

Selected Poetry

Connemara

The wind in Connemara is soft and light and low,
I'll make away at dawn of day and speed me westward ho!
Across the Connacht border a wanderer I'll be—
The wind in Connemara is calling, calling me.

The sky o'er Connemara is blue and dappled o'er
With fleecy clouds like silver shrouds on some enchanted shore;
The grey mist rising, rising above the red sunset—
That sky o'er Connemara is heaven's parapet!

The homes of Connemara are scattered far and few,
The incense sweet of burning peat as fresh as morning dew;
The wide Atlantic waters have reaped a harvest rare
From lonesome Connemara—O Connemara fair!

God's sun on Connemara is shining, shining down;
With gentle showers of vanish'd hours the earth is warm
and brown;
And daylight dies reluctant to quit that land divine;
O lovely Connemara! O Connemara mine!

The wind in Connemara is soft and light and low,
I'll make away at break of day and steer me westward ho!
I'll cross the plains of Leinster and face me toward the sea—
The wind in Connemara is calling, calling me.
—CATHAL LALLY, in the *Irish World*.

Lament of a Man for His Son

Son, my son!
I will go up to the mountain;
There I will light a fire for the feet of my son's spirit,
And there I will lament him,
Saying,
Oh, my son,
What is my life to me now you are departed?

Son, my son,
In the dark earth
We softly laid thee,
In the chief's robe,
In warrior's gear.
Surely, there,
On the Spirit Road,
Thy deeds are walking.

Surely,
The corn comes to the ear again.

But I, here,
I am the stalk the reapers left standing.

Son, my son,
What is my life to me now you are departed?
—Translated by MARY AUSTIN, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Antitoxins

When psychoanalysis vexes
The feminine novelist's heart
And she thinks the discussion of sex is
The ultimate triumph of Art,
I return to the simple romances
Of ante-Victorian Jane,
Or I find a new charm in the fancies
Of Cranford again.

When the decadent Georgian poet
Composes unmusical tosh,
And importunes the public—to show it
The linen he sends to the wash,
I reflect that, unmoved by the ages,
The mighty are still in their seats,
And take comfort once more from the pages
Of Cowper or Keats.

If the twentieth-century flapper
My sense of what's fitting annoys
With the garments that weirdly enwrap her,
Her glances and dances and "boys,"
From her manners and modes (which are shady)
I get some relief when I dine
With a really delightful old lady
Of seventy-nine.

—By AN OLD FOGY, in *Punch*.

Duetto: Summer

The wind when the stars awaken,
The place where at dawn you stood;
Here where the stream is shaken
In silver folds through the wood,
All are now as they once were,
Color and cloud and sound:
The iris starts from the ground:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

Noon; and the corn-flower starring
The warm deep green of the grass,
And the shadow of lupin barring
The shadow of clouds that pass.
Day is a drowsy faring,
Purple and rich with bees:
Clover is ripe to my knees:
Nothing is old but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is new but my heart.

High on the hills the aspen
Turn in their luminous arc;
Whisper with dusk and soften
As the moments move to the dark:
Stir in their pinioned running,
Turn in the luminous wind:
The moments turn in my mind:
Nothing is new but my heart; O heart!
Nothing is old but my heart.

II.

In all still places,
Places in the hills,
Small winds ripple, go rippling through the grass,
And the shadow of the hours,
And the shadow of the flowers,
Ripple with the moments as the warm days pass.

In all high countries,
Blue, and valley starred,
Lichened slopes are warm to smell, and juniper and fir;
In the cups between the rocks
Carrots grow on sturdy stalks,
And columbine and Never-Die and fireweed occur.

In all mountain meadows,
High above the fields,
Noon is filled with silence, infinite, and wise;
Cool and blessed lapse of sound,
Never a murmur, save around
Green and hidden hollows where the clear streams rise.
—MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT, in *Scribner's Magazine*.



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