

PURPLE PASSAGE THROUGH AN OCTOBER MORNING

The sudden daybreak splits the brittle dark,
With scintillating sparks of splintering light;
And, gleaming through a dream of glimmering mist,
The shimmering distillations of the night,

Bright with the splash of rainbow-spilling sun,
Flash in the brimming morning's swimming eyes,
And mirror, quick and silver, in the dew,
The lucent opalescence of the skies;

And shuttling spiders' deft and shotsilk warp-
And-weft of flimsiest lace, of filmiest lawn,
Hang from the threadbare hawthorn's nacred bones
The iridescent gossamers of dawn.

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