Martha
To her, the sun, the moon, the stars
Grow dim beside a room kept neat.
She will not know the bliss of Heaven
Should dust deface a golden street.

Cat
Serene and blandly satisfied,
With calm, appraising eye,
She sits, complacent in her pride,
And sees the world go by.

Petted and spoiled and comforted,
All homage is her due.
Then when Her Grace is surfeited
She slips away from you.

Snake
I know her well; for is she not
Soul of my soul, my better part?
We see things always eye to eye,
And whisper of them heart to heart.
Often we've caught the vagrant word,
Or wept for breathless Art's dear sake—
But oh, my dear, be careful, do!
Whatever she can get, she'll take!

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!

Mary
She does not know if quilts or drapes
Combine to match the paper;
And social trends and fashion's shapes
Will usually escape her.
But she will catch the errant grace
In music, poem, or gesture,
And find in a submissive face
A soul's immortal vesture.
SONGS FOR A DAY

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!

Pastorale
It was an April morning
When first I saw you pass;
A mad-cap April morning
With young lambs on the grass.

Through meadow-green you wandered,
You, beautiful and young.
All grass and flowers and April
Were hymns to beauty sung.

I was a watchful shepherd:
None stole my lambs away.
But my true heart—I lost it
On that sweet April day.

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!
Extasie
There is no poetry that bears your name;
No music individual to you
Woos the capricious jade of men's acclaim
With sharp cacophony or accents new.
Yet every poem claims you for its own,
And strain with strain harmonically vies,
Till you, creator and omniscient grown,
Embrace them all, oh beautiful and wise!

REFLECTIONS

Last Watch
A twisted crushing silence
Broods on the room
Heavy with grief.

Candles, wan and guttering,
Consort with shadows
Where once the echoes of her laughter
Were flickering sunbeams
On limpid water.

In the kitchen
The clocks race,
Swollen with time and self-importance.

Dirge
I did not feel the winter's breath
For you were summer to my veins.
When summer's locusts droned to death,
You were the spring's renewing rains.
But now, the spring with subtle art
Is come, and winter's in my heart.

Sonnet
When this proud flesh shall lie insensate day,
Poor humbled dust within its narrow berth,
Knowing no sun, moon, stars, or night from day,
Or aught of tranquil radiance in the earth,
Shall all it loved be never loved again—
The earth's slow melting from the rigorous frost,
The gentle, searching fingers of the rain,
Strong hills that stand sun-crowned, with snow embossed?
Shall there be sun and moon though eyes be blind?
Shall songs be sung though ears be deaf to hear?
Or shall the finite spaces of the mind,
Dark to each single joy, yet know them dear
In that grim silence when my tryst I keep
With other dust that laid it down to sleep?