

THE WOOD IN JUNE

No other joy so fully thrills and satisfies
My beauty-loving soul as this, the sweet,
Recurring miracle of June. With feet
Forgetful of fatigue I go 'neath skies
Of summer splendor to the wood where lies
A pulsing, perfumed peace, where thrushes greet,
Where columbines and dancing harebells meet,
And wilding roses blush and windflowers rise.

The wind is but a whisper in the trees
That intercept the sunbeams as they seek
The cool dim nooks where ferns and twin-
flowers bide.
The only visitants are birds and bees,
And those of humankind who, proud and weak,
Find Nature with Felicity allied.