



AMOR · REDIVIVUS & · OTHER · POEMS

BY
EDWARD · LYMAN · SHORT



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AMOR REDIVIVUS AND OTHER POEMS

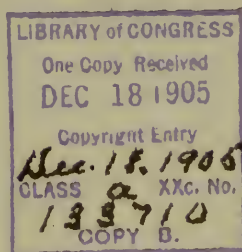
AMOR REDIVIVUS AND OTHER POEMS

BY
EDWARD LYMAN SHORT

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ROBERT GRIER COOKE
NEW YORK, MDCDV.

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Robert Grier Cooke, New York

THIS little book of poems,
the product of idle summer
hours in his youth, it had recently
been the intention of the Author
to send forth in the circle of
his friends, but death withheld
from him the completion of this
purpose, which is now fulfilled
in loving memory by his wife.

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AMOR REDIVIVUS AND OTHER POEMS

AMOR REDIVIVUS

There is no winter, but the snow-flake comes
To hide the scars that naked nature shows,
 Nor lifts
The spotless veil, until those scars are lost
In swelling beauties new.

There's scarce a cooling e'er of love, but peace
In silence softly clads the chilly heart,
 Until
Sweet passion's pains revive, then peace will leave
That heart alone with love.

St. Moritz.

LOVE AND TIME CAN CURE

There's many a sea-girt rock,
Washed by the fickle sea
Whose sides and hue are servile to
Each touch of its Master free.

The crowded clouds give battle fierce,
With weapons of hail and rain,
Provoke the sea to hurl its foam,
'Gainst the rock in the angry main.

The storm has passed, and left the rock,
Scathed as 'twas ne'er before ;
With sides so worn, and hue so changed,
Though with stanchness the storm it bore.

The soft seas woo and lap the rock,
With kisses they linger and brood ;
They'd wipe away the seams so deep,
Made in their fearful mood.

Deep anguish of sorrow may deepen
Sad thoughts in the stoutest soul,
But in time as the waves grow weary,
So painless the years may roll.

Love's joys divinely can draw
A tracery over the heart,
To soften and hide from its owner
Deep wounds that may cease to smart.

Biarritz.

HEART'S DESIRE

Let that love which is bitter, sweet bitter to me,
Be killed out my heart, let my heart while it beat
Be the rock that is frosted by winter's cold sea,
Be a tree standing leafless tho' summer winds greet.

Let the breeze as it sighs as it moans from the wood
Be to me as the smile of a babe to its mother,
Be to me the soft music that wakens love's mood,
Be to me as the kiss that on pure lips may hover.

Let the love that is restless, that finds not its home,
Be buried 'neath ocean that gave to it life ;
Let the wave as it dies, as it breaks into foam,
Be the shroud that shall cover at end of its strife.

Yet within us dwells hope, wintry night has its morn,
There shall rise such a vision of love for my heart,
I shall need its dead love, and entreat thee the boon
To give it back richer life, love's life ne'er to part.

Mt. Desert.

LA FILLE DE JOIE

My infant soul, for measureless its years
To come, a little voice, a tender voice,
Swayed as it willed; not fear but gladsome choice
Enslaved me thus, a captive free from tears.
“Thou shalt not”—and my willing foot would tread
The hidden path, as needle to its pole,
Rich womanhood companioned soon my soul.
The siren voice of hollow pleasure, we alone entranced,
“Thou shalt not”—Awhile, O God, and I hear
Awhile? Alas, awhile was but the verge
Of desert wild and bare, and as each step I make
Now far across that dismal plain and drear,
My soul deep-wrapped in funeral serge,
Thirsty and eager cries, Stilled Voice Awake!

Paris.

“THOUGH THOU WERT FICKLE
AS THE RESTLESS SEA, STILL
SHOULD I LOVE THEE”

Away in the summer together,
A face, hardly more, I should say,
Yet witching enough to draw towards her,
A look that can ne'er turn away.

Face to face in the dory together,
With dimples that come but to go
As sunbeams that dance on the water,
Or bubbles in tide's ebb and flow,

We were out in the moonlight together ;
Her throat lying bare as the night,
Like the crest of the breaking breakers,
Shone soft with its moonlit white.

Lost is the throat and the dimples,
Lost is the face once so near,
Left to the heart lonely throbbings,
Left to the man, woman's tear.

Sleepless, my heart in its throbbing
Is made but more wakeful by thee,
Dreary its night is now passing,
Come, richness of morning to me !

Quiberon.

LOVE'S SADNESS

My love is like the sighing wind
That moans from out some pine tree's wood;
Whose voice awakes within my heart
Deep-sleeping thoughts, a tear-stained brood.

Odde.

LOVE DESPONDENT

Keen was thy arrow, of arrows the keenest,
Lost yet each arrow in which thou believest ;
Weary thou, Eros, o'er lake and the mountain,
O droop now thy wings for dry is Love's fountain.

Cadenabbia.

THE CHANGED WOMAN

Upon a lonely rocky shore,
I chanced upon a lute,
Such dreamy, sweetly languid notes
Ne'er quivering strings came o'er.

The harp did seem to have a soul
Whose tremors wakened mine,
And the mingling of their music
Revealed a life divine.

Upon a busy peopled coast
I found it soon again,
A foreign hand had tuned its strings
Its soul to me was lost.

Its notes were those of every harp,
Its soul it hid away
With beauty wrought upon the shore
Without response it lay.

