

WEDLOCK.

A SONNET.

I SAW the Russian peasants build a ring
Of glowing embers of the bubbling pine.
In the green heart o' th' salamander line
They scatter roses. Now the youngsters spring
Within, who with hard-shut eyes hope to bring
From out the fiery circle one divine
Blossom of rose, as from a poisonous mine
Gold comes to gird the palace of a king.

Envious I sprang—and found the last rose gone.
So in the fiery ring of wedlock, blind,
Mad, one may leap, no rose perhaps to find
(Or, if no rose, good fortune finds no thorn),
But—mark the difference—palpable and plain
Rose or no rose, one leaps not out again.