

JUNE

I THINK the June days are the best of all-
The cool soft mornings, when the sun's fierce glow
Is tempered by the clouds that, brooding low,
Turban with fleecy white the hill-tops tall.
Now will the wise man travel. Rain may fall,
 Grass roofs may leak and sudden torrents flow;
 The miry paths may bring sad overthrow
Of load and bearer; yet when we recall
Our journey, such brief woes come not to mind;
 But we shall not forget the dimly bright
Moon-births, and how the ranges stood outlined
 Against the golden sunset's fading light,
While through the ripening millet breathed a wind
 That whispered to the world, 'Good night, good night.'

Tangale.

June 1921.

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