

The Book of the Native

Back unto the faithful healing
And the candor of the sod —
Scent of mould and moisture stirring
At the secret touch of God ;

Back into the ancient stillness
Where the wise enchanter weaves,
To the twine of questing tree-root,
The expectancy of leaves ;

Back to hear the hushed consulting
Over bud and blade and germ,
As the Mother's mood apportions
Each its pattern, each its term ;