



# Silver

Slowly, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon;\*  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees;  
One by one the casements† catch  
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;  
Couched in his kennel, like a log,  
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;  
From their shadowy cote‡ the white  
breasts peep  
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;  
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,  
With silver claws, and silver eye;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam,  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare (1873–1956)

\* Scottish for *shoes*

† a window that opens on hinges

‡ a small bird shelter

Thanks to The Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and The Society of Authors as their representative for permission to use this poem.