Poems

LOUISE DAUNER

(These poems are chosen from the group which won the 1936 Butler Literary Contest Poetry Prize.)

If You Would Come

If you would come, this luminous flame
Sedately burning at my feet,
These phantoms of a poet's brain,
Like deer on mountains, shy and fleet,
Would burst their bonds of silence numb
If you would come — if you would come.

Upon my window, fingers tap.
Crisp rustlings would betray your tread.
Flame, fantasy and I
Await you; but the hour is sped.
Dead leaves upon the walk, the rain,
These only come again — again.

These are my visitors tonight;
These only come to wish me well.
My book drops leaden in the light
That dies to darkness, and the spell
Falls back on printed things still dumb.
You did not come — you did not come.

Day That Was Mine

Day that was mine—
Gently as maidens' feet upon a hill
Where willows sweetly rustle and are still,
Trailing your dimming hours upon the grass,
Sun-broidered draperies, softly you pass.

Day that was mine,
Leave me one radiant hour, always to keep
Changeless, forever mine . . . So shall I sleep
Tranquil and comforted, soothed by your touch,
Day that was mine, day I have loved so much.

A Man I Do Not Like

A thought, against his seamless mind
Beats with a little hollow thud.
But could it enter, it might find
Strangulation in the mud.