

## 28. Expectancy

I cannot tell why some things hold for me  
A sense of unplumbed marvels to befall,  
Or of a rift in the horizon's wall  
Opening to worlds where only gods can be.  
There is a breathless, vague expectancy,  
As of vast ancient pomps I half recall,  
Or wild adventures, uncorporeal,  
Ecstasy-fraught, and as a day-dream free.

It is in sunsets and strange city spires,  
Old villages and woods and misty downs,  
South winds, the sea, low hills, and lighted towns,  
Old gardens, half-heard songs, and the moon's fires.  
But though its lure alone makes life worth living,  
None gains or guesses what it hints at giving.