



The Night Visitor

Thomas A. Davis

"Let me in," was his urgent call
As he knocked upon my door.
Let me in, let me in," he coaxed me,
But I answered not at all.

"Open now," was his urgent plea
As he rattled at my lock.
"Open now, open now," he bid me,
But I did not touch my key.

"I have traveled far since dawn,"
And he shook my windowpane.
"Let me in, let me in," he urged me,
But I wished that he were gone.

"Open now," but my lips were tight —
I uttered no single word —
And, wearying of my silence,
The wind sulked away in the night.

WINTER DAY

By Thomas A. Davis

Old blustery Winter
whistles at his task
wind-winnowing clouds
(with chaff of falling snow)
until the day is done,
then rests in his dwelling of darkness,
leaving behind
a golden shock of sunset
gleaming in the fields of dusk.

NIGHT WIND

Thomas A. Davis

The wind of night sighs o'er the moor,
The trees with sadness sigh,
A cowl of grey sweeps 'cross the stars
Veiling the ebon sky.

The wind of night flows 'round the eaves
With mournful sound, and low,
A wand'rer of the wintry waste,
Voice of a nameless foe.

It rises to a wild, mad pitch
Of music that, to me,
Is like an orchestra of gnomes
Bowing in frenzied glee.

Or laughter of a thousand elves
In midnight revelries,
Or echoes from the distant cliffs
Beat by the surging seas.

The night wind whistles, whispers, whines
Across the lonely lea,
Fit theme for fireplace, easy chair,
Evening, and imagery.