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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

# The Phantom Horsewoman

I

Queer are the ways of a man I know:

He comes and stands  
In a careworn craze,  
And looks at the sands  
And the seaward haze  
With moveless hands  
And face and gaze,  
Then turns to go...

And what does he see when he gazes so?

II

They say he sees as an instant thing

More clear than to-day,  
A sweet soft scene  
That once was in play  
By that briny green;  
Yes, notes always  
Warm, real, and keen,  
What his back years bring—

A phantom of his own figuring.

III

Of this vision of his they might say more:

Not only there

Does he see this sight,  
But everywhere  
In his brain—day, night,  
As if on the air  
It were drawn rose-bright—  
Yea, far from that shore  
Does he carry this vision of heretofore:



#### IV

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,  
He withers daily,  
Time touches her not,  
But she still rides gaily  
In his rapt thought  
On that shagged and shaly  
Atlantic spot,  
And as when first eyed  
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.