

At Sunset

I would go in, for it is growing cold.
Yet, if I go, that colour on the sea
May turn to something never known to me;
Those godlike shapes among the sunset's gold
May grow more magical; some light untold
May gleam upon the houses suddenly;
Some mystery I had not thought could be
This evening in a moment may unfold.

For fleeting moments wonderfully bright
Make up life's treasury; such gems as these
Are all the spirit on its way can seize,
Moving across the world from night to night;
And are the only jewels it can show
To other ghosts, wherever it may go.

LORD DUNSANY