

We grow accustomed to the Dark -  
When Light is put away -  
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp  
To witness her Good bye -

A Moment - We uncertain step  
For newness of the night -  
Then - fit our Vision to the Dark -  
And meet the Road - erect -

And so of larger - Darknesses -  
Those Evenings of the Brain -  
When not a Moon disclose a sign -  
Or Star - come out - within -

The Bravest - grope a little -  
And sometimes hit a Tree  
Directly in the Forehead -  
But as they learn to see -

Either the Darkness alters -  
Or something in the sight  
Adjusts itself to Midnight -  
And Life steps almost straight.