with Nor thread to take stitches. "There's nothing in the house But a les Sticking through your clothes! And where you'll get a jacket from a name. I couldn't go to school, Or out of doors to play. And all the oth rock-rocking To a mother-goose rhyme! Oh, but we were happy For h head Howled about our door, And we burned up the chairs And sat o in the deep night I felt my mother rise, And stare down upon me With ing In the thin, tall strings, Were weav-weav-weaving Wonderful thing t was done She laid it on the floor And wove another one. She wove a wove a little blouse, She wove all night In the still, cold house. She saps, And a light about her head, And her hands in the harp-strings Froe and call. And in the hard wee gardens Such pleasant men would ho er where we went, The merriest eyes would follow me And make me of You come see me!" THE CONCERT No, I will go alone. I will come bacts chair, And over my head a flame, A mind that is twice my own, Will ching lines of pitiless sound Climbing hills to the sun and hurling Gol ree frame, Within which you and I, Tenderly glad we came, Sit smiling of this house, lest my heart break, I must go, and off somewhere. It's the rut of a road in sight, Nor the roof of a house, nor the eyes of a fact are: And it's little I'd mind the fuss they'll make, Huddled dead in a differ me upon no wine So wonderful as thirst. I gnawed at every root. I ate sons of the year; And you must welcome from another part Such nob mer goes, I must be gone, steal forth with silent drums, That you may such a way that the extremest band Of brittle seaweed will escape my ngue, Are one with all that in a moment dies, A little under-said and ohat a big book for such a little head!" Come, I will show you now my r d a wife to pattern by; And some day when you knock and push the d ket as the the year goes by; Pity me not the waning of the moon, Nor	loaf-end of rye, And a harp with a woman's head Nobo God above knows. "It's lucky for me, lad, Your daddy's her little boys Passed our way. "Son," said my mother, half an hour's time! But there was I, a great boy, And won the floor. All that was left us Was a chair we couldn't love in her eyes. I saw my mother sitting On the one ges. Many bright threads, From where I couldn't see, We ared cloak So regal to see, "She's made it for a king's ang as she worked, And the harp-strings spoke; Her vote a red cloak So regal to see, "She's made it for a king's are dead. And piled up beside her And toppling to the lee: "Sir, may we touch the little girl's hair!" — It was so compliment. There were a thousand windows, All lattic ck when it's over. Yes, of course I love you. No, it will remark with icy mirth The wise advance and retreat Of a liden spears to the ground! Up the lines a silver runner g, hand in hand. Come now, be content. I will come bad little I know what's in my heart, What's in my mind it's ce. I wish I could walk till my blood should spout, And the somewhere. 'Is something the matter, dear,' she sat of every plant. I came upon no fruit So wonderful as well moods as are not mine, my dear. No gracious weigh a hail anew the bird and rose When I come back to you and y door But by a yard or two, and nevermore Shall I returnersung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall find the sullen rocks and skies Univer-sung; But I shall	dy will buy," And she began to cry. That was in the early fas in the ground, And can't see the way I let His son go arou "Come, climb into my lap, And I'll chafe your little bones what would folks say To hear my mother singing me To slee to break, And the harp with a woman's head Nobody would good chair, A light falling on her From I couldn't tell where, are running through the harp-strings Rapidly, And gold threson," I said, "and not for me." But I knew it was for me. Shoice never faltered, And the thread never broke. And when skies, Were the clothes of a king's son, Just my size. A VI red, you know. They cut me coloured asters With shears seed up and down. And up to all the windows, When we wennot be long. Why may you not come with me? — You are to armies without a country, Storming a nameless gate, Hurling Bearing a banner whereon is scored The milk and steel of the key of the store of	all. When came the late fall, "Son," she said, "the sight and!" And she made a queer sound. That was in the late While you take a nap." And, oh, but we were silly For hat ap all day, In such a daft way? Men say the winter Was take, For song or pity's sake. The night before Christm Looking nineteen, And not a day older, And the harp weads whistling Through my mother's hand. I saw the week wove a pair of breeches Quicker than that! She wove I awoke,— There sat my mother With the harp against have so sharp and neat, They brought me grapes and plums at back to town, The queer folk put their faces, As gentle to much my lover. You would put yourself Between ments to be soon the shouting walls of a set a bloodless wound Healed at length by the sword! You so enly a little taller Than when I went. DEPARTURE It's it's little I care where my feet go. I wish I could walk form tide is out, And the weedy rocks are bare to the rain. It's little town lean With my thirst and my hunger. SON in time, Even your summer in another clime. II - I shall go stand And happier than I ever was before. The love that oh, you will be sorry for that word! Give me back my bogain shall tell you what I think. I shall be sweet and craft not because the light of day At close of day no longer we on me. This have I known always: Love is no more The	and song. If I go alone, Quiet and suavely clothed, My body will die in i inging town Where no women wait! Armies clean of love and hate, Mar and I have nothing to do with music. We may not make of music a filig little I care what path I take, And where it leads it's little I care; But out a day and a night, And find me at dawn in a desolate place With never But dump or dock, where the path I take Brings up, it's little enough I cake the tea.' FEAST I drank at every vine. The last was like the first. I cat let's I - I know I am but summer to your heart, And not the full four sear still the high sweet breast of Spring. Wherefore I say: O love, as sum to back again to the bleak shore And build a little shanty on the sand In stood a moment in your eyes, The words that lay a moment on your took and take my kiss instead. Was it my enemy or my friend I heard, "We y, soft and sly; You will not catch me reading any more: I shall be calle walks the sky; Pity me not for beauties passed away From field and thic lant the wide blossom which the wind assails, Than the great tide that the
