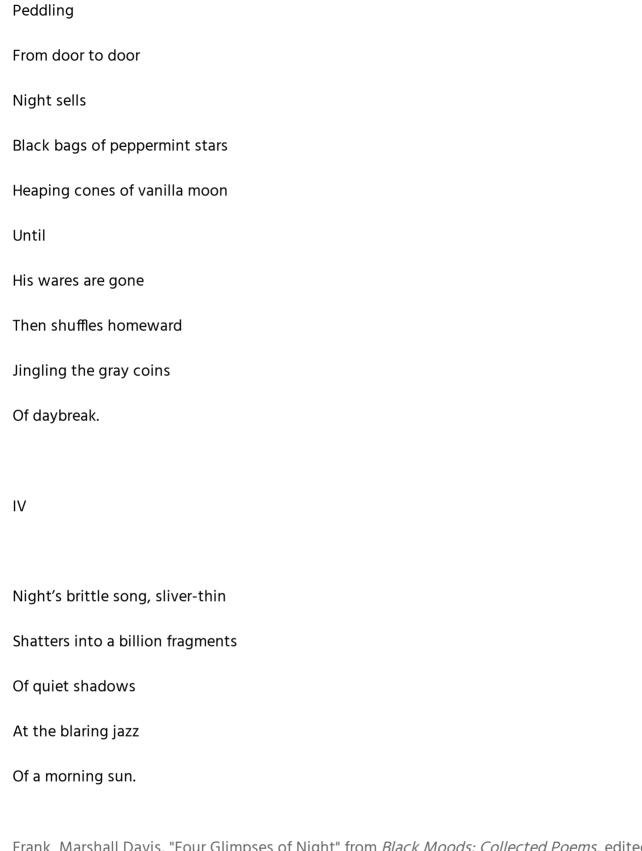
## **Four Glimpses of Night**



## By Frank Marshall Davis

Ī Eagerly Like a woman hurrying to her lover Night comes to the room of the world And lies, yielding and content Against the cool round face Of the moon. Ш Night is a curious child, wandering Between earth and sky, creeping In windows and doors, daubing The entire neighborhood With purple paint. Day Is an apologetic mother Cloth in hand Following after.



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