

There is another sky,
Ever serene and fair,
And there is another sunshine,
Though it be darkness there;
Never mind faded forests, Austin,
Never mind silent fields—
Here is a little forest,
Whose leaf is ever green;

Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum;
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn—
A flask of Dew— A Bee or two—
A Breeze— a caper in the trees—
And I'm a Rose!

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!