

EARTH  
TRIUMPHANT  
CONRAD AIKEN



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**EARTH TRIUMPHANT**



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# EARTH TRIUMPHANT

*And Other Tales In Verse*

BY  
CONRAD AIKEN

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New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
1914

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TO THE  
AUTHORS



*To My Wife.*

*Whatever loveliness is in this music,  
Whatever yearning after lovely things,—  
Whatever crying after stars, in darkness,  
Whatever beating of impeded wings:*

*Whatever climbing of the rose to sunlight,  
Sweet-hearted laugh from the dark blind sod:  
Whatever madness of the sea for moonlight,  
Whatever yearning of the good to God:*

*All that is beautiful, and all that looks on  
    beauty*

*With eyes filled with fire, like a lover's eyes:  
All of this is yours; you gave it to me, sun-  
    light!*

*All these stars are yours; you gave them to  
    me, skies!*

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## FOREWORD.

Not to disarm criticism, but out of justice to myself, I feel compelled to say here, in view of the fact that I am certain to be called an imitator of Masefield, that before I had ever heard of Masefield I was experimenting with narrative poems of modern daily life. In one case I had even employed the octosyllabic couplet (used so successfully in "The Everlasting Mercy") to tell the love-story of an ordinary clerk.

It will be obvious, of course, that Masefield has influenced me. I found in him many valuable hints toward a method for the work I wanted to do. If with some of his method I unconsciously picked up also some of his mannerisms, that was to be expected, and I can only hope that these echoes

are neither very important nor many. And I believe firmly that my substance and my philosophy, whatever their merits, and despite superficial resemblances, are entirely my own, and entirely different from those of Masefield.

The narrative poems in this book were written a considerable time after my reading of "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street." In the interim I had done work more experimental in quality and more directly reminiscent. In writing "Youth," "Earth Triumphant," and "Romance," however, I made a deliberate attempt to excise all echoes, and to leave as a basis for dreaded comparisons only the facts that these poems, like Masefield's, are narrative, and are written in certain Chaucerian forms.

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**EARTH TRIUMPHANT**





## EARTH TRIUMPHANT

THE warm sun covers earth again,  
And the ivy leaves flash bright with rain,  
They sparkle on the garden wall,  
Drops, falling, sparkle as they fall;  
And there among the dark leaves clings,  
Scattering rain-drops with his wings,  
A thrush, who having drunk of rain  
Bubbles to sun a mirthful strain.  
The trees all shake in youthful green,  
The grasses shimmer cool and clean,  
The meadow-brook sings sweet in flowing,  
Dreamless of whither it be going,  
And of all living things this day  
Who shine with laughter in this May,  
Not one, not one who can remember  
The bitter blowings of December,  
The boughs that creaked, the sod that froze,

The cold stars staring at cold snows.

O Earth, it were a pity then,

Could you not give this grace to men,

Could you not heal them of their sorrow,

Forgetting yesterday, to-morrow,

To live for always in to-day,

As these dumb happy things in May!

To sing the blessedness of sun

Nor sadden when its shine be done,

But only wait like these, and dream,

Or sleep, till April's rainy gleam,—

Through winter's times of snow and sleet,

When thickly round the forest's feet

Lie dead leaves, like old memories dead,

Dead griefs, and happinesses sped. . . .

O Earth it were a pity then,

Could you not give this grace to men,

And make them from their sorrows rise

Like green things new beneath new skies!

Yet here is given the tale of one

Who took this healing of the sun,

And he, though true to earth, her child,  
Has been by tongues of men reviled.

Through all his youth an anchorite  
He peered at earth by candle-light,  
And on a lamp-lit page would read  
Of bygone time and ancient deed,  
Closing the windows of his room  
Lest modern sun should spoil his gloom  
Or scare away his magic things,  
His faerie visions, holy rings,  
And tales in curious language writ,  
Strange-charactered, by monkish wit;  
And he had always through his youth  
Gone devious sombre ways for truth,  
Seeking for truth in star and moon  
Rather than in the ruddy sun;  
Walking abroad in night and mist,  
Haply to catch the ghosts at tryst,  
With elfin verses in his head  
And words too holy to be said.

Ere his own life was yet begun  
He had exhausted one by one  
Each creed, each weird philosophy,  
And reached at last satiety:  
Till, wearied much of rhyming words  
That sought to mimic song of birds,  
He put his books upon their shelf  
And went to hear the birds himself,—  
Threw up his windows, let in sun,  
And called philosophising done.

The sunshine on pale eyes was sweet,  
The grass was soft beneath his feet;  
Deeply he drank the blue of skies,  
And touching earth grew subtly wise,—  
Wiser than he had been before  
When he beneath his lamp would pore  
Over illumined manuscript,—  
When frequently his fine pen dipt  
To quill slow delicate characters  
Upon the margin of a verse.

Beneath his window lilacs grew,  
Among his books their perfume blew,  
And musing by the window there  
He watched them shake their lovely hair,  
And watched a flock of sparrows sit  
Among the leaves to dart and twit,  
Filling the bush with bickerings  
And shaking leaves with nervous wings.  
He walked abroad in country lanes  
Through summer winds, through autumn  
    rains,  
Loving the wind that laughed so wild,  
Till he too brimmed with mirth, a child,  
And sang out loud,—surprised to hear  
His own dead voice rise trembling clear  
Among the sumach, sere and red,  
With dead leaves loud beneath his tread.  
And when he walked in city places  
He looked with love on human faces,  
And talked with those who sat by him  
In the subway, swaying dim,

And smilingly with children spoke  
And yearned, although too shy, to stroke  
Their soft cheeks and their shining hair,  
Or tell them stories strange and rare.  
At night he sat in restaurants,  
In gay bohemian poets' haunts,  
Where poets came with languid locks,  
And chorus-girls in gaudy frocks,  
Where eyes were quick and wine was flowing  
And love was made and money going,  
While one man with a violin  
Made quavering music, sweet and thin;  
And after dinner he might walk  
In brightly lighted streets, to talk  
With girls whose mouths were very red,  
Who held their bodies but as bread,  
As broken bread, not more divine,  
And no more precious blood than wine.  
He sometimes thought,—these might be his  
Through all the night with ecstasies,  
And he might stroke the subtle flesh,

Snared in an exquisite red mesh,  
And hear the clock tick, all night through,  
Alone there in the night, they two.  
Warmly he shivered, thinking this,  
His body warmed with creeping bliss;  
But somehow, though he vaguely meant,  
The instinct failed, he never went;  
Content instead, in front-row seat,  
To watch the intricate flash of feet  
Of well-trained chorus-girls, who came  
In lusty dance, to fill with shame  
And ecstasy,—O mingling sweet!—  
His eyes, that watched the moving feet,  
The legs of lustrous crimson silk,  
White petticoats, skin white as milk;  
While through his ears, a blandishment,  
The implorings of the music went,  
Persuasive horn, queer violin,  
Dissolving him in bliss of sin . . .  
Out of such febrile air he rose  
To walk home through the slanting snows,

Breathing deep the cold night air  
To make his body clean and fair;  
Loving the flakes that touched, to melt,  
His stubble cheek, so cool they felt,  
And loving storm and loving wind,  
They purged his body that had sinned:  
Not sinned, perhaps—but from his blood  
They purged away this darker mood,  
To leave his spirit cold and white  
And shining, like a winter's night . . .  
But most of all, when night was done,  
He loved the ruddy morning sun,  
Who shone so warm on his pale face;  
Touched every wire and twig with grace,  
And flamed on every icicle  
Till drops of fire from each one fell!  
O every day this gave him joy,  
Brimmed him with music, like a boy.

So for a flight of magic days  
In these ways and in other ways



The reawakened life in him  
Woke tunings intricate with whim,—  
Slow, subtle sequences of tone,  
Bland horns, a drawling of trombone,  
A tentative, perplexing din;  
Whence softly rose a violin  
To sing a moving phrase, and then  
Was lost in jargonings again . . .  
From this confusion, tangling sweet,  
It needed but a single beat  
Swiftly to draw and lead in one  
Those subtle sequences of tone,  
Out of the deeps each voice to bring  
In slow grave symphony to sing,  
Bidding it quicken, bidding it rise,  
Or steadfast shine, like stars in skies,  
Or cry out against all that is  
To break its heart with ecstasies. . .

The lamp put lustre in her hair,  
Soft reds and greens were mingled there,

Her eyes were fathomlessly dark  
Save that remote in each a spark  
He saw there, like a flying star  
In vast voids where no others are;  
Now shining fully like a moon,  
Now scattering showers of splendor down,  
Or dwindling off remote in space  
Till scarcely yearning eyes could trace;  
And he would almost hold his breath  
Like one who peers, at gates of death,  
Through infinite dark silences,  
Where not a sound or presence is . . .  
Waiting, waiting, for his breath  
To come up shining through that death . . .  
And all the while upon her knee  
Her small hand lay so quietly,  
As though it did not know she led  
His soul so far among the dead;  
Stroking, with a slow caress,  
The soft knee and the silky dress,  
The fingers hiding soft between

The lustrous little folds of green;  
Or curling upward, shy and pale,  
To touch a gleaming finger-nail.  
Somehow, his stupid voice went on,  
It *must* go on, in even tone;  
Measuring careful syllables  
While all his blood was deaf with bells;  
And all his pulses hurried on,  
Pattering towards a unison,  
Like rain-drops on a window-pane  
Making a single hum of rain.  
Yet even talking he could note  
Her smooth round neck, her mellow throat,  
And all the soft shine in her face,  
And all her body's breathing grace;  
And then came tumult in his hands,  
They longed to fly like burning brands,  
Madly to whirl about and shatter  
This idiotic endless chatter,  
Go straight towards her, through it all,  
Be plunged as in a waterfall,

And bring her coolness to his mouth,  
All of her coolness for his drouth;  
To slake his mouth and eyelids burning,  
To sate with cool snows all his yearning,  
To fill his spirit with her snow,  
Have all her coolness in his glow.  
Of her he had imperious need,  
Without her, broken, he would bleed,  
Forever languish incomplete,  
A wingless thing, with wounded feet. . .  
Aloof and strange the clock struck ten,  
And whirred. She hoped he'd come again.—  
Perhaps she'd walk with him some day?—  
In wind and rain!—Or see a play?—  
And then the sweet night swallowed him,  
He floated, giddily; and dim  
In unperfected memory yet  
He could not capture, nor forget,  
An earth-sweet face, which like the spring  
Made all his pulses glow and sing.

