

## Selected Poetry

### SNAPSHOTS AND FIGURINES

#### Professor

It was his lot to earn his daily bread  
In the oppressive tangles of routine.  
His eyes forgot the grails they had once  
seen  
When he was younger; so, un comforted,  
He suffocated into greyness, shed  
Even his wit; his mind was a machine—  
In time they sentenced him to be a Deau—  
Some of him lives but most of him is dead.

There is no hint about him of the man  
Who might with courage have created things  
Of a stupendous beauty under Heaven,—  
His only majesty is now the span  
Of pseudo-educative lecturings  
And letting Jones take English 97.

#### Immortality

In prose not always scorning comprehension,  
Professor John Plunk, Ph.D., Litt. D.,  
Spent thirty years, ten months and twenty-  
three  
Calendar days exposing his contention  
That idleness is due to inattention,  
And, with the same amazing novelty,  
Offered superb solutions modestly  
To problems he was (sic!) the first to men-  
tion.

Life's immortality is sometimes just,  
They named a hall for him and placed his  
bust

Far from the loud, co-educated tread;  
And, every week, a janitor's robust  
Arm would dispel a quarter-inch of dust  
From the sleek surface of the savant head!

#### Serene

No words I say to her can break  
The calmness of her certitude,  
When I point out a slight mistake  
She makes me feel I am being rude.

Serenity with a complete  
Lack of most ordinary sense.  
Hoist down my standard in defeat  
Before I marshal my defence.

Too positive to be quite wise,  
Too negatively prim,  
One feels he should apologise  
While asking her to marry him.  
—PAUL TANAGUIE in *Voices* (Boston).

### YOU COME IN SWEET DREAMS OF THE MORNING

You come in sweet dreams of the morning  
Like a blossom the breezes have blown;  
Your blue eyes with beauty do haunt me  
And all my dark sorrow has flown.

Your smile's like the blush of the evening  
When the portals of glory unroll  
And shed o'er the hills and the valleys  
A splendor that pleases the soul.

Your beauty's a pride and a pleasure,  
A dream void of pathos of tears;  
Your voice is as sweet as the music  
That falls from ethereal spheres.

I lay me in sweet dreams of rapture  
Thus entwined in your arms of love,  
Your breath's like the breathing of lilies  
That's wafted from you crystal cove.

Recalling those visions of beauty  
That from the soul never shall fade,  
They give me sweet comfort and pleasure  
As I view them in glory arrayed.  
—THOMAS J. DONAHUE in the *Irish World*.

### THE KINGDOM!

We saw the Great Sword lifted,  
As it burned with love's bold flame;  
And we drew our swords of a kindred  
strength,  
That were signed with a Living Name,  
And we vowed, by our shields, they would  
never be sheathed  
In the darkening night of shame.

For a Great Star shone on our battle-camp—  
Shaped strong, like a Cross in form,  
Whose deathless light was proof against  
death,  
In the shock of an earthly storm.  
And we knew, 'though the hail of hell falls  
cold,  
The rain of Heaven falls warm.

O our feet were shod with the steel of faith,  
And hope knit our breasts of mail;  
And against the flame of the Great Red  
Sword  
No enemy could prevail.  
And we knew that we marched with a Great  
White Chief,  
Whose leadership could not fail.

By the light of that Star on our battle-  
camp,  
And the flame of the Lifted Sword,  
We sang a saintly song in the night,  
And we marched with a clean accord.  
For the Name that was flung to the reeling  
hosts,  
Was the Name of the Lord.  
—J. CORSON MILLER in *America*.

### SEASON'S END

October's dusk is whispering good-bye;  
Fast, fast now through the autumn's windy  
sieves  
The leaves are sifted, color-drained and wry:  
Upon the summer's loom a spider weaves  
Memorial web, bright jewelled in the rain;  
Across our dismal lawn the lonely birds  
Waver like leaves and bitterly complain;  
(We quiver at our own unuttered words.)

Summer ended? We do not dare to stir  
For fear the dream be reft, but closely lie,  
Pretending not to hear the ghostly whirr  
Of leaves and wings, and pitifully we try  
To grasp a reassurance of our lot:  
That summer and her blossom fadeeth not.  
—WILLIAM SPENCER in the *Arkansas Gazette*.

### "ON THE COLD HILLSIDE"

I walked alone where once I walked with  
you;  
The privet hedge was silvered o'er  
With moonlight and the primrose lay  
Blanched by the rising moon.

I heard your step fall lightly beside mine,  
I felt your fingers lightly clasp my wrist,  
Lightly your breathing sipped the evening  
air.

We wandered mute down the hushed wood-  
land ride,  
And where the copse runs out on to the down  
I saw a dog-fox drinking, and stood still,  
With finger raised. Three times he barked  
to the moon,  
Then snuffed the air and knew us and was  
gone.

Smiling, I turned to you, so that our eyes  
Might share the secret. But I was alone;  
I was alone, smiling upon thin air,  
The shadow of a beech fell on the path,  
I heard the leaves sigh and I called your  
name,  
And the cries echoed back to me from the  
hill.

I walked alone where once I walked with  
you.  
—GEORGE RYLANDS in the *Nation and the  
Athenaeum*.

### WINDFALLS.

I filled my pail, and looked around;  
Apples littered all the ground,  
Pale, bright, up-ended, twig and stem  
Snatched from the tree along with them,  
Brought down from swinging overhead  
To lie with slugs and snails instead.  
I filled my pail, I straightened up,  
I drank the morning like a cup:  
Diminished sunlight flooding in  
Showed how leaves were getting thin,  
And the wind that whipped my hair  
Blew trees beautiful and bare.  
I saw a nest out on a bough  
I had never seen till now;  
Saw the paleness of the sky  
Brushed with white, saw leaves blow by  
Gold and russet in a shoal  
To heap the gully like a bowl;  
I saw the poplar saplings lurch,  
Saw gold tags spinning on the birch,  
Saw the tamarack tossing free,—  
And knew them of one piece with me!  
Out whirled my heart and down the gale  
Like one more leaf set free to sail.  
I was a note like A or G  
In a rising harmony.  
"In this universe I fit!"  
I never was so sure of it:  
All my tangled lines slid free  
And lay parallel in me:  
"—O golden world, you change and fly,  
And so do I—and so do I!  
At one beneath, too deep to mark,  
Our roots go twining in the dark;  
And, all in one, we slip—we move—  
Together down this shining groove  
Toward that hid Outlet, that sure Whole,  
That shall include us, clad and soul!"  
—ABBIE HUSTON EVANS, in the *Measure*.