

The eager look– on Landscapes–  
As if they just repressed  
Some Secret– that was pushing  
Like Chariots– in the Vest–

The Pleading of the Summer–  
That other Prank– of Snow–  
That Cushions Mystery with Tulle,  
For fear the Squirrels– know.

Their Graspless manners– mock us–  
Until the Cheated Eye  
Shuts arrogantly– in the Grave–  
Another way– to see–

They called me to the Window, for  
'Twas Sunset– Some one said–  
I only saw a Sapphire Farm–  
And just a Single Herd–

Of Opal Cattle– feeding far  
Upon so vain a Hill–  
As even while I looked– dissolved–  
Nor Cattle were– nor Soil–

But in their stead– a Sea– displayed–  
And Ships– of such a size  
As Crew of Mountains– could afford–  
And Decks– to seat the skies–

This– too– the Showman rubbed away–  
And when I looked again–  
Nor Farm– nor Opal Herd– was there–  
Nor Mediterranean–



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The Zeroes- taught us- Phosphorous-

We learned to like the Fire

By playing Glaciers- when a Boy-

And Tinder- guessed- by power-

Of Opposite- to balance Odd-

Invite- a Red- must be!

Paralysis- our Primer- dumb-

Unto Vitality-

My Life had stood– a Loaded Gun–  
In Corners– till a Day  
The Owner passed– identified–  
And carried Me away–

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods–  
And now We hunt the Doe–  
And every time I speak for Him–  
The Mountains straight reply–

And do I smile, such cordial light  
Upon the Valley glow–  
It is as a Vesuvian face  
Had let its pleasure through–

And when at Night– Our good Day done–  
I guard My Master's Head–  
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's  
Deep Pillow– to have shared–

To foe of His– I'm deadly foe–  
None stir the second time–  
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye–  
Or an emphatic Thumb–

Though I than He– may longer live  
He longer must– than I–  
For I have but the power to kill,  
Without– the power to die–

One Blessing had I than the rest  
So larger to my Eyes  
That it stopped gauging– satisfied–  
For this enchanted size–

It was the limit of my Dream–  
The focus of my Prayer–  
A perfect– paralyzing Bliss–  
Contented as Despair–

I knew no more of Want– or Cold–  
Phantasms both become  
For this new Value in the Soul–  
Supremest Earthly Sum–

The Heaven below the Heaven above–  
Obscured with ruddier Blue–  
Life's Latitudes leant over– full–  
The Judgment perished– too–

Why Bliss so scantily disburse–  
Why Paradise defer–  
Why Floods be served to Us– In Bowls–  
I speculate no more–

## Purple-

The Color of a Queen, is this-

The Color of a Sun

At setting- this- and Amber-

Beryl- and this, at Noon-

And when at night- Auroran widths

Fling suddenly on men-

'Tis this- and Witchcraft- nature keeps

A Rank- for Iodine-

A Plated Life– diversified  
With Gold– and Silver Pain  
To prove the presence of the Ore  
In Particles–’tis when

A Value struggle– it exists–  
A Power– will proclaim–  
Although Annihilation pile  
Whole Chaoses on Him–

The Wind begun to knead the Grass—  
 As Women do a Dough—  
 He Hung a Hand full at the Plain—  
 A Hand full at the Sky—  
 The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—  
 And started all abroad—  
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands—  
 And throwaway the Road—  
 The Wagons quickened on the Street—  
 The Thunder gossiped low—  
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Head—  
 And then a livid Toe—  
 The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—  
 The Cattle flung to Barns—  
 Then came one drop of Giant Rain—  
 And then, as If the Hands  
 That held the Dams— had parted hold—  
 The Waters Wrecked the Sky—  
 But overlooked my Father's House—  
 Just Quartering a Tree—

## Version I

The Wind begun to rock the Grass  
 With threatening Tunes and low—  
 He threw a Menace at the Earth—  
 A Menace at the Sky.  
  
 The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—  
 And started all abroad  
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands  
 And threw away the Road.  
  
 The Wagons quickened on the Streets  
 The Thunder hurried slow—  
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Beak  
 And then a livid Claw.  
  
 The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—  
 The Cattle fled to Barns—  
 There came one drop of Giant Rain  
 And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold  
The Waters Wrecked the Sky,  
But overlooked my Father's House—  
Just quartering a Tree—

Version II

The Admirations– and Contempts– of Time–  
Show justest– through an Open Tomb–  
The Dying– as it were a Height  
Reorganizes Estimate  
And what We saw not  
We distinguish clear–  
And mostly– see not  
What We saw before–

'Tis Compound Vision–  
Light– enabling Light–  
The Finite– furnished  
With the Infinite–  
Convex– and Concave Witness–  
Back– toward Time–  
And forward–  
Toward the God of Him–



Till Death— is narrow Loving—  
The scantest Heart extant  
Will hold you till your privilege  
Of Finiteness— be spent—

But He whose loss procures you  
Such Destitution that  
Your Life too abject for itself  
Thenceforward imitate—

Until— Resemblance perfect—  
Yourself, for His pursuit  
Delight of Nature— abdicate—  
Exhibit Love— somewhat—

Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning–  
Light lets away  
Power to perceive His Process  
With Vitality.

Maimed– was I– yet not by Venture–  
Stone of stolid Boy–  
Nor a Sportsman's Peradventure–  
Who mine Enemy.

Robbed– was I– in tact to Bandit–  
All my Mansion torn–  
Sun– withdrawn to Recognition–  
Furthest shining– done.

Yet was not the foe– of any–  
Not the smallest Bird  
In the nearest Orchard dwelling–  
Be of Me– afraid.

Most– I love the Cause that slew Me.  
Often as I die–  
Its beloved Recognition–  
Holds a Sun on Me–

Best– at Setting– as is Nature's–  
Neither witnessed Rise–  
Till the infinite Aurora–  
In the other's– eyes.