

Wreckage.

The wind has dropped, the mad, fierce, rushing
tempest

Has sunk into a tearful sighing now,
The drenching rain that pierced my leafy shelter
Descends dew-soft upon the trembling bough.

The storm has gone, but here within my garden
I find but ruin where my footsteps pass:
Sweet, shattered blossoms, scent of dying roses,
Soft petals dashed upon the sodden grass.

Fair, fragile things that have been loved and
tended
Lie bruised and broken on dishonouring clay,
Their bright, brief lives cut short by heedless
fury,
Blighted and ended by the wind's rough play.

Strong, cruel wind, so tender now and harmless,
Soothing the stricken boughs with softest tone,
What purpose raised and swelled that rushing
madness,
Then hushed its passion to the whispered
moan?

Strange, cruel wind, and gentle, shattered roses,
Our troubled spirits question you in vain—
Yet still in storm and cloud and tempest-ruin
We find a reflex of our human pain.

WINIFRED PATTON (39.776).