

## A Mood

By Olive Custance

THE sun aslant the carpet, and the rain  
Blown sobbingly against the window glass,  
While I sit silent with a wordless pain,  
Pressing my heart between its iron hands.

The slow hours pass. . . .

Between the dawn lands and the sunset lands  
My soul walks wearily with aching eyes,  
The whole world grey about her where she stands !  
Sorrow and she are tired of the long noon,

The sullen skies. . . .

My friend at work hums softly an old tune,  
And in the grate, new lit, a fluctuant fire  
Puts forth pale pointed flame-flowers that full soon  
Fret all the rough black coals to fairy gold

Of tower and spire !

Sunlight and firelight, but the world feels cold—  
The wet trees toss their weight of tumbled green ;  
And shreds of torn cloud banners manifold  
Drift up the dome of heaven, while slips the light,

Pearl hued, between. . . .

. . . I

. . . I wonder shall I meet you in the night,  
In that dear house of Dreams, Sleep's dwelling-place?  
O Prince! O Lord of life! O heart's delight!  
O Lover! never this side of the stars  
Seen face to face! . . .

In vain my winged songs beat against the bars  
Of bitter life; then, falling mute and tired,  
Like leaves that the sharp hoar frost sheds and scars,  
Lie dead beneath the heaven they desired.