

SONNET 16

Translucent coolness shimmering and fleet
Fantastic fancies flying dwell in blue
Where softness lies asleep. An elfin hue
Unworldly drowns there, and pulsing sweet
Pure ecstasies of dreamy star-lights meet
Like comets on calm nights. A song is there
A melody unsung, a lilting air
Like to the lark's and springs the dawn to greet.

An ocean's sweep confined will drown me yet
In whirling swirls from deep and azure wells
My heart will lose itself in surging swells
And seas of dew. Twin eyes all glistening wet
Have won my heart,--^{my}a poor and worthless prize
But still the slave of two kind sky-blue eyes!