

## Summer

*Dell, Floyd, 1887-1969*

### I.

The world—a green valley  
Full of morning sunlight and deep cool shadow,  
Lovely by-paths half hidden,  
And the glimmer of white knees  
Dancing toward me.

### II.

Cool clasping hands  
And fragrant, unperturbed mouth,  
Lovely and unconscious bosom  
Still  
Glad, free, indifferent . . .  
Only your eyes  
Question me . . .

### III.

Who knows?  
Pain, as of old,  
Anger and self-mockery  
And the shame of things spoiled forever . . .  
Or joy laughing forgetfully  
In Eden.  
Who dares?

### IV.

Fool that I am, who desire  
Neither.  
Only perpetually your cool hands  
And lovely laughing mouth,  
White knees that have brushed the cold dew from the grasses,  
And the unstirred peace of your bosom.