

The Soul's Exile

By George Sterling

Slow to Hesperian gateways cold
The stricken daylight turns,
And lone upon the sunset's gold
The star of evening burns.

With hush of shadow dimmer grown,
With peace to weary things,
Night, from celestial glooms unknown,
Her holy silence brings.

She stills the mourning of the wind—
How very deep the rest
Her tranquil moonlight seems to find
Upon the lily's breast!

Calm, beyond any dream of calm,
Her soul unfathomed lies;
The little fringes of the palm
Are quiet on her skies.

Untroubled sleeps the dreamless bird
Beside the sleeping rill;
The lucent stars alone are stirred,
For all on earth is still.

Profound the sense, at such an hour,
Of some forgotten change;
And distant moon and nearest flow'r
Alike seem far and strange.