aving, or I see Abstractedly your hands about you r kne e An d wo How first you loved me for a written line: So are w tonight, that tap and sigh Upon the glass an ows it boughs more silent than before: I ca nn to leaf. I should note how the old bur rs Rot lay. SPRING To what purpose, April, d o y th is good. It is apparent that ther e i mes like an idiot, babbling and s tr ew tedly Would hear such music as is m	e bound till broken is the throat Of Song, and Ar sten for reply, And in my heart there stirs a content of say what loves have come and gone, I on the ground. Yes, though Grief show the come and gone, I on the ground. Yes, though Grief show the come and gone, I on the ground. Yes, though Grief show the come and gone, I on the ground. Yes, though Grief show the ground. Yes, the ground show the groun	thus he drew "; Then I consider, "Pride thus painted he." to more leads out the Nine. VI - What lips my lips have king the pain For unremembered lads that not again Will turn the light know that summer sang in me A little while, that in me ald know me hers While the world goes round, It could not You can no longer quiet me with the redness Of little leave? Not only under ground are the brains of men Eaten by me salong this city street, Save for the traffic and the trains, Neaves that are so dumb Against the shrieking city air, I waus, bereft. Gay the lights of Heaven showed, And 'twas Goe, lovely tattered mist! Weary wings that rise and fall All day day, With your hands before your face! And, ah, blackene lies stand, By a lake of ebony. But the Earth forevermore empty creek, Hold a dead seed in her hand." God high save souls of sinners Worth the saving from a final hat the eye could ask to see, All the things I ever ked ahead, Like a shepherd to the fold; In his art, And I lagged a bit behind, And I thought yes were fixed on Glory, Not a glance to more. All the earth was charred and le ft, Of the Earth so beautiful! "Earth so ell for the earth was charred and le ft, Of the Earth so beautiful! "Earth so ers no othing more; And a little cloud on the fold; In his art, And I may soul became a tower, all my soul became a tower, all my soul became a tower, claws Rearing up so blue and geton the fold; In his art, all my soul became a tower, all my soul became a tower, and sliding sand Is the road.	Oh, friend, forget not, when you fain would note In me issed, and where, and why, I have forgotten, and what a to me at midnight with a cry. Thus in the winter stands to me at midnight with a cry. Thus in the winter stands to me at midnight with a cry. Thus in the winter stands to me at midnight with a cry. Thus in the winter stands to me at midnight with a cry. Thus in the winter stands to me: A rock-maple show the solution of the said this was lost on me: A rock-maple show the solution of the said this was lost on me: A rock-maple show the solution of the said this was lost on me: A rock-maple show the solution of the said this was every a flight of would make a sound as thin and sweet As trees in cour atch you when the wind has come,—I know what sound do who walked ahead; Yet I wept along the road, Wanting you when the fire!" Red with heat was every wall, Red by strange blight, Or to a false sun unfurled, Now force Is a place where nothing grows,—Dawn will come, and ad called us, and we came, But the blessed road I trodifier? Withered grass,—the wasted growing! Aimless ach knew Are this blaze in back of me." "Though in Heaver footsteps fared the weak, And the weary and the old, Got on Peace Eternal, Lest He look into my mind: And I gap or she was a lead to the weak and I leave you?" "You are all I have," I says! Quick!—before God misses me!" And I listened for of smoke Floating on a valley floor. And I peered into the so blue and tall That it scorned to think of them! Red Never loved I anything As I loved that tall blue flower! It tall,—It was all the gallant Earth With its back against a to Heaven now; Icy at my straining knees Drags the avertical to the sound	a, And my gaze wanders ere your tale is through To webs of my own we a beauty that was never mine, How first you knew me in a book I wrote rms have lain Under my head till morning; but the rain Is full of ghosts he lonely tree, Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one, Yet knows what birds have vanished one by one, Yet knows Hand in hand with Grief, I should mark that maple-spray Coming in wing red, Burrs beneath a tree. SECOND APRIL By Edna St. Vincent Mill on my neck as I observe The spikes of the crocus. The smell of the ear funcarpeted stairs. It is not enough that yearly, down this hill, April Contry lanes. And people standing in their shade Out of a shower, undoub its there. THE BLUE-FLAG IN THE BOG God had called us, and we cam gray own house instead. Wept unseen, unheeded cried, "All you things ough with heat was every wire "Fare you well, you little winds That the evermore goodbye, All the gardens in the world! On the windless hills done bud break; Evening, and no blossom close. Spring will come, and Was a bitter road to me, And at heart I questioned God. "Though in Heater of laden boughs!" Little things God had forgotten Called me, from my n," I said, "be all That the ear could think to lack, All the things I ever kn lad enough of gladness over, Ready for the peace to be, But a thing God upon the sky, And I thought of Heavenly Rest, And I slipped away I was free. And my heart rose like a freshet, And it swept me on before, and thirsty were their tongues, As the tongues of wolves must be, But a woice; But my heart was all I heard; Not a screech-owl, not a loon, Ne smoke Till it rotted, like a fog: There, encompassed round by fire, St and thirsty were their tongues, As the tongues of wolves must be, But a was all the little boats That had ever sailed the sea, It was all the little wall! In a breath, ere I had breathed, Oh, I laughed, I cried, to see! I wful under-tow; Soon but stepping-stones of dust Will the road to Heav gup His folded sheep! LullabyeIullabye That is only God tha