With her, fulfilment came, it seemed:  
She was the beauty he had dreamed.  
All beauty he had ever loved  
Intensely in this woman moved,  
And all his dead youth seemed to stir  
Whenever he had glimpse of her:  
The sunrise seen from long lost heights,  
Forgotten valleys filled with lights,  
The stars which he had loved when young,  
The songs to him in childhood sung;  
And flowers, so near and friendly then,  
Seemed close and intimate again,  
Just as they were when once he lay  
In soft grass on a summer's day,  
With daisy's petals by his cheek  
So living that they seemed to speak,  
And little clover, green and white,  
Never so fragrant as at night;  
While humming-birds with mazy wing  
Made the trumpet-flowers swing,  
And mulberries fell pattering down,

Whereto the ants came, black or brown,  
He watched them by his small hand pass  
In the green forests of the grass. . .  
Now all these things seemed close as then;  
Close were the faces, too, of men,  
He noted lines that had escaped  
His eyes before, and how were shaped  
The lips, the nostrils, or the chin,  
And if their hands were white and thin,  
And all the movement that's in eyes,  
And all the light that in them lies.  
The very texture of the stone,  
Beneath his feet, to him was known.  
The leaves upon the lilac-tree,  
So smooth, in essence were as she;  
The wind that blew upon his face,  
Shaking trees, had stolen her grace,  
Some secret of her in it moved,  
And lo, this wind he touched and loved,  
Breathed deeply of this vagrant air  
And welcomed it among his hair.

He would have dallied if he could  
A long while with this joyous mood,  
To muse, to talk of her, content,  
While days and nights like music went:  
Content in light of her to pass  
His days, as, with the sunlight, grass.  
For all the things of earth now seemed  
Sweet as sweet faces that are dreamed,  
And all with an inward glory bright  
Which reached in her a perfect light. . .  
But something, some dim restlessness,  
Of which he scarce had consciousness,  
The subtle impulse that in spring  
Makes daisies grow and thrushes sing,  
Left him discontent with this,—  
To talk of her, forego her kiss.  
And so he lay awake long hours,  
Traced on the wall the patterned flowers,  
And while the clock ticked, cold and slow,  
Carefully backward would he go  
In hushed mind over memories of her

To ask if she were friend or lover:  
Sifting her lightest glance with eyes  
So frightened they could not be wise,—  
Weighing the lightest word she'd said  
With held breath, heart that slowed with  
dread.

What meant these things? He did not know.  
She *must* love one who loved her so!  
And when at times he so construed  
Some subtle tone of hers, or mood,  
Then straightway flushed his brow with heat,  
Loudly began his heart to beat,  
Tumultuous all his pulses sang,  
With little bells his temples rang;  
And moist with fever he would rise  
To stand at window, stare at skies,  
While love seemed sudden to fill his throat  
And all his room to rock and float. . .  
Until across the sleeping town  
Came elfin bell-notes coldly down,  
Like voices falling faint and far



From frozen moon or haunted star,  
And a white horror slid between  
This lover and his earthly queen;  
Even as frightened spirits run  
When cock-crow shrills at reddening sun. . .

They climbed a wild hill, green with copse;  
Giddily in the birch-tree tops  
The red-winged blackbirds widely swayed  
Joyful in sunshine, unafraid,—  
Wonderful sky-things, balancing  
So high, with hardly a stir of wing.  
Beneath the hill a plain was spread,  
In dusty green, with houses red,  
And one small pond which towards the sky  
Stared with a wide blue open eye.  
Beyond all these the city lay,  
Smoky, with roofs of serried grey,  
And smoky trees, and smoky grass,  
And one high dome that blazed like brass:  
And chimneys tall and black, wherethrough

Glittered beyond the sea's wet blue,  
O wonderful wild blue, drawn so fine  
In that far clear horizon line!—  
On this she looked with blowing hair,  
By wind and sun made trebly fair;  
So wonderful that he was weak,  
His voice broke tremor when he would speak.  
They sat and talked, of little things;  
For him, with perilous balancings,—  
Difficult breath and gasping words,  
Words as fleeting and shy as birds.  
She told his fortune, took his hand  
Ingenuously, and deeply scanned  
Across the palm the netting fine,  
Intricate etchings of white line;  
Puckered her puzzled brow, and frowned,  
Before she told him what she found:  
'If you should ever love, have fear!  
Near death is written plainly here,  
For her or you I cannot say;  
Else, why should this line break this way?—'

She laughed. A black cloud drenched the  
sun

And suddenly all the earth grew dun. . .  
They rose, returning. As they went  
Vaguely, a cold presentiment  
Slid snake-like through his mood of mirth;  
And when the sun reconquered earth  
Still through their laughter he could hear  
'If you should ever love, have fear!'

To-night or next night should it be?  
This phrase he mused incessantly;  
Feeling that all life came to urge  
This action; seeming to converge  
With all the weight of earth and sky  
And sun and stars and times gone by,  
Until it was no longer he  
But life, in all infinity,  
That moved resistless to this aim;  
Whatever end, not his the blame. . .  
Meanwhile the rain-drops cooled his face,

He walked on with a quickened pace,  
The wind shook trees and made them cry,  
They tossed against a rapid sky,  
Showing pale undersides of leaf,  
Swishing and writhing, bacchic grief.  
Omens! This violence and this dark  
Troubled his soul and left a mark;  
With lowered face he went his way,  
Doubt shook him, all his mood was grey.  
The door-bell rung, he stood in rain,—  
In misery of doubt and pain;  
Yet through an arc-light's fitful gloom  
He saw forsythia trees in bloom,  
Glowing and golden in the night,  
So living and so filled with light. . .  
These lit his heart. A moment's space,  
He scarce had time to dream her face,  
And the door opened, it was she,  
Far lovelier than a dream could be;  
He heard her speaking, touched her hand,  
Briefly across her dark eyes scanned,

Feeling a soft sense, sweet and warm,  
Of being alone with her in storm;  
Then they with shy aloofness moved,  
Lest each might think the other loved,  
To sit and talk. . . While on the pane  
Came gusty patterings of rain,  
And they could hear the trees outside  
That swished against the wind, and cried,  
In bacchic frenzy, anguished bliss,  
Against a stormy lover's kiss.  
The clock upon the mantelpiece  
Ticked on, it would not ever cease,  
But in the intervals of quiet,  
In momentary lull of riot,  
Delicate, between word and word,  
The little beat of it was heard;  
Measuring life that flowed away,  
The blood's alternate night and day,  
And urging on, still urging on,—  
To what? What final dusk or dawn?  
And suddenly now it seemed a part

Of this vast tide that bore his heart  
Dizzily to some dizzy height,  
A part of all this rushing flight,  
Its index of approaching time  
When spent soul need no more to climb,  
But blasted by a blazing sky  
Must be transfigured or must die.  
A breathlessness came over him,  
His hands upon his knee seemed dim,  
And nebulous his body seemed ;  
And with queer loudness, as if dreamed,  
His voice went on, in empty chatter  
Of weighty things that did not matter.  
A breathlessness, a breathlessness,  
Rushing him on, with no redress,  
No pause, no pity, though he strove  
And cried out to the tide that drove  
His helpless spirit through this dark.  
Wherein remotely shone a spark ;  
And all this darkness seemed to be  
Her dark eyes' vast infinity,

Infinity of fear and doubt  
Whence there was never coming out,  
And no salvation, save he came  
Through space and time to that far flame  
Which when she smiled came up to him,  
Making his body reel and swim.  
The lamp put lustre in her hair,  
Gleamed upon arms and shoulders bare;  
One arm across a cushion lay,  
So white, it made his spirit pray,  
And in his hands a yearning came  
To stroke that flesh as smooth as flame.  
More than a little moment's space  
He dared not look upon her face,  
For swift her deep eyes drew him down  
To darkneses where he would drown;  
And yet they called him back again,  
To look away from them was pain,  
He felt their wonder taking him  
And felt the world slip backward dim,  
Her power was a magic one,

He went as white mist goes to sun.  
Towards her mouth his spirit went  
As for a single kiss 'twere meant,  
Then darkness ever; yet his brain  
Even in midst of all this pain  
Somehow made shift to capture words,  
Setting them free like frightened birds  
That flashed all ways with startled winging,  
Scattered, yet all in sunlight singing,  
Singing the one thing, earthly bliss,  
Half joy, half terror, before the kiss. . .  
And after, when he'd kissed her eyes,  
For these wild words they deemed him wise,  
Saying, that they (O frightened wing!)  
Had worked the wonder of this thing;  
So wonderful, they sat quite still  
While rain dripped at the window-sill,  
Quiet as trees are, when the hour  
Has come to them that gives them flower;  
Quiet and shy as gentle earth  
In dusk before the sun brings mirth;



Quiet as God, when he had made  
These stars, and, seeing, was half afraid.  
And they could hear the trees outside  
That swished against the wind, and cried,  
In mænad fury, anguished bliss,  
Against a stormy lover's kiss;  
And felt a soft sense, sweet and warm,  
Of being alone, secure, in storm,  
Too drunk with loveliness to speak,  
Just touching lips, or brow, or cheek,  
While through dark eyes their spirits went  
On an eternal mission sent,  
Quietly, holily, as they move  
Who fear to break the hush of love.

