

## A BIRTHDAY

*To F. B. D.*

**T**HERE is a wind  
Over the heath;  
The flame-flowers flicker far;  
The skies are lined,  
Above, beneath,  
With the trail of the pale white star.  
I bring you myrtles, an orange-wreath  
Plucked by my hands from the coppery heath  
When the Lion ruled the bar.

The breeze is blind  
Upon the heath;  
The flame-flowers bloom and bloom;  
The skies are kind  
Above; beneath,  
They look on a Christian tomb.  
I bring you myrtles, an orange-wreath  
That sprang to-day on the golden heath  
Under the golden doom.

What shall I find  
    Upon the heath  
        Whither to-day I go?  
Sure, I will bind  
    A cypress wreath  
        On your brows, I love you so.  
And I will search above, beneath,  
The starry buds of the windy heath  
    For you, who lie below.

BRAY BERKS., 1909