

STORMY NIGHT

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Outside the wind and rain sing mightily
 Epics of birth and death, and fill my room
 With an unutterable sense of doom,
Of my minute and strange finality.
Earth puts me forth awhile, even as the tree,
 The leaves that swish beyond my window pane,
 Nor can the candle flicker of my brain
Light up the darkness of eternity.

Out in the night the elemental trees,
Mocking my tiny thought, my futile pain,
Struggle to live and keep an earthy place.
I must go out and find myself with these,
Fight with the wind, and feel upon my face
The warm, wet fingers of the midnight rain.