

The Explosion

"Valley Of Unrest"

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Once it smiled a silent dell, where the people did not dwell; They had gone unto the wars, trusting to the mild-eyed stars, Nightly, from their azure towers, to keep watch above the flowers, In the midst of which all day, the red sunlight lazily lay. Now each visitor shall confess, the sad valley's restlessness. Nothing there is motionless- Nothing save the airs that brood over the magic solitude. Ah by no wind are stirred those tree that palpitate like the chill seas. Around the misty Hebrides, ah by no wind those clouds are driven. That rustle through the unquiet Heaven, uneasily from morn till even

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