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<th>Galley proof</th>
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<td><strong>Date</strong></td>
<td>1889</td>
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</table>
TO THE SUN-SET BREEZE.

Ah, whispering, something again, unseen,
Where late this heated day thou enterest at my window, door,
Thou, laving, tempering all, cool-freshing, gently vitalizing
Me, old, alone, sick, weak-down, melted-worn with sweat;
Thou, nestling, folding close and firm yet soft, companion bet-
ter than talk, book, art,
(Thou hast, O Nature! elements! utterance to my heart be-
yond the rest — and this is of them.)
So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within — thy soothing
fingers on my face and hands,
Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body and spirit of
me,
(Distances balk’d — occult medicines penetrating me from head
to foot.)
I feel the sky, the prairies vast — I feel the mighty northern
lakes,
I feel the ocean and the forest — somehow I feel the globe
itself swift-swimming in space;
Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone — haply from end-
less store, God-sent,
(For thou art spiritual, Godly, most of all known to my
sense.)
Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word has never
told, and cannot tell,
Art thou not universal concrete’s distillation? Law’s, all As-
Astronomy’s last refinement?
Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identify thee?