

## SONNET XII

CLOUDS rosy-tinted in the setting sun,  
Depths of the azure eastern sky between,  
Plains where the poplar-bordered highways run,  
Patched with a hundred tints of brown and green,—  
Beauty of Earth, when in thy harmonies  
The cannon's note has ceased to be a part,  
I shall return once more and bring to these  
The worship of an undivided heart.  
Of those sweet potentialities that wait  
For my heart's deep desire to fecundate  
I shall resume the search, if Fortune grants;  
And the great cities of the world shall yet  
Be golden frames for me in which to set  
New masterpieces of more rare romance.