

# Shadows of Chapultepec

By ALICE F'ANSON

O Wood of Dreams! what misted centuries  
 Have wrapped their spell around your stately trees!  
 Veiled by the hanging moss, my spirit sees  
 Majestic halls, with jade and turquoise bright,  
 And sculptured walls that catch the moon's pale light,  
 Fantasmagoria of the Haunted Night!  
 I breathe the smoke of sacrificial fires  
 Where stark gray pyramids like funeral pyres  
 Loom darkly underneath these lofty spires. . . .  
 And here and there symbolic serpents twine;  
 Their eyes of black and glistening "ixtli" shine  
 From moss-grown trunks and loops of twisted vine!  
 The drip of fountains marks the passing hours,  
 And creeping myrtle, loneliest of flowers,  
 Drapes with its amaranth bloom the fadeless bowers!  
 There is strange magic in the silvery haze  
 That floats like incense in cathedral ways  
 Through these weird "sambras," this enchanted maze;  
 For day and night I hear the measured tread  
 Of mighty warriors numbered with the Dead  
 Long folded in some dark and leaf-strewn bed!  
 The lordly Tzins! the chieftains of their race!  
 In all their spectral grandeur, I can trace  
 Pride that has dwindled to pathetic grace!  
 They mourn the glory and the pageantry  
 Of the dead Past they never more shall see  
 Save in this ghostly Wood of Memory!