

EVANGELINE

NORMA E. SMITH

You did not leave this fruited land
The apple and the painted pear,
The meadows crossed by henna paths,
The glory of the rounded year.

This eve the whirr of irised wings
Blends with the stockdoves' drowsy croon,
Across the dykes a vesper bell
Rings in the broad benignant moon.

As silently as steals a dream
Down purple aisles of healing sleep,
You steal in kirtle blue and white,
And in your eyes a dream lies deep.

The grass blades hold their heads erect
So light your foot beside the gate,
While stars like clover leaves astir
Warn you that Gabriel may be late.

You never left these wedded fields,
The marshes' golden lace between,
I've caught a glimpse of your small hand
On one red rose, Evangeline!

Just now I thought I heard you laugh,
As leaves laugh silverly in rain,
No matter where death holds you fast,
Tonight, you walk these fields again.