

Love in Dreamland

By George Sylvester Viereck

White cloud-wonders waver and wander,
White mists rising and falling yonder
Are like chill fingers laid upon my heart;
Ever the nightingale's plaint grows fonder—
Can it be true that you and I must part?

Red, red roses hang in a cluster,
Red lips glow in the wine-cup's lustre;
Stay me, before I go, with wine and bread!
Round me an army of shadows muster
And weave a veil of darkness for my head.

Will o' the wisp before me flying,
Pale sad faces like faint flames dying—
I walk alone beside a spectral mere;
Ghostly voices about me crying
Fill every crevice of my soul with fear!

Lights of error and mists of terror,
On I go by the paths of error;
Far bells ring out in solemn warning tone.
I look in the moonlight's magic mirror,
And doubt the world's existence and my own.

Voice of the sea in its anguished groaning,
Old woods that never can cease from moaning,
The song that rings and sings o'er hill and dale,
False enchantments are all intoning—
I am a dream and you its shadow pale.

White cloud-wonders are soaring and sweeping—
Far away you are waiting, sleeping.
No passing madness now my vision mars:
Our love is safe in the fairies' keeping,
Our kingdom set in worlds beyond the stars!