

THE SUN IN THE WOODS

THE sun within the leafy woods
Is like a midday moon,
So soft upon these solitudes
Is bent the face of noon.

Loosed from the outside summer blaze
A few gold arrows stray ;
A vagrant brilliance droops or plays
Through all the dusky day.

The grey trunk feels a touch of light,
While, where dead leaves are deep,
A gleam of sunshine, golden white,
Lies like a soul asleep.

And just beyond dank-rooted ferns,
Where darkening hemlocks sigh,
And leaves are dim, the bare road burns
Beneath a dazzling sky.