

In the whole valley there was but one light,
a lamp in a farm-house shooting through four windows;
and the dark hummed with the irresolute voices of the
fields.

But the uneasy darkness could not bend or silence
the small still light,

which from the four windows
past fronting trees stabbed long yellow lines
toward the four corners of the valley, where they lay
demolished at the feet of the hills.

How more lavish a sky the hills suspend,
with what largesse, what helter-skelter of motive and
tenor

do the busy and voluble stars complain,
the distant suns and their brood of planets drench the
fields,
and the Milky Way filter through tree-tops?