

SONNET

I dreamed I was among the conquerors,
Among those shadows, wonderfully tall,
Which splendidly inhabit the hymned hall
Whereof is "Fame" writ on its glorious doors.
Cloaked in green thunder are the sudden shores
Guarding the lintel's gold, whence of the wall
Leaps the white echo; and within, the fall
Is heard of the eternal feet of wars.

Here, at high ease, saw I those purple lords,
Sipping the wine of unforgetfulness,
Upon thrones intimate with all the skies:
Roland, and Richard, 'mid the shining press;
Leonidas, belted with living swords;
And Albert, with the lions in his eyes.