

TO LAURA GILPIN

By Marion Forster Gilmore.

Your Art, with Science working, subtly weaves

A potent spell about the fleeting beam
And holds it motionless forevermore,

A living truth and yet an artist's dream;
It fetters the wild foam, the sunlit dance
And taintless glory of the mountain stream.

Through mystic medium of light and shade

You silently reveal the soul of things,
The sunlit silence of the boundless plains,
The minor melody the twilight sings,
Eternal strength of mountains, childhood's grace,
The shining wonder of a vessel's wings.

You chain the moods of Nature so that we

May feel their truth and mark their mighty range,
The gloom of giant rocks, the moonlight's bliss,
The forest's peace, the ripened season's change,
And that immortal marvel, called the soul,
That looks from human eyes with glances strange.

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Written for Laura Gilpin
by Marian Gilmore