

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—

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!

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—

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—

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

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—