

Inspiration, Aldous Huxley

Inspiration

Noonday upon the Alpine meadows  
Pours its avalanche of Light  
And blazing flowers: the very shadows  
Translucent are and bright.  
It seems a glory that nought surpasses—  
Passion of angels in form and hue—  
When, lo! from the jewelled heaven of the grasses  
Leaps a lightning of sudden blue.  
Dimming the sun-drunk petals,  
Bright even unto pain,  
The grasshopper flashes, settles,  
And then is quenched again.

The end