

# I HEARD THE MORNING WIND

T. B. A. ALLISON

I heard the morning wind come in from God,  
Drifting through sea-gates opened for the dawn;  
While on the sky, their cloud-steeds golden-shod,  
With flame-tipped lance and crimson gonfalon  
Flaunted in air each serried rank above,  
Came riding up the troopers of the sun.

I heard the wind through the slow-dreaming noon,  
Floating past rows of nodding rushes tall;  
With there the sudden laughter of a loon  
Breaking the dream, and there the white-throat's call  
Piercing the stillness of the lake-side grove  
With shafts of melody loosed one by one.

I heard the low night wind go out to God,  
Falling beneath its weight of fragrance drawn  
From wood and ebb-tide beach and flowery sod.  
The birds are mute, the sun's cohorts are gone.  
The day's deep-freighted galleon, treasure-trove  
With perfume, colour, song, for port has run.