



Sonnets of the Wingless Hours

By Eugene Lee-Hamilton

Theclassics.Us, United States, 2013. Paperback. Book Condition: New. 246 x 189 mm. Language: English . Brand New Book ***** Print on Demand *****. This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can usually download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1908 edition. Excerpt: . THE WRECK OF HEAVEN | I Had a vision: naught for miles and miles But shattered columns, shattered walls of gold, -And precious stones that from their place had roll d, And lay in heaps, with litter d golden tiles; While, here and there, amid the ruined piles Of gold and sardius, and their sparkling mould, Wild tufts of amaranth had taken hold, Scenting the golden desert like sweet isles. And not one soul, and not one step nor sound, Until there started up a haggard head Out of the gold, from somewhere underground. Wildly he eyed me and the wreck all round: Who rt thou? quoth I. He shrilled a laugh and said: The last of souls. I haunt this dazzling mound. n AY, ay, the gates of pearl are crumbling fast; The walls of beryl topple stone by stone; The throngs...



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