The springtime of his life was this:  
All earth seemed sweet to love and kiss,  
The bark of trees, the blades of grass  
Whereover softly he would pass,  
The very bricks beneath his feet  
Seemed, with kinship to her, sweet;

And he would stroke with lover's hand  
All smooth things,—seemed to understand  
At last their beauty and their place,  
Each seemed to lift a gentle face—  
And all the universe stood still  
While out of love he drank his fill;  
The roses blossomed for his sake;  
For him from dark the sun would break,  
The thrush sang on the lilac spray,  
For him the night succeeded day;  
His love for her, earth's love of sun,  
Seemed mingling wonderfully in one. . .  
And in this symphony of flame,  
Like a dream his marriage came,  
A minor voice, a silver laughter  
Of little horns; and then rose after  
The violins in rapid shine,  
Intricate, myriad-voiced, divine,  
Shimmering, and the music rose  
To all the glory music knows,—  
Magniloquent, a cosmic thing,

As though the universe should sing.  
She was his life! If she should die,  
Motionless would his body lie,  
They breathed one single song of breath,  
One life, and they die one death. . .  
And if her face's shine went dim  
That instant would it fade in him,  
And all the mirth in them be dead  
And all the light in them be shed:  
O wistfully they talked of this,  
Yet lost it in a trembling kiss. . .  
So, pleasant hours and pleasant days  
Went past them in a giddy maze,  
And holding love they held the key,  
He thought, to immortality. . .  
And chancing shortly after then  
To fall in with old friends again,  
Who bore him off perforce to see  
The latest musical comedy,—  
To sink back in a front-row seat  
And watch the intricate flash of feet

Of well-trained chorus-girls, who came  
To give him ecstasy and shame,—  
With legs of lustrous saffron silk,  
White frills, and skin as white as milk,  
With sexual laughter, nods and becks,  
Mechanical display of sex,—  
While through his ears, a blandishment,  
The implorings of the music went:  
Suddenly, all this powdered lust  
Had filled him with a sad disgust,—  
He looked on meretricious clothing  
And straightway he was sick with loathing;  
And while his friends perspired with bliss,  
At thinking of a chorine's kiss,  
Lo, beauty like a lightning came  
To strike this ugliness with flame. . . .  
The man, he mused, who once knows love  
No baser lust can ever move;  
No, and no human face could lure  
His heart again. . . His earth was sure.

Earth's irony! Though sure it seemed,  
Lo, all its sureness was but dreamed.  
Through brightest noon a darkness runs.  
Night whelms down the hugest suns.  
Death lodges him in sweetest flower,  
And poison makes of sweetest hour.

His wife died sharp at ten o'clock,  
That night. . . Yet time had felt no shock,  
Nor paused, but still this clock went on  
Which told them when her soul had gone.  
She lay outstretched in candle-gloom,—  
Save that, no whit was changed her room:  
For still the tall glass glimmered there  
Where night and day she did her hair,  
And over a chair-back still hung down  
Her soft pink satin dressing-gown.  
And yet a quietness was there  
Which seemed the breathing of despair;  
And though the chamber showed no change,  
Yet, there was something still and strange.

She lay outstretched, in candle-light;  
So she would lie, nor stir, all night,  
Not move one finger, no, nor seek  
A single thing, nor try to speak.

He could not understand this thing.  
Nothing, to which his mind might cling!  
And never moving, by her side,  
He sat and held her hand and cried,  
And stroked her arms, so pale they were,  
And tried to make her eyelids stir  
By touching with his finger-tips,  
Or brushing gently with his lips,  
Or breathing on them. . . Yet her sleep  
Had covered her so cold and deep,  
That though a long, long while he gazed,  
Hoping to see her eyelids raised,—  
Quite close, until he touched her cheek;  
And though at intervals he'd speak,  
Though all her little names were said,—  
Still she lay silent, like one dead. . .  
At times, his grief was passionate

And he cried out, importunate;  
And he would raise her from the bed  
Hold in his arms her languid head,  
And beg her to be kind to him,  
While tears came and his eyes were dim;  
And her sweet face, sweet piercingly,  
He kissed and kissed, half angrily;  
And panic madness took him, then,  
Thinking, not many times again  
He'd kiss her face,—a little while;  
A last time he had seen her smile,—  
Only this morning, when they walked  
Out in the garden, laughed and talked,  
While she with pruning-scissors went,  
Over her roses softly bent,  
And clipped dead leaves. . . Have pity,  
God!

She would be hidden under sod,  
Cramped in a dark and narrow place  
With all that dirt above her face,  
And never see the sun, the sky,

But there in soundless darkness lie  
With not a soul to talk to her  
While year by year she could not stir,  
While rain came trickling downward cold  
To damp her hair, and stain with mold  
Her gentle face, her white shut eyes,  
Her brow so beautiful and wise,—  
Alone, and he would never see  
This face again, not even he,  
He, for whom it meant so much,  
Who shook with anguish but to touch.  
So, panic-struck he kissed her cheek  
Imploring her once more to speak,  
Only one little word to say  
Before they hurried her away;  
He would not let them! He would keep  
Inviolate her quiet sleep,  
Keep her in her own room here,  
With shutters down, year after year,  
Till some mysterious dawn would break  
And she would wake, and she would wake!



They could not hide his love away!  
But he would see her day by day,  
Still have his lover by his side  
Pretending that she had not . . . died,  
And leave her little things all there  
As she had left them; on her chair  
Her dressing-gown where she had thrown,—  
She'd need it when her sleep was flown.  
It would not be so hard, if he  
Could always steal in quietly  
And have her face to look at there,  
And touch the softness of her hair;  
But if they hid her face from him,  
His memory would fade and dim  
Till he could scarce remember her,  
Or cruel memory would err,  
And there would be to touch and see  
Nothing of all her sanctity,  
Never upon this earth again;  
O God have pity on this pain!—

And then the ballet dancers came  
Before his mind, and utter shame  
Shook him with sobs that he should be  
In such a sordidness, while she  
Caught at her breath, and cried for him  
To see him ere her eyes went dim.  
He told her he had come; but she  
Lay there so white, so silently;  
She must see! and in last despair,  
To find if they might still be there,  
He raised her eyelids, small and white,  
And saw the brown eyes void of light,—  
Unseeing, rigid, glazing fast;  
And then he knew the truth at last;  
And never moving, by her side,  
He sat and held her hand and cried,  
Yearning to kiss her, yet afraid  
Of pain,—if she no motion made,—  
At finding out her death anew;  
And yet he kissed her, all night through.

When he first ventured out, the earth  
Seemed strange to him, and stripped of  
mirth,

A vast, a grey, an empty place,  
Like a huge body without a face;  
Or like a face that had no eyes,  
Smooth flesh insensible to skies.  
No soul in it! and he could feel  
A horror,—nausea made him reel.  
He hated all these fleshly trees  
Who sucked from death their ecstasies;  
The soulless grass he hated too;  
For with a million mouths it drew  
Its fleshly substance from decay,  
Its greenness was all made of grey.  
The sun sprawled soulless in the street.  
And so he turned with giddy feet  
From this drear world, all empty now,  
Over his musty desk to bow,—  
Dull-eyed to take down many a book,  
To open them with absent look,

Swallow a scrannel paragraph  
And wretchedly, thereat, to laugh.

x A loneliness, a loneliness,  
An absence of all loveliness,  
Like misty rain began to fall  
Upon his heart; and very small  
Through silent spaces, all alone,  
Without the light of star or moon,  
He travelled, and looked everywhere  
As though a thing were hidden there. . .  
To go where he, with her, had been,  
To see the houses she had seen,  
The streets she walked in, and had made  
Her own, in sun or rain or shade:  
This anguished him; in such a street  
He half believed that he might meet,—  
/ Last year it often happened so,—  
Her coming, musingly and slow,  
So soft in white, her dark eyes shining,  
Pink roses on her straw hat twining;

She might come, sudden, round this turn!  
And thinking this his heart would yearn,  
And all his wretched pulses beat;  
Until he saw the empty street,  
The sidewalk stretching far away,  
And nought else, save the light of day,  
Or strangers, and the walls of stone  
Which she had somehow made her own.  
And many days had come and gone  
Before one morning, just at dawn,  
After a long and sleepless night  
He looked out in the misty light  
And saw her garden, tempest-blown,  
Littered with dead leaves. . . Weeds had

grown

Profusely in her favorite bed,  
Rose petals on the loam were shed;  
And seeing it neglected so,  
This thing she loved. . . If she should  
know!

She must know! And remorse was his,

He broke the garden's sanctities,  
Thinking of that last morning there  
And how the sunshine glossed her hair,—  
And how these petals, strewn in sun,  
Were roses she had smiled upon,  
Or touched . . . and how she loved them  
all,

And grieved, if one of them should fall.  
These roses that were fully blown  
To her as little buds were known,  
Out of their hearts a fragrance came  
Of her, and he was sick with shame  
That all these days he should have left  
Her in the garden here, bereft!  
And often he would turn to see  
If there behind him she might be,  
So close she seemed; but all was bare,  
A wind, a perfume in the air,—  
And that was all. Yet when at last  
Into the house he slowly passed,  
His heart wrenched out of him, to go

Among the roses she loved so.  
And when her robin ran through dew,  
And so precisely as she knew  
Sang out his early morning strain,  
He thought he could not bear the pain.

A loneliness, a loneliness,  
An absence of all loveliness,  
Came down upon his heart like rain,  
Insistent, gentle fall of pain,  
With not a pause, and not a let,  
No chance was given to forget;  
But unresisting, as the leaf  
Bends under rain, so he in grief,  
And always would this rain have kept  
To darken him, and would have wept  
Had sun come wounding at his eyes,  
The brazen laugh of brazen skies. . .  
And faithlessness it would have been,  
It would have seemed the blackest sin,  
To let this grief be blown away

By the windy light of day;—  
One way there was and one way only  
Of truth to her:—in being lonely;  
In yearning for her day and night;  
In feeling her as loss of light;  
As silence coming coldly round,  
As loss of music, loss of sound;  
Though still vague echo in the air  
Told that song was lately there. . .  
And all day long from room to room  
He wandered in the shuttered gloom,  
Touching curtains, touching walls,  
Startled at his own footfalls;  
Or stood so still he'd hear the chime  
Of clocks upstairs, yet feared to climb  
Those stairs, lest having gone he'd find  
Only the hush she'd left behind.  
Her clock! and sudden anguish came  
At thinking of the bitter shame  
If he had let it stop, unwound;  
Yet it was going still, he found,



Ticking on her mantelpiece;  
He would not let it ever cease;  
For all its impulse came from her,  
Without her hands it would not stir,  
But she had wound it, patiently,  
The very day, perhaps, that she . . .  
He took the key with dim eyes then  
And seemed to touch her hand again;  
O God if for a second's space  
She'd come and let him see her face,  
While she was standing there that day  
Musing, gazing far away,  
And with slow hand revolved this key! . . .  
And then he realized that he  
Was in her room, and then he cried,  
For all was just as when she died;—  
Over a chair-back hanging down  
Her soft pink satin dressing-gown;  
Drawn curtains, luminous with sun,  
Two candles into sockets run;  
And still untouched upon her bed

The pillow, hollowed by her head.  
And this he stroked with finger-tips  
And touched with never-sated lips;  
Into this pillow and this sheet  
Had passed her body's little heat,  
And thence upon the air had gone  
As darkness goes out upon dawn.  
And then a while, a spirit dazed,  
On all her little things he gazed,  
Saw in the closet hanging there  
Soft dresses that she used to wear,  
Her hats, her ribbons, laces laid  
In rows, some by her own hands made. . .  
No one would ever change this room,  
Forever would it stay in gloom,  
Untouched . . . and yet, since she liked sun,  
Over the floor he let it run,  
A singing, dancing flood of light,  
Making the hazy ceiling bright,  
And making all the room so gay  
That he was hurt, and crept away,

Resolving not to come there more.  
He stood a space: then locked the door,  
And took the key with him, and went  
Downstairs again to banishment.

