

UPON a mid-stream mossy rock,
Encircled by the checkered flow
Of water, curbed until it foamed
And crested like a stormy sea,
Sat Ursula. The tilting leaves
That cradled each soft falling breeze
Left flickering shadows on the stream
And on her face; the flecks of light
That filtered through shone golden brown
Upon the calmer water's bed

And touched the red that warmed her cheeks
Into a kindred hue. For thus
Does Nature like a mother soul
Assimilate all life with hers,
Attune all measures with her own.
She sat in quiet revery,
Half heedless of the murmuring,
The babble and the twittering
That intermingled with the wind.
"'T is strange," she said, "it is so strange."
And as she spoke, her thought was lost
In musing on her own low voice;
She hearkened as it echoed back
Along the pathway to the mind
That gave it birth.
"It is so strange
To be alone. These eighteen years
The mystery of things to me
Was never strange, for as a child
I was a part of all the wide