

## **THE NIGHT WORKER**

Firkins, Chester, 1882-1915

I walk the wastes of Night—the desert Day; No hills of Morning ever soothe mine eyes; Dimly as souls remember Paradise I dream of Evening valleys, gold and gray, When Nature, the great Priestess, comes to lay On sunset altars flaunting sacrifice. Mine are the shoreless reaches of dead skies; Gaunt Midnight stalks, and loud Noon blares, my way.

I thirst and famish on Life's bitter lees;  
I long to cool my camels by the Springs Of Dream, in Twilight's eerie oases,— To wake at leap-o'-morn on robin-wings;— The breath of buds,—the smell of dew-sprent lawns:— God, give me back my hallowed dusks and dawns!