

# Florida at Dawn

Will Wallace Harney

The moon is low in the sky,  
And a sweet south wind is blowing  
Where the bergamot blossoms breathe and die  
In the orchard's scented snowing;  
But the stars are few, and scattered lie  
Where the sinking moon is going.

With a love-sweet ache a strain  
Of the night's delicious fluting  
Stirs in the heart, with as sweet a pain  
As the flower feels in fruiting,  
And the soft air breathes a breath of rain  
Over buds and tendrils shooting.

For the sweet night faints and dies,  
Like the blush when love confesses  
Its passion dusk to the cheeks and eyes  
And dies in its sweet distresses,  
And the radiant mystery fills the skies  
Of possible happinesses,

Till the sun breaks out on sheaves  
And mouths of a pink perfume,  
Where the milky bergamot shakes its leaves;  
And the rainbow's ribbon bloom,  
Of the soft gray mist of the morning, weaves  
A rose in the rose's loom.

The fog, like a great white cloth,  
Draws out of the orchard and corn,  
And melts away in a film of froth  
Like the milk spray on the thorn;  
And out of her chamber's blush and loath,  
Like a bride, comes the girlish morn.

