

EVENING TO MORNING

The rivers flow into the sea, but I,
In all the earth am only desolate,
Companionless among companions."
Thus in my lonely bitterness I cried,
And the still mountains echoed with my voice,
And the great hills flung back my bitter words,
But broken by the rippling of the sea.
Moody I flung myself upon the earth,
And watched the clouds light drifting past the stars,
That shadowed now in darkness, now shone forth,
When the dark mass swept by and left them clear.
I listened to the nightwind moaning low,
With melancholy music 'mong the trees,
That heaved and tossed their branches mournfully,
Keeping strange cadence with the wild weird tune
As if they too had sorrows none might know.
Until the wide earth seemed so waste and lone;
That none at all of living kind were left.
And then the still wind swept aside the clouds
Till all the heaven was clear, and there the moon,
Sailed high majestic through the starry vault.
And thus I lay and gazed, until at length,
Awe'd by the solemn stillness of the night,
My thoughts and musings changed to other things,—
I thought of the three mortal mysteries,
The mysteries of life, and love, and death.