

Alone ?

THE sunlight through the open door
Comes in, and streams along the floor,
The slant rays of a falling August sun
Well-nigh throughout its sultry circuit run ;
And hushed is every sound of breeze or leaf
or bird,
Save the low trill of insects, past the lattice
heard,
In the dry grass
As the hours pass.

I sit alone, unless those forms,
Familiar through the calms and storms
Of many a year of summer bloom and winter
rude,
To all this loveliness and solitude,
Command a presence here and, gliding in,
Keep company with silence for a hymn.
I think they do
As falls the dew.