

SLEEP

UPON the hillsides every yielding fern
Droops to the touch of slow distilling sleep,
Which floats like wreathing incense from an urn
Across the hills ; the dark trees seem to creep
Closer together with a shiv'ring sigh,
Folding into the shadow their wide boughs
From which the wind has fallen silently.
The heavy-headed blossoms droop and drowse,
Closing their cool curled petals one by one.
Across the pastures heavy sleep rolls down
Where on the grass light winds are wont to run
Through all the day ; now muffling sleep doth
drown