

THE
GIRL IN THE
POSTER

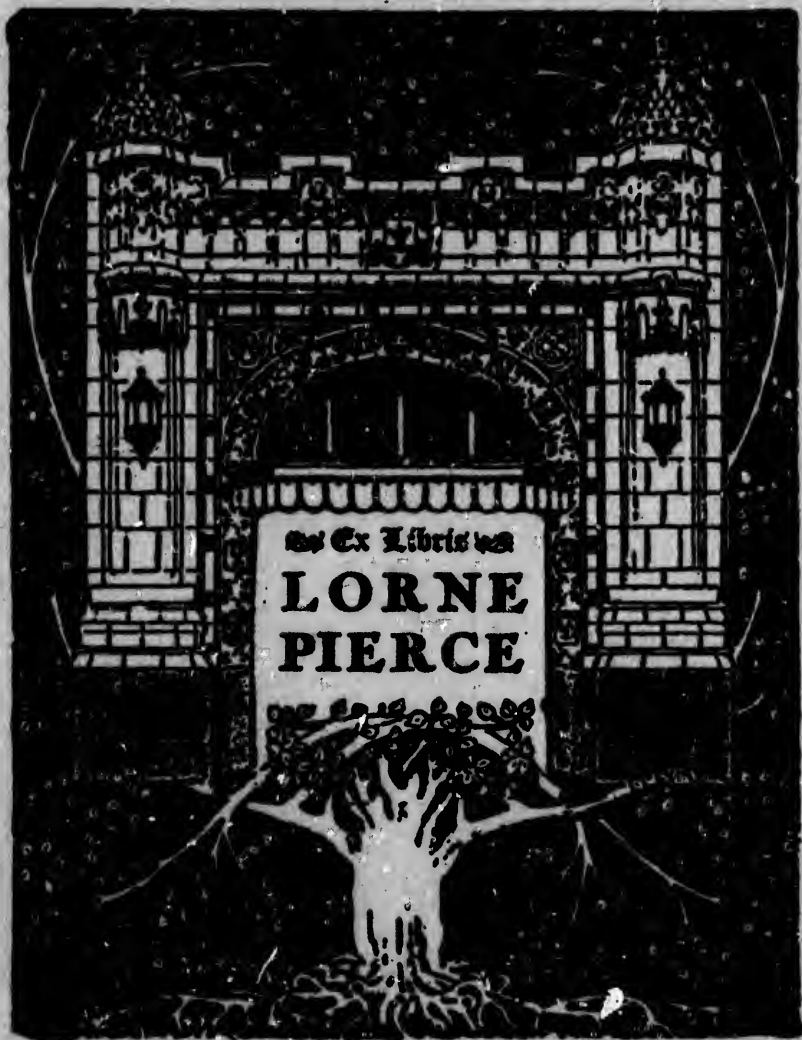
by
BLISS CARMAN

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LORNE
PIERCE

To Mr. Perry
with best wishes
of the season
from Fivis Lamm



The
GIRL IN THE
POSTER

For
A DESIGN
by
MISS ETHEL REED

LP P-58455 A84 G5 0.2

THE GIRL IN THE POSTER.

With her head in the golden lilies,
She reads and is never done ;
Why her girlish face so still is,
I know not under the sun.

She is the soul of a woman,
Knowing whatever befalls ;
And I, a lonely human,
Dwelling within her walls.

She is the fair immortal
Daughter of truth and art,
And I, at her lowly portal,
May fare and be glad and depart.

In a region forever vernal
She keeps her liliated state,—
By beautiful calm eternal
Mysteriarch of fate.

In a volume great and golden
Would better beseem a sage,
Her downcast look is holden ;
But I cannot see the page.

Picture, or printed volume,
Or records, or cipherings,
From the drooping lids so solemn,
I guess at marvelous things.

Is it a rune she ponders,—
Word from an outer clime,
Where the spirit quests and wanders
Through long siderial pine?

Would she trammel her thought or cumber
Her heart with our mortal needs?
Do the shadows quake in slumber
On the book wherein she reads?

I know not, I know her being
Is impulse and word to mine,
Till I voyage, without foreseeing,
For a lost horizon line.

For her the spacious morrow;
But for me the humble day
In the little house of sorrow,
By the dusty footpath way.

Her hair is a raven glory ;
Her chin is pointed and small ;
What is the wonderful story
Keeps her forever in thrall ?

The mouth is little and childly,
Her brow is innocent broad ;
Meekly she reads and mildly,
To neither condemn nor applaud.

Would that I too, a-reading,
Might half of her wisdom find,
In the gold flowers there unheeding,—
The calm of an open mind !

Day long, as I keep the homely
Round of my chambers here,
Her beauty is modest and comely,
Her presence living and near.

Till it seems I must recover
A day in the ilex grove
When I was a destined lover,
And she was destined for love.

I remember the woods we strayed in,
And the mountain paths we trod,
When she was a Doric maiden
And I was a young Greek god.

And I have the haunting fancy,
The moment my back is turned,
By some Eastern necromancy
Only artists have learned,

Two great grave eyes are lifted
To follow me round the room
And a sudden breath has shifted
A leaf in the Book of Doom.

One Hundred copies printed by Will Bradley at
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for Bliss Carman and his friends.