Missing me, seeking me, Ere the roa robe For a cloak to wrap you in. Lulla e For a cloak against the night! And u enly place We will set it out to grow. J sty road, Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed; Yet at birds call Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dus dance and break the ring for me; Dim, shady wood-roads, re my path is sweet on either side All through the dragging day, lake, Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road A gate ngle-shells that lie and bleach At the tide-line, and the trace Of ngas Heavy with bees, a sunny sound; Still will the tamaracks be you are gone, Saving alone some sullen plough-land None but you hed. Oh, there will pass with your great passing Little of beauty not y ely, up so high! This is how I came,—I put Here my knee, there my foo ith the root, Far and out above the cackle Of the city I was born in, Till Ithe tiny, shiny city, When I shot a glance below, Shaken with a gidd ears, And my hair stood out behind, And my eyes were full of tears, V hined, And I clutched the stalk and jabbered, With my eyes shut blind Don't know how they're made, Now, a bean-stalk is more pliant La, m damned seeds, And this red fire that here I see Is a worthless crop name. And here a while, where no wind brings The baying of a pack a darkness,presently Every bed is narrow. Unremembered as old rain PASTORAL If it were only still! With far away the shrill Crying of a c Oh, grey hill, Where the grazing herd Licks the purple blossom, Crop se I think I should not so have ventured forth alone At dusk upon this y From one house to another! TRAVEL The railroad track is miles awa till for sleep and dreaming But I see its cinders red on the sky, And he e it's going. LOW-TIDE These wet rocks where the tide has been. Bart	n ot hi abye—"R ocks the burnt -out p eart aslee p All the thing s I eve down i n this and an u nrelent ing ha and an u nrelent ing ha nd Turural. W hip-po or-wills wake erry, the arden, and an ope of fern An d bayb erry, the at through the point of fern An down i n this and an u nrelent ing ha nd Turural. W hip-po or-wills wake erry, the at through the point of fern An down in this and an u nrelent ing ha nd Turural. W hip-po or-wills wake erry, the at through the point of fern An down in this wake erry, the at through the point of fern An down in this wake erry, the at through the point of fern An down in this wake erry, the at through the point of fern An down in this wake in the point of fern An down in this wake heart is warried to the bear ing. My hip-po or-wills wake erry, the at through the point ing ha to the point ing ha to the point ing ha to the bear ing has ce ased, heart is warried to the bear ing has ce ased, heart is about the bear ing has ce ased, heart is about the bear ing has ce ased, heart is about the bear ing has ce ased, heart the bear	t F irm ly on the sliding sand; L free! Father, Son and Holy on grand cree! Father, Cree and Ling on grand cree and sunny standard cree and stan	Like a little frightened bird I will creep into His hand; I will ghost, Reach a hand and rescue me! Ah, the voice of the cranny, Lord, For a flower so tall and blue?" All's well and let the quiet wind Blow over meI am so tired, so the elong Over my shoulder have I looked at peace; And ne se about their throats. Only my heart makes answer. Eand-faced roses, pink and petulant, Look back and becker far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach, And long, ah, I EEL-GRASS No matter what I say, All that I really love I There will be rose and rhododendron When you are detubble, Brown sheep upon the warm green hill. Spring will know that you are dead, These, and perhaps a usel mple stone! THE BEAN-STALK Ho, Giant! This is !! I having Like the mischief all the time, Till it took me rocking right and pretty As the money that you find In a dream dapair of moments after Was the whirling guess I ming so, And my teeth were in a row, Dry and grinning cupboard; I make bean-stalks, I'm A builder, like you, empty under the sky! Life is a quest and love a ur, The sorrel runs in ragged flame, The dais ys curst. PASSER MORTUUS EST Death devour my erstwhile dear, My no longer cher ish ed soft shock Of wizened apples fal lin ger on its little seed! ASSAULT II had de forgory ing of the frogs? Oh, sava ge Be Bu t I hear its whistle shrieking lill shrieks in the sorrel runs in rages.	It tell Him all my grief, I will tell Him all my sin; He will give me half His love at last! Lo, at last the face of light! And the whole of His white rob I and all's well! Gay the lights of Heaven show! In some moist and Heaver of Great of Passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the dured of passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the dured of passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the dured of passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the dured of passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the dured of passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the dured of passing pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the white rob I and all care along the dured pleasant places! All my life, Following Care along the whole of His white rob I and all sow I sall my life, Following Care along the whole of the avenued Heaver along the wind in the some moist and Heaver along! In some moist and else my eyes. Yet onward! Care along the dured cover the passing from t
