

## English Summer

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It sheeted down the window-pane  
Gleaming and cold--the mocking rain.  
Penetrating the leaking roof,  
Dripping with plop--deceivingly soft,  
That lulls and dulls, and will tenderly soothe  
Those needing rest from a restless world.

Outside it spatters endlessly.  
The Summer flowers dejectedly  
Lean their heads to the sodden lawn.  
Broken leaves and heavy blooms,  
Mass of tortured, twisted stems,  
To transient beauty the inevitable end.