
NIGHT MOMENT

ROBERT C. SCHALK

The night is calm and free, and sweet with spring,
The heady, scented air so cool and still.
The silent, throbbing stars are close and clear.
A crescent moon hangs low above the hill.

I know when I am dead and laid away,
And fiery stars come swarming o'er the hill,
My very dust will feel, from out the grave,
Innate awareness of this beauty still!

SPRING

WYOMING ROBINSON

When fragrant spring in full array
Descends upon the land,
The beckon of a balmy day
Enthralls the soul of man.

No worldly frets — but fancies free
To watch the feathered fun,
In search of twigs for homes-to-be
Beneath a lazy sun.

A south wind's whispering, pleasing praise,
The violet's answering blush,
The rabbit's wise and watchful gaze
Intensifies the hush.

All drowsy drags for idle dreams
And hosts of hopes unfurled,
When new-born spring in full regime
Returns to mortal world.