

**TO-DAY  
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***FIELD-STARLIGHT.***

**By Victor B. Neuburg**

The soft stars rain their silver light  
    In ripe, resounding melody  
    Over the dark fields' scented sea  
Where grass and clover-breath are bright  
As song in darkness; silver flight!—  
    Lo! A swift star slides moltenly  
    Through yielding, somber azure, free  
To range the living dome of Night.

Silence! Except for scents that sing:  
    Darkness! Except for words that flare  
    Up through the cloudy warmth of air:  
A word! A wish! A weird! A wing!  
A word of Will; a wish to fling  
    After the star; a weird to dare  
    The deep of Night; a wing to ensnare  
That secret song of everything.