A Drowsy Day

The air is dark, the sky is gray,
The misty shadows come and go;
And here within my dusky room,
Each chair looks ghostly in the gloom.
Outside, the rain falls, cold and slow,
Half, stinging drops; half, blinding spray.
Each slightest sound is magnified;
For Drowsy Quiet holds her reign.
The burnt stick in the fireplace breaks,
The nodding cat with start awakes,
And there o’er come drops off again,
Unheeding Towser at her side.

I look far out across the lawn,
Where huddled, stand the silly sheep

I can not work on such a day
Bu only sit and dream and drowse.