

The valleys that we knew in sunset hours
are vast and vague as seas,
worn as the black-thorn flowers
that quiver in the first spring-scented breeze -
- far as the potted hollows of the moon.
The sighing woods are still
wrapt in their age-long beam
of mystery and sleep. A naked hill,
loud and discordant,
looms against the sky
and little lights like stars
break the monotony of
of blue and grey. Strange bars
of light resemble silver marks and lines
across the forest lane.
winds rattle, rank pan rain,
scent all the woods with some primrose year -
from "Prelude".

Robert Sitwell

Robert Sitwell.
Poet. (Editor of "Wheels", etc)

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