

Quincunx

Amy Lowell

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A LADY was given a shell which kept in its convolutions
The dash and sucking of waves.
At first the lady played with it,
Putting it to her ear.
But soon tiring of this,
She gave it into the hands of a skilful carver,
Who fashioned out of it an intaglio of great beauty;
This the lady set in a band of gold
And placed in a cabinet for all to admire.
Now people praise the delicate gem and pass on,
And it lies on its velvet,
Flat, and cold, and admirable;
But the fresh sound of waves
Is no longer about it.