

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
C LEVERNESS

Manuscripts, to receive prompt attention, should be addressed, "Editor of THE SMART SET."

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SUNDAY NIGHT

By Louis Untermeyer

TOSSING throughout this tense and nervous night
Sleepless I drowsie. My soul, for lack of rest,
Sinks like a bird that, after flight on flight,
Misses the shelter of its well loved nest.
So would I gain your side and seek, my love,
The comfortable heaven of your breast.

Once more to lie beside the window seat
And see, far off, the ribboned river lights,
The yellow gas lamps in the dusky street;
And, pressing close from proud and alien heights,
The noble skies and the inviolate stars
Surround and bless us these autumnal nights.

No words—the silence and your breathless name
Are all that's in the world; and faint and fair
The distant church bells solemnly proclaim
To all the meek and Sabbath-scented air . . .
I take you in my arms—and I awake—
Groping, with restless anger, for a prayer.