Yuma Desert

I cry in loneliness thinking of you,
Thinking of your new-moon over
When night comes
And your flowery carpet - - -
The smallest bush where
    one may creep
The Desert hush where
    one may sleep.
Sweet-smelling night fetch me
    the dipper!
Heaven of stars pull the
    purple covers over!
Make the moon to shine and
    the stars to sing.
Spread your silence round me
Sweet-smelling night!