

STARS AND FLOWERS

The stars enchant the upper skies,
The flowers chain the feet;
They look into each other's eyes,
And flame and fragrance meet.

So will it be when Death unbars
These slender doors of ours,
And turns our spirits into stars,
Our bodies into flowers.

AT DUSK

The phantom time of day is here.
Some spirit from diviner air
Unto our blindness draweth near,
And in our musing seems to share.

Who hath not in a darkening wood,
At twilight's moment, dimly known
That all his hurts were understood
By some near presence not his own;

That all his griefs were comforted,
His aspirations given release;
And that upon his troubled head
Was laid the viewless hand of Peace.

Too sure for doubt, too sweet for fear,
Unfelt in days of toil and stress;
But when the twilight brings it near
Who hath not felt its tenderness?