

THE LAWLESS

FLORENCE M. BREWSTER.

The souls of trees are strange, elusive things
That hold the earth in thralldom, when the night
Comes slowly down on starred, mysterious wings,
And eerie night-birds swoop in sudden flight.

None but the moon which listens lone and high
Has heard them chuckling as the dark came on;
None but the last star in the eastern sky
Has seen them hiding in the early dawn.

Whenever I pass by and hold my breath,
They whisper low—too low for me to hear;
Hidden in shadows sad and still as death
They let no message pass while I am near.

If I but knew the secret of their tongue
I'd dance with them at midnight, hand in hand;
And learn those songs the bards have never sung,
Too strange and old for men to understand.