

HOVE STREET.



till the old airs! Vainly the fools 'improve'!
Thought lingers solidly; a lasting stain
Of thought, of dream, of love, of hate, of
pain.

After the centuries there is a grove
Of oaks here still; white, furious figures move
Stormily to an old tempestuous strain;
Red drips remain where once were votives
slain
In the centuries before the birth of Hove.

The impression stays, violent, vivid;
A rush of red; a crushing crimson relic;
A scarlet attain, flushing the
astral fluid
With purple, and the heart of it is livid.
What priestly prayer, what aureole
Angelic
Can slay the splendid spells of
the dark Druid?