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The Night Wind

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

The wind creeps down at night
On lacquered paws of white
Bare bone. Creeps down from deep
Sunk mountain caves where sleep
Discarded shapes of beasts and men
Who lived upon the mesas when
An age gone by the sun swung swift
And mountains rose and fell like drift
Of spume across the sea.

The wind creeps down to say to me

“Hug close your sorrows of today!

“Rejoice that you *can* cry, *can* feel, *can* pray.

“For soon, like those within my dark retreat,

“You too will crumble in defeat.”