

## ***Evening Star***

I saw it from that hidden, silent place  
Where the old wood half shuts the meadow in.  
It shone through all the sunset's glories—thin  
At first, but with a slowly brightening face.  
Night came, and that lone beacon, amber-hued,  
Beat on my sight as never it did of old;  
The evening star—but grown a thousandfold  
More haunting in this hush and solitude.

It traced strange pictures on the quivering air—  
Half-memories that had always filled my eyes—  
Vast towers and gardens; curious seas and skies  
Of some dim life—I never could tell where.  
But now I knew that through the cosmic dome  
Those rays were calling from my far, lost home.