

The Canal, Aldous Huxley

The Canal

No dip and dart of swallows wakes the black  
Slumber of the canal:—a mirror dead  
For lack of loveliness remembered  
From ancient azures and green trees, for lack  
Of some white beauty given and flung back,  
Secret, to her that gave: no sun has bled  
To wake an echo here of answering red;  
The surface stirs to no leaf's wind-blown track.

Between unseeing walls the waters rest,  
Lifeless and hushed, till suddenly a swan  
Glides from some broader river blue as day,  
And with the mirrored magic of his breast  
Creates within that barren water-way  
New life, new loveliness, and passes on.

The end