

The Open Heart.

Would you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird
Of waves along the sand?

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Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
When little winds make moan?

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Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill,
All tunes the days repeat?

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Neither lore nor art
No toil can help you hear:
The secret of the ear
Go in the open heart.

INNOM.

