

## THE WIND

Again like the wail of an infant,  
Or a mother's soft lullaby,  
The sweet tones of lover aspirant,  
Or a blasted soul's last shriekèd cry.

Now stern bitter anger he's nursing,  
And I shudder within at the sound;  
He's chiding, reproving and cursing,  
I glance fearfully all around.

But I'm still alone in my cabin,  
'Neath the wind-tossed, groaning trees,  
Save for the echoing within  
Of the many-mooded breeze.