

## AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY

THERE is a silent wood, where swart flowers lift  
    Insolent heads in purple savagery,  
    Sullenly brooding by a soundless sea.  
There the drugged winds for ever change and shift,  
Charged with barbaric incenses that sift  
    Languid with sleep from tree to shadowed tree.  
    Where did I breathe that air? Where did I see  
That wood beside the lake where slow winds drift?

I am quick with flickering fantasies to-night  
    Meshed in the quivering fabric of my soul  
    Like tremulous visions of another sphere.  
O heart, are they sick memories of delight  
    Lost long ago? Or glimpses of a goal  
    That I shall win after long pain and fear?