

## THE CEDARS

Like figures in a dream they stand, in dark, unbroken line,  
With plumed and pointed spears that seem to guard this world of mine.  
And wonderingly I watch them through the twilight's final gray,  
Upon the slope, a fading blur against the dying day.

Among them in the autumn-dark I hear the winds complain,  
When soft upon the window comes the tap of silver rain,  
On whose gray wings a message is borne, that seemingly  
Is like the slow responses of the Sabbath litany.

Toward the god of storms I watch them lift in dumb appeal  
Their dusky arms, as over earth the wintry shadows steal;  
An wonder as I listen to the winds that come and go,  
If they, in mute petition, beg covering of snow.

The mock-bird sings the world to sleep, close hidden in her nest;  
Within their tent, year after year, the robin builds her nest.  
I hear her softly crooning to the nestlings hidden there,  
When the fragrant winds, wing-weary, whisper low their evening prayer.

Like figures in a dream they stand, when day is nearly done,  
And then in troops they seem to move toward the vanished sun:  
I watch them from my window through the twilight's final gray,  
In blurred, unbroken ranks outlined against the dying day.

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