

Who used your pasture for a camp.  
There, pointed like the pip of spades,  
The young spruce made a suite of glades  
So regular that in the dark  
The place was like a city park.  
There I elected to demur  
Beneath a low-slung juniper  
That like a blanket on my chin  
Kept some dew out and some heat in,  
Yet left me freely face to face  
All night with universal space.  
It may have been at two o'clock  
That under me a point of rock  
Developed in the grass and fern,  
And as I woke afraid to turn  
Or so much as uncross my feet,  
Lest having wasted precious heat  
I never should again be warmed,  
The largest firedrop ever formed  
From two stars' having coalesced  
Went streaking molten down the west.  
And then your tramp astrologer  
From see this undoubted stir  
In Heaven's firm-set firmament,  
Himself had the equivalent,  
Only within. Inside the brain  
Two memories that long had lain  
Now quivered toward each other, lipped  
Together, and together slipped,  
And for a moment all was plain  
That men have though about in vain.  
Please, my involuntary host,  
Forgive me if I seem to boast.  
'Tis possible you may have seen