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Silent Noon

Reference number PT0309

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace.

The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
are golden kingcup fields with silver edge,
Where the cowparsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.

'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sunsearch'd growths the dragonfly hangs
like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky:

So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.

Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dow'r,
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour,
When two-fold silence was the song
the song of love.