A loneliness, a loneliness,  
An absence of all loveliness,  
It came like mingled snow and rain,  
Softly, and yet a steady pain,  
And mutely like the winter earth  
In dumb forgetfulness of mirth  
His heart lay still; and did not move,  
So crushed with unforgotten love.  
It was a stab of pain to go  
To places that she did not know,  
See houses she had never seen  
In cities where she'd never been;  
And though it was a pang to pass  
Through streets she loved, or over grass  
Whereon together they had strayed,  
Yet he preferred this pang,—afraid

To steal through streets that nothing kept  
Of her who now forever slept.  
And so, and always, back he came,  
He burned, yet could not leave the flame;  
Through streets that tortured him he stole,  
Past houses, trees, that cut his soul;  
And once, when happening to see  
A place where they had taken tea,  
He dared not face the endless pain  
Of passing it, and so again  
Went in, alone, for tea and cake,  
Took just the things that she would take,  
And stared at them, and went away  
Leaving them, untouched, on the tray.  
O, and how often if by chance  
Some beauty held his absent glance,  
Some beauty which he could not share  
With her,—sudden it seemed unfair,  
That he should be alive to see  
This loveliness, and yet, not she!  
And so he turned his back, was driven

Back to her garden as to haven,  
To touch her roses, care for them,  
Pick scales away from leaf and stem,  
And suffer endlessly the pang  
When cheerfully her robin sang;  
While else, upon his hungry ears,  
Came only quiet, still as tears. . .  
Lying awake sometimes it seemed,  
When long and wakefully he dreamed  
Nightmarish dreams, that he must spend  
All of his life, without an end,  
In going to see, however far,  
All things she'd looked at, earth or star,  
House and face and sea and steeple,  
And comedies, and all the people  
That she had ever seen in trains,  
And all the hills and all the plains,  
And all the sunsets in the sky  
And all that she had seen go by,  
Hear all the music she had heard,  
Read all she'd read, each little word,

And walk on stones she'd walked upon,  
And go on journeys she had gone,  
Touch her leaf and touch her flower,  
And day by day and hour by hour  
Unravel all her life again,  
Unknot each point with subtlest pain,  
Minute by minute, till he had—  
O God, till he was going mad!  
And then he covered face, and cried  
O God that she, not he, had died!

And yet, time passed, time somehow passed.  
Into his old life he was cast,  
Drew down his windows, shut out sun,  
And took his books down one by one,  
To read old tales of vanished times,  
To while the hours with gentle rhymes,  
And bury under word and word  
The clock's tick so forever heard.  
And each philosophy, each creed,  
With eager glances he would read,

Hoping, at his journey's end,  
That he would blissfully ascend  
Into heavens filled with peace  
Where all his weariness would cease,  
Where gentle solace he would find  
And patience that would lead him blind  
Through all life's waste; or at the last,  
When all the desert had been past,  
To give him faith that he might meet  
In death one who alive was sweet.  
His grief now was a quiet thing,  
Gentle, and not so quick to wing,  
And now the silence of this place  
Was home to him, and he could face  
Her picture, even: pain dwelled there,  
Yet it was pain that he could bear.  
And now it was a sacred rite  
Beside her picture, every night,  
To set two candles, there to shine  
All night, as if it were a shrine;  
And always on his desk to keep,

Where dusty books were piled up deep,  
Two roses in a little vase;  
And often then his eyes he'd raise  
To look, or stroke a petal's cheek,  
Or listen, wishing they would speak. . . .  
And then go on with quickened eye  
To read queer tales of times gone by,  
Of magic mirrors, magic rings,  
Wicked, elfin, holy things,  
Of flying horses, talking birds,  
All written down in dewy words,  
And many things of ancient time  
Told with musick and with rhyme.  
And in this world of books again  
Fainter grew the world of men,  
And paler grew the light of sun;  
And by wan light of star and moon,  
That gentler was upon his eyes,  
Coming from remoter skies,  
He mused abroad and tried to find  
The solace that's within the mind.



What was it?—Often he read on  
Till night was dusking into dawn,  
Till the red sun swimming came  
To turn the dew-drops into flame,  
And all the roosters, crowing shrill,  
Stirred the town, in twilight still,  
Answering from wall to wall,  
Waiting betwixt call and call;  
Till upon the mantelpiece  
Both the candles were but grease,  
All their light gone, only grey.  
Then he put his books away,  
Weary, with a weight of grief,  
Too tired to turn another leaf;  
And making of his palm a cup  
He picked the roses' petals up,—  
Where they'd fallen on green baize,  
Softly, underneath the vase,—  
And climbed the silent stairs to bed,  
Slowly, with a gentle tread,

Lest he make an echo stir,  
And lest he wake the ghost of her. . .

In weariness, in weariness,  
He found a balm for loneliness,  
And all the summer, in the dim,  
His dusty volumes wearied him,  
They blurred his eyes and fogged his brain,  
They gave him sleep to dull his pain;  
And farther, farther from his ken  
Receded that small world of men,  
That world which strangely left behind  
A whirling sunlight in his mind,  
A world of color, shape, and sound,  
Where grass grew thickly on the ground,  
Where densely hung the leaves of green  
With sparrows rustling in between . . .  
While sun was here and sun was there  
Putting life in branches bare,  
And myriad rain-drops came in showers  
Like lovers to the quiet flowers,

And robins all the sweeter thrilled  
Because their throats with rain were filled,  
And all earth was a lovely place  
That worshipped at one shining face!—  
A world of spring . . . He looked out now,  
The leaves were fallow on the bough,  
Black boughs, where yellow leaves and red  
Hung limp, while some, already shed,  
Lay matted dankly on the earth  
Blown down in midst of bacchic mirth;  
And over all, the dark boughs through,  
Sharply, the sky's autumnal blue . . .  
A little while, grey sky and snow . . .  
And of all this, what did she know?  
Could she feel dead leaves settling down,  
The scarlet maple, oak leaves brown?  
These purple asters, did she see?  
None who had loved them more than she!  
And, strange, he longed to write to her,  
To tell her how these earth-things were,  
Tell how her roses blossomed so,

And robin left two weeks ago . . .  
How all the leaves on all the trees  
Were holding bacchic mysteries,  
Drinking some strange autumn breath  
Of subtle air that gave them death:  
Death most glorious ever seen  
Living fire that burst from green  
Consuming all the trees like song  
And licking heaven with flaming tongue!  
Then suddenly fell his bolt of shame:  
To say, 'earth goes on, just the same! . . .  
Fierce autumn burns in every leaf . . .'  
He did sharp penance, then, of grief.

Sometimes his wound bled fresh again:  
As one day, when in misty rain,  
When rain was dripping from wet eaves  
And weighing down the fevered leaves,  
He walked, scarce conscious of the way,  
Into the churchyard where she lay.  
Almost a fortnight he'd let pass.

Now on the wet and fading grass,  
Lay dead leaves in a yellow heap  
As though they came with her to sleep,—  
Soft maple leaves, and flaming yet,  
So bright they were with being wet.  
And everything was there so still,  
So quiet the trees stood on the hill,  
That there was not a sound, except  
The little rain, that always kept  
A pattering, a pattering,  
On earth and leaves and everything.  
It seemed all earth forbore to stir  
So he might bend and speak to her,  
Touch wet grass with finger-tips  
And close to earth put down his lips,  
And bring her hidden body near  
So she might hear, so she might hear.  
What did she think of, all this space?  
And did this cold rain wet her face?  
O God he longed to see her so!  
Only an hour, so they might know

All griefs that each one grieved alone,  
So pain might vanish, being known!  
So he might say he loved her still,  
And yet, at times, against his will,  
Her sweet face vanished from his mind,  
A fire blown out, nor could he find  
For hours that white face anywhere;  
If he could only touch her hair  
With fingers, as he used to do,  
So soft, when all alone, they two,  
They sat at home on days like this,—  
If he could only have one kiss  
Of lips or cheek, or on her eyes,—  
(Both eyes, for fear of jealousies)—  
He'd know her loveliness again  
And there'd be beauty in this pain.  
What loneliness she must feel here!  
And then he seemed to see her clear,  
Her small face wonderfully at rest,  
Her small hands folded on her breast,  
So pallid, in her crimson laid,

Seeming to dream, so unafraid . . .  
And yet, this calm of hers was lie;—  
For she had gone without good-bye,  
Without their good-bye kiss, which they  
Gave always, when they went away;  
And he knew full well, thinking this,  
Her heart had broken for that kiss,—  
Having, without his touch, to go  
Out on a dark she did not know . . .  
Why did she lie there now so still,  
And he so close?—Could not her will  
Push earth and leaves and grass aside,  
Could she not hear him if he cried?—  
And then his whole heart burst with grief,  
His hand was on a rainy leaf,  
The wet grass pressed his mouth, while he  
Sobbed her name, twice, quietly . . .  
Still there was not a sound, except  
The little rain, that always kept  
On earth, and leaves, and everything,  
A pattering, a pattering.

