

## Selected Poetry

### The Poet to His Muse

Muse, why have you left me to govern my fancies alone?  
 Disorderly phantoms, they surge round the gate of my  
 speech  
 And break down the barriers of reason and sense I have  
 flown  
 To my stronghold of silence; but there they are forcing  
 a breach—  
 My stronghold is crumbling, my thoughts are too many  
 and strong.  
 Scenes, faces, scents, sounds—they are whirling and plung-  
 ing and churning;  
 The blue of a withered flower, a child's faint cry,  
 The smell of the earth, the creak of a cart-wheel turning,  
 Thin wisps of distant music that falter and die—  
 That falter and die ere I weave them and make them a  
 song.  
 Muse, why have you left me thus? Come with your old  
 domination  
 And marshal these rebels—the rainbow that jostles the  
 moon,  
 The shouting that drowns a poor whisper, the fierce anima-  
 tion  
 That murders my stillness, December entangled with June.  
 Your voice will turn chaos to order, confusion to peace;  
 Moon—whisper—June—stillness shall mingle, and flame,  
 and live;  
 They shall leap from my heart as one, and the strife will  
 cease,  
 My soul will find rest in the joy that my song shall give.  
 —E. LYNDON FAIRWEATHER, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

### The Fish-hawk

On the large highway of the awful air that flows  
 Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight  
 screened  
 The majestic distances, he moved and had repose;  
 On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned  
 His steady body in long lapse of flight, and rose  
 Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,  
 Up the clear stair of the eternal sky; and stood  
 Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,  
 Widened around him the enormous Solitude,  
 From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.  
 Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land  
 Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his throne  
 Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned  
 The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown  
 Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand.  
 The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,  
 Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored  
 Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair  
 Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord  
 And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!  
 Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,  
 Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way  
 Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud  
 Might,  
 Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey  
 Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.  
 Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn  
 The sound of moving winds and waters was the sea  
 Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim  
 Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly . . .  
 Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.  
 —JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, in *Scribner's*.

### One Night there Came to Ravenstone

One night there came to Ravenstone  
 A ragged man with quiet eyes  
 Desiring nought save bread and cheese,  
 But he was curiously wise.

For now he spake of government . . .  
 And now he spake philosophy. . .  
 And now he stayed all dumb because  
 A sudden bird sang in a tree.

I think the earth meant more to him  
 Far more to him than met the eye  
 And at the dark I saw him love  
 The stars a long while in the sky.

And at the dawning he had gone  
 In tatters on, and I daresay  
 A dandelion in his coat  
 For a gold button all the way.

—A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE, in the *New Witness*.

### You Ask Me Not to Die

You need not fear,  
 You need not dread that day I shall be dying;  
 I shall not leave you, dear.  
 Others more tender, with more hope than I,  
 Lift thrush-sweet voices lyrically crying  
 That they are soon to die;  
 But I shall live to see each starry head  
 That I have loved go down to its low bed,  
 And I shall wander through a ruined land  
 Where there will be no dear accustomed hand  
 To ease my sorrow:  
 Nay, sweet, to-morrow  
 Your flowerlike beauty may have failed and fled  
 And I shall weep you dead;  
 Then rise to face the grim and hooded years,  
 Each with his vase of tears,  
 That move majestically by,  
 Till the little I had of beauty will be but a withered mask  
 And the little I had of wit will be bitter and dry—  
 Dear, you do not know what it is that you ask!  
 How can you love me and bid me not to die?

—AINE KILMER, in *Harper's*.

### Shelley

The sea gave up its dead. The pyre  
 Set the ethereal spirit free.  
 Cleansed by the sacrificial fire,  
 Washed by the sacrificial sea,  
 He soared, to shine as some lone star,  
 Heart-moving, though so high, so far  
 From where we mortals are.

On radiant wings he flew to where  
 The challenge of Prometheus rang,  
 Beyond those lucid depths of air  
 Wherein his circling skylark sang  
 Its song—though less its range than his,  
 Which, human with Adonais,  
 Stormed the eternities.

They wait. The shades immortal wait,  
 Watching with burning eyes this sphere,  
 Where Shelley strove with life, till Fate  
 Cried, Pass!—and so he passed, to share  
 The glories of those infinite;  
 His genius a triumphant light  
 Set in the listening night.

—C. E. LAWRENCE, in the *London Graphic*.

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