

Selected Poetry

The Toast o' the Town

O Love it was a rosy thing, a merry thing, a gay thing,
It bloomed above this cold earth like roses on the snow,
It turned into a clawing thing, a cutting thing, a stabbing thing—
I've loved a many times, my lass, and I ought to know!

O Love it was a graceful thing, a tender thing, a touching thing,
It bent above my lifting arms like wave crests o'er the land.
It turned into a dull thing, a clumsy thing, a crushing thing—
It's bruised me many times, my lass, I ought to understand!

O Love it was a bloomy thing, a flamy thing, a starry thing,
It flung me up above the clouds as stars leap in the sky.
It turned into a leaden thing, a cursed thing, a corpse thing—
And yet I turn and look, my lass, to catch it, passing by!

—JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON, in *Harper's*.

The Lion House

Always the heavy air,
The dreadful cage, the low
Murmur of voices where
Some Force goes to and fro
In an immense despair.

As through a haunted brain
With tireless footfalls
The Obsession moves again,
Trying the floor, the walls,
Forever, but in vain.

In vain, proud Force! A might,
Shrewder than yours, did spin
Around your rage that bright
Prison of steel, wherein
You pace for my delight.

And oh, my heart, what Doom,
What mightier Mind has wrought
The cage, within whose room
Paces your burning thought
For the delight of Whom?

—JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK, in *Current Opinion*.

Cover Your Faces

Cover your faces, O women—
All you women of Ireland!
Cover your faces with your long hair
And weep into its darkness!

Yet weep not for the lad with the brave gay eyes.
Not for the lad with the sweetly turned lips,
Not for the lad with the laugh that is stopped—
No, not for Michael Collins,
Although he lies strangely straight and still.
Yet weep not even for him!

Cover your faces, O women—
All you women of Ireland!
Cover your faces with your long hair
And weep into the darkness!

Yet weep not for her whose spirit walked always at his side,
Not for her whose eyes leaped to his eyes,
Not for her whose laugh answered his laugh,
Not for her whose heart spoke to his heart.
No, not for Kitty Kiernan—the woman
Whom this man loved—
Weep not even for her.

Weep not for Michael Collins, the quenched flame;
Weep not for Kitty Kiernan, the broken flower.
But weep, O women,
For all the lads of Ireland—
The glorious lads of Ireland,
Shattering each other's beautiful bodies,
Breaking each other's quivering hearts—
Brother against brother—
Brother against brother!

Weep, all you women of Ireland,
And weep all you women of the world,
Until your weeping is always a pitiful murmuring in their ears—
Until your tears are always a pitiful dripping on their hearts!
Until they shall let their guns fall to the ground,
Until they shall stretch out their hands to each other,
Crying, "Brother! Brother! Brother!"

Cover your faces, O women—
All you women everywhere!
Cover your faces with your long hair
And weep into its darkness!

—MARY CARMACK McDUGAL, in the *New York Times*.

Kensington Gardens

THE BLACKBIRD.

In the far corner
close by the swings
every morning
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow,
his coat's so black
that he makes a fellow
whistle back.

Ann my daughter
thinks that he
sings for us two
especially.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

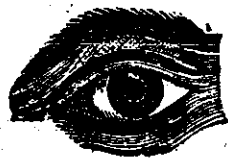
In his heavy
monument
Good Prince Albert
sits all bent.
Even death
could not assuage
the burden of
his golden cage.

THE TRAMPS.

The tramps slink in at half-past four
in the sweet summer weather,
and stretch upon the grass and snore
peaceably all together.

They look like litter on the grass
and not like sleeping men
that life—the feaster—dropped and has
not tidied up again.

—HUMBERT WOLFE, in the *London Chapbook*.



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