

A sunset, Aldous Huxley

A SUNSET

OVER against the triumph and the close-

Amber and green and rose-

Of this short day,

The pale ghost of the moon grows living-bright

Once more, as the last light

Ebbs slowly away.

Darkening the fringes of these western glories

The black phantasmagories

Of cloud advance

With noiseless footing-vague and villainous shapes,

Wrapped in their ragged fustian capes,

Of some grotesque romance.

But overhead where, like a pool between

Dark rocks, the sky is green

And clear and deep,

Floats windlessly a cloud, with curving breast

Flushed by the fiery west,

In god-like sleep . . .

And in my mind opens a sudden door

That lets me see once more

A little room

With night beyond the window, chill and damp,

And one green-lighted lamp

Tempering the gloom,

While here within, close to me, touching me

(Even the memory

Of my desire

Shakes me like fear), you sit with scattered hair;

And all your body bare
 Before the fire
Is lapped about with rosy flame. . . . But still,
 Here on the lonely hill,
 I walk alone;
Silvery green is the moon's lamp overhead,
 The cloud sleeps warm and red,
 And you are gone.

The end