

# A PRAIRIE SUNSET

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What alchemist could in one hour so drain  
The rainbow of its colours, smelt the ore  
From the September lodes of heaven, to pour  
This Orient magic on a Western plain;  
And build the miracle before our eyes  
Of castellated heights and colonnades,  
Carraran palaces, and cavalcades  
Trooping throughout a city in the skies?  
A northern cloud became a temple spire,  
A southern reach showed argosies on fire;  
And in the centre, with unhurried feet,  
Came priests and paladins, soon to descend  
To earth with swinging censers to attend  
The God of harvests down amidst his wheat.

And scarcely less resplendent was the passing,  
When with the night winds rising on the land  
The hosts were led by a Valkyrian hand  
To their abodes—accompanied by the massing  
Of amber clouds touched with armorial red,  
By thrones dissolving, and by spirals hurled  
From golden plinths, announcing to the world  
That Day, for all his blazonry, was dead.  
And when, like a belated funeral rite,  
The last pale torch was smothered by the night,  
The mind's horizon like the sky was stripped  
Of all illusion but a fable told  
Of gods that died, of suns and worlds grown cold  
In some extinct Promethean manuscript.