

5.

SUMMER SONG

I

Warm air throbbing with locust songs,
Warm clouds screening the heavens' blue rifts.
Warm sun shadowing over-head cloud drifts,
Warm sky straining, earth-tethered, at her cloud-thongs.

II

Far away
A thrushes' choir trills.
Far away
The murmur of a river's rills,
Drumming of the thunder fist,
Coming of the rain mist,—
Peeping,
Creeping,
Leaping,
Sweeping
O'er the weeping
Hot hills.