

MIST

Earth is become the seat of a new sea;
Above our heads the splendid surges roll,
Only each mountain, like a steadfast soul,
Up through the strangling billows towers free.
Huge finny forms of phosphorescence flee—
Weird shadows—through the deeps, or caracole
With the sea-horses on some eye-less shoal,
Quickening the leafage of a wave-tombed tree.
As a great miser, morbid with his gain,
Pricked by unhealthy frettings, drowns dismay
In gorging on his plunders, one by one,—
Sudden—out of the vault of Heaven, the Sun
Unlocks the rainbow's glory, and the day.
The air is strange with rare birds after rain.