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Kansas Vignettes

By GLEN BAKER

I

(Kaw Valley)

The moon rode over the hill
A tall sunflower,
The Kaw is a silver veil
Waiting the bridal hour.

Longing has gripped my heart,
Stolen my sight;
I am a blind man walking
Alone through the night.

II

(Tonganoxie)

Oh, for the rising sun
Over the hills of home,
A martin soaring upward
Into a rosy dome.

Oh, for the peaceful nights,
And a mocking bird that sings,
How can I go seeking sleep
Remembering unspoken things?

III

(Mount Oread)

Brown hills—an autumn sky,
And old elms towering high
Above the passing throng,
Over the spires old
In clouds of gold—
I hear a song.

Blackly, shimmering down
To the ground
With rustling wings;
Then high and clear,
Far and near,
The blackbird sings.