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Three for 25c



Clouds

By W. P. Forecraft



Of late I climb'd a lonely height
 And watched the moon-streak'd clouds in flight,
 Whose forms fantastic reel'd and whirl'd
 Like geni of a spectral world.
 Thin cirri veil'd the silv'ry dome
 And waver'd like the ocean foam,
 While shapes of darker, heavier kind
 Scudded before a daemon wind.
 Methought the churning vapours took
 Now and anon a fearsome look,
 As if amidst the fog and blur
 March'd figures known and sinister.
 From west to east the things advanc'd —
 A mocking train that leap'd and gambol'd
 Like Bacchanals with joined hands
 In endless files thro' airy lands.
 Aerial mutt'rings, dimly heard,
 The comfort of my spirit stirr'd
 With hideous thoughts, that bade me screen
 My sight from the portentous scene.
 "Yon fleeing mists," the murmurs said,
 "Are ghosts of hopes, deny'd and dead."