

THE SAD SHEPHERD

I

DARKNESS

OUT of the Valley of Gardens,
where a film of new-fallen
snow lay smooth as feathers
on the breast of a dove, the ancient
Pools of Solomon looked up into the
night sky with dark, tranquil eyes,
wide-open and passive, reflecting
the crisp stars and the small, round
moon. The full springs, overflowing
on the hill-side, melted their way
through the field of white in winding
channels; and along their course the
grass was green even in the dead of
winter.