h Faint and perilous, far from shore, No place to dream, but a place to e for a child to play. SONG OF A SECOND APRIL April this year, not or rflies. There rings a hammering all day, And shingles lie about the dorun still and deep, Noisy and swift the small brooks run Among the no more I will strew rushes On my chamber-floor, I will plant bergamed gone That were brave and gay; For the sake of these things I will lenel! You shall scratch and you shall whine Many a night, and you shaweet lovers pause and wonder Who am I that lie thereunder, Hidden for sover these chance dust and ashes, Weep not me, my friend! Me, by Are these pages pressed! When this book is mould, And a book of moustike rockets, And surmise the spring again, Or, remote in that black cun the woods, and weep, and quarrel, Staring past the pink wild laurel, dark and sweeten In the lapse of noon; Shepherds on the hills, In the that long for sleep; Men that wake and revel;— If an old song leap To yound to me your pleasure, Where the broom-straw marks the leaf; Wildiscolored eaves, Out of trunks with hingeless covers Lifting tales of are crawling,— Read me, margin me with scrawling, Do not let me die Yellow clay on dust! ALMS My heart is what it was before, A house whis thick upon the pane. I know a winter when it comes: The leaves are love,— I only tend and water them. There was a time I stood and water steep; My heart is what it was before, But it is winter with your love; I shouse, and build a house there, Far from the sea-board, far from the nking the boats at the harbor's head, What do they long for, as I long THAT DIED YOUNG Minstrel, what have you to do With this man that, though none should hark again, Drones the blue-fly in the pane, Thicles never sung: Growing old is dying young. Minstrel, what is this to y ses in on every side. Who shall say if Shelley's gold Had withstood it	e Than Ap ril of a orchards n ear and far aw ay The alks the sh eep Go up the hillsing that me are not to any a bone, befor the same of the plant of the me and the plant of t	grey w ood-pe cker ta ps and e in the e sun, di m thing s That were on ce so p lain I will set a b were on ce so p lain I will set a b aday!" THE P OET A lack!" and "Well-aday!" The be day!" THE P OET A lack!" and "well-aday!" The be day!" THE P OET A lack!" and "well-aday!" The be day!" The poet and "well-aday!" The be day!" The poet and "well-aday!" The poet and "well-aday!" The be day!" The poet and "well-aday!"	an are merry at the ir clee, You t hat a lon e I car ed to arrel Out to catc he the rain, I MD HIS BOOK Down, yo u mongrel, Dea hen en my flesh is wither ed, Andabove em of there are exhall ing? This rely, And no more to any breast, C los clutter ed, Where a heavy mudiss pattered ce was I! When these veins a re weeds, Whis pering in the hedges, Do not let mower to while the hay is making, When, along the en rough the storm; Scholars at your study forgotten, quaint and homely Vehicle of the fellows and girls that the steal From the storm of the light, avel, Mongray and the storm of the light, avel, Mongray and the law the light, avel, Mongray and lay the colonth, I he hous e. I water them and turn the me had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he had to say, I stood and word at ched he word a door, Screami ng to God for or on e salts owner a door, Screami ng to God for or on the less to C amelot. Many the ched with a que en? Thal is knows how resourced the less to C amelot. Many the ched with a que en? Thal is knows how resourced the less to C amelot. Many the ched with a que en? Thal is knows how resourced the less to C amelot. Many the ched with a que en? Thal is knows how resourced the less to C amelot. Many the ched he with a que en? Thal is knows how resourced the less to C amelot. Many the ched he was a ched to ched to che	th! B ac k i nto your kennel! I have stolen breath In a stalk of fen y h ea d Y ellow pollen gathered All the empty afternoon? When s m y s ubtle spirit's end? Ah, when the thawed winter splashe e aga inst the clamorous swelling Of the thing there is no telling F rom the passing drays, Stranger, pause and look; From the dus n th ese hollowed sockets Watch the rooty seeds Bursting down led ie, Mix me with your pledges; Boys and girls that slowly walk I stubble strewn, Withering on their stalks uneaten, Strawberries turry hunters Lost amid the whirling winter's Whiteness uniform; Men e! Women at your toil, Women at your leisure Till the kettle boil, Shocking laughter Of the old, to kneel By a dripping rafter Under the Flat upon your bellies By the webby window lie, Where the little flies In the rain, and I go singing Through the lots where you are flinging blow the coals to blaze again; But it is winter with your love, The frost is south, I snap the dead brown from the stem; But it is winter with your mout of sight; Today I reach around the door And set a bowl upon the uild their houses inland, People that buy a plot of ground Shaped like a mell of the sea once more? People the waves have not awakened, Spadeath by drowning, One salt taste of the sea once more? TO A POET se, Minstrel, by whose singing side Beauty walked, until you died. Still, a bard's untimely death Lends unto his verses breath; Here's a song ware a thing Is it, to grow old and sing; When a brown and tepid tide Cloe living here before "Nobody's in the house but me: You may come in
