

The Green Sheaf

EVENING.

EVENING with breezes that revive my memories ;
Evening, my refuge where my sighing eyes hurry to meet with the
stars !
All the leaves and flowers drop their tired brows in Evening's purple
breath.
Lo ! Adams and Eves turn their footsteps toward their homes.
I alone wait for the Moon's ascent, longing to see my own shadow—
My one wooer in the whole world.

Yone Noguchi.

MUGEN.

(WITHOUT WORDS.)

I GATHERED the carnations and roses—an April day—
(O, flowers and Spring !)
I trod the road to the nightingale's nest,
And I met a poet underneath the shade—
(O, Spring and Poet !)
I offered him the flowers, and poetry I begged him to speak :
The flowers he smelled, to the sky sent his golden eyes,
And to me he smiled—
(O smile vapping around my soul !)
In purple forgetfulness I lost me,—in bliss.
Smile ? Nay, Spring ! Nay, Universe ! Nay, Poetry !
By and by, the poet and I trod with the moon
(O Poet, I and the moon !)
Along the road of the zephyr,
Away, we three.

Yone Noguchi.