

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity
The shutting of the eye.
Sleep is the station grand
Down which, on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree
The breaking of the Day
Morning has not occurred!
That shall Aurora be
East of Eternity—
One with the banner gay—
One in the red array—
That is the break of Day!

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I— tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I remember him!

Will there really be a “Morning”?
Is there such a thing as “Day”?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has It feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

The Daisy follows soft the Sun—
And when his golden walk is done—
Sits shyly at his feet—
He— waking— finds the flower there—
Wherefore— Marauder— art thou here?
Because, Sir, love is sweet!

We are the Flower— Thou the Sun!
Forgive us if as days decline—
We nearer steal to Thee!
Enamored of the parting West—
The peace— the flight— the Amethyst—
Night's possibility!

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple
Leaping like Leopards to the Sky
Then at the feet of the old Horizon
Laying her spotted Face to die
Stooping as low as the Otter's Window
Touching the Roof and tinting the Barn
Kissing her Bonnet to the Meadow
And the Juggler of Day is gone

The Sun— just touched the Morning—
The Morning— Happy thing—
Supposed that He had come to dwell—
And Life would all be Spring!

She felt herself supremer—
A Raised— Ethereal Thing!
Henceforth— for Her— What Holiday!
Meanwhile— Her wheeling King—
Trailed— slow— along the Orchards—
His haughty— spangled Hems—
Leaving a new necessity!
The want of Diadems!

The Morning— fluttered— staggered—
Felt feebly— for Her Crown—
Her unanointed forehead—
Henceforth— Her only One!

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand,
Until a sudden sky
Reveals the fact that One is rapt
Forever from the Eye—

Members of the Invisible,
Existing, while we stare,
In Leagueless Opportunity,
O’ertakeless, as the Air—

Why didn’t we detain Them?
The Heavens, with a smile,
Sweep by our disappointed Heads
Without a syllable—

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset
How the Hemlocks burn—
How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder
By the Wizard Sun—

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet
Till the Ball is full—
Have I the lip of the Flamingo
That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows—
Touching all the Grass
With a departing— Sapphire— feature—
As a Duchess passed—

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village
Till the Houses blot
And the odd Flambeau, no men carry
Glimmer on the Street—

How it is Night— in Nest and Kennel—
And where was the Wood—
Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing
Into Solitude—

These are the Visions flitted Guido—
Titian— never told—
Domenichino dropped his pencil—
Paralyzed, with Gold—

The Day came slow– till Five o'clock–
Then sprang before the Hills
Like Hundred Rubies– or the Light
A Sudden Musket– spills–

The Purple could not keep the East–
The Sunrise shook abroad
Like Breadths of Topaz– packed a Night–
The Lady just– unrolled–

The Happy Winds– their Timbrels took–
The Birds– in docile Rows
Arranged themselves around their Prince–
The Wind– is Prince of Those–

The Orchard sparkled like a Jew–
How mighty 'twas– to be
A Guest in this stupendous place–
The Parlor– of the Day–

I'll tell you how the Sun rose—
A Ribbon at a time—
The Steeples swam in Amethyst
The news, like Squirrels, ran—

The Hills untied their Bonnets—
The Bobolinks— begun—
Then I said softly to myself—
“That must have been the Sun”!

But how he set— I know not—
There seemed a purple stile
That little Yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while—

Till when they reached the other side,
A Domine in Gray—
Put gently up the evening Bars—
And led the flock away—

I saw no Way– The Heavens were stitched–
I felt the Columns close–
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres–
I touched the Universe–

And back it slid– and I alone–
A Speck upon a Ball–
Went out upon Circumference–
Beyond the Dip of Bell–

The first Day's Night had come—
And grateful that a thing
So terrible— had been endured—
I told my Soul to sing—

She said her Strings were snapt—
Her Bow— to Atoms blown—
And so to mend her— gave me work
Until another Morn—

And then— a Day as huge
As Yesterdays in pairs,
Unrolled its horror in my face—
Until it blocked my eyes—

My Brain— begun to laugh—
I mumbled— like a fool—
And tho' 'tis Years ago— that Day—
My Brain keeps giggling— still.

And Something's odd— within—
That person that I was—
And this One— do not feel the same—
Could it be Madness— this?

Good Morning– Midnight–
I'm coming Home–
Day– got tired of Me–
How could I– of Him?

