



## Rose Pogonias

A saturated meadow,  
Sun-shaped and jewel-small,  
A circle scarcely wider  
Than the trees around were tall;  
Where winds were quite excluded,  
And the air was stifling sweet  
With the breath of many flowers -  
A temple of the heat.

There we bowed us in the burning,  
As the sun's right worship is,  
To pick where none could miss them  
A thousand orchises;  
For though the grass was scattered,  
Yet ever second spear  
Seemed tipped with wings of color  
That tinged the atmosphere.

We raised a simple prayer  
Before we left the spot,  
That in the general mowing  
That place might be forgot;  
Or if not all so favored,  
Obtain such grace of hours  
That none should mow the grass there  
While so confused with flowers.