She has forgotten when she glanced the hawthorn bridge;
that there, that green, that snow,
birdsong and sun dazzled across the ridge—
it was long ago.

Her hands were strong in the earth, her glance on the sky,
her song was sweet on the wind.
The hawthorn bridge took root, grew wild and high
to hide behind.

NUGGER'S LEAP, NEW ENGLAND

The castward spurs tip backward from the sun.
Night rains an obscure tide round cape and bay
and beads with beams of cloud up from the sea
against this shore and limnice granite head.
Swallow the spine of range; be dark, O lonely air.
Make a cold quilt across the bone and skull
that screamed falling in flesh from the lipped cliff
and then were uires, waiting for the fles.

Here is the symbol, and the climbing dark
a time for synthesis—Night buoys no warning
over the rocks that wait our heels, so bell sound
for her maestres. Now must we measure
our days by nights, our trepos by their pales,
love by its end and all our speech by silence.
See in these gulfs, how small the light of home.

Did we not know their blood channelled our rivers
and the black, quest our crops are wise their dust?
O all there, are not mort a ton. We should have known
the night that rode up the cliff and bid them
had the same question on its tongue for us.
And there they let that were ourselves write straight.
Never from earth against the cloudless 
or this black children dancing like the shadows 
of sails upon the wind. Night lips the breast 
scrap of the tableland and soals its gaping. 

Night floods us suddenly as hastes 
that we seek many islands in its good-time.

SONNET

Now let the draughtsmen of my eyes be done 
marking the line of petal and of hill. 
Let the long commissary of the brain 
be adjut. Evening and the earth are one, 
and bird and tree are simple and stand still. 
Now, fragile heart, crying in your welts of vein, 
and perilous self went hardly out of clay, 
gather the harvest of last light, and stop 
the liminosa fields of victor for your bread. 
Blurt the laborious void of the day 
and shadow brings the hillside slow to sleep. 
Here is the word that, when all words are said, 
shall compass more than speech. The sun is gone; 
draws on the night at last; the dream draws on.