Sunshine was a sweet place–
I liked to stay–
But Morn– didn't want me– now–
So– Goodnight– Day!

I can look– can't I–
When the East is Red?
The Hills– have a way– then–
That puts the Heart– abroad–

You– are not so fair– Midnight–
I chose– Day–
But– please take a little Girl–
He turned away!

Dreams– are well– but Waking’s better,
If One wake at Morn–
If One wake at Midnight– better–
Dreaming– of the Dawn–

Sweeter– the Surmising Robins–
Never gladdened Tree–
Than a Solid Dawn– confronting–
Leading to no Day–

The Red- Blaze- is the Morning-
The Violet- is Noon-
The Yellow- Day- is falling-
And after that- is none-

But Miles of Sparks- at Evening-
Reveal the Width that burned-
The Territory Argent- that
Never yet- consumed-

No Crowd that has occurred
Exhibit, I suppose,
That General Attendance
That Resurrection— does—

Circumference be full—
The long restricted Grave
Assert her Vital Privilege—
The Dust— connect— and live—

On Atoms— features place—
All Multitudes that were
Efface in the Comparison—
As Suns— dissolve a Star—

Solemnity— prevail—
Its Individual Doom
Possess each separate Consciousness—
August— Absorbed— Numb—

What Duplicate— exist—
What Parallel can be
Of the Significance of This
To Universe— and Me?

I watched the Moon around the House
 Until upon a Pane—
 She stopped— a Traveller's privilege— for Rest—
 And there upon—

I gazed— as at a stranger—
 The Lady in the Town
 Doth think no incivility
 To lift her Glass— upon—

But never Stranger justified
 The Curiosity
 Like Mine— for not a Foot— nor Hand—
 Nor Formula— had she—

But like a Head— a Guillotine—
 Slid carelessly away—
 Old independent, Amber—
 Sustain her in the sky—

Or like a Stemless Flower—
 Upheld in rolling Air
 By finer Gravitations—
 Than bind Philosopher—

No Hunger— had she— nor an Inn—
 Her Toilette— to suffice—
 Nor Avocation— nor Concern
 For little Mysteries

As harass us— like Life— and Death—
 And Afterwards— or Nay—
 But seemed engrossed to Absolute—
 With shining— and the Sky—

The privilege to scrutinize
 Was scarce upon my Eyes
 When, with a Silver practise—
 She vaulted out of Gaze—

And next— I met her on a Cloud—
 Myself too far below
 To follow her superior Road—
 Or its advantage— Blue—

To my small Hearth His fire came—
And all my House aglow
Did fan and rock with sudden light—
'Twas Sunrise—'twas the Sky—

Impanelled from no Summer brief
With limit of Decay—
'Twas Noon— without the News of Night—
Nay, Nature, it was Day—

Whole Gulfs— of Red, and Fleets— of Red—
And Crews— of solid Blood—
Did place about the West— Tonight—
As 'twere specific Ground—

And They— appointed Creatures—
In Authorized Arrays—
Due promptly— as a Drama—
That bows— and disappears—

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold
A Night or two ago—
And now she turns Her perfect Face
Upon the World below—

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde—
Her Cheek— a Beryl hewn—
Her Eye unto the Summer Dew
The likest I have known—

Her Lips of Amber never part
But what must be the smile
Upon Her Friend she could confer
Were such Her Silver Will—

And what a privilege to be
But the remotest Star—
For Certainty She takes Her Way
Beside Your Palace Door—

Her Bonnet is the Firmament—
The Universe— Her Shoe—
The Stars— the Trinkets at Her Belt—
Her Dimities— of Blue—

757

The Mountains grow unnoticed—
Their Purple figures rise
Without attempt— Exhaustion—
Assistance— or Applause—

In their Eternal Faces
The Sun— with just delight
Looks long— and last— and golden—
For fellowship— at night—

My Faith is larger than the Hills—
So when the Hills decay—
My Faith must take the Purple Wheel
To show the Sun the way—

'Tis first He steps upon the Vane—
And then— upon the Hill—
And then abroad the World He go
To do His Golden Will—

And if His Yellow feet should miss—
The Bird would not arise—
The Flowers would slumber on their Stems—
No Bells have Paradise—

How dare I, therefore, stint a faith
On which so vast depends—
Lest Firmament should fall for me—
The Rivet in the Bands

When I hoped, I recollect
Just the place I stood—
At a Window facing West
Roughest Air— was good—

