Bermuda in June
by Bessie Gray.
O FOR BERMUDA

IN JUNE! THE MINT'S WILD
BREEZES STIR,
AND FROM THE CEDAR'S DUSK THERE
COMES AT NOON
THE SHRILL CICALA'S WHIR.
THE HONEYSUCKLE'S FRAGRANCE
STEEPS THE AIR,
AND THE BEE IN THE
ORANGE-FLOWERS THRO' THE DROWSY SUMMER HOURS
MAKES A MURMURING EVERYWHERE.
Field-flowers,
night-weeds and day-weeds
holding high carnival;
queen-thistles golden,
white mayweeds,
rustling and whispering all
rose-mallows.
sweet red clover,
dawn-blossoms, azure-eyed,
and gay lantanas
climb and clamber over
grey wall
and meadow-side.
The bees at the honeyed heart of the yellow trumpet-flower:
And in the southern garden's sunniest part
The ipomoeas tower;
The broad banana's fearless leaf unfurls,
Braving the idle north;
And, sardel-hued,
The bold hibiscus hurls its short-liv'd blossoms forth.
Th' ixora's glumes of red
Stand stiff to the noonday sun;
Crape-myrtles trail their crumpled petals shed,-
Rose-tintured, one by one.
The wanton winds of morn,
Silver the snuff-plant's green; the prickly pear lights up,
Jealous thorn, her pale cold lamps serene.
THE SWEET-PEAS CURSE, EY AND QUARER
IN A MADCAP MINUET,
AND THE AMARYLLIS-BLOOMS QUARER O’ER THE BEDS OF MIGNONETTE:

THE CRESTED CARDINAL-BIRD FLASHERS THE WARM AIR THROUGH
AND FROM THE GREENWOOD’S DUSKIEST NICHE IS HEARD
THE QUAKER-DOVE’S LOW COO.
The shell-plant's buds, close-set, steal open, treasure-fill'd;
The stephanotis' waxen stars are wet with honey sun-distill'd;
In a wayward purple riot the morning-glories spread their discs, as the dawn's first quiet breaks to sunrise overhead.
THE JASMINE’S GOLDEN STAR
FROM ITS DUSKY COVERT GLOWS;
THE OLEANDER-HEDGES,
NEAR AND FAR:
BREAK IN WAVES OF WHITE
AND ROSE:
AND THE SIGNS OF A
WANDERING BREEZE
THRO’ THE TALL PALMETTOES CREEP,
WITH A SOUND LIKE THE
RIPPLE OF SEAS
WHEN THEY MURMUR HALF-ASLEEP.
Against the moon's broad disc
I can see the bell-flower spray,
And pinky cymes of feathery tamarisk drip
With the salt sea-spray.
The gay lantana's flame-hued flowers grow high
In roadway hedge and mead;
The frangipane's fragrance wanders high.
By south wind kisses freed.
THE SUN-SWART
MELON SWELLS
IN THE THMY GARDEN
CLOSED.
THE LANCE-LEAV'D YUCCA'S
SPIRES OF CREAMY Bells
STAND UP IN STATELY ROSES.
EACH CACTUS-BUD WRAPS ITS
SILVER CUP,
SCENTING THE SwoonING
AIR,
A HUNDRED GRACIOUS CALYCES
HELD UP, O'ER-BRIMMED WITH
SPICES, RARE!
The bluebird sways and swings on the lissome bamboo's height, and from the passion-flower's curling rings droop globes of chrysolite.

The pigeon-berry's lilac blossoms lean to the lily's lilac stars.

Maurandia's network green garlands the grey wall's scars.
Aquamarine in the shallows,
Wingedark the reefs afoam,
And shifting opal
Where the beachline yellows;
O for the ocean in June!
Sea-marigolds blaze out their
Starry lustres
'Gainst the watery firmament,
And, on each
Grassy bent the
Bay-grape hangs
Its clusters.
The clematis clammers high
To fall
In a foamy shower,
And red against the misty deeps
Of sky glows the pomegranate flower.
O for Bermuda in June!
When the roses lie a swoon
—The cool sea wind fans softly the drowsy land,
And the ripples on the strand lapse in a languorous tune!