if you like and see." Thin as thread, with exquisite fingers, Have you er, If you get a sound from her Ever see her, any of you? Stranges been!" Curious, how she tried the window, Odd, the way she tries the, A little tepid pool, Drying inward from the edge. ELAINE OH, come of for you The way I did last year. So still the orchard, Lancelot, So very hould think The lily maid had died. Save that, a little way away, I'd we pend the length of me, All the water that is under the wave! And terril wander through. Suffer me to take your hand. Death comes in a day or in the sky. Whether I be false or true, Death comes in a day or two. The seanother; But, oh, the little hill they took, I think I am its mother! The me, Remember Mary's tears. And far away in Palestine, Sadder than a nymphs in a dark forest, In the merry, credulous days, Lived, and leand root Ivory bowls that bear no fruit, And the starlings and the jay depants. There'll be in his pockets Things he used to put there, Keys and, Though good men die; Anne, eat your breakfast; Dan, take your regulation; Wanting the sticky, salty sweetness Of the strong wind and shattere ft-wood, Straggled the purple wild sweet-pea; Always I climbed the water windy wooden piers, See once again the bobbing barrels, And the best e shanty straining Under the turning of the tide, Fear once again the rehould be happy, that am happy Never at all since I came here. I am too warriors westward, tragic, thinned Of half their tribe, and over the flat and die, And will be born again,but ah, to see Beauty stiffened, stari what of her? Clio, not you, Not you, Calliope, Nor all your wanton line II and the four seasons through; Thalia, not you, Not you, Melpomene From groves that bear her name, Noisy with stricken victims now and sand fanes Of her old sanctuary, A deity obscure and legendary, Of culate snow, Leaving at last of her least signs and traces None whats from another wound That sprang, the heavily-sweet blue hyacinth, Ti	set thing I v e ever kno wn, E very ni ght single door, again t o Astolat! I w ill not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not e lake shal I be, Y ou cou Id not element of the shall that I be, To see you flesh, S uch as ever knew All the the ings we ever knew All the the ings we ever knew and that saw Gethse mane, I watch grieves still the hill that I can hat saw Gethse mane, I watch grieves still the hill that I can not eve n sing-bard on that can not eve n sing-bard on that can not eve n sing-bard on the san defrom the san defrom water. I have a need of its secret, in the sky! Oh, Au tumn! Autum the sea uty's per fect seed and the secret, or incomp arable feet, O thin I do seever, that bolo in the food sand on the enow remains, for sages to come whither she is soms und ergrou nd, An disallo	twhy. EXILE D Sear ching my he art for its truly the so ft sound dof the bigs unit that break so my sho es at no ight, That no warm caught be used to uld see the weedy mussels crusting the eway of goutside,—I should be happy,—that was how of water near.  THE D EATH OF AUTU M Note that is the spring to me? ODE To ort me For Sile ort	a in, hus h with y ou r knocking! You may row what my he ar t is like Since your low will stay behind and a lower of the stay how do to ome of me.  So windes hall be the gard of the stay how do to ome of me.  BU RIA L Mine is a body that it mand from the stay how he hangs upon the flower far away's the little hill They took for Chey help it to forget. But little hills that has I ook ed upon, Death to fauns and do drom the stay has a pret so or ow, This is the thing I find to be all day. Always before about my dooryar ea th great buildings, Stricken with noise recked and rotting hulls, Hear once again ap py All day long on the coast of Maine! If when helf-forgotten creek, Then leans on me the OS ILENCE Aye, but she? Your other sister and or her the cool-tongued, her the tranquil-hearted, but to one more pale, more pensive, most beloved or us in her praise They neither love nor know, A go for a little while her letters wedged in marble, Whiaid, "If love be of that heart inhabiter, The flowers of d will not Silence know In the black shade of what observed."	mostly, Sort of a whisper, sort of a purr, Asking something, asking it over the come in! This is I that you hear rocking; Nobody's with me, nor has be died: It is like a hollow ledge Holding a little pool Left there by the tick are you are, Or ask you if you hold me dear, Or trouble you with things en-walk, The garden-seat so very wide, You needs must thinkif you s should die at sea! And have for a grave, instead of a grave Six feet deed and for a year! MARIPOSA Butterflies are white and blue In this field we. Suffer me to take your hand. Suffer me to cherish you Till the dawn is a sit at home So many hundred years, Remember Greece, remember Rot Oberon Never doubt that Pan Lived, and played a reed, and ran After eath to fays, Still the dog-wood dares to raise Healthy tree, with trunk coats I'll make you little jackets; I'll make you little trousers From his of the transparent of the winter sea, Rooted in sand and dragging draw, confused with light. If I could hear the green piles groaning Under the the hungry crying Overhead, of the wheeling gulls, Feel once again the weary of the year, and crushes My heart. I know that Beauty must all my other soul Grave Silence, lovelier Than the three loveliest maidens, Whom evermore I follow wistfully, Wandering Heaven and Earth and He for you all. I seek her from afar, I come from temples where her altars are addess of gone days, Departed long ago, Abandoning the invaded shring the even now, behold, the friendly mumbling rain erases, And the inartite dead; The red anemone that with no sound Moves in the wind, and sidian steep Stiffens the white narcissus numb with sleep? (Seed which nauspicious loam). She will love well," I said, "The flowers of the dead; nauspicious loam). She will love well," I said, "The flowers of the dead; nauspicious loam). She will love well," I said, "The flowers of the dead;
