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Child Lost

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FUGUE

Is there a rain cloud on this night?
 We miss our Christian stars,
 Their silvering.
 Surely there has arisen in our sight
 A rain cloud, a shadow added to the night.
 We have already lost to this quiet cloud
 Music given in the sweeter night.
 We shall lose all.
 The planets and the madrigals of night
 Will sink into this sudden, this appointed shroud.

CHILD LOST

Now am I named among the blest;
 The swift milk mounting to my breast
 Teaches me new prayers,
 My bounty takes no rest.

Since I have become a wild
 Mother fountain crying "child"
 Through my flowing nights and days
 I am called undefiled.

Yet am I secret and unclean:
 While I am known to lull and lean
 And swell and wail for this lost child—
 It is my self I mean.

EXTRAVAGANCE

Now fusses the red hen, now the white,
 In the rare shade, in the fiery season;
 The rude flowers of summer dare the light.
 Some dogs take to the roads in terror,
 And man fears for his reason.