

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Her sable robes the gloaming trails
From golden strand to purple height,
And softly, over the wealds and dales,
Into the vacant house of night.

But lo, where first her footsteps mark
The sunset's last extinguished pyre,—
Above the hills,—a saffron spark,
A gleam of unconjectured fire.

Between the foliated zone and sky,
Where sentries of the forest stand,
It peeps and flits—a firefly;
It soars and glows—a firebrand.

A sacred flame from hemlock shades
Rising like a mystic sign
Above the silence of the glades
Into the solitudes divine.

A sign perchance from those who pass
To those who follow in the gloom,
Dancing round a moulted mass
Above the grudging gulfs of doom.

A new-born world, though years untold
Have fed the forge that gave it breath,
Where Life still casts of beaten gold
Cressets for the shrine of Death.

A dying world, though like a gem
Of sapphire hues in nacre bright,
Dropt from the zone or diadem
Of the immortal queen of night.

A world! From depths to heights as dark
It leaps anon into the dance
And whirls away—'t is but a spark
From the anvil of the God of Chance.

But Faith and Fancy often mar
The mystery of things divine;
For that which is a rolling star
Was fluttering neath a lonely pine.

And lo, another orb doth roll
 Above the groves where once it trod;
 And still another seeks its goal
 In the infinities of God.

From where the eagle marks his flight,
 Across the void that earth-bound seems,
 They twinkle forth, a circle of light,
 Around the gloaming's couch of dreams.

And thus they first themselves disguise
 As glow worms in the gathering gloom,
 And suddenly refulgent rise
 O'er the abysmal tracks of doom.

For aeons thus, from hill to sea,
 Athwart the grudging gulfs they glow;
 And waning tell of the worlds that be
 And the ghosts of worlds of long ago.

For aeons thus, their torches high,
 The gods unseen, as when the light
 Of day conceals the starry sky,
 Illuminate the house of night.

ON THE ROAD OF LUÁR

BY THOMAS WALSH

A moon and a single star
 On the silvery slopes of the sky;
 Art thou weeping, thou sightless eye,
 Art thou blind with some dawn afar?

Whither, sad moth to thy flame?
 O starry tear, is it thine
 Or my own, or a sorrow divine
 That the cheeks of the night proclaim?

The moon with her grief forlorn
 Droops down on the shouldering west,
 As a sleeper distraught from her rest
 Turns back to her pillows at morn.