

*THE BUTTERFLIES*

We turn around the Mountain's eastern  
brow,  
Descending by the road that separates  
The peaceful garden from the wind-blown  
pines;  
And near the honeysuckle bush uptwirl  
The pearl-white butterflies that dip and  
whirl  
And one that darts away, and soon entwines  
In happy play with our wee passenger.  
Together two brown butterflies in glee  
Now spiral up above the topmost tree!—  
What gracious boon do simple joys confer.