

VIII

Moon-in-the-Trees,
The old canoe awaits you.
He is not, as you know, afraid of the dark,
And has unaided captured many stars.

The same tent expects your coming,
Moon-in-the-Trees.
You remember how the spruce smelled sweet
When the dawn was full of little birds?

In the ears of my days
Is a thunder of accomplished rivers;
In the nostrils of my nights
An incense of irrevocable mountains.