

# **TENT OF THE PLAINS**

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Tent of the Plains by Shannon Birch

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**SHANNON BIRCH**

**TENT OF  
THE PLAINS**



# TENT OF THE PLAINS

BY

SHANNON BIRCH

*Or words of Poets, long grown old  
In wine of men's remembrances,  
In win'age of the mellow years.*

NEW YORK  
E. R. HERRICK & COMPANY  
70 FIFTH AVENUE

DIARY

x x x life's house  
As waters are that change the catanots  
Minty bell meandering sands, sleep in  
The sea,



*Storm of the poet's soul whence comes  
The gentle rain of words.*

## TENT OF THE PLAINS.

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### SUNSETS.

Or sunsets made of dross and fire.

### CLOUDS RUGGED AS AN ORATOR.

Clouds rugged as an orator,  
Or graced with many a poet's charm.

### SKIES.

Or sunn'd or dark or moon-ed skies.

### CLOUDS, THEIR MYSTICAL MOMENTS.

Or clouds their mystical moments when  
They're incense to the solitary moon.

### MORNING-WEALTH.

When morning pours her dandelions  
In the coffers of the wind,  
And softly tells them o'er and o'er.



## THE EVENING SUN.

How oft the spider's gossamer  
Its silvery pulses gently stir  
Between the sun about to set  
And gleaming sunflowers opposite,  
As low upon the lea.

## LAST SUNBEAMS.

Last sunbeams when they silver most  
The cloudy peaks, the winding coast  
Of evening.

## HILLS OF THE AIR.

Where ragged crows recruit their troop  
And over hills and hollows swoop,  
That never were except in air.

## ALL UNRECORDED SOUNDS.

All unrecorded sounds that stir  
Where breaks the voice of pebbly rills.

## THE SEASONS.

Or autumn's whistling skies, or summer's  
calm.

## BREAK O' DAY SKIES.

Or break o' day skies, or autumn-tinted  
earth.

## TO FILL THE STORE OF LUSTY WINTER.

When north winds garner ripened leaves,  
To fill the store of lusty winter.

## DISTANT WOODS.

Or wreaths of distant woods when turned  
The dome of wide horizons round.

## EARTH AND SKY.

Or earth that's leveled to the foot,  
Or sky that's rounded to the eye.

## THE SUMMER BROOK.

Or where the summer brook does lay  
Against cool sands her dimpled cheeks.

## TREASURES OF THE MOLD.

All the treasures of the mold,  
All the mintage of the wold,  
Coin-ed into dandelions.

## SPRING.

Spring with blossoms in her hair  
And fragrance in her sighs.

## THE LARK.

The tremor of the lark's song where he sings,  
The flutter of his pinions where alights.

## THE MOLE.

The winding galleries, the long,  
Low dungeons of the mole.

## WHEN EVENING FALLS.

When evening falls before the stars,  
And ebbing light does fill the moat  
Of silent, battlemented night.

## WHO SHALL COUNT THE YELLOW GOLD?

Who shall count the yellow gold  
Where the dandelions hold  
Out their largess on the heather.