

IN THE GARDEN

(M. H.)

We waited for the sun  
To break its cloudy prison  
(For day was not yet done,  
And night still unbegun)  
Leaning by the dial.

After many a trial -  
We all silent there -  
It burst as new-arisen,  
Throwing a shade to where  
Time travelled at that minute.

Little saw we in it,  
But this much I know,  
Of lookers on that shade,  
Her towards whom it made  
Soonest had to go.

1915.