



### ONCE AT SWANAGE

THE spray sprang up across the cusps of the moon,  
And all its light loomed green  
As a witch-flame's weirdsome sheen  
At the minute of an incantation scene;  
And it greened our gaze – that night at demilune.

Roaring high and roaring low was the sea  
Behind the headland shores:  
It symbolled the slamming of doors,  
Of a regiment hurrying over hollow floors. . . .  
And there we two stood, hands clasped; I and she!