

Selected Poetry

AS I CAME DOWN THE HILL.

As I came down the hill at twilight grey,
The soft-voiced winds, colloging, passed me
by;
A frightened moor-bird screamed and flew
away;
One timid star, alone, showed in the sky.
Across the quiet bog a curlew's cry
Rang weirdly, through the dusk, 'twixt night
and day.

And, from the West's dim cheeks, the sun-
set's flush
Was fading, and across the heather still,
On purple wings; the twilight's hazy hush
Fell with the early dew. A little rill,
On silver feet, went laughing down the
hill;
Laving the feet of many a fern and rush.

With lagging steps, adown the dusky brae,
The horses plodded, loosened from the
ploughs;
On some green hedge a blackbird ceased its
lay,
And, up a winding lane, 'neath blossomed
boughs,
A herd was whistling home-ward with his
cows,
As I came down the hill at twilight grey.
—PATRICK DOHERTY, in the *Irish World*.

A MEMORY.

George Sigerson (Poet, Physician, Scholar).
Stately he moved as some old argosy,
Bearing through troubled seas sweet-scented
dreams
And memories of ancient rites outlived,
The ages' fruit—life's precious things, he
bore:
A faith in this dear land; a visioning
Far, far beyond the soiled and torn veil
Of stale illusions, sordid strifes and greed,
The greater land of which he oft-times sang;
The Ireland of his hope; his manhood's pride.
Love's sacred torch he brought to light her
feet,
A charity as wide as Bregia's plain,
A friendship linked with loyal links of steel,
An open heart to welcome, princely-wise,
A gracious hand that, healing, touched the
poor
As, golden-lipped, he walked among his
dreams.

Things fair and beautiful he prized. Child-
hood;
The inner life; the God in futile men;
Carvings on stone to shape some mystic
dream:
Color and craft where inspiration wrought;
The joy of sound; the skill of human hands;
These all—the best we know of life—he loved.

Death has not sealed his being. Potent still
His message calls. Vibrant the chord it
wakes.
He has not passed. His spirit-breath re-
mains
Warming our dreams; uplifting slow-spun
days
And weaving calm from out life's restless
core.

Richer our days by far, that he has lived,
Sweeter our thoughts that he has known and
shared;

Nobler of him this nation now bereft
Of all the wondrous lore his wisdom gleaned.

Yet not farewell! That heart is pulsing still
Deathless and free! Great Bard of Gaed-
heal and Gall!

—AGNES O'FARRELLY.

LET MY SOUL BE A TRUMPET.

Let my soul be a trumpet sounding
The radiant love of the Lord;
Forever at locked gates pounding
With the force of the living word.

Let my soul be a slim flute, singing
Bright airs in the dark of the sod,
Recalling the White Dove winging
From the wonderful Mind of God.

Let my soul be a green tree blowing
In the cold, gray paths of the rain,
So that men may be gladdened for knowing
The beauty that springs from pain.

Let my soul be a lily of whiteness,
Spread peerlessly pure in the morn,
To dazzle the world growing sightless
To things that are spirit-born.

And then at the last let my soul—
Intangible of desire—
Be blown to its ultimate goal:
God's bosom of fire.

—J. CORSON MILLER, in *America*.

THEM MOTORS!

(The Pertinent Remarks of a Certain Old
Man.)

Them motors . . . whiles, I used think
them terrible curses,
Cousated big things, full o' pride in big
purses,
With scanty respect for the meek and the
low,

An' danger for poor folk wherever they'd
go!

The speed o' them dazed me—as hard as I
tried

To manoeuvre me donkey-an'-cart a wan
side,

The horn would still screech, an' the fine
motor-folk

Would be there, just atop o' meself an' the
yoke,

With their eyes screwed scornful, their heads
in the air.

An' the driver's scowl provin' how well he
could swear.

Then they'd be gone, an' me lone I might
nurse

Me grievance agin them thankin' God
'twasn't worse.

'Till by-an'-by, whew! bringin' fear to me
heart.

Roun' the bend another would shave the
wee donkey-an'-cart,

II.

An' the dust o' them . . . ! Whiles, I
used pity the eye

O' the traveller that met them an' they
whirlwindin' by

Like clouds in the desert or snows in the
blast,

Bringin' doom an' discomfort to folk as they
passed.

For think o' the germs o' the ills o' the
world

Sthrewn like billions o' bees in the dust
while it purred,

To multiply countless in your throat or mine
An' shorten our days with small-pox or de-
cline!

If the weather was wet, sure, it scarcely
could matter:

The dust wouldn't rise—but you got it in
splatter

From the head to the heels, fine creamy
brown mud

That covered you over with germs in its
flood;

They hung to you, clung to you, dried an'
came off

To bear fruit at home in a sudden queer
fever or cough.

III.

The fumes o' them, too! . . . God for-
give me, the smell

Used to mind me o' brimstone an' divils in
—, well,

I'll not be severe on them: maybe rich noses
Like them scents we do read about better
than roses!

There was the loud noise o' their travellin'
forbye—

No wonder good dacent men's horses would
shy

At the ingine's back-firin' (mark, i' you
plaze,

How I have the new word at the end o' me
days).

But the oily loud things had worse than their
roar—

Sure you seen it yourself, the way that they
tore

Big holes in our roads with their weight an'
their speed,

So that a man's cart must go canny indeed.
An' crownin' it all, they brought wild youth
a-sportin'

To spend money foolish, drivin', feastin', an'
courtin'.

IV.

I used judge them curses. . . I used, do
you mind?

But this last lock o' years I'm not that way
inclined—

There's me hand, I'm the changedest man
ever you seen—

I've a Ford in the barn an' 'tis fit for a
queen,

A powerful improvement on the donkey-an'-
cart

For the town an' the markets, though I tell
you me heart

An' odd time flutters wild when I try to
make haste

An' have to slow up for some obstinate baste,
A dame with an 'ass, or a farmer with
sheep—

Sure you'd think that they had the whole
road in their keep.

The frowns o' them, too, an' the impident
way

Their cattle delays you the length of a day.
Now, when myself had a donkey. . . But

come round to the car
And we'll do forty mile or so—you can tell
me how far.

—SHIEL MACDARA, in the *Irish Weekly*.