

EPHEMERON.

Ah, brother, it is bitter cold in here
This time of year !
December is a sorry month indeed
For your frail August breed.

I find you numb this morning on the pane,
Searching in vain
A little warmth to thaw those airy vans,
Arrested in their plans.

I breathe on you ; and lo, with lurking might
Those members slight
Revive and stir ; the little human breath
Dissolves their frosty death.