

## Pan with Us

Pan came out of the woods one day, —  
His skin and his hair and his eyes were gray,  
The gray of the moss of walls were they, —  
And stood in the sun and looked his fill  
At wooded valley and wooded hill.

He stood in the zephyr, pipes in hand,  
On a height of naked pasture land;  
In all the country he did command  
He saw no smoke and he saw no roof.  
That was well! and he stamped a hoof.

His heart knew peace, for none came here  
To this lean feeding save once a year  
Someone to salt the half-wild steer,  
Or homespun children with clicking pails  
Who see no little they tell no tales.

He tossed his pipes, too hard to teach  
A new-world song, far out of reach,  
For a sylvan sign that the blue jay's screech  
And the whimper of hawks beside the sun  
Were music enough for him, for one.

Times were changed from what they were:  
Such pipes kept less of power to stir  
The fruited bough of the juniper  
And the fragile bluets clustered there  
Than the merest aimless breath of air.