

The Double

Walter De la Mare

I curtseyed to the dovecote.

I curtseyed to the well.

I twirled me round and round about,

The morning sweets to smell.

When out I came from spinning so,

Lo, betwixt green and blue

Was the ghost of me—a Fairy Child—

A-dancing—dancing, too.

Nought was of her wearing

That is the earth's array.

Her thistledown feet beat airy fleet

Yet set no blade astray.

The gossamer shining dew of June

Showed grey against the green;

Yet never so much as a bird-claw print

Of footfall to be seen.

Fading in the mounting sun

That image soon did pine.

Fainter than moonlight thinned the locks

That shone as clear as mine.

Vanished! Vanished! O, sad it is

To spin and spin—in vain;

And never to see the ghost of me

A-dancing there again.

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