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MOORLAND NIGHT.

My face is against the grass - the moorland grass is wet -  
My eyes are shut against the grass, against my lips there are the  
little blades,

Over my head the curlews call,  
And now there is the night wind in my hair;  
My heart is against the grass and the sweet earth; - it has gone  
still, at last;

It does not want to beat any more,  
And why should it beat?  
This is the end of the journey.  
The Thing is found.

This is the end of all the roads -  
Over the grass there is the night-dew  
And the wind that drives up from the sea along the moorland road,  
I hear a curlew start out from the heath  
And fly off calling through the dusk,  
The wild, long, rippling call - :  
The Thing is found and I am quiet with the earth;  
Perhaps the earth will hold it or the wind, or that bird's cry,  
But it is not for long in any life I know. This cannot stay,  
Not now, not yet, not in a dying world, with me, for very long;  
I leave it here:  
And one day the wet grass may give it back -  
One day the quiet earth may give it back -  
The calling birds may give it back as they go by -  
To someone walking on the moor who starves for love and will not know  
Who gave it to all these to give away;  
Or, if I come and ask for it again  
Oh! then, to me.

CHARLOTTE MEW.

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