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I woke to see a dawn-tremulous, soft —
 Dawn with my being more than with my eyes
 The eagerness & holiness of day.
 But as I watched a hand fell on my heart
 & tears came to my eyes so sad I was.
 I saw the sunrise — it was rainbows-bued —
 Saw with my eyes alone. My body now
 became a temple for my soaring heart.
 I watched a birth but wept because of death.
 Then tried to soothe myself by saying: Day
 Miss every night to be reborn at morn,
 The flowers do every fall to bloom again in spring
 cell, all must end before new birth can be."
 But soon made me seem as one apart
 from all my reasoning, from every thought.
 From every thought but one — that you must,
 The sun had risen now, it was day.
 I stared: Then I quietly turned away.

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Mist, like floating elfin, swathed the world
 & swished in eddies of unrest.
 I noked out grass that smelt of spring & hope