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THE MIME OF SLEEP

My dreams are like some strange, disordered mime:
A plot that pandemonian shadows feign
Ravels half-told; and dead loves live again
In settings of distorted place and time:
A broken drama, peurile or sublime,
Whose riddled meaning I must guess in vain;
A masque, whose grey ^{grotesques} ~~xxxxxxxx~~ of mirth and pain
Move randomly through an occulted clime.

But though they pass, and slumber blot them all,
Your beauty's burning shade more slowly dims--
Where, dancing like Salome, you let fall,
In splendid sequence under a sad sky,
The seven veils of fantasy that I
Have wound about your young, delightful limbs.

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