

DAWN AT CARNAC

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The most ephemeral of all things built
By living creature in this ageless world
Is the pearl-colored silken gossamer—
The webs by little spiders loosely swirled
Across the rosy heather, grass, and gorse.
Their silvery filaments sustain the dew,
Which like a spiritual glory outlines them,
And sparkles while the sunrise mounts anew.

Most ancient of all architecture known
In France, beyond the rim of history,
Are those alignments called Druidic stones
Whose date and use alike are mystery.
High as the peasant cottages they stand;
Hundreds and hundreds still they dominate
In solemn rows the gossamer strewn plain.
In majesty they challenge time and fate.

Year after year the lichens, golden gray,
Adorn with strange design and runic wreath
Unsentient prehistoric monoliths;
While fairy gossamers on blooming heath
Are garlands glorified by light and dew.
Thus fragile human spirit, ever free
And beautiful, still flourishes to grace
Monuments of life's unknown eternity.