

DRYAD

Wind-flung her hair and whisper-flushed her cheeks,

All lingering her gaze as one who seeks

The strange enchantment of a wooded place.

She loved the waving branches, sighing sweet,

She loved the swishing grasses at her feet,

For she herself was swayed by errant whims.

Perchance some still, cool eve when outlines fade,

The moon will scatter silver on her glade,

And she will dance towards the waiting trees.

And I shall follow, stumbling through the dark,

To press my lips against some calloused bark,

And hear her laughter ripple from within.

And earthy lover, doomed to timber-bed,

Must turn away no more the glade must tread,

Where love is confined in a living wood.