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Although We Hear No Sound

Maud E. Uschold

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Although We Hear No Sound

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

In dark moist earth
there is no dearth
of mirth,
when dry roots wake
and slake
their thirst with rain,
and send pale gold
and green
for the lean
earth to hold ;
so again
the signs of Spring appear.
In fertile ground
this burgeoning
is song,
although we hear
no sound.

A Night in Eden

By ALICE WILSON

Pale moths drifting through moonlit branches,
The music of night-hidden springs,
The sensuous perfume of tropic flowers
That drugs the dancing hours and brings
Forgetfulness of all unlovely things !
Here will we lie till night has gone—
Naked as Eve on a mossy bed—
And silence will cover us as a dream,
Till morning comes with a gleam of red
And night's last purple shadow has fled.