

## TWO POEMS

MARGARET BYRAM

### On Discovering a Book of Shelley's Poems

A portion of the feeling that once hallowed Keats  
when he kenned the vast unknown  
And stood, a Watcher, rapt, alone,  
Came to me, a vision, swift, unbearable  
In beauty scarcely born.

The joy of fusing with a master's soul,  
The searching bliss of first discovery  
Swept my mind, and left me tense and free,  
A spirit treading the fresh-dewed grass  
In early morn.

### Muse of an Old Man

Gray day, gold day,  
Rays of dimpled sunshine streaking through the  
clouds—  
Bleak tree, blithe tree,  
Delicate web of bare twigs flung against the sky—  
Dead love, dear love,  
Half-remembered songs that linger in the stars—  
There is a light which blends the day into the deeper  
blue  
And sweet forgetfulness which merges laughter,  
pain, and you.