



*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 quartz in the mountain passes  
Beckons on. But I know not where.*

CHERRY  
COUNTRY.