

were still out in the harbor, the proprietor could be seen hustling about to make things a little more comfortable for the expected guest. In fact, everywhere one looked one could see the sleepy town slowly rouse itself and come to the dock.

A visitor to this tropical paradise is a novelty. No one missed the occasion. Off to the left, the rows of stately coconut-palms raised their green tasseled heads to the blue sky. Here was the life blood of Port Moresby. Here was the gold. Here was the only reason Port Moresby existed.

§ § § §

Prophecy

When I die,
I shall lie with the Earth
And from us shall spring
Some new green thing,

To say,
"I am life,
She has sent me to remind you of the love she
found."

And the body of the Earth shall be sweet
to me,

Even as a lover's;
But, perhaps, after centuries,
I shall tire of the same kiss,
Tire of the same dark arm.
So shall I rise, in other form?

A tree top seeing the sun
Or a vine of ivy fingering
The cool marble of an ancient pillar?
Or shall I remain dust, and wait
To welcome those who join me?

—M. M. Quinnell