

It sifts from Leaden Sieves -  
It powders all the Wood -  
It fills with Alabaster Wool  
The Wrinkles of the Road -

It scatters like the Birds -  
Condenses like a Flock -  
Like Juggler's Figures situates  
Upon a baseless Arc -

It traverses yet halts -  
Disperses as it stays -  
Then curls itself in Capricorn -  
Denying that it was -