

NIGHT

Night, with sunset hauntings;
A red cloud under the moon.
Here will I meet my love
Beneath hushed trees.

Over the silver meadows
Of flower-folded grass,
Shall come unto me
Her feet like arrows of moonlight.

Under the magic forest
Mute with shadow,
I will utterly greet
The blown star of her face.

By white waters
Sheathed in rippling silence,
Shall I behold her hands
Hurting the dark with lilies.

Hush thee to worship, soul!
Now is thy movement of love.
Night; and a red cloud
Under the moon.