September Night

We walked in the dew, in the drowsy starlight
To the sleepless, sleepy sound
Of insects singing in the low sea-meadows
For miles and miles around;
With a wheel and a whirr the resistless rhythm
Trembled incessantly;
Antares was red in the sky before us,
And behind us, the blackness of the sea.

Autumn Dusk

I saw above a sea of hills
A solitary planet shine,
And there was no one near or far
To keep the world from being mine.

Sara Teasdale