

SONNETS—UNREALITIES

I

and what were roses. Perfume?for i do
forget....or mere Music mounting unsurely

twilight

but here were something more maturely
childish,more beautiful almost than you.

Yet if not flower,tell me softly who

be these haunters of dreams always demurely
halfsmiling from cool faces,moving purely
with muted step,yet somewhat proudly too—

are they not ladies,ladies of my dream
justly touching roses their fingers whitely
live by?

or better,

queens,queens laughing lightly
crowned with far colours,

thinking very much
of nothing and whom dawn loves most to touch

wishing by willows,bending upon streams?