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Ruth Tenney

Noons fall silently as flower-petals fall;
From the quiet dream-lit hills they fall
Into the court—petals of oleander falling:
Noons of today, noons of yesterday,
Fragrant noons of centuries ago—
A hush in the wind, the soft tones of a gong
Touched lightly like an ancient song
Begun and never ended. It is so
They come and rest awhile, and then are gone
Upon the wind.

Ruth Tenney

LAST SONG

I will give everything, Death,
Into your power;
Love shall pass with my breath—
(Except one hour).

I will give everything, Death,
For your white sleep;
Dreams shall pass with my breath—
(One I will keep).

Frances Morrison