

WINTER DUSK

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Against a humid gold of winter sky
Bare trees are blackly limbed, and bare the nests
Of summer softly droop upon their breasts,
Like drowsy heads of piccanninnies;
And farms are kraals, crouching from vulture Night,
And brilliant as a tropic constellation
The lamps flash forth along the railway station;
The wind about the darkness whinnies.
A roar and scream of steam, and pounding motion—
The train's a lion leaping from a rock . . .
Then blissfully the mind awakes from shock,
To England, curtains drawn at five o'clock,
A far bell tolling softly: Finis.