Yet, though he often pulled the blind  
To shut out sun, within his mind  
Came back again that world of spring  
Where earth in sunlight seemed to sing,  
And green boughs moved against the sky,  
With talking leaves, and birds flashed by;  
And brooding on an ancient page,  
Hushed waters of a frozen age,  
Above those twilight waters came  
This world like living sun of flame,  
And all his grief began to seem,  
Beside that freshness, like a dream.  
It all came clear to him, and sweet;  
He felt cool grass beneath his feet,  
Was conscious of the moving earth,  
Felt stirrings of her living mirth . . .  
And all his books seemed grey and dead  
Like withered petals long time shed,  
And all philosophy seemed dust  
That whirled strange shapes for every gust;  
Never would he discover there



A consolation for despair.  
His clock struck nine, his clock struck ten;  
And still he mused on this; and then  
He felt within his soul ascend,  
Quietly as a breath of wind  
That blows in May through apple-bloom,  
A cool light coming through the gloom;  
And in his room there seemed to be  
A fragrance, it was surely she,  
For all his spirit seemed to float,  
So easily, and from his throat  
A pressure gave, and all his face  
Seemed light with some celestial grace;  
Across his brow her cool hands lay,  
He seemed to hear her laugh, and say  
That it was time, high time at last,  
For grief to be forgot and past,  
That he, philosophising done,  
Must lift his face again to sun  
And go where apple-blossoms blew  
Like snows across the fields, wherethrough

The blue-birds, with their tawny breasts,  
Glanced in sunlight to their nests.  
For he must rise and live again,  
And walk among the world of men,  
Touch earth, and take her wind and rain  
Gently to heal him of his pain . . .  
And then truth came, he seemed to rise  
Released at last through quiet skies,  
Through silver airs of heaven, whereon  
Hung gentlest music of a dawn,  
And all that music seemed to be  
A praise of being high and free,  
Of coming joy and going sorrow  
Of going night and coming morrow;  
And wings released at last for flight  
Flashed whitely upward through the night . . .  
Three petals, pink upon green baize,  
He picked up underneath the vase,  
And on the mantelpiece he turned  
One candle that uneven burned;  
And then looked outward through the night

And saw the autumn stars, so bright,  
Shine downward through the branches dark,  
Already leafless, drear and stark.  
Alternate day and night a while,  
And lo, once more in green would smile  
Maple and sycamore and oak . . .  
Then something little in him broke,  
And all was plain: for she would be  
Unhappy just as long as he,  
And sad as long as he was sad;  
But she would laugh, he being glad! . . .  
Dawn came, new dawn. The moon went  
down.

Cocks crowed across the sleepy town;  
Languid and faint the red sun came  
And bathed the steeples in young flame;  
And a white peace flowed wide between  
This lover and his ghostly queen.

Go winter, and come quickly spring!  
Robin, come north again and sing!—

Over the snowy earth he walked,  
All nature smiled to him and talked,  
And this remote blue winter sky  
So unapproachable, so high,  
Smiled friendly down,—he thought it said  
That past days were forever dead,  
With cloud and dark, and now for earth  
Quiet it shone, with candid mirth.  
And all these birch trees, shaking bare  
And silvery in the winter air,  
Were conquering a forgotten grief,  
Already dreaming of new leaf!  
The sunset gleamed on ice and snow,  
The western hills were all aglow,  
And through the oaks the red sun dropped;  
And then the bitter north wind stopped,  
And underneath this ice and snow  
He heard the small brook singing flow,—  
As though in April's sun and shadow  
It watered cowslips in a meadow.  
The frosty night came cold and clear;

Yet in that stillness he could hear  
Under the whiteness and the cold  
Roots starting in the frozen mold . . .  
And then he felt new life in him  
Like flowers of red surge up and swim  
Through all his blood; and all earth moved  
With life of her whom he had loved,  
Till she was earth and earth was she,  
She was this snow, this brook, this tree . . .  
And joy rose up in him, and song,  
As buoyantly he walked along:  
Go winter, and come quickly spring,  
Robin, come north again and sing!

Spring in his soul so strong he felt  
That when earth's snows began to melt  
He deemed that it was earth and he  
In subtly planned conspiracy;  
For earth was she and she was earth,  
She was his mistress and his mirth,  
And she and he on pleasure bent

This sunlight and this joyance sent.  
What joy this was! From sunny eaves  
Drops sparkled down, and grass and leaves  
Already through earth's snow appeared  
Where earth by hazy sun was cleared;  
And down the streets began to flow  
Bright rivers from the dying snow,  
Rapidly braiding streams that sung  
Melodious spring, impetuous, young;  
And icicles fell tinkling down  
And earth came upward, steaming brown,  
And wet snow from the roofs was slipping  
And everywhere was ceaseless dripping,  
Flash and patter and breathing ease,  
Of stirring earth and stretching trees,  
And pools of water, blue in sun.  
Spring miracle once more begun!—  
And walking under warm blue skies  
Warming the eyelids on his eyes  
He felt well what it was to be  
A seed in all this revelry,

To feel the soil grow warm above,  
And rain-drops stealing down like love!  
But best of all was knowing this:  
That all this was his lover's kiss,  
His lover come, in guise of earth,  
To justify, for all time, mirth!

So for a flight of magic days  
In these ways and in other ways  
The reawakened life in him  
Woke tunings intricate with whim,—  
Slow earthy sequences of tone,  
Earth-horns, an under-earth trombone,  
A tentative perplexing din;  
Whence softly rose a violin  
To sing an April phrase, and then  
Was lost in jargonings again.  
From this confusion, mingling sweet,  
It needed but a single beat  
Swiftly to draw and lead in one  
Those subtle sequences of tone:

Out of the deeps each voice to bring  
In waking symphony to sing,  
Bidding it quicken, bidding it rise,  
Steadfast to shine like stars in skies,  
To cry out against all that is,  
To shine, to shine with ecstasies,  
Till all the stars grew dim thereby,  
Its vast wings shadowed all the sky,  
Its shadow fell on moon and sun  
And sun and moon grew dull and dun,  
And all the starry multitude  
Were smitten into servitude,  
And love's compulsion made them sing  
'Our glory grace this marriage ring!'

The sun shot lustre through her hair,  
The wind made golden havoc there,  
A whirling whiteness was her dress;  
O trebled was her loveliness  
Upon these hills, beneath this blue,  
These dusky cedars walking through!



Along the top of the world they walked  
And laughed, and ran, and lightly talked;  
The sunlight captured even their words  
Making them flash as bright as birds,  
Giving the heaviest phrases wing  
And bidding simplest words to sing!  
Yet, seeing the sunlight on her cheek,  
It seemed as if he could not speak,  
For all her body shone like wit,  
Earth's wit, a grace so exquisite,—  
Exquisite laughter, flashing wild,—  
That he was tongue-tied, like a child.  
O wonderful sunshine of this day,  
O wonderful music of this May,  
In her they reached their perfect song;  
And as she walked so white along,  
Whitely and joyously, as in sun  
The wonderful sea-waves singing run,  
He felt the earth dissolving dim  
And slipping out from under him,  
And dizzily, dizzily he was borne,

And stone and tree from him were torn,—  
Nothing to cling to!—Naught but air . . .  
And then the sunshine on her hair,  
Her shining eyes, her moving feet,  
Her lips that talking moved so sweet,  
Her young neck, and the hands she raised  
To shade blue eyes from sun that blazed,—  
These, in a world that reeled unsure,  
Seemed stars to hold to, shone secure . . .  
And unapproachable and high  
She bent above him like the sky;  
And yet, not unapproachable;  
For tone and laughter seemed to tell  
That though she moved so high and free  
Yet she could lean to such as he,  
And like the sunlit April skies  
Shoot golden laughter through cold eyes . . .  
Then through a world of flowering green  
She seemed to lean, she seemed to lean,  
The whole blue sky seemed bending down,  
With swift warm winds about him blown,

He saw her eyes, he saw her cheek,  
So close, and yet he could not speak,  
But still bent backward, striving still  
To meet and break all heaven's will,  
To fight this splendor from his face,  
To find a little foothold space,  
To laugh;—then earth began to swing,  
Swiftly his hands flashed out to cling,  
And, as it were for one kiss meant,  
Towards her mouth his whole soul went,  
And warmth and a stillness came  
And all his heart was fused with flame.  
Earth triumphant, and love declared!  
All earth held breath, the lovers stared  
Each in the other's laughing eyes,  
While quiet music went through skies;  
And a blackbird in a cedar swinging  
Straight from their own one heart seemed  
    singing . . .  
So wonderful, they stood quite still  
While soft sea-wind came up the hill,

Quiet as earth was when she lay  
All breathless, waiting the kiss of day;  
Quiet as God, when he had made  
These stars, and, seeing, was half afraid.  
Love was alive once more, and came  
Out of the earth like uttered flame  
In this sweet body, in this sweet face,  
This exquisite, living, laughing grace.  
And yet, old love, old faith, he deemed,  
Stood firm; for now again it seemed  
Her brightness broke from earth, and this  
Was their reunion . . . In this kiss  
Her soul came back to him again,  
After long absence, bitter pain;  
Her mouth, her eyes these seemed to be,—  
Lo, re-embodied, this was she!—

Earth sang, and trembled; down went sun,  
The dark poured out, the day was done . . .  
So, in a year's time, triumphed earth,—  
This May, as last May, brought him mirth.

