THE MASQUE OF SHADOWS: AND OTHER POEMS

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The Masque of Shadows: And Other Poems by John Payne

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JOHN PAYNE

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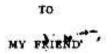
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ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

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TIPERSIT CALIFORNIA. HIS is the House of Dreams. Whose is fain To enter in this shadow-land of mine, He must forget the utter Summer's shine And all the daylight ways of hand and brain : Here is the white moon ever on the wane. And here the air is sad with many a sign Of haunting mysteries,-the golden wine Of June falls never, nor the silver rain Of hawthorns pallid with the joy of Spring; But many a mirage of pale memories Veils up the sunless aisles : upon the breeze A music of waste sighs doth float and sing ; And in the shadow of the sad-flower'd trees, The ghosts of men's desire walk wandering.

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