

*Poem—*

# SONG OF THE NIGHT

(From the American Indian Cultural  
Group Newsletter)

The night is hushed,  
And the dreams hide in silence.  
The moon is rising —  
She has eyes to watch the day.

Come, daughter of the fields,  
And let us go  
Into the vineyards  
Where the lovers meet.  
For it may be  
That there we, too, may quench  
With love's good vintage  
The drouth of our desire.

Harken, the nightingale  
Pours forth his song  
Into the valleys  
Which the hills have filled  
With the green scent of mint.  
Fear not, beloved,  
The stars will keep the secret of  
our meeting,  
And the soft mist of night  
Veil our embrace.

Fear not —  
The young bride of the djinns  
In her enchanted cave  
Lies sleeping, drunk with love,  
And well-nigh hidden  
From the houri's eyes.

And even should the king of the  
djinns pass by,  
Then love will turn him back.  
For is he not a love as I am,  
And shall he disclose  
That which his own heart suffers?

— KAHLIL GIBRAN