Oh, breathlessly
The silver moonlight pours its velvet flood
About the drowsy palms;
And peacefully
The little bamboo leaves, that through the day
Flutter and whisper to each passing breeze
Sink pendant, fast asleep on slender stems.

The polished mirror of the quiet bay
Reflects the outlines of the southern pines
That stand apart like solemn sentinels,
Serene and stately, seen in silhouette
Against the soft infinity of sky.
The inert atmosphere, suffused in light,
As if with inarticulate suspense,
Awaits a voice.

The silence is too dense. A mockingbird,
Awakened by it, lifts his mellow throat
And gives the night a moment's melody.
Out in the bay a leaping fish disturbs
The glassy surface, and the ripples spread
In ever-growing rings

The bird subsides,
The ripples vanish, and the tranquil night
Slips back into repose.

Lowell E. Noland,
October 23, 1934