

ANGLO-SAXON DREAMS

At ten o'clock, in summer-time at night
The little cocks crow.
Nothing ill afoot—no lamp-light ghosts,
Just foolish cocks
Arching, arching for very joy at the too-hot stars.

At ten o'clock, in summer-time, at night
The dogs all smile
And eat flowers wisely, listening for the beetles,
And sigh and whisper,
Weathering, weathering the witch-free noon-like night.

Beatitude for all through my memories
I dream my child books all through,
And no Africa for me or the world
Whiles I dream grace for them,
These dogs and cocks—
Golden in my fairyland.

MICHAEL PICARDIE