Yet still I'd touch each magic string,
In hope to wake again
Those thrilling tones within my soul
One harp alone can bring.

Iona.

LOVE'S HOPE

Sleep softly kisses on your pillow soft,
A bit of hand before which pales
The dying wave, when glistening foam
Lies shroud-like, or wind-tossed floats aloft.

I laid them there to rest, those kisses sweet,
For all the features of her face
Were outlets fair of love within,
That drew my lips her cloud-like hand to greet.

O tired soul, from woman's love apart!
O whitest queen, whose king was I!
O tyrant queen, to martyr love!
O buoyant soul, then dead and tortured heart.

Each slumbering kiss my lips would wake again,
Yet not where homage oft is paid,
But where deep love her secret joy
Obtains, where richest voice with sweetest strain.

Capri.

BENEATH EGYPT'S MOON

The glare of the noonday lessens,
Each triumph the sun has won,
May be lost in the coming darkness,
Is their like for ever gone?

Only when moonless the even,
Only when starless the night,
For the sky that lies back of a crescent
Hangs over a world that is light.

Oh, the heart as it loves its passion,
Its strife and its leaping in vain,
May sicken at thought of the future,
Though a rest midst weariness gain.

But as often the light of a night
Hovers o'er a world that is dim,
So the soft light of a love that is late,
Steals o'er a heart that beats but for him.

Phila.

L'AMOUR

She. Good-bye! Our hands have lingered closely twined,
Till equal warmth bids them and us to part.

He. Good-bye! When breaks the dawn of love,
Why always comes the cloud?

She. My day's been strange and left me not at peace,
The ebbing waves in ocean's bosom lost,
The dried up beach with many a boat wide strewn,
Were mirrored in my hopeful eye this morn;
And like a snowy dove perched on a leafless
Tree, that takes the eye,
One small white skiff lay couched upon the sand;
The sun-warmed sea rose high, and bathed each bow
In richest flood; oft times some sturdy arm
Would rattle out of sight a floating boat.
High up the white skiff lay, and though each wave
Tossed it in its arms, as though for joy
To hold so fair a burden, yet it staid
As one by one its fellows disappeared.
The little boat tugged at the weight below,
Impatient thus to stay.
Behold the tide is at the flood; e'en now
The curved lines of wetted pebbles mark
That it recedes, and yet the skiff is there.
I know not why, but weird companionship
Is here for me.

He. Sweet love! why falls the lace-like lid
To shut me from thine eye?

She. A smile breaks o'er my lips and light my heart

To think of love and thee.

Yet dies the smile on lips un-kissed by thine.

He. The dewy rose bends not more quick than they.
The proudest head that longs its lips to bury
In her fragrance soft,
Nor summer cloud, that peeps above yon round
Sea-line, is whiter than the God-made breast
That's pure as Eve's.

She. Stay, thou'rt speaking to a girl, not now
Imagining to thyself,

And we are two, nor ever may be one.

He. Forgive me God (and thou), dwell I in thought
Upon them other than as works of His
That may be joy to us.

I know upon the surface of thy heart
Love lies yet like some icicle that melts
Beneath the sun, within there's cold.

She. Thou wrong'st me there.

He. I do.

She. Can'st thou not solve my day before I go?

He. Warm womanhood that's bathed in love has crept
Upon thee, till thou'st rich in it.
Less favored one thou see'st borne hence
From loneliness away to live in love
Mysterious, and yet the man comes not
Into the life of whom thou care'st to sink
Thine own, and be at rest, for like
The skiff upon the flood, thou waitest on.
The day is long, the tide
Of youthful love must ebb.

She. Who owns the skiff ?

He. He whom thou lovest not.

She. The even's come, and peace with it,
The peace from nature's heart to mine,
And bids me hope.
Thee must I leave, more slowly now
Than e'er before.

He. I look not where she goes lest I pursue
The ever-deepening beauty of her angel face,
The warmth of her sweet presence gone, not strange
The air is chill.
The setting sun has carried all my cares
With it, and one by one soft memories rise
And shine upon my darkened soul its stars.
The black sea bears me on, until at last
One light above all lights of God
Starts from the evening gloom, and bright the black,
No longer moonless sea.
The memories fade, for one obscures them all,
They but as attendants are, while she, the queen
Amongst them, moves, and o'er my lonely heart
Her beams do brood and I am still,
The stillness of a perfect love.

Amalfi.

CUPID AT TENNIS

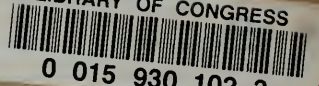
Fifteen love, and she the service
Tossed my heart, but she returned it;
Fifteen all, a woman seeks me,
Meets me, but alas don't trust her;
Thirty love, again she flees me,
Leaves me, where's my heart, I've lost it.
Deuce, hurrah! her beauty, mine is
Now the vantage, by the racket,
And the net and balls, I'll have it.
O my heart so weary batted,
Warm she takes it, coldly sends it
Back to me, all torn and wasted.
Vantage mine, her lips they quiver,
Mercy now, her eyes are pleading
Weakly, fondly, now we're even,
Deuce once more, the mercy's given.
Then she takes the ball so gently
I would fain believe she loves me,
Vantage hers, again she has me,
Cruel now she shows no mercy,
With a white arm and a rosy
Face all glowing now as victor.
Game! she cries, and lost forever
Hand and heart!—'tis *only* summer.

Dernier Cri.

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