

MIDSUMMER EVE

FAINT shadows cross the shifting spears of light,
Pale gold and amethyst, or warmly white,
Till velvet shod, unseen, the wizard hours
Hold thus their elfin court amid the flowers,
That wake to wingèd music of the night.
And silken sighs scarce stir the amorous bowers
Where 'passioned sleep his poppy garland showers,
In dreams which mock the hastening moments' flight.

Up soars the moon, and higher still and higher
The dancers leap to catch some fairy fire
To steal and 'prison in the glow-worm's tail,
For pixie torches should the starlight fail;
Reflecting gems which deck the elfin choir,
Melting like snowflakes at the daybreak pale.

ETHEL ARCHER.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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