At Grossmont

John Vance Cheney

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Against this Grossmont boulder gray, but now

I dreamed the shape of Keats leaned at my side.

Blue-eyed, pallor of dreamland on his brow,

He spoke: "My Homer sonnot went awide.

Tere I to rime again, a chief should stare

At yonder hills, not at the sea; the bright

Dashed from his eyes, with a smit eagle's glare

Scanning yon yellow lions of the light."

He passed; a bird sang in the chaparral,

To bolder glory burned one lion's mane.

Yea, god-born boy, I sigh, thy song might tell

Of those prone sun-cubs of the southern plain;

None has the utterance, now. The silence alone

Dare touch them, or some-breath from off their slumber blown.

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