

9

ething in a summer's Day
w her flambeaux burn away
solemnizes me.

ething in a summer's noon –
h – an Azure – a perfume –
ending ecstasy.

ill within a summer's night
ething so transporting bright
ny hands to see –

ail my too inspecting face
ich a subtle – shimmering grace
' too far for me –

zard fingers never rest –
rple brook within the breast
afes it's narrow bed –

ars the East her amber Flag –
; still the Sun along the Crag
ravan of Red –

king on – the night – the morn
ide the wonder gay –
neet, coming thro' the dews
er summer's Day!

ca. 1859

10

are the days when Birds come back –
few – a Bird or two –
a backward look.

are the days when skies resume
old – old sophistries of June –
and gold mistake.

and that cannot cheat the Bee –
thy plausibility
is my belief.

Wings of seeds their witness bear –
swiftly thro' the altered air
is a timid leaf.

Fragment of summer days,
at Communion in the Haze –
is a child to join.

cred emblems to partake –
consecrated bread to take
and the immortal wine!

ca. 1859

11

As the Autumn poets sing
prosaic days
On this side of the snow
at side of the Haze –

incisive Mornings –
Ascetic Eves –
- Mr Bryant's »Golden Rod« –
or Thomson's »sheaves«.

As the bustle in the Brook –
are the spicy valves –
eric fingers softly touch
res of many Elves –

As a squirrel may remain –
attiments to share –
me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind –
ndy will to bear!

ca. 1859

12

, to be identified!
, the lamps upon thy side
st of Life to *see*!

midnight! Past the Morning Star!
nprise!
hat leagues there *were*
en our feet, and Day!

ca. 1860