

PARADISE



Do not speak to me of Paradise,
I've dreamed of it and wandered there.
Blue parrots filled the shining skies,
And honey-vanilla scented the air.

There wondrous trees beneath the blue
Stand dreaming in a hush of song,
And through their enchanted branches flew
Bright elves and visions all day long.

The grasses there are soft as silk,
Across them gentle creatures tread;
On paws and necks of fur and milk
Gleam jeweled collars, gold and red.

There fountains flow with streams of cream,
And rivers run with nectar sweet;
From bending boughs in a golden dream
Hang mangoes and bananas neat.

And people dwell there, many still,
So quiet and so pale they seem,
Clad all in robes of white and gold,
As though half-living, half a dream.

The wind moves softly through their hair,
Still haunted by what went before,
Amid the blessed silence there—
The newly fallen in the war.