Summer Dream

Karlis E. Rusa

On lawns of emerald I walk,
Above me sky of wet grey pearl;
On every side a garden spreads
And sleeps in silent noon,
   In drowsy, languid noon.

To memory are lost the years
When pestilential death did seize
The king, the fool, the gardener
Whose feet here trod the grass,
   The meekly whispering grass.

Bright blossoms seek I wearily,
While ancient stone walls curb my sight
And thorny hedges tower, grim.
(How heavy hangs the breezeless air!)
But there—a gate... and eagerly
   Passing through,
   I plunge into
   Flowery distance:
   Wildly singing
   Things of the air
   Flit o’er meadow,
   Hill and valley,
   Soar ‘neath low
   Expectant skies... .
   Suddenly,
   Smoldering sun
   Parts the clouds,
   Rends the greyness,
   Blazes, flames,
   Blooming bursts
   Into fiery
   Galaxies!