I'll sing my songs into the teeth of all the winds,
And shake my fist at the tossing tops of trees,
Confront the ominous skies with a lifting heart,
And the rains shall keep me safe from the howling horde.
All my seeking for peace has been in vain;
I have never known surcease (or almost never) from pain
Except when driving winds and driving rains
Have offered me their peace—indifferently.
In lands where I have been Nature has
No word to mean voluptuousness—or needs it;
But cold and hard, and yielding not one inch,
She offers hope to him who needs and seeks:
He seeks for rest, and seeks not long in vain,
Who swears at men and leaves them, with their pain—
And his—to sing with winds, be blown with trees.

—FREDERIC WINTER.

BEYOND WATERS

Voices out of a night that cry
Low with murmuring, whisper, listen
To the wild song of a wounded bird
Flying in wind with wings that glisten:

Deafen your ears to this furious music,
Be casual to songs along the shore,
For under this throbbing throat is torture,
And only a cry you've heard before.

Conceal your wild heart, for down by the river
Are strangled reeds that twist in the mud.
The road is long, the way is endless
Tainted with futile drops of blood.

—CHRISTIE RUDOLPH.

CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM

The cold, sepulchral glare
Of sulphur candle flare
Brings not half so much light
In winter-night
As
A few quick rays of sun
Which break through the dark, dun
And dreary clouds, and come
In February.

—JANE BEURET