DAYS

If I could hold back the crowd of pale-faced days
Ready to spring into rosy bloom at every dawn!
If could keep them from pushing me
With thin palms against my back. They shove me on!

They shout, they glare
How dare I plant
My feet and try
To halt their pace?

You'll wait, I say, you shall not go!
I'll stop the mob! I will! But no

The frenzied crowd
Insane and mad
Cries out, we go!
We go!

They elbow past in drunken reel
And stream by faster heel on heel!

I cannot stop
The mad day's gait!
They will not halt;
They will not wait!

—MARTHA ROSE SCOTT.

BLEMISH

That day in the country, I remember,
We climbed the fence by old Bill's place to get
The yellow apples lying in the grass.
I filled my hat and then you gave me yours
And we searched carefully for whole, round fruit
Not pecked by birds or flecked with small brown spots.
Bill had gone for the day—taken his wife
To town, you said—and so I reached above
To snap an apple from its stem, though what
We had was good enough, and more than we
Could eat. I thought that you would smile and say
It wouldn't hurt old Bill to lose a few—
What had we climbed the fence for, anyhow.
But you only turned away to another tree
As if you believed the apples underneath
Might be better there, or might be more.
I remember still how the grasses switched
About your feet as you walked, and how straight,
How very straight, your shoulders seemed.
"It isn't old Bill," I thought, and the firm,
Warm apple in my hand slipped from my grasp.

—LOUISE GARRIGUS.