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Jungle Twilight

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

From teak and tamarind and palm
The heavy sun goes down unseen;
The jungle drowns in duskier green;
And quickening perfumes vespertine
Alone assail the sluggish calm.

Narcotic silence, opiate gloom:
The painted parrakeets are gone,
The gilded butterflies withdrawn;
Nocturnal blossoms, weird and wan,
Like phantom wings and faces bloom,

In the high trees the darkness grows,
And, rising, overbrims the sky;
Like a black serpent gliding by
Neath woven creepers covertly,
Unknown and near, the river flows.