

Summer Morn in New Hampshire

Claude McKay

All yesterday it poured, and all night long

I could not sleep; the rain unceasing beat

Upon the shingled roof like a weird song,

Upon the grass like running children's feet.

5 And down the mountains by the dark cloud kissed,

Like a strange shape in filmy veiling dressed,

Slid slowly, silently, the wraith-like¹ mist,

And nestled soft against the earth's wet breast.

But lo, there was a miracle at dawn!

10 The still air stirred at touch of the faint breeze,

The sun a sheet of gold bequeathed the lawn,

The songsters twittered in the rustling trees.

And all things were transfigured in the day,

But me whom radiant beauty could not move;

15 For you, more wonderful, were far away,

And I was blind with hunger for your love.

Editorial Notes

1. **Wraith-like:** A wraith is a ghost or spectre; so ghost-like or ethereal.