

God's lyric of the April stars
Above the autumn hills of dream.

IN APPLE TIME.

The apple harvest days are here,
The boding apple harvest days,
And down the flaming valley ways,
The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with
Spring,

To call you on the slopes of morn,
Where in imperious June is born
The wild heart of the goldenwing.

I roved through alien summer lands,
I sought your beauty near and far;
To-day, where russet shadows are,
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,
The haas undern sleeps in sun.
Remembrance and desire, undone,
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,
The tender apple, harvest time;
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,
Settles upon the brooding year.

A RIFT.

O what a dream I could dream you,
If only the words would rhyme!
But noon and shadow are neighbors,
And sorrow is playmate of time.

How you should loiter forever
Through nights of entrancing May,
Where the hill flowers blow tender
Just in the coming of day!

How you should grow with their growing,
And watch through the underleaves
That old renewal of wonder
The gloaming of dawn unweaves!

Filled with the freshening hours,
There you should wander and muse,
Child of the stars and the uplands
Calm in their twilights and dews.

There in the infinite silence
How we should learn and forget,
Know and be known, and remember
Only the name of regret!—

One in that beauty of quiet,
Twain as the beat of a rhyme,
Seeds of a single desire
In the heart of the apple of time.

There you would ripen to harvest,—
Spirit of dream and of dew!—
Breath on the air till the fire
At the core of night burned through

The forest of brown stream waters,
Riving their glooms with gold,
Whereon the white drifts of lilies
Flake upon flake unfold,—

Then with that brow unshadowed,
Turn and remember and smile:
Failure, despairing, and travail
Are dead in the weary while.

So shall regret and long dreaming
Take joy and fulfilment to rhyme,
On the verge of summer and morning
Beyond the borders of time.

Here when the dusk half covers,
And the twilight half reveals,
The clew of a woven shadow
The glare of midnight conceals.

There springs to the trail, and follows,
The cry of a wild sweet thing—
At last shall desire unravel
The wind in the hollows of Spring!

It hurtles and dies and re-echoes
Abroad on the shallows of night,

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly!
Tell her I
Long to go,—

Only am
Satisfied
Where the wide
Maples flame,

Over those
Hills of fir,
Flooding her
Morning snows.

Thou shalt see,
Break and sing
Days of Spring,
Dawning free.

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly,—
Strive, or die
Striving so!

Darker hearts,
We, than some
Who shall come
When Spring starts.

Well I see,
You and I
By and by
Shall get free.

Only now,
Beat away
As we may
Best know how!

Never soar
We, nor float;
But one note,
And no more.

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly!
Would that I
Too might go!

Lark or thrush
Someday, you
Up the blue
Cleave the hush

O the joy
Then you feel,
Who shall steal
Or destroy?

Have not I
Known how good,
Field and wood,
Stream and sky?—

Longed to free
Soul in flight,
Night by night,
Tree to tree?

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly
You and I,—
Striving, go.

Still though fail
Singing, keep
Croaking deep
Strong and hale!

Flying straight,
Soon we go
Where the snow
Taries late.

Yet the Spring
Is—how sweet!
Hark that beat:
Goldenwing!

Good for all
Faint of heart,
What a start
In his call!

Northward crow,
Croak and fly,
Though the sky
Thunder No!

Bliss Carman