

A CERTAIN EVENING

That night the whole world mingled, The souls were babes at play, And
angel danced with devil. And God cried, 'Holiday!'

The sea had climbed the mountain peaks, And shouted to the stars To
come to play: and down they came Splashing in happy wars.

The pine grew apples for a whim, The cart-horse built a nest; The oxen
flew, the flowers sang, The sun rose in the west.

And 'neath the load of many worlds, The lowest life God made Lifted his
huge and heavy limbs And into heaven strayed.

To where the highest life God made Before His presence stands; But God
himself cried, 'Holiday!' And she gave me both her hands.