

Selected Poetry

SWEET BREEZE.

Sweet breeze that sets the summer buds a-swaying.

Dear lambs amid the primrose meadows playing.

Let me not think!

O floods, upon whose brink

The merry birds are maying.

Dream, softly dream! O blessed mother, lead me

Unsevered from thy girdle-lead me! feed me!

I have no will but thine;

I need not but the juice of elemental wine—
Perish remoter use

Of strength reserved for conflict yet to come!
Let me be dumb.

As long as I may feel thy hand—

This, this is all—do ye not understand

How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?

O breeze! O swaying buds!

O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

—T. E. BROWN, in *An Anthology of Modern Verse*.



HIS PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet

My staff of faith to walk upon.

My script of joy, immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation.

My gown of glory, hope's true gage,

And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;

No other balm will there be given;

Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,

Travelleth towards the land of heaven,

Over the silver mountains,

Where spring the nectar fountains.

There will I kiss

The bowl of bliss;

And drink mine everlasting fill

Upon every milken hill.

My soul will be a-dry before;

But, after, it will thirst no more.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618).



THE MOORLAND ROAD.

Where there's scent of blossomed heather,
far from city's dingy mart,

A grey, lone road goes wending like a
snake across the bog.

There's little traffic on it save a country
horse and cart,

Or the lithesome feet of fairies on their
way to Tir-na-n-og.

I can picture it now winding through the
heather and the mist;

The brooding hills beyond it silhouetted
'gainst the sky,

As the blushing hues of sunset fade to gold
and amethyst

While across the quiet bog-lands sounds a
startled curlew's cry.

A-winding through the heather, by many a
dark loch's edge,

That old bog road's still waiting there, to
'feel my feet again;

Where scented winds are sighing through the
ceanaban and sedge,

And neighbors wait to welcome me back
to my native glen.

—PATRICK DOHERTY in the *Irish World*.



ELEGY.

They are so sure of you now,

The loving and cruel and blind.

You are so frail and small

Since the light dimmed out of your face.

Death's ultimate commonplace

Has given you back to them all:

Now they can comprehend

And afford to be kind.

You are so plastic now;

So submissive and still.

Your slender, rebellious hands

Have been folded and hidden away.

You, who were too brave to pray

When your soul was scarred by the bands

That they forged through the years

On your youth, and your dream, and your
will.

They can be generous now,

They who never have given.

When they gave you a shaft

Complacently branded "At Rest."

I think that you paused in your quest

Worlds away, while you laughed

Your old dauntless laugh

Through your startled new Heaven.

—DORISE HEYWARD in the *London Mercury*.



DREAM GHOST.

Hark! A creaking tread

Across the ceiling overhead.

I hold my quickened breath,

And keep myself as still as death.

The wall-clock loudly ticks,

The bedroom handle clicks.

Slowly, from stair to stair, the stealthy stride

Carry me, helpless limbs; where shall I hide!

No, no! You cannot move; stand taut,

Erect, and stiffen; throttle thought.

Now—now— it's at the open door;

Now . . . A figure, eyes upon the floor,

Sable-silvered, hunched and arms athwart,

In flowing robe of red, as lost in thought,

Glides slowly past, and leaves me rooted
there.

You say you don't believe it; stand with me.

Listen and watch the open door; you'll see.

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Hush! What was that? A creaking tread

Across the ceiling overhead.

I take my riding whip

Within my steeled grip;

We hold our quickened breath,

And keep ourselves as still as death.

The wall-clock loudly ticks,

The bedroom handle clicks.

Slowly, from stair to stair, the stealthy glide.

Carry us, helpless limbs; where shall we hide?

No, no; you cannot move; stand taut,

Erect, and stiffen; throttle thought.

Now—now— it reaches now the open door,
Now . . . waken, waken your limbs and will,
Will that you strike it, will and kill.

Smash goes the whip; I strike the air,
Recover, strike again, strike there and there.
But still the figure, hunched, with arms
athwart,

Passes in gown of red, as lost in thought,
And you stand still; now what say you?

"You do it wrong, bring so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence."

Breath comes; limbs relax: I wake to sense.

—H. H. ABBOTT in the *New Statesman*.



FROM THE HILLS.

I.

ARTISTRY.

To bring this loveliness to be

Even for an hour, the Builder must

Have mined in the laboratory

Of many a star for its sweet dust.

Oh, to make possible that heart

And that gay breath so lightly sighed;

What agony was in the art!

How many gods were crucified!

2.

A SACRED PLACE.

Be still; be still; nor dare

Unpack what you have brought,

Nor loosen on this air

Red gnomes of your thought.

Uncover: bend the head

And let the feet be bare.

This air that thou breathest

Is holy air.

Sin not against the Breath,

Using ethereal fire

To make seem as fairy

A wanton desire.

Know that this granite height

Can be a judgment throne.

Dread thou the unmovable will,

The wrath of stone.

3.

ABUNDANCE.

Like grey mastodon

Upon the mountain side

Rocks lay as if to guard

Its austere pride.

All stone unto the eye;

Yet is the heart at rest

As children hopped in cradle

Or on the breast.

All that earth is,

Mountain or solitude,

Was born out of pity

And is milk for her brood.

—Æ in the *Irish Statesman*.