

Looking Glass River

Smooth it slides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam –
 O the clean gravel!
 O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air –
 How a child wishes
 To live down there!

We can see our colored faces
Floating on the shaken pool
 Down in cool places,
 Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,
Dipping marten, plumping trout,
 Spreads in a twinkle
 And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other;
All below grows black as night,
 Just as if mother
 Had blown out the light!

Patience, children, just a minute –
See the spreading circles die;
 The stream and all in it
 Will clear by-and-by.

~ *Robert Louis Stevenson* ~