

POEMS

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Poems by Augustus Taylor

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AUGUSTUS TAYLOR

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BY

AUGUSTUS TAYLOR.

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SPRING.

FLASHING through the sapphire dome,
Borne across the eastern foam
On thy æther-cleaving wing,
Spirit of exulting Spring!
Soon as Day has conquered Night
With the arrows of the light,
And pursued her east and west,
Lowering her raven crest,
Till at least an equal reign
Doth acknowledge his domain,
Then from Scandinavian snows,
Where the boreal ardour glows,

Eager on the screaming blast,
Thou careerest wild and fast,
With a tumult all around,
Wakening a world of sound !

Though thy subtle might is such
That no eye, nor ear, nor touch
Hath perceived the wondrous thing,
I have seen thee, fairy Spring !
As one who o'er the polished brass
Watches astral glories pass,
Gazing into that concave,
More empyreal than the sky,
Where ideals, wave on wave,
Glance beneath the poet's eye,
Whence reverberations clear
Strike the poet's inward ear,
I have seen thee gliding there,
With a thousand larks in air,
Like a youth of classic grace
With a blush upon thy face,

And a cloud of golden locks,
Such as Dionysus wore
Bounding o'er the Theban rocks,
With his Mænal band of yore.

And sometimes I've seen thee float
Like an angel in a boat,
With thy wings half-spread for sails
Arched before the morning gales,
Where a narrow strait expands
Into broad and sunny seas,
Under shores of shining lands,
Widening by faint degrees
Of emerald and purple hue
To the farthest line of blue.

And sometimes at the weary tide
Of a sultry April noon,
I have seen thee by the side
Of a river making tune
Lazily among the reeds
And the broad-leaved budding weeds,

Sitting like Harpocrates
On a lotus flower at ease,
With thy finger on thy lips,
In a childish attitude,
Soon, as from a short eclipse,
To flash into a wilder mood,
Musing something new and strange,
Something which shall quickly change,
By a cunning magic art,
Earth, and sky, and face, and heart,
From the fount of endless youth,
The fabled well of deathless truth,
Fetching something which shall pass
O'er the woods and o'er the grass,
Making money-loving men
Into children once again.

Or before the morning star
In a golden-axled car,
Drawn by horses, golden-maned,
Golden-bitted, golden-reined,

Leaning forward o'er the surge,
Hurrying on with voice and scourge
Every fiery foaming steed
To exert his utmost speed,
With a noisy chattering train
Gambolling around the wain,
All that dance in coral caves
To the music of the waves,
All except the Nymphs serene,
Daughters of the ocean queen,
For they love a calmer scene ;
All the white Nereides
In their flowing locks enrolled,
With their father, prophet old,
Hoary patriarch of the seas,
And behind them play and swim
Dogs and monsters quaint and grim,
Whelps and cubs of all that breed
In the oozy ocean weed,
While among the sandy isles,