

**THE IMAGE OF AIR,
AND
OTHER POEMS.**

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The image of air, and other poems. by Algernon Sydney Logan

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ALGERNON SYDNEY LOGAN

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AND
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BY

ALGERNON SYDNEY LOGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MIRROR OF A MIND."

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THE IMAGE OF AIR.

IT was the early Autumn, and the wind,
Like some lone maiden half to sport inclined,
And half to sadness, who through woodland ways
Moves aimless, singing wild and broken lays,
Sang restlessly amidst the restful tombs.
Now soft it breathed upon the hanging blooms
Of salvia, which with conquest-loving hue
Around the base of many a statue grew,
Making their icy pallor more complete;
And now with hollow laugh for madness meet,

Discordant laugh of Destiny, the wind,
Like one too heartless e'en to be unkind,
Seized on the leaves by Summer's passion
 seared,
And bore them from the present.

As I neared

The centre of the spot the evening fell—
Pale Evening, with her mind-completing spell,
Whose gentle hand, invisible, is prone
To bear the balance of our musings down,
Giving due weight to thoughts impalpable,
By day too little reckoned. Evening fell.
The unstable gilding of the western sky,
A moment hence too brilliant for the eye,

Began to slowly tarnish and to fade ;
Around me gleamed from dusky copse and
glade—

Some straight and tall, some leaning to decay—

The emblems pale of effort past away.

The youthful tombs were white as drifted snow,

The aged dark—they darker ever grow—

Forming grim contrast to man's destiny,

Who still grows whiter as the years creep by.

My thoughts went wandering 'midst the mindful
stones.

Mindful of names of long-forgotten bones,

Culling some mosses from mortality.—

Thoughts are there which do cheat the mental eye,

So complex is their nature : now they seem
Near and familiar, now a sudden gleam
Will lightning-like show cloud-forms far away ;
Now do they move as reasonings cold and gray,
Now as warm memories passionate sweep along ;
Now as one shape, now as a spirit throng
Such musings meet us, till their sense to hold
We fain must press them to one stable mould—
We consciously with form our thoughts endow
That we may treat with them. With motion slow
From out the vapors of the coming night
A shadow rose before me—no grim sprite,
The child of superstition—but a shade
By me from thoughts of saddest import made.

Aged he seemed, though not yet near his prime—
A withered flower bids us think of time,
E'en though the wrinkles on its velvet cheek
Were furrowed by the hour; his mien was bleak—
As if 'midst magic mountains lingering,
He deep had drunk of some enchanted spring
Within whose every bubble lurked a year;
With careless steps unmeasured he drew near—
Then sudden paused—but even his very pause
Was, like his motions, restless, and the laws
Which ruled his looks and motions were unknown,
For these were rhythmless and each alone—
As the long tendrils of neglected vines
O'er casements hanging in entangled lines,