

Resume the old desire,
The exigence of spring
To be the orange fire
That tips the world's gray wing.

And the lone wood-bird — Hark,
The whippoorwill night long
Threshing the summer dark
With his dim flail of song! —

Shall be the lyric lift,
When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
In the blue range of sleep.

And so I pass beyond
The solace of your hand.
But ah, so brave and fond!
Within that morrow land,

Where deed and daring fail,
But joy forevermore
Shall tremble and prevail
Against the narrow door,