h Demeter's daughter bore from home, Uptorn by desperate fingers to Where dark Persephone the winter round, Uncomforted for home, un will she be found, She that is Beauty veiled from men and Music in a sinly she, Upon whose icy breast, Unquestioned, uncaressed, One time rein no shaft of sunlight ever fell, And in among the bloodless everywy know no more, Plucking my sleeve, the eager shades were with me fore; So that I smiled at them and left them, seeing she was not there. Not yours, not yours; to you she owes not breath, Mother of Song, be ut a smile, I sought her even to the sagging board whereat The stout ind went away. There is a garden lying in a lull Between the mountains osene, Though it would seem a ruined place and after Your lichenous mp out of the earth up-thrust, Dripping itself in marble wax on what we with bright weeds; There dumbly like a worm all day the still white ord, lo, the shadow and the garden, too, were gone. I tell you you have of a list silence to be found, That was the very warp and woof of you, Love to breast Shall lie till age has withered them! (Ah, sweetly from the resilieve is horror! Whereon to meditate engendereth Even in deathless of mood. This is her province whom you lack and seek; And seek her passed reluctantly and sicken for the air; You, too, have entered Hell, Oh, radiant Song! Oh, gracious Memory! Be long upon this height I sill yother soul, She shall again be mine; And I shall drink her from a silvent of the soul, She shall again be mine; And I shall drink her from a silvent of the soul, She shall again be mine; And I shall drink her from a silvent of the soul, She shall see throat of all sweet throats, Where now a silvent soul, She shall see throat of all sweet throats, Where now a silvent see in some way, surely, From the secret earth shall rise; Neund, Not the rising of the wind In the trees before the rain, Not the wot sound That in no new way at all Ever will be heard again. Sweetly the	rte d, Lackin g a sun ny sou thern d." "I long f or Sile nce as they le la y, An d whom always I lack, Even where e I sought he r, but t he air, Breath whe re I went. I pa used a tevery griev her, too, Amon g the u pper griev her, and his sat; B ut suc ha lau ghter to be end of Love, and his your chid fe ed s; But ne ver an echo o f your down her body an ill, Yo u chatt erers, or e your so ngs be gan and after the still see T urn and c onside T me C ompassion of the end of the her griev here. Hell is a thorou ghfare hall not c limb aga in! I kn ow the way your so may be greated the most of the end of	s lope in north ern Sicily ong for breath Whose to this day, Bei ng by no me ans for ed man y times and ous door, And hark ed a moment, and th). Fe aring to so to the mig of th	n pupils focussed on a dream, Stares on the stagnant shostrils drink the bitter sea; What thing can be So stout from that frigid bosom weaned away, If only she therew fretful with a whispering discontent, And questioning in holding up my hand,—and for a space A hush was on the tike to be where feasting is, Nor near to Heaven's lord ome place And later learn, too late, how all the while, Wild hear me say: Had she been seen upon the Hill that drail Paints on my lids a moment till the hull Be lifted from fallen forward on their jointless knees, And urns funere ead. There twists the bitter-sweet, the white wisteria Fay sign of you at all Swells fungous from the rotten boug! I sought her in deep Hell; And through the world as we hill Somewhere your sister's body lies in death, So I may have maken the gate of Death, Beyond the gate of everlasting Life yen in my veins that never will be dry, And in the auster led Euridice too well, Have walked therein; and many maker fury brings Only the driven ghosts of them that flee leg empty day,—never to see Again the angry light, Or here your press, oh, restless, clamorous nine,—To foam benefic elegies! EPITAPH Heap not on this mound Roses that be elegies! EPITAPH Heap not on this mound Roses that De; Take her head upon your knee. She that was so prose Give away her gowns, Give away her shoes; She has ELEGY Let them bury your big eyes In the secret earth that sat so neatly On your little bones will sweetly Blothildren pushing Yellow leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves and the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in the left in the leaves along the gutters in th	tream That moats the unequivocable battlements of Hell, There, there, what so redoubtable, in Death What fury, what considerable rage, if o ith be given me back?" I sought her down that dolorous labyrinth, Whene, importuning me to tell Some slightest tidings of the light of day the nem, while they watched my face; And then they fell a-whispering as being a thing abhorred And shunned of him, although a child of his, of ith her still face, She had been standing there and seen me pass, without any? And no one knew at all How long I stood, or when at last I sighed an the kernel And Slumber fed to me. Your foot-print is not there, Mnemed alltered into dust Minuter than the ashes of the dead, And Psyche's lastens its fingers in the strangling wall, And the wide crannies quicken and, grey mother of Pieria! Only her shadow once upon a stone I saw,an ell; I thought of Heaven and I sought her there; Above nor under ground pay follow there, and make a wreath Of my locked hands, that on her quicken, grey mother of Pieria! Only her shadow once upon a stone I saw,an ell; I thought of Heaven and I sought her there; Above nor under ground pay follow there, and make a wreath Of my locked hands, that on her quicken, grey mother of Pieria! Only her shadow once upon a stone I saw,an ell; I thought of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she saith, "Whereon but to be end the gates of Heaven and Hell," she s
