

## ON THE BALCONY

IN front of the sombre mountains, a faint, lost  
ribbon of rainbow;  
And between us and it, the thunder;  
And down below in the green wheat, the labourers  
Stand like dark stumps, still in the green wheat.

You are near to me, and your naked feet in their  
sandals,  
And through the scent of the balcony's naked  
timber  
I distinguish the scent of your hair: so now the  
limber  
Lightning falls from heaven.

Adown the pale-green glacier river floats  
A dark boat through the gloom--and whither?  
The thunder roars. But still we have each other!  
The naked lightnings in the heavens dither  
And disappear--what have we but each other?  
The boat has gone.

## ICKING