

NIGHT

How heavy and still are the tropical nights
Heavy as a dark pendulous bluebell,
But never soundless.
On the still summer evenings
When the sun splits the sky like a ripe pomegranate,
And on watery winter evenings
When the sun goes down like a faded rose,
The sounds come slowly creeping in,
Creeping in, in soft little notes
Under the first little wings of darkness,
Then sweeping in quickly and more quickly
Till the night is full of scent and sound,
Full and heavy like a dark bluebell,
Dark and whirling with insect song
And knifed with the cricket's scissors-like click
As if he were squeezing his sound out
through a fine hole
And finely ejecting his song into the night.
Clickit-i-Click! Clickit-i-Click!
Clickit-i-Click! Clickit-i-Click!
And so persistently,
As if to utterly cut out
The soft cradle-song of the tree-frogs
Singing so softly and sing-song
On the quivering sensitive rose-leaf.

But you will listen all night
And they will never stop vying with one another,
Clickit-i-click! Clickit-i-Click!
Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!
And the dark blue night quivers like a bell with sound:
The quivering blue night goes rocking and reeling into the dawn.
Then just as softly and silently as they came
The little insect-like carillons
Melt away into the pure dawn.