

SONNET

No sunset, but a grey, great, struggling sky
Full of strong silence. In green cloisters throng
Shy nuns of evening, telling beads of song.
Swallows, like winged prayers, soar steadily by,
Hallowing twilight. From the faint and high,
Night waves her misting censers, and along
The world, the singing rises into strong,
Pure peace. Now earth and heaven twain raptures die.

I knew your presence in the twilight mist,
In the world-filling darkness, in the rain
That spoke in whispers,—for the world was kissed
And laid in sleep.—These wild, sweet, perfect things
Are little miracles your memory sings,
Till heart on heart makes us one music again.