

II

THE PAPER PALACE

A clan of imps—morose and ugly things,
Brown-bodies,evil-headed,slayers all,—
Has climbed the shuddering air with embryo wings
And from my porch's beam slowly let fall
With toil unspeakable,a fairy ball,
A palace hung in either! Fine as cloth
Moon-spun on elfin loom,each filmy wall,
Light as a buoyant cloudlet's feathery froth,
Frail as a lily's face,soft as a silver moth.