

## **I Love To**

**Thomas A. Davis**

**I love to dream  
Sometimes, of that and this;  
Of little fleecy clouds,  
And very often, less.**

**I love to feel  
The soft breeze on my face.  
The breeze that scuds across the pond  
And sets the ripples pace.**

**I love to taste  
The waters of a rill,  
That, cool and crystal clear,  
Flows by some homely mill.**

**I love to watch  
The sun's fast fading light  
Creep from the sky,  
Pursued by coming night.**

**I love to smell  
The tang of early spring  
After fresh April rains,  
Which to the brown soil cling.**

**I love to hear  
The ocean's slumberous song,  
That, sounding from the distance,  
Is like a murm'ring throng.**

**I love to hear  
The soft and swishing rain,  
That thrums with lightest patter  
Against my window pane.**

**I love to see  
My mother's gentle face,  
Which all too often wears  
A sad and weary trace.**

## **WINDCHIMES**

**Thomas A. Davis**

**Just down the way  
my neighbor's chimes sing sweetly in the breeze,  
dance daintily against each other,  
and vibrate each to each,  
thus summon the note potential in each other.**

**Each yields a different note,  
but in diversity sweet harmony  
drifts down the breeze and charms the hearing ear.**

**Within our house --  
our kith and kin -- and in that other house  
which we call church, kin of another line,  
each touches each, and vibrates each to each,  
and stirs the note potential in each other.**

**Each yields a different note;  
so were we formed, but all for harmony.  
Oh that our world were charmed by what it hears.**

## **DID YOU EVER?**

**Thomas A. Davis**

**Did you ever get the feeling  
You must cast off all your loads,  
You must breathe beneath the open skies  
And walk the country roads?  
You must glimpse the blue-hemmed robe of God,  
And hear, among the trees,  
His voice among the stirring;  
His whisper in the leaves?**

**Have you ever, in an evening calm,  
Watched the vasty moon rise high  
Above a black-peaked mountain  
From out a deep black sky?  
Have you ever watched the stars come out,  
After a fevered day?  
Have you drunk a potion  
From out the Milky Way?**

**Have you ever, in the Autumn,  
Walked beside a lonely lake,  
And there listened to the lonely loon,  
And seen its shining wake  
As it glided down the long moon-path  
On the waters of the night,  
And seen a fish, a' leaping,  
Splinter the mirrored light?**