

Day and Night

Apollo, thou needst not expect from me
The wonted homage at thine altar bright;
Nay, rather from thy presence shall I flee
To seek a shaded refuge from thy light.
But when thy daily journey is complete,
And Philomela tunes her mournful lay,
I'll hie to Cynthia's shrine, my arms replete
With homage cheated from the Prince of Day.

O Moon, the beast that howls and knows not why
Feels in thy rays something akin to pain;
Seeps thy rare metal's gleaming through my eye,
But brings a soothing madness to my brain.

Oft through the lonely vigils of the night
Thy twilight shrines I've watched, O Goddess wan;
Oft have I sighed to see thy mellow light
Obliterated by the flagrant dawn.

Thou, luminary of the mid-day sky,
Hast wearied me with thy solicitude;
Thy gaudy rays, that sear my aching eye,
Suit not the solemn quiet of my mood.
And yet, not loving thee, I know thy worth,
For were thy unloved rays withdrawn, full soon
This parasitic globe, dependent earth,
Would barren be of vestals of the moon.

J. M., '34