

ART COLOURS

On must we go: we search dead leaves, We chase the sunset's saddest
flames, The nameless hues that o'er and o'er In lawless wedding lost their
names.

God of the daybreak! Better be Black savages; and grin to gird Our limbs in
gaudy rags of red, The laughing-stock of brute and bird;

And feel again the fierce old feast, Blue for seven heavens that had
sufficed, A gold like shining hoards, a red Like roses from the blood of
Christ.