

SONNET ON DREAMERS

No living lass such lovely ghosts could lay
As haunt the whispering avenues of sleep;
Whose muttered kisses light in fluttering leap
Like nuzzling, midnight moths at moonblind play
Through labyrinths of amaranthine May;
Whose breasts invoke time's stroking finger-tips,
And purse, in musing mime, dark's dreaming lips;
No teasing lass could please as much as they!
Needing such scenes where none might say them nay,
Where losers seek in dreams what finders keep'
Light's seekers and night's keepsakes come to grips.
Who wakes to love must love to wake with day;
Who dreams to love must .live to dream, and weep
When sunlight mocks the lone moon's cold eclipse.

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