

Night

Soft, like a velvet curtain twilight fell,
Stealing along the world from zone to zone;
And with the first faint stars which, glimmering, shone,
Made witchery within the dusking dell.
And from those purple depths there seemed to well
A silent mysticism, all its own,
Which crept so elfin-like and seemed so lone,
And cast on me its mild Elysian spell.
Ne'er before did I such splendour see;
For in those eyes of deepening night I found
Exquisite peace that did envelop me,
And in its quiet hush my cares it wound,
Till, contemplating its sweet mystery,
I lost myself in reverie profound.

—D.A.M., Ex. '31