Not a Sleet could bite me
Not a frost could cool
Hope It was that kept me warm
Not Merino shawl—

When I feared— I recollect
Just the Day it was
Worlds were lying out to Sun
Yet— how Nature froze—

Icicles upon my soul
Prickled Blue and Cool
Bird went praising everywhere
Only Me— was still—

And the Day that I despaired
This— If I forget
Nature will— that It be Night
After Sun has set—

Darkness intersect her face
And put out her eye
Nature hesitate— before
Memory and I—

The Birds begun at Four o'clock—
Their period for Dawn—
A Music numerous as space—
But neighboring as Noon—

I could not count their Force—
Their Voices did expend
As Brook by Brook bestows itself—
To multiply the Pond.

Their Witnesses were not—
Except occasional man—
In homely industry arrayed—
To overtake the Morn—

Nor was it for applause—
That I could ascertain—
But independent Ecstasy
Of Deity and Men—

By Six, the Flood had done—
No Tumult there had been—
Of Dressing, or Departure—
And yet the Band was gone—

The Sun engrossed the East—
The Day controlled the World—
The Miracle that introduced—
Forgotten, as fulfilled.

Always Mine!
No more Vacation!
Term of Light this Day begun!
Failless as the fair rotation
Of the Seasons and the Sun.

Old the Grace, but new the Subjects—
Old, indeed, the East,
Yet upon His Purple Programme
Every Dawn, is first.

863

That Distance was between Us
That is not of Mile or Main—
The Will it is that situates
Equator— never can—

888

When I have seen the Sun emerge
From His amazing House—
And leave a Day at every Door
A Deed, in every place—

Without the incident of Fame
Or accident of Noise—
The Earth has seemed to me a Drum,
Pursued of little Boys

'Tis Sunset– Little Maid– Hast Thou
No Station in the Day?

'Twas not thy wont, to hinder so–
Retrieve thine industry–

'Tis Noon– My little Maid–
Alas– and art thou sleeping yet?
The Lily– waiting to be Wed–
The Bee– Hast thou forgot?

My little Maid–'Tis Night– Alas
That Night should be to thee
Instead of Morning– Had'st thou broached
Thy little Plan to Die–
Dissuade thee, if I could not, Sweet,
I might have aided– thee

999

Superfluous were the Sun
When Excellence be dead
He were superfluous every Day
For every Day be said—

That syllable whose Faith
Just saves It from Despair
And whose “I’ll meet You” hesitates
If Love inquire “Where?”

Upon His dateless Fame
Our Periods may lie
As Stars that drop anonymous
From an abundant sky.

1000

The Fingers of the Light
Tapped soft upon the Town
With "I am great and cannot wait
So therefore let me in."

"You're soon," the Town replied,
"My Faces are asleep—
But swear, and I will let you by,
You will not wake them up."

The easy Guest complied
But once within the Town,
The transport of His Countenance
Awakened Maid and Man

The Neighbor in the Pool
Upon His Hip elate
Made loud obeisance and the Gnat
Held up His Cup for Light.

1018

Who saw no Sunrise cannot say—
The Countenance 'twould be—
Who guess at seeing, guess at loss
Of the Ability—

The Emigrant of Light, it is—
Afflicted for the Day—
The Blindness that beheld and blest—
And could not find Its Eye—

1023

It rises— passes— on our South—
Inscribes a simple Noon—
Cajoles a Moment with the Spires—
And infinite— is gone—

The Crickets sang
And set the Sun—
And Workmen finished, one by one,
Their Seam— the Day upon.

The low Grass loaded with the Dew—
The Twilight stood— as Strangers do,
With Hat in Hand, polite and new,
To stay— as if, or go.

A Vastness, as a Neighbor, came,
A Wisdom, without Face, or Name,
A Peace, as Hemispheres at Home—
And so the Night became.

The Lilac is an ancient shrub
But ancierter than that
The Firmamental Lilac
Upon the Hill tonight—
The Sun subsiding on his Course
Bequeaths this final Plant
To Contemplation— not to Touch—
The Flower of Occident
Of one Corolla is the West—
The Calyx is the Earth—
The Capsules burnished Seeds the Stars
The Scientist of Faith
His research has but just begun—
Above his synthesis
The Flora unimpeachable
To Time's Analysis—
“Eye hath not seen” may possibly
Be current with the Blind
But let not Revelation
By these be detained—