THE HUNTER
DREAMS IN HIS CLUB
A new Poem
By Lord DUNSANY

A dim grey dawn with a streak of amber
Is breaking now, though I know not where.
Blue pigeons soar, and the monkeys clamber
Up from dark to the lucid air.

Hushed as though it had seen a gorgon
A bush-buck stands at the forest's edge;
A strange bird calls like an opening organ,
Tiny myriads talk in the sedge.

Gone by now is the fireflies' wonder,
Lost to sight with the Milky Way;
Suddenly near, the zebras' thunder
Rolls for joy at another day.

Flowers bright as a painter's palettes
Give their honey to brighter birds;
While upon feet like monstrous mallets
The bull rhinoceros goes to his herds.

A little wind like Aurora's shiver
Blows, and the light is brighter far.
Dawn grows wide on an unmapped river,
Out goes the light of a large low star.

The sun leaps up, and at once the grasses
Flash as bright as the eye can bear.
Far off, clear quarts in the mountain passes
Beckons on. But I know not where.