

NIGHT AND DAY

CARLETON F. BOWES

I. NIGHT

Dusk, and the purple shadows slowly close
About the drooping sun: soft ev'ning bells
Sound faintly through the twilight, and the sea,
Glowing a mellow gold from land to where
It seems to merge into the arching sky,
Swells, as with giant breathings. O'er the hills
One bright star hangs agleam, like some great lamp
Lit early in a still undarken'd room.
Then fades the after-glow, and in the vault
On high the spheres of Night swim into view;
And just above the tree-tops in the east
A misty glow, like to a silver rain,
But ever growing brighter, lights the Heav'n:
The Queen of Night is coming.

As her beams
Fall ling'ringly upon the hills and vales,
Weaving a fairy tapestry of light
Above the meadows and the quiet sea,
The wind awakes, and small white wisps of cloud
Sail through the sky like boats, where moon and stars
Are beacon lights to guide them on their way.
The peace of God has settled on the hills,
And in the valleys, heavy with the dew,
The flowers in the scented summer night
Sleep, with their petals folded; all the land
Is quiet, 'neath the spell of yonder moon;
Only the plaintive sighing of the sea
Comes faintly on the breathings of the wind,
Here in the warm Acadian summer night.

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II. DAY

The waning moon pales in the velvet sky,
Down-sloping toward the west, and all the stars
Grow dim; the light fades on the sea. Far off
A bed of cloud hung in the eastern heav'n
Grows rosy, and faint streaks of grayish light
Are thrown athwart the summits of the hills.
The red glow turns to gold, and on each leaf
Hung as with glist'ning tears, the dews of eve
Still gleam, and flashing seem as rich as jewels. . . .
Like shafts of incense, smoke begins to rise
Above the homesteads and the happy farms.
Afar there comes the crowing of a cock
The tinkling bells of kine. . . .

Somewhere at sea

The winds awake, and playing o'er the deep,
And furrowing tiny wrinkles on before,
Waken it into life, then come to land
And softly stir the branches of the trees.
The pines and birches whisper of their dreams,
Then wake from slumber, and the drooping rose
Trembles to greet the wind and lifts her head.
A hundred feathered throats burst into song,
And where before a brooding seem'd to hang
O'er land and sea, the world now wakes to life,
To joys and sorrows of the new-born Day.