

nature

The noonday sun

Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
 A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves
 Scooped in the dark base of their airy rocks,
 Making its moans respond and roar forever.
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path as, led
 By love or dream, or god, or mightier death,
 He strolled in Nature's dearest haunt - some bank,
 Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
 And dark the shades accumulati. The oak
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
 Embraces the light-bush. The pyramids
 Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame
 Most solemn domes within; but far below
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
 The ash and the acacia floating hang,
 Tremulous and pale. Like rattlesnakes ^{cloaked}
 In rainbow & in fire, the parasites,
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
 The gray trunks; and, as fame some infant's eyes
 With gentle meanings and most innocent smiles
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
 These twine their tendrils with the ^{branches} ^{leaves}
 Making their close union; the woven leaves
 Make network of the dark-blue light of day
 And the night's moonside clearness, mutable
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft-mossy ^{leaves}
 Beneath their canopies extend their swells
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with ^{flowers}

Milder yet beautiful, One darkest glen
 Sends from its woods of musket-rose & turned
 with gasmine
 A soul-dissolving odour to invite
 To some more lovely mystery. Though the dell,
 Silent twilight here, twin sisters, keep
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades
 Like vaporous shapes half-seen. Beyond, a well
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
 Images all the woven tresses above
 And each depending leaf, and every speck
 Of azure sky darting between their chasms:
 No light else in the liquid mirror laves
 Its portrait, but some inconstant star
 Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Shelley's *Alastor*

Nature

These huge caves
 Scooped in the dark 'tose of their æmy rocks
 Mocking its moans respond and rolar forever
 The meeting boughs and implicatid bows
 Wave twilight o'er Poets' path, as led
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightie Death,
 He thought sought in Nature's dearest-haunt some ^{bank}
 Her cradle, & his sepulchre.

Shelley's Alastir

A spirit seemed
 To stand beside him, clothed in us bright robes
 Of shadowy silver or enshrining light
 Borrowed from aught the visible world afford
 Of grace, or majesty or mystery;
 But, — undulating wood, and silent well,
 And babing rivulet, and evening gloom
 Now deepening the dark shade, for speech assuming,
 Held communion with him, as if he and it
 Were all that was. Only — when his regard
 Was raised by intense pensiveness — two eyes,
 Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of twilight
 And seemed with their serene & azure smile
 To beckon him.

ibid

→ Nature

The crag crowd round with black and jagged arms,
 The shattered mountain overshung the sea;
 And faster still beyond all human speed,
 Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave
 The little boat was driven. A cavern there
 Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths
 Engulfed the rushing sea

Shelley's Alastor

Nature.

Till in the Vale of Cashmere, far within
 Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants exhale
 Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,
 Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretches
 his languid limbs.

Shelley's Alastor

Nature

~~At Midnight~~

At midnight

The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
 Of Caucasus, whose icy summit shone
 Among the stars like sunlight, and around
 whose caverned base the whirlpools & the raves,
 Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
 Rage and resound for ever.

ibid

Nature

Nature's most secret steps
 He like her shadow has pursued, where'er
 The red volcano overcanopies
 Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
 With burning smokes; or where bitumen-lakes
 On black bare pointed islets we beat
 With sluggish surge; or where the secret caves
 Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
 Of fire and poison, inaccessible
 To avarice or pride, their starry domes
 Of diamond and of gold expand above
 Numberless and inmeasurable halls
 Frequent with crystal columns & clear shrines
 Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.

Shelley's Master

(711)

Nor had that scene of ample majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying roof of heaven
And the green earth, lost in his heart it claims
To love and wonder. He would linger long
In lonesome vales, marking the wilds his home;
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his hooded food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks, —
And the wild antelope, that starts whenever
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspended
More graceful than her own.

Love (世、情、事、理)

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food
 Her daily portion from her father's tent
 And spread her matting for his couch, & stole
 From Dulis and repose to bind his steps:
 Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe
 To speak her love: - and watched him nightly sleep,
 Slept herself & gaze upon his lips
 Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath
 Of innocent hours arose. Then when red morn
 Made pale the pale moon, when eved home,
 Withered and wan & panting, she resumed.
 Shelley's Alastor

Nature

"Nature's most secret steps
He like her shadow has pursued, wherever
The red volcano overcanopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke; or where the secret caves
Rugged and dark

Lyrical Lamentation

There was a Poet whose untimely tomb
 No human hand with pious reverence reared,
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness.
 A lovely youth, no mourning maiden decked
 With weeping flowers or votive cypress-wreath
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:
 Gentle and brave and generous, no Lombard,
 Bard, [sigh:]
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious
 He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
 And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined
 And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
 The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
 And silence, too manacured of that voice
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.
 Shelley "Hassler"