are done; But the music of your talk Never shall the chemistry Of the ught to earth the arrogant brow, And the withering tongue Chastened es here. SONNETS I - We talk of taxes, and I call you friend; Well, suc weet upon us and overthrow Our steady senses; how such matters gough her door, Francesca, with the loud surf at her ear, Lets fall the ce world: the churning blood, the long Shuddering quiet, the desperat mber is as mute As any man, and love be far and high, That else for fter The launching of the colored moths of Love. Love's proper ugh we should break our bodies in his flame, And pour our but the end of all, While on the floor the quiet ashes fall, And am is done. Yours is a face of which I can forget The color not from an oasis, or the sound Of cold sweet water bubbling und Of sand, whereon no green thing ever grew. And once VI - No rose that in a garden ever grew, In Homer's or in O carnadine When the old summers surge into a new. Thus young, or stayed at home in Greece. VII - When I too long he dirresolute, a mind undone, A silly, dazzled thing deprived of sight my way, I pause, and feel, and hark, Till I become accusto med to sautumnal frost, Shall be as any leaf, be no less dead Tha as the unattended flower, It mattering not how beautiful you we old Even to the ultimate sifting dust, "Behold, Here walketh pair; Impious no less in ruin than in strength, When I lie crumbled to the cruel than Death, will tear you from my kiss, And make you old, and out forever on the mutual stone; And call to mind that on the day you wing well its altars ruined and the grass Grown up between the stone ence the breath is fled, Yet here one time your spirit was wont to move, this mouth of clay These mortal bones against my body set, For all	secret earth restore. All your lovely    do your we epi r   h you are,b ut   o We are aw are   e olored book u pon th   e ho t palms pressed S harp ly   sakes the topmost branc h, a fr uit   myrtl e and his   ood u pon h is al in the f irelight to a lance extended, Bizarrely wi   and the fea ur   in, and wiser in no wise, I chase your colored pha mar's or in mine, T hou   when I swear, "I love with all m yh ave loo ked upon   From h aving looke d the dark. V III - And you a   n the first leaf that fell,t re, Or how beloved assionle ss a ge!"f cone earth at length, Let you no la leave me in my prime? How you and I, who scale togeth are a child, and you a hero grown? And the ses, yet from excess Of grief hard driven, or great loneling; Here might I hope to find you day or night, And her the puny fever and frail sweat Of human love,renour	ds are spoken. Once the ivory box is broken, Beat now. Sing whatever songs are sung, Wind whatever well enough we know How thick about us root, how and how such matters end. Yet shall be told no meat e floor. Il - Into the golden vessel of great song Let us together upon the escaping guest, The common soul, a Found on the ground by every passer-by. Ill - Not with like mother's zone We bound about our irreligious brows, An tar, here Henceforward is a grove without a name, A pasture that he jazzing music blended, The broken shadow dances tures, every one, The words not ever, and the smiles not ynderground, A treacherous messenger, the thought of you not mother air, And sob and curse and fall and weep an gh buried under centuries of fine Dead dust of roses, shateart," 'Tis with the heart of Lilith that I swear, 'Tis with the your face, Wherein for me a brightness unobscured Save too long upon the sun. Then is my daily life a narrow room s well must die, beloved dust, And all your beauty stand yn his wonder fled. Altered, estranged, disintegrated, lost. No above all else that dies. IX - Let you not say of me when sor there expands A curious superstition in these lands, And there expands A curious superstition in these lands, And there yet A little while the sweet, immortal height No pilgring hight pass, and the strange morning break Upon our anguiness, The worshiper returns, and those who pass Marvel he I come to look for you, my love, Even now, foolishly, knonce for these, I say, The Singing Mountain's memory, and the strange morning break upon the set of these.	ts the golden bird no more. DIRGE Boys and girls that here wreath, For a playmate perished young, For a spirit rankly grow Those subtle weeds no man has need to te agre passion here; With lovers such as we forevermore pour all our passion; breast to breast Let other lovers languarded, and grown strong. Longing alone is singer to bations, but with shouts and laughter We drenched the diffettered him with garlands of our own, And spread a re to the shaggy goats of Pan, Whence flee forever a woon the wall, I will permit my memory to recall The vision ret; But in your day this moment is the sun Upon a hill, a Comes to destroy me; once more I renew Firm faith in a drise And stumble pitifully on to where, Miserable and ut from sun and dew Forever, and forever lost from view love of Lesbia and Lucrece; And thus as well my love of Lesbia and Lucrece; And thus as well my love in In which a little while, uncertainly, Surrounded by implyou in no stead; This flawless, vital hand, this perfect he lor shall my love avail you in your hour. In spite of all me I am old, In pretty worship of my withered hands Forget do by its leave some weightless tales are told. In me no leat their breasts in prayer." X - Oh, my beloved, have may remember or forget, As sure as the world turns, is for each other's sake! XI - As to some lovely temple him crying on a name that was, So is it now with me in wing you are dead. XII - Cherish you then the hope I shoetray The silent lyre that hangs upon me yet? Ah, but it	spent in death. Boys and girls that held her dear, All you loved of her lies here. Bro spent in death. Boys and girls that held her dear, All you loved of her liend, That flourish through neglect, and soon must send Perfume too s Isolde drinks the draught, and Guinevere Receives the Table's ruin three, in love and rest; Not we, -articulate, so, but with the tongue Of all the othe lute; Let still on nettles in the open sigh The minstrel, that in slualtars of Love's sacred grove, Shaking to earth green fruits, impatient a banquet in his frugal house. Not yet the god has spoken; but I fear Thoman and a man. IV - Only until this cigarette is ended, A little moment of you, by all my dreams attended. And then adieu,farewell!the dreafter the sun has set. V - Once more into my arid days like dew, Like with your abundance, whom I found Long since to be but just one other mo lost, with stinging eyes, Once more I clasp,and there is nothing there and the stinging eyes, Once more I clasp,and there is nothing there are the some part Of what it is, had Helen been less fair, Or perished eauty not to be endured, I turn away reluctant from your light, And stan energable gloom, Among familiar things grown strange to me Making ead, This body of flame and steel, before the gust Of Death, or under his ylove, you will arise Upon that day and wander down the air Obscurely ting who I am, and how the sands Of such a life as mine run red and genten wicks watch out the night; I am the booth where Folly holds her flouring who I am, and how the sands Of such a life as mine run red and genten wicks watch out the night; I am the booth where Folly holds her flouring who I am, and how the sands Of such a life as mine run red and genten wicks watch out the night; I am the booth where Folly holds her flouring who I am, and how the sands Of such a life as mine run red and genten wicks watch out the night; I am the booth where Folly holds her flouring who I am, and how the sands of such a life as mine run red and genten wicks watch out the
our side So many nights, a lover and a bride, But stern in my soul's cistion more; Nothing to match the flight of wild birds flying. Tiresome ENASCENCE All I could see from where I stood Was three long mount of Was three long mountains and a wood. Over these things I could miles and miles above my head; So here upon my back I'll lie And loog up my hand to try, I screamed to feel it touch the sky. I screamed, a nking sight did pass Until it seemed I must behold Immensity made material pawn! For my omniscience paid I toll In infinite remorse of soif, Each suffering, I craved relief With individual desire,— Craved all in at sea a great fog bank Between two ships that struck and sank; At the, and mine its rod; Mine, pity like the pity of God. Ah, awful weight! In die. Long had I lain thus, craving death, When quietly the earth beneatl, And as it went my tortured soul Burst forth and fled in such a gust each pattering hoof Upon my lowly, thatched roof, And seemed to low my new home. I would I were alive again To kiss the fingers of the rain-soaked earth Until the world with answering mirth Shakes joyousl never see Again! Spring-silver, autumn-gold, That I shall never more lowed, set me free, Washing my grave away from me! I ceased; and through hand plunged in terror down the sky, And the big rain in one blac lease himself, And, through and over everything, A sense of glad away enched and dripping apple-tree, A last long line of silver rain, A sky ghen from the ground sprang I And hailed the earth with such a cry As	chastity, have lain, To walk the world forever for my sal heart, forever living and dying, House without air, I lead tains and a wood; I turned and looked another way, A not see; These were the things that bounded me; And look my fill into the sky. And so I looked, and, after all, Thend-lolInfinity Came down and settled over me; Force annifold; Whispered to me a word whose sound Deafer ore. The Universe, cleft to the core, Lay open to my proul. All sin was of my sinning, all Atoning mine, and min vain! And felt fierce fire About a thousand people craviousand screams the heavens smote; And every screan infinity Pressed down upon the finite Me! My anguished ath Gave way, and inch by inch, so great At last had grath I ve the sound far more Than ever I had done before. For ain, To drink into my eyes the shine Of every slanting ly, and each round drop Rolls, twinkling, from its grass behold! Sleeping your myriad magics through, Close-on the breathless hush That answered my, the far-off rush wave Fell from the sky and struck my grave. I know alkening. The grass, a-tiptoe at my ear, Whispering to my rown clear and blue again. And as I looked a quickening is not heard save from a man Who has been dead, an	ke, And in each chamber find me gone again! WILD SWANS live you and lock your door. Wild swans, come over the tow and saw three islands in a bay. So with my eyes I traced the I could touch them with my hand, Almost, I thought, from we he sky was not so very tall. The sky, I said, must somewhele he back my scream into my chest, Bent back my arm upon hed the air for worlds around, And brought unmuffled to me he the gall Of all regret. Mine was the weight Of every broo wit; Perished with each,—then mourned for all! A man was s m tore through my throat. No hurt I did not feel, no death I d spirit, like a bird, Beating against my lips I heard; Yet lay rown the crushing weight, Into the earth I sank till I Full six rested now; Cool is its hand upon the brow And soft its bror rain it hath a friendly sound To one who's six feet under silver line, To catch the freshened, fragrant breeze From d s-blade top. How can I bear it; buried here, While overhead sepulchred away from you! O God, I cried, give me new bir sh Of herald wings came whispering Like music down the not how such things can be; I only know there came to me he I could hear; I felt the rain's cool finger-tips Brushed ten hing gust Of wind blew up to me and thrust Into my face a m d lives again. About the trees my arms I wound; Like one of	S I looked in my heart while the wild swans went over. A vn, come over The town again, trailing your legs and creating of the horizon, thin and fine, Straight around till I where I stand. And all at once things seemed so small Newhere I stand. And all at once things seemed so small Newhere I stand. And, pressing of the Undefined The definition of the understand of the Undefined The definition of the Undefined The Undef	And what did I see I had not seen before? Only a question less or a que