

Hurry Night

Hurry Night! Day has lost its charm
And in exposing this fugitive heart
 made captivity
 Bright apparent,
Rendering each shackle with crass shining.

Hurry Day! Dawdle not in dreams
But fly to where such bright enforcement
 Chooses its conviction
 With eyes wide open
 To make surrender
Sweet in apprehension.

As night contends with day, there is no
Discerning love's jurisdiction, only
That the day must compel
The nights sequester
 So dreams may walk
 And in beauty dwell
Confined there sweetly, and under no harsher spell
Than that which urges the eye's devotion

And if such devotion be a crime
There is no jailer I'd prefer
Under no softer compulsion
 Could I labor
Than this, to find myself
Sill captive to your smile

And no other confinement
No sentence 'gainst which to mark my days
Than longing to confess my crime
 In more tender ways