

Selected Poetry

One Day in Summer

This singing Summertime has never done
With afternoons all gold and dust and fire,
And windy trees blown silver in the sun,
The lights of earth, her musics and desire;
But day by day, and hour by lighted hour,
Something beyond the summer earth and sky,
Burns through this passion of a world in flower,—
Some ghostly sense of lovers thronging by.

And I have thought, upon this windy hill,
Where bends and sways the long, dream-troubled grass,
That I may know the heart-beats, tender still,
Of gone, forgotten lovers where they pass,—
Their love, too long for one brief life to hold,
Beating and burning through this dust and gold.

—DAVID MORTON, in *Current Opinion*.

Lost Ships

"Where have you hidden them?" I asked the sea,
And from its rim an answer came to me
In lazy tumblings like purple wheat
Upon the ivory shore-line at my feet,
But scarfed in magic by the silver foam,
I lost the message it was bringing home.

"Where are the galleons," I cried afar,
The Argosies, the barks, the men-of-war,
The battened pinnaces that rode the bay,
The souls and ingots that you warped away?"
A white shape rose above the curving sea,
But fog swept through ere it could signal me.

Yet on I waited till the world was night,
Then gleamed the shape again in fog-drenched light,
It was the lodestar risen from the sea,
It was the lurestar come to answer me,
And lest I hear its beckoning reply,
I fled under a hill that hid the sky.

—THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL, in the *Denver Times*.

Kathleen ni Houlihan

"Know that I would accounted be
True brother of that company
Who strive to sweeten Ireland's wrong
With ballad, story, rhyme and song."
—W. B. YEATS.

Kathleen ni Houlihan, always young,
Though black, black sorrow your soul has wrung,
Though from your eyelids the bitter tears
Have fallen for seven hundred years!

Kathleen ni Houlihan, always fair,
Spite of the gray in your raven hair,
Mother of heroes, straight and strong,
Queen of a white-robed martyr throng!

Kathleen ni Houlihan, close you are
To the hearts of your children exiled far.
Fond are the greetings, fond and sweet,
They send o'er the billows that lave your feet.

Kathleen ni Houlihan, hear them call!
"We see the writing upon the wall,
The shattered gibbet, the severed chain,
And the tyrant lying where thou hast lain!"

"Kathleen ni Houlihan, tried and true,
Lights are gleaming the darkness through.
The Star of Hope, with its rays divine,
The Star of Freedom for thee and thine.

Kathleen ni Houlihan, just a while
And brightly your emerald hills will smile,
And your streams run laughing from shore to shore,
When Erin comes to her own once more!

—MARY E. MANNIX, in the *Irish World*.

A Shadow of Dante

So Stromboli retreated in the gloom,
Flinging red flame and molten lava high,
A flaring portent: We, who passed it by,
Carry that lurid memory to the tomb;
Yet round its crater living flowers bloom,
The vine, fig, olive, grow and fructify,
Above it laughs the blue Italian sky,
A paradise upon the verge of doom.
As fiery as that red volcanic blast,
Through years he wrestled with his unseen Foe,
Wailing in pain, "I will not let Thee go,
Until Thou bless me who have held Thee fast,"
And so our Dante from his hell of woe
Arose to paradise and peace at last.

—C. FIELD, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

The Eternal Way

I take no shame that still I sing the rose
And the young moon, and Helen's face and spring;
And strive to fill my song with sound of streams;
And light of dreams;
Choosing some beautiful eternal thing,
That ever comes like April—and ever goes.
I have no envy of those dusty themes
Born of the sweat and clamor of the hour—
Dust unto dust returning—nor any shame have I,
'Mid sack of towns, to ponder on a flower:
For still the sorrow of Troy-town is mine,
And the great Hector scarce is dead an hour.

All heroes and all lovers, that came to die
Make pity's eyes with grief immortal shine;
Yea! still my cheeks are wet
For little Juliet,
And many a broken-hearted lover's tale,
Told by the nightingale.
Nor have I shame to strive the ancient way,
With rime that runs to meet its sister rime,
Or in some metre that hath learnt from Time
The heart's own chime.
These ways are not more old
Than the unmeditated modern lay,
And all those little heresies of song
Already old when Homer still was young.
—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, in the *Literary Digest*.

"Low Tide"

The tide draws out across the dappled sand,
Threading the streams, gray-veining all its brow
Ribbed firmness: and the light shrinks to a band
Of faded yellow; till the dark creeps down,
Folding a lost wind drifting through the town.

Dark folds me too, and the wind walks with me
A tireless traveller. How his feet have strayed
Beside the sand-hills; how his hands made free
Among my hair, a deeper dusk in shade
Blown as dead leaves hang from a tree decayed.

So from me, too, life ebbs, and following so,
The quiet pool dwindles and the silver vein;
Till brown and bare and barren I must grow
To feel the impress of each foot a pain
And every rock a dark dream of my brain.

Dream-bound I lie and feel a child delay
Above my head to pull the seaweed there;
And the dear wind, my fellow traveller, stay
To stroke my feet or tumble in my hair
Or blind with sand the idler's sullen stare.

I am the sand. But would I were the sea.
To clasp and kiss and kill, to laugh and run,
To scatter beauty and to make love free
As wave meets wave beneath the amorous sun,
To smile and spread and mingle one by one.

Passive I lie night-long. Pale day upsprings,
And up dry channels surges life anew;
And breathless in the staggering wind joy flings
My body upright; and the first clear blue
Splits in a flash the eastern curtain through.
—MARY STELLA EDWARDS, in the *Nation*.

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