

ON A DREAM  
JOHN KEATS

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,  
When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,  
So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright  
So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft  
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes;  
And seeing it asleep, so fled away,  
Not to pure Ida with its snow-cold skies,  
Nor unto Tempe where Jove griev'd that day;  
But to that second circle of sad Hell,  
Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw  
Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell  
Their sorrows—pale were the sweet lips I saw,  
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form  
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.