

thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortation! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together, and that I, so long
A worshiper of Nature, hither came

Urwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy
sake!

William Wordsworth

Bewitchery---of t'e sky?

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

Sky —

In early morning,
At high noon,
Twilight,
Midnight.
Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?

Sky —

An everchanging panorama of
Exquisite hues,
Intricate, extraordinary forms,
Glorious designs,
Magnificent shadings,
Billows of blendings.

That beauty is indescribable,
More mortal words can not suffice.
Dare one attempt to describe?
Can one truly comprehend?

Take:

The harmony of the most excellent symphony;
Blends of every shade of every color in existence;
The most cherished, most tender, words of devout love
Ever written, spoken, or thought;
The most beautiful of thoughts ever to be thought:
Dreams, most wonderful ever dreamt;
The happiest moments ever experienced, ever recalled;
Midnight blue-black, sprinkled with shimmering
Brilliant and set with one resplendent phosphorescent
Moonstone;
The majesty and splendor of the most sublime mountains;
The grace, the peace, too, the rush, the roll of the sea, of
Rivers, rivulets, brooks;
The poise of the pine;
The most noble, stately, most esteemed everything
Anyone knows of, dreams of, wishes for, or conceives of;
Take those.

Take these:

The dewy fragrances of lilacs, roses, gardenias,
Magnolias, lilies, hyacinths;
The cool, damp purpleness of violets;
Moist, refreshing greenness of moss;
The long, slender silverness of a perfect flute and
The platinum of its perfect tone;
The roundness, thinness of a gold, heirloom wedding band;
The vitalness, the vibrance of warm, rich, scarlet blood;
Purity, whiteness of a perfect pearl on royal blue velvet;
The clarity of a perfect diamond displayed as a
Dew-drop on a green velvet leaf;
The esthetic world seen in the crystal sphere of a
Floating opal;
Dignity of a deep blue sapphire on a lily white hand;
Delicacy of a pink azalea blossom;
Stability and strength of a dogwood bloom;
The sturdiness of rough, brown bark;
The life in the smell of freshly turned earth, in a
Crushed pine-needle, in rain;
The nobility and grace of a Stradivarius;
The surity of the tone of the blue viol;

The piercing, icy breeze of a green emerald;
The life, the surge of blood, when one feels
The needles of the wind, the icy stream, the snow-
Capped mountains above timberline;
The effervescence, exuberance of the joy of being loved;
Sprinkle and season with stardust and moonlight;
Take all this and more.
Put into a crystal goblet,
Stir well at tempo allegretto and
Suddenly! — Fine
The contents from the crystal with one wide swing!
There for a moment, scintillating, rolling, frothing, floating
Is the splendor of the sky.
Yes, all this is understatement
It might for a moment describe;
But in the next moment
The scene is completely altered.

Oh, my Soul!
So inadequate to express that which you feel so deeply.

Sky!

You cause surges of emotion that at times
Cascade, arise, and
Overspill the brim of my being!

This beauty — This good — This truth — This love —
All constitute a certain shade of blue.
I have seen it all in that shade of blue.
Where? Remember, Soul!
Think! I command it!
This blue — It is as the sky in that
It can not be described.
The thoughts it brings! —
This deep, burning blue has branded my soul,
Has seared itself on my memory.

I see a faint glow coming into the shadows of my mind

I see — yes!
This blue and the sky are synonymous!
What is this blue?

Where is this blue?
It is found only in one place.
It can not be duplicated or reproduced.
No other blue can bring to me the sky with all
its thoughts, as does this blue.
Light, milky, beautiful blue!
Covered by a thin, scintillating, silvery, crystal film.
The sky — the blue of his eyes!

Love? What are you?
What spell have you cast on my sensibility?
How can I quell my delirium?

Love; —
You are, —
Truth,
Beauty,
Blue,
Sky.

Love, you are his eyes; sky.
His eyes — sky.
Both, homogeneous, constituent parts, inseparable!
His eyes — blue — sky — love — His eyes!

Whose?
You look into them and see;
Or,
Is it only I who drowns there
While looking and seeing —
All this?

Anonymous