## YOUTH.

O EARTH, O mother dust, green star of  
heaven,

Gay, rapid dancer, lover of the sun,

Thou of his many brides to whom was given

The thrill of life, still starting, never done:

Under whose mother heart warm quickenings  
run,

The fires of birth and tremulous ecstasy,

The boon and curse of his fierce love of thee:

O mother dust, so careless of thy young;

Who, still intent upon thy love's bright face,

Know of us only as thy love-song, sung

By thee, to him, passionately, through space;

Bright laughing queen, dancer of silver  
grace,

Who, so absorbed in thy sweet dance's mov-  
ing,

Care not for us, the children of thy loving,—

Saving that thou must change, from time to  
time,

The ageing for the youthful, grey for green,  
Lest, in thy love-song, Sun should miss its  
chime,

And thou, without thy vesture, seem less  
queen:

This cry to thee, out of thy soul, unseen,  
One of thy children lifts in desolation,—  
Asking to know the cause of his creation,

Asking to know if thou hast heart for him,  
And for all these, the children of thy womb,  
Who grope, and cry, and call on thee in  
hymn,

On whom thou smilest now, now givest  
gloom;

Thou scatterest darkness upon seed and  
bloom,

And some thou lovest, some thou makest  
die:

Therefore one of thy children lifts this cry,

Into the utter darkness of thy being,  
Hoping that it may somehow dimly reach,  
Cry to thy heart, and bend thy heart to see-  
ing

These loveless, motherless children who be-  
seech;

So mayest thou then give justice unto each,  
Or happiness, maybe; or, if that were pain,  
Take back our breaths and give us dark  
again.

## I.

The surf broke whitely along Coney Beach,  
But he was sickened by that shrieking crowd,

So, with a slow strong overhanded reach,  
Out for the sea he swam, with head low  
bowed;

The June sky shone bright blue, without a  
cloud;

Fiercely over the sea the south wind  
whipped,

Spray blew, gulls veered, the sea raged in,  
white-lipped;

But he was goaded by that roar of throats,  
He hated them, they had no strength, no  
nerve,

They did not dare to strike beyond the floats,  
They clung to ropes . . . While he, with dip  
and swerve,

With face turned back, and brown arm's tire-  
less curve,

Fought with the sea's alternate fall and rise,  
Burst through, shook water out of mouth  
and eyes;



Then steadied, with a hard and rhythmic  
stroke,  
Forged through the glorious tumult of cold  
green,  
Slid down smooth backs, shot under crests  
that broke,  
Rose strong again, laughed inwardly, serene;  
By god, the real thing, this! He tingled  
keen;  
True as a knife he flashed in sea and sun,  
And laughed for joy to feel the strong blood  
run:

To feel his muscles working smooth and  
strong,  
Beating this senseless force, bitterly beating,  
Crushing the sea, his body all one song,  
Fierce and sweet, and merciless in defeat-  
ing . . .  
Slowly the beach's sounds grew faint and  
fleeing,

He was alone, exultant, with the sea,  
He had flung earth away, his soul was  
free . . .

Flung off mankind and all its sordidness,—  
Its pettiness, all its cowardice, its greed;  
Its timid, sneaking lusts, its bloodlessness,—  
Throats that if cut, he thought, could hardly  
bleed . . .

He had flung all this off, and he was freed:  
Of time and space, and all laws made by  
man;  
For out, where no tides are, his strong soul  
ran.

Wind blew, sun shone, the sea came with a  
roar,  
White burst and smother of foam, with green  
and blue,  
Endlessly, rapidly, dizzying towards the  
shore

Wave upon wave under the wind they flew ;  
Sharply above him came the sea-gulls' mew,  
He saw their white wings flash, their bodies  
    lifting,  
The yellow feet held close; he saw them  
    drifting

Swiftly and lightly, like a shimmer, away,  
Down wind, and wheel,—he saw the keen  
    eyes turning . . .

The air came strong, he breathed new life  
    to-day,

Each hard breath set his soul more fiercely  
    burning;

Life to a furious life in him was yearning ;  
Youth towered and shone in him, flamed in  
    his eyes,

And he rose brightly up in clear bright skies.

By god, the real thing, this!—He turned and  
    lay

At ease, rising and falling, breathing deep,  
And loved the sky, and looked across the  
    bay,—  
Over that blue floor watched the black squalls  
    sweep,  
Filling white sails and making schooners  
    leap,  
Trailing the thin smoke swiftly from the  
    ferry,  
Blowing the spray from wave-tops, mad and  
    merry . . .

The real thing, this! and all these endless  
    days,  
These days of senseless drudgery, it was this  
That set his soul in fever,—in a craze,—  
To break away, to feel the crushing bliss  
Of life that wars with life,—the seethe and  
    hiss,—  
Arm shattering wave, and blind wave smash-  
    ing face,

Laughter and shout of wind, and gulls in  
race!

The surge washed over him; he lay at ease,  
With head thrown back, rising and falling  
slow;

And he scorned life, now, as he scorned these  
seas,

They fought him hard, but could not over-  
throw;

He was the stronger life, and they must go;  
Past his cheek went weeds and bubbles  
streaming,

Sun flashed, the foam burst white, but he  
lay dreaming.

X Beauty and strength and youth—he was all  
these;

He knew his power; he was the purest life,  
Life as it came up out of slimy seas

Æons ago . . . ready and strong for strife,

Armed with a thirst that glittered like a  
knife,  
A lust for life, for power, a hot clear passion  
All earth unto his own heart's peace to fash-  
ion . . .

He was all this,—selfish and fierce and  
strong,  
Hating the weak, and all things he could  
beat,  
Knowing that strength was right and weak-  
ness wrong,  
Knowing that death was bitter and life was  
sweet,  
His days a fruit to crush with hands and  
feet;  
No hell, no heaven there was, no god or devil,  
They were but snares, and snares were good  
and evil;  
By god, he saw it now! there were no laws,  
Not one in nature . . . strength was justice  
there,

Every heart for itself with teeth and  
claws . . .

But man! he saw man creeping, with sleek  
hair,

To kill the strong,—in crowds, it wasn't fair,  
They came and snarled and stamped him into  
dirt,

Virtuously, for fear his strength might  
hurt! . . .

He lashed out with his feet, broke wave with  
hands,

Shot green and shimmering through, made  
eddies spin,

Fast as the sea he burst towards the sands,

His heart cried out, he felt new life begin,

And like a god he flashed towards the din

Of men and women bickering on the beach;

Seeing the women splashing, screech on  
screech,

And fat men basking bellies in the sun,  
And sickly city youths who dared not swim,  
Who gasped in water and then came out to

run

Self-conscious on the shore, flabby and  
slim,—

Turning sly eyes to sleek a woman's limb  
Or bit of skin above the stocking gleaming,  
Or breast that stood out clear from water  
streaming;

Pah, how it sickened him! Swiftly he came,  
Caught lightly along in foam, a sea-god  
bright,

Flashed through the surf, burst through the  
crowd like flame,

Scattered the frightened children left and  
right,

Sent a youth spinning, who glowered but  
dared not fight,

Ran tingling, roseate, digging toes in sand,



And laughed because girls stared on every  
hand . . .

The June dusk came, in Jersey set the sun,  
Warm smiling light lay over land and sea;  
The tree-tops burned; he saw the sea-gulls  
run

Through upper rose-fire, shining, floating,  
free;

They made the most of life, and so would  
he,—

He mounted wind with them, strong wings  
were his,

Earth dropped beneath, he burst where sun-  
light is,—

Beat the earth down with dark and angry  
wings,

With every wing-beat felt his body lifting,  
Lost sound and sight of earth and earthy  
things,

High up, triumphant, with a calm wind drift-  
ing;

To watch night rise, and stars through dark  
clouds rifting,—

Ah, that was life! and not this dusty sprawl-  
ing,

These whimpering creatures in the darkness  
crawling!

He looked at all their white suspicious faces,  
Hands pale and lean, limp and slavish and  
vile,

Insolence born of cowardice, slouching paces,  
The crafty glance, insinuating smile . . .

They did not live—they only breathed a  
while,

Tortured themselves, prayed, cursed beneath  
their breath,

Made a wry smiling face at god,—then  
death . . .

Under his feet the electric motors hummed,  
The bright train sped through night, a living  
thing;

The poles whipped past; rhythmic, the rail-  
frogs drummed;

Lights flashed and vanished by as if on  
wing;

This too was life, this speed! He heard it  
sing,

And there was power in it, and ecstasy,  
Its exultation set his spirit free . . .

And when at last he lay that night in bed,  
Tired deliciously, athirst for sleep,  
All this new music triumphed in his head,  
A thousand voices, shrill and sweet and deep;  
In a vast cosmic ring he felt it sweep,  
Like a great tide of stars he felt it run,  
And he among them, round some blinding  
sun;

He heard the people passing in the street,—  
The slow steps on the pavement rang out  
clear;

He heard his watch tick, musically sweet;  
A drunkard sang,—then silence, like a fear;  
Then, like a fairy voice from some far  
sphere,

Came the slow bells from Metropolitan  
Tower,

Now near, now far, the quarters and then  
the hour;

Trolling out sweetly now, now fading far,  
Then the deep solemn voice, twelve times it  
spoke,

And then the quiet . . . he lay and watched  
a star

Which dimmed and shone through blowing  
chimney-smoke;

So earth went on . . . But in him something  
broke,

An exquisite breaking, shot with fire of pain,  
Something was born in him, and something  
slain;

He stared wild-eyed, lay mute, then laughed  
a second,

Drunken with wine of youth; and he knew  
now

That times had changed for good, that life  
had beckoned,

That he must go and live, he cared not  
how,—

Only to fight, take, kill, and never bow:

Stake all, win all, lose all,—what mattered  
this?

Fighting for life, even to die were bliss!

## II.

Weeks passed, a whirl of lights and sound  
and laughter,

A fever dream, vertiginous, roaring, mad,  
He quit his job, not caring what came after,  
And struck out blindly; money enough he  
    had,  
And life, by Christ, would go now as he  
    bade;  
He got it by the throat, he was its master;  
Sing! went his whip, and life danced on the  
    faster.

He drank, he cursed, he flung the world off  
    spinning,  
He fought three times, a girl the cause each  
    time,  
He broke Jake Franz's jaw to stop him  
    grinning,  
Whirled stars about his head and made them  
    chime;  
He got in with a gang whose work was crime,  
Helped crack a jewelry store, then half killed  
    one

Who called him cheat at cards, and pulled a  
gun . . .

At the stage doors he met with murmured  
curses,

He waltzed the queens away, he had his will;  
He laughed to see the sports look black as  
hearses,

White blooded things! Did they have hands,  
to kill?

Touch of soft fingers on him made him thrill,  
He strode, his nostrils quivered stiff with  
scorn,

He wondered why these little men were  
born . . .

