

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 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.

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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.