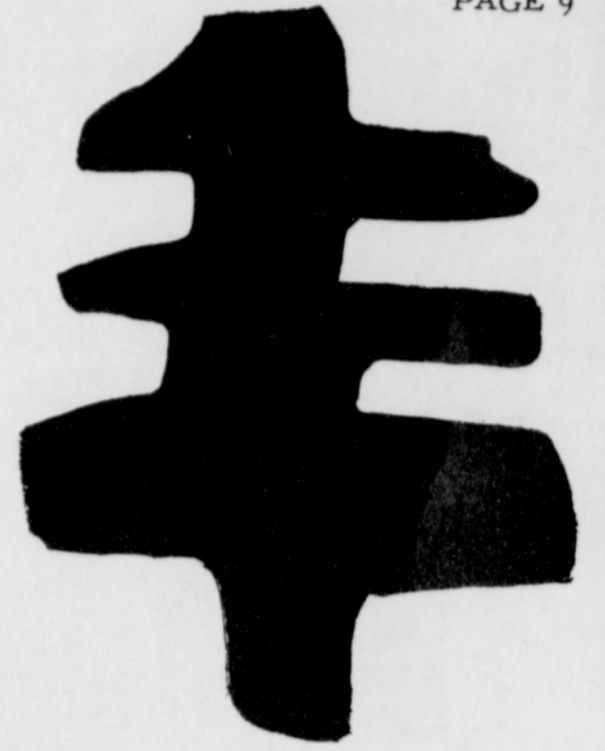


JUNE NIGHT

Into my room to-night came June,
A band of stars caught up her hair,
And woven of the mist of moon,
And patterned from the leaf-laced air,
Her garments spread a soft perfume
Over the shadows of my room.

But hardly had her coming stirred
My darkness with a hope like dawn,
Or had my anxious silence heard
Her faint footfall, than she was gone.
She went as though with a quick fear
Of the eternal winter here.



UNSEEN

Often I am awaked from sleep to see—
Framed like a picture by the dark of night—
The sweep of space above a frozen height,
Or, lifting from a skyline, one dead tree.
Again it is the full tide leaping free
Over black rocks, or breaking blue and white.
Again, a rill that in leaf-filtered light,
With words of rustling water, calls to me.

These are not dreams of beauty I have known,
Nor mine the interest remembrance brings;
Only my fancy knows the tides' deep tone,
Only my longing seeks the tangled springs . . .
And yet they make a clearer, wilder call
Than if a fond remembering were all.

THE GREY VEIL

Life flings weariness over me
Like a thick grey veil; I see
Through its mesh where suns are cold,
Nights are ancient and dawns are old.

Now at last with glamour gone
I can see the naked dawn;
Gauge the hollow depths of noon,
Coolly question star and moon.

And where fired sunsets pale
I, who wear life's grey veil,
Shall not marvel, shall not care.
No light of earth's however fair,
Robbed of the sting of its surprise,
Can delude my sober eyes.



HABIT

Last night when my work was done,
And my estranged hands
Were becoming mutually interested
In such forgotten things as pulses,
I looked out of a window
Into a glittering night sky.

And instantly
I began to feather-stitch a ring around the
moon.

THE PROUD STEED

I plunge at the rearing hours;
Life is a steed of pride,
Who so high above me towers
I cannot mount and ride.

HAZEL HALL WAS AN OREGON
POET. THESE POEMS WERE
WRITTEN IN 1921. DRAWINGS
AND DESIGN BY AGNES FIELD.