He waltzed the queens away,—his smile, his  
voice,

The youth that sang like music through his  
veins,—

They laughed and clung to him, they had no  
choice,  
He was a love-song full of witching strains;  
He danced them out of the world of work  
and pains,  
Girl after girl, white arms came gladly after,  
The music drew, he danced them off with  
laughter.

He did not love them,—they were shining  
dust,  
Speciously bright soft wonders filled with  
lies,  
Timid and insolent, rotten with fawning lust,  
Foolish, with no more depth than peacocks'-  
eyes;  
They lusted after him, to make him prize,  
To hold his body or even to take his soul—  
He smiled, they wept and cursed, but he kept  
whole.



One after one he tempted, drew, eluded,  
Smiled upon, only to show more keen his  
hate,

Boldly into their dusty hearts intruded;  
He bade them know themselves, he came like  
fate;

They loved him? But they loved, he said,  
too late,—

Their life burned out; they should have  
thought of this!

Scornful, on pale lips then, a farewell kiss.

Youth yearns to youth, full blood loves full  
blood only,

He was too bright, too masterful, too keen,  
He was too good for these, so he stood lonely,  
A lonely king waiting the lonely queen;  
An unsurpassable fire, unknown, unseen,  
Impalpable dream, the warm bright mist of  
life,

Music, white stars; so dreamed he of a  
wife . . .

A wife? A mistress rather . . . he would  
not wed:

That was to stoop in chains, renounce his  
wings,

Break body and heart and soul for daily  
bread,

Get down and crawl among all crawling  
things!

Life is not life that only day's work brings!

Crush, master, show no mercy, take, not  
give—

No god save self, that is the way to live . . .

He walked Sixth Avenue, the night was fine;  
And strangely, then, a doubt came, like a  
flame;

Was this way life?—He quenched the doubt  
in wine,

Walked lightly out . . . In crowds the har-  
lots came,  
They laughed, they sang, they moved so free  
from shame,  
So frank in lust! These creatures knew life's  
taste,  
They danced it night and day, no hour to  
waste . . .

They danced,—for what was living but a  
dance?—

Until they sank down whitely to the floor,  
Their rioting done,—seeing in that last  
glance,

New youth come laughing through the burst-  
ing door,

New eyes to shine,—new dancers evermore,—  
And this same savage, passionate music  
played:

Still the same music, though the dancers  
fade.

Doubt turned in him . . . only a moment's  
space . . .

Was life best so? Where was the fight in  
this?

Night-fears! . . . He knew a girl, she was  
fair of face,

She had soft hair, her mouth was cool to  
kiss;

And she could dance, and dancing would be  
bliss . . .

'Us for the music, kid, there's ragtime play-  
ing!

A night of nights!'—She laughed, with no  
gainsaying . . .

'Only, I hope my Jake Franz won't be there—  
Poor Jake! he loves me . . . and he might  
be jealous;

And then, besides, you hit him one,—for  
fair;

He has been blowing round me like a bel-  
lows,

These last two weeks;—you know, these  
love-sick fellows,—

Well, you can't say!—O mother,—hold me,  
honey!

Doesn't this music make your feet feel  
funny!'

The music wailed,—sinuous, drawling,  
svelt,—

Languid, impassioned, a living and beating  
thing,—

Girls closed their eyes and let their bodies  
melt,

The men laughed strangely, held them close  
to swing;

There were tense movements, tense as cry-  
ing string,

Short vibrant steps, quivering stiff with pas-  
sion,

Body to body yearning, stripped of fashion;

Short breaths, arms held out straight, a  
subtle swaying,—

Sometimes a girl, with music almost crazed,  
Wailed a few bars; and all the musicians  
playing

Leaned to their bows a little, like men half  
dazed . . .

Women were drunk with it, their skirts they  
raised,

They showed their knees,—frantic they were,  
to tear

These husks away and leave bright bodies  
bare . . .

Frantic, in one fierce effort to be released,  
To loose their souls from centuries of re-  
straint,

They gave themselves,—until the music  
ceased,—

Then staggered back to benches, flushed and  
faint;

They had forgotten puff and powder and  
paint,  
They were but creatures drunken with mad  
moving,  
Drugged with the body's lust, the body's  
loving.

Jim and his girl sat at a table drinking,  
Watching the dancers in a haze of smoke,  
And, as he watched them, back that doubt  
came slinking,  
It seemed as if some voice within him spoke;  
What was this life? A laugh, a smutty  
joke,—  
A drink, a giddy step, a dance, a kiss,—  
Then the long darkness of the last abyss.

This was not living, but a mad decay,  
Shining in darkness, like all things that rot,—  
A whore-house ball, garish and grim by day,  
Lifeless and sallow and sad, a desolate spot;

Where was the music now? It answered not;  
Shutters were drawn, closed like the eyes of  
    death,  
Smell of dead roses came, a febrile  
    breath . . .

Well, he would quit—this night would be his  
    last.

What he would do he could not say as yet;—  
He drank, May talked; before his mind's eye  
    passed

A host of things . . . the Amazon,—Tibet,—  
Africa . . . There, exploring, he might for-  
    get

These effete countries swarmed with maggot  
    man,—

Masterful, where great winds, great rivers  
    ran . . .

Honduras, Hayti,—rebellions every day;  
He might be king—or fly-blown in a ditch;



Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to  
clay! . . .

Turn socialist? Pah, no,—it made him  
itch,—

Sick, scabrous dogs! . . . Christ no, not  
that! . . . But which?

He did not know; he smiled, May talked to  
him,

The smoke hung round the dancers, wreath-  
ing dim.

He heard and answered, with a dreamy smile,  
May's smutty talk,—she pressed his knee  
with hers;

Why not clear out to mountains for a  
while,—

Breathe pure air sweetened by the pines and  
firs,

Where blue-jay screeches and the swift hawk  
whirs,—

Why not? . . . By god, he would! He'd go  
next day;  
And at the thought he laughed and kissed  
this May.

They danced again; the music, like a sea,  
Swept them away, as blind and light as foam,  
They leapt to stars, wind bore them high  
and free,

They whirled, they laughed, May clutched a  
flying comb . . .

The music stopped . . . Jim stared: 'I'm  
going home;

I'm tired of you,—and all this rutting  
crowd—!

I'm quit.'—He smiled, sarcastic, stiffly  
bowed . . .

And stalked away, seeing Jake Franz look  
sour,

Pull down his waistcoat with elaborate care,

Smile subtly to himself, adjust a flower,  
Pass one palm lightly over oily hair . . .  
Jim kissed his hand to him . . . Thank god,  
fresh air!

He drew deep breaths, fair from the sea it  
came,

He filled his heart with new life like a flame.

Where were the stars? Ah, he remembered,  
then:

Above Fifth Avenue there are no stars;

They have been banished by the lights of  
men,

Theatre-lights, electric signs, bazars,

Cafés and Lobster-houses, glorious bars;

Well, he was quit of this, perhaps for good;

He yearned for mountains, valleys, field and  
wood . . .

Where you could see the sun rise bright  
through trees,

Slanting his glamour over mountain-tops,

Touching the waves of forests broad as seas,  
Taking the flash of dew from field and copse;  
There in the pines a ghost-wind never stops,  
And stars shine down at night through frosty  
air;

He could scorn man, see truth, he thought,  
from there . . .

Yes! He would see life clear from windy  
heights,

Find a new path . . . In this place who  
could see?

A maze of sweating days and feverish nights,  
Imploring hands and mouths, a drunken glee,  
Oaths and despair,—abysmal misery;

He would go out . . . and then would find a  
way.

He was aloft and walked in dawn of day.

Up a dark street he turned, deserted, quiet . . .  
He mused . . . then suddenly, vaguely, he  
became

Aware as of some shadow . . . His heart ran  
riot,

Jake Franz stood black . . . 'By Jesus, it's a  
shame

The way you treat my girl! Say, what's  
your game?

What do you think I am, you swill-pail cat!

You think I'll eat your leavings? . . . Tell  
me that!

Speak up, my boy! Things have to be ex-  
plained.'

—Nonchalant, sneering, then, he flicked  
Jim's chin;

Jim raged, lights ran, he struck out, some-  
thing pained,

In Jake's hand flashed a knife-blade, long  
and thin;

Then Jake dropped downward, darkly, like a  
sin,

Out of the universe, silent as wind it seemed,

Lost in the bottomless darkness, only  
dreamed . . .

Jim stood above him, staring . . . Where  
had he gone?

Ah, he was there . . . 'Get up, you fool!' he  
said,

He kicked him twice; 'vague pains went  
gleaming on,

There in his side,—he felt it wet, he bled . . .

No use though, as he knew: the man was  
dead,

Dead as the stone beneath him . . . He felt  
pain . . .

Angry, 'Get up, you fool!' he said again . . .

He kicked the shape once more, then bending  
down

Scanned the white face, the thin jaw crushed  
aside,

The eyebrows puckered in a puzzled  
frown . . .

'Dead as the dust!' Jim smiled. A wave of  
pride

Surged redly up in him, he beamed, wide-  
eyed;

Then somewhat peevish, stumblingly, he  
turned,

And walked off, slowly,—for his side still  
burned . . .

He washed his cut, changed clothes, and took  
a train;

Wound his watch carefully, and heard it  
tick

Faintly beneath his pillow . . . *Damn* that  
pain . . .

He tossed a bit, heard sleepers breathing  
thick,—

With clouded passion prayed that train be  
quick;

Lifting the shade he saw black woods go by,  
Bright sea . . . dark farm . . . a cold moon  
in the sky . . .

## III.

Up the green valley filled with sun he walked,  
The mountains dreamed in quiet round the  
sky,

The cold brook, flashing down, half sang,  
half talked,

Trees shook; and in blue heaven, frail and  
high,

Like a last flurry of snow went cirrus by;  
The forests rose above him, burned or green,  
Bare rocky summits glowed in sun, serene.

Earth!—The strong mother, bitter and un-  
kind,

Savagely laughing from her lover's kiss,  
Tender, voluptuous, hard, unmerciful,  
blind,—



Earth, his fierce mother, he knew revealed  
in this;

Up the green road he walked, his heart was  
bliss,

Savagely laughing back, a bitter mirth;

Earth did not care for him, nor he for  
earth . . .

