

THE WIND AND THE MOON

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath
Good faith!

I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high

In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great wind blare.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.