I HEARD THE MORNING WIND

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I heard the morning wind come in from God,
Drifting through sea-gates opened for the dawn;
While on the sky, their cloud-steeds golden-shod,
With flame-tipped lance and crimson gonfalon
Flaunted in air each serried rank above,
Came riding up the troopers of the sun.

I heard the wind through the slow-dreaming noon,
Floating past rows of nodding rushes tall;
With there the sudden laughter of a loon
Breaking the dream, and there the white-throat's call
Piercing the stillness of the lake-side grove
With shafts of melody loosed one by one.

I heard the low night wind go out to God,
Falling beneath its weight of fragrance drawn
From wood and ebb-tide beach and flowery sod.
The birds are mute, the sun's cohorts are gone.
The day's deep-freighted galleon, treasure-trove
With perfume, colour, song, for port has run.