

THE WIND AND THE MOON

SAID the wind to the moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about;
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The wind blew hard and out went the moon.

So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I 've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind—"I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."