

To the Blue Anemone

Flower of stony clearness bright,  
Quivering now of coloured light,  
Hast thou dominion thy eyes richly dye  
Thou the instar of the sky?  
From a long, long fervent gaze  
Through <sup>the</sup> years first golden days,  
Wp. hast thou as silent deep,  
Where, like things of sculptured sleep,  
Dolabaster clouds repose,  
With the sunbeams on their snows?  
Whither was thy beauty late tanning,  
Like a scener over burning,  
Till the purple heavens in thee  
Set their smile, Anemone!

Collected for Crispin's Album  
by Anna.

Fulton Oct 29 1846