

Dorothy Parker

Midnight

The stars are soft as flowers, and as near;
The hills are webs of shadows, slowly spun;
No separate leaf or single blade is here—
All blend to one.

No moonbeam cuts the air; a sapphire light
Rolls lazily, and slips again to rest.
There is no edged thing in all this night,
Save in my breast.

Complete Poems
New York, Penguin, [1999] 2010:180