

WAITING BOTH

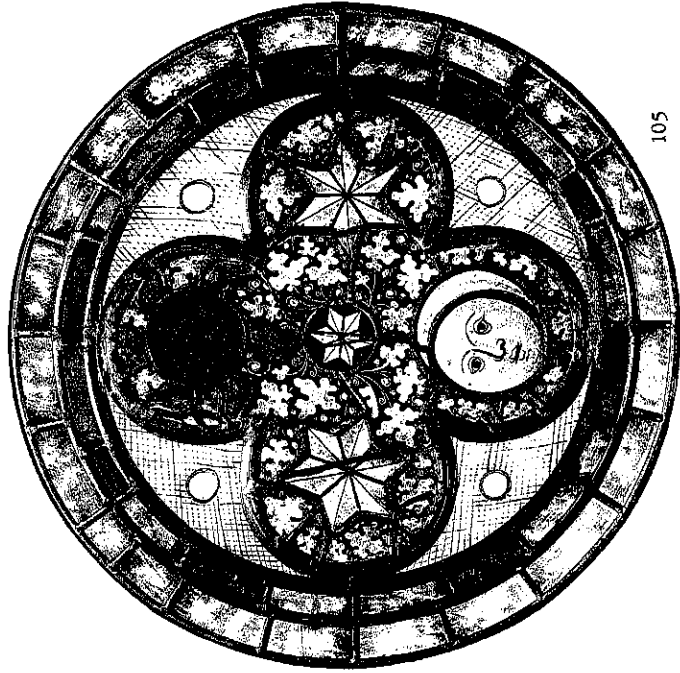
A star looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand each in our degree:
What do you mean to do,—
Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come." — "Just so,"
The star says: "So mean I:—
So mean I."

Thomas Hardy, 1840-1928



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THE MOON RISES

When the moon comes up
the bells are lost
and there appear
impenetrable paths.

No one eats oranges
under the full moon.
One must eat
cold green fruit.

When the moon comes up

When the moon comes up

SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white
breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare, 1873-1956