Out of her rocks, her mountains, wind and  
rain,

Lightning and cold and ice, at kiss of sun

She gave his body birth and felt no pain;

Torpid she lay, she felt no hot blood run,

Smiled at her lord, nor knew what she had  
done;

Life was her smile to sun, her song of  
praise. . .

He had no debt, then, he would go his  
ways . . .

Yes, go his ways, be true to her, her child,—  
Merciless, hard, voluptuous, soft as dust;

Leave life unchecked in him, be clean and  
wild,

Fashion his days with strong hands, wreak  
his lust . . .

Youth was a knife, he would not let it rust!—  
But cut with it, cut merciless to the core;  
Life sharpens, fighting life, and lives the  
more . . .

He had known what it was to seize and kill,  
To crush with hands, to feel the hot blood  
hum;

Stamped dust in dust, and known the savage  
thrill

Thick in his heart, a laughter in him, dumb;  
Shining he rose from that—now let life  
come,—

Legioned in dark, he had the strength to  
meet it,

Let a vast angry world come, he would beat  
it!

He found a farm, midway from town to  
town,  
Blake's farm; old Blake was looking for a  
man;  
A gentle soul, his face was seamed and  
brown,  
Grief-struck it seemed, inscrutable to scan;  
His wife had run away, so rumor ran;  
He talked in whispers, held a pail of water:  
Jim took the job because he saw Blake's  
daughter . . .

Walking towards them, tall and sweet she  
came,  
Lightly over the grass, as blossom snowing,  
Jim's eyes flared up, he thought 'By god, fair  
game!'  
And watched her keen . . . Her soft white  
dress was blowing,  
Softly, a little, a glimpse of stocking show-  
ing;

Three daisies shone like stars in her dark  
hair,

Her eyes were deep, her brown slim neck was  
bare.

Her soft dress blowing made a rustling  
sound;

Rhythmic she came; over her quiet face  
The wind blew strays of hair, she slightly  
frowned,

An absent gesture brushed them back in  
place;

April she was,—she came with April's grace,  
Into his heart she came, softly as fire,  
And in his eyes rose lightnings of desire.

She was the earth that's gentle, smiles in  
sun,

The soft green earth of spring, the hush of  
spring,

Young earth in whom have hardly yet begun

The blossom-fires that snow and burn and  
sing:

Youthful and grave, a wise and shining thing,  
Unscathed by knowledge, therefore trebly  
wise,

Unburned by passion yet, with undimmed  
eyes.

'The new man, Jane; just show him round  
the farm;'

The old man whispered; Jane's face lighted  
then,

She smiled to Jim, her soul faced his soul,  
calm,

She had the frank straightforwardness of  
men.

She led him round, showed pasture, fallows,  
pen,

The apple orchard, full of grey old trees,

The barn, a poultry-yard, some hives of  
bees . . .

Jim saw, but saw not; hungrily he listened  
Lest he should miss her voice's slightest  
word,

Sweetly she spoke, and, hearing, Jim's eyes  
glistened,

Never before so sweet a voice he'd heard;  
It bubbled, it broke in spray, like song of  
bird;

Like living waters that through a spring  
wood run,

A quiet glee, a flashing in warm sun.

Into his soul like song of fire it went,  
Warm tremulous music, strangely bringing  
power,

An April stir, an innocent blandishment,  
The spring blood pushing blindly out in  
flower . . .

What was this change, the magic of an hour?  
He yearned to reach out arms to her and  
take her,

She was so sweet! To crush, to bruise, to  
break her . . .

She was so soft, so bright, so star-like pure,  
She walked beside him there so frank and  
free,

Buoyantly quiet, smiling, always sure;

He watched her long, light step, the moving  
knee

Rippling the soft white dress so gracefully;  
Fair game, by god! A savage strength in  
him

Sang to his finger-tips, his eyes swam dim . . .

Quiet, 'You must be lonely here!' he said,—  
'Here all alone with mountains and with  
sky . . .'

They talked a space, with often turning head,  
Each frankly pleased to have that other  
by . . .

He thought, 'It won't be hard, she isn't  
shy,—

Two weeks, I'll have her!'—Glancing down,  
he smiled,

Thinking her 'half a woman, half a child' . . .

They saw the farm,—it was a pleasant place,  
Hard by a wood that sloped up to a hill,—  
The brook between; below there was a race,  
And when the wind came up you heard the  
mill;

At night you'd hear the woods, it was so  
still:

Jim lay awake, hearing soft sough of leaves,  
The woods asleep, birds rustling in the  
eaves . . .

And brook went droning downward, still the  
same,

Soft as a dream . . . grey as the woof of  
sleep . . .



Then, in his mind, her face came, bright as  
    flame,  
He saw her smiling, saw her eyes grow deep;  
He heard her speaking, saw her gesture  
    sweep  
Over the deep fields, valley, shining hills,  
Clover, and sun-flash on high mountain-  
    rills . . .

Wild-carrot tossing whitely over meadows,  
Brown fallow, shining glossy from the  
    plough,  
Over the fields, flying, went blue cloud-shad-  
    ows,—  
Dimly, as if through water . . . All this,  
    now,  
Came keenly, with a breath of balsam bough  
Fresh from the woods . . . And he could see  
    her face,  
Quiet and calm, sweet spirit of this place . . .

Yes, it was calm, a shallow in life's river,  
Gently it moved, and lingered much in  
sun . . .

He could stay here in languid ease forever,  
Not looking outward where swift waters  
run;

No, though! He must get out, the fight was  
fun;

He would stay here till murder-fuss was  
over,

Laze here a while, and dream things out, in  
clover . . .

Ah! and for Jane!—his eyes stared wide  
through night,

As if they saw her beauty somewhere there,  
Walking so lithely through the sun's kind  
light . . .

His body yearned to hers, for she was fair,  
Young, with young eyes, soft skin, and dark  
soft hair;—

Youth yearns to youth, full blood loves full  
blood only,  
She would be mirth, his stay would not be  
lonely . . .

Only a while, he thought, only a while,—  
He must go back to the dark world of  
men . . .

He would but stay a summer, kiss her smile,  
Drink laughter from her bubbling mouth,  
and then,—

Well, she was nothing more! go back  
again . . .

He laughed at her . . . his dreams made  
vaguer riot . . .

Sleep-webs came floating down, and he lay  
quiet.

#### IV.

Out through the fields they walked when  
work was done;

Like bright quick thoughts a month of days  
had passed;

Time was but interchange of dark and sun,  
Clouds piled and massed and vanished, piled  
and massed;

Dawn after dawn the patient spiders cast  
New gossamers on the grass to flash with  
dew;

The crows cawed harsh; red-tasselled the tall  
corn grew.

The pumpkins glowed like fire among dark  
vines,

Over wide fields danced myriad golden-rod,  
Yellowing earth; then came bright flash of  
tines,

The hay-forks tossed, scythe swished, and old  
Blake trod

Sadly and slowly, whispering thanks to God,  
And praying God to give three fine days  
more,—

Three days of sun, to take in winter's  
store . . .

A month of days . . . Jim worked, he sang  
them by,  
Blew them off, soft as dandelion greys;  
For Jane was there, like full moon in the  
sky,  
Jane, with her voice, her smile, her quiet  
ways;  
Watching him work with wise and musing  
gaze,  
Talking so wisely, brushing back stray hair,  
Or broidering all day, quick, with soft arms  
bare.

'By god, I'll have her yet! Fool that I am!'  
Jim rested back from hoeing, spat, changed  
grip,  
Thought he was faint of will,—not worth a  
damn;

He frowned: how had he let so much time  
slip?

He, the ring-master,—where now was his  
whip?

Youth rose rebellious, savage flashed his hoe;  
By god, to-night! The time had come to go.

The time had come: he must get back again,  
Where there was life, and fighting, blood to  
spill,

He would walk strong and scornful among  
men,

Take power from them, be master, wreak his  
will;

He had known what it was to crush and  
kill—

He knew his strength; if he were killed in-  
stead,—

Well, he lived only once, but once was dead!

Life must be rich in deeds: it did not matter

If they were crime, so long as they were  
brave;

Let others make, it was his work to shatter,  
His work to take and spend, let others save;  
Life walked but once this night-road to the  
grave—

Ah, let it dance, then, sing, storm heights of  
power;

Savage and swift, crush life from every  
hour! . . .

. . . . .

'Come for a walk, Jane, there's a new moon  
shining,

Bright through the firs . . . We'll go,—I  
know a place . . .'

Through the warm dark they stepped; a dog  
was whining;

The wind came faintly up, they heard the  
race;

He looked and saw the starlight on her face,

And his heart pained him, loudly beating,  
    beating;

The fir-cones dropped, they walked; and time  
    was fleeting.

The new moon swam through fir-tops, hid  
    and shone,

The trees made sounds in sleep . . . or  
    sounds in dream . . .

As if they dreamed of life long dead and  
    gone.

At edge of wood, a soft slope down to stream,  
Dark, was a clover bed;—with whirl and  
    gleam

The big bees hung and hummed there in  
    warm noon;

Sweetly it slept, now, drowsed by brook's  
    slow tune . . .

'Here is my place . . . It is so soft, in  
    clover . . .



So sweet . . . I'm sure the bees sleep here at  
night! . . .'

She laughed a while with him; O laugh of  
lover,

That cries so deep and dark, that sings so  
light!

They laughed a while, moon made their faces  
white,

He saw her white hands moving at her  
throat,

Clasping a brooch . . . On wind they seemed  
to float,—

Over the forest-tops, his heart was burning,  
Touching the leaves, softer than dream they  
were . . .

Her dress shone pale, and all his soul went  
yearning

To feel that whiteness, kiss, and capture her;  
Out of the woods came soft a still-and-stir,

They hardly breathed, dared not turn face  
to face;

Their hearts beat loudly in that sleeping  
place.

'Jane, there is something . . .' Speech was  
caught from him,

Fire surged up in him, filled throat and eyes,  
'I love you, Jane . . .' 'O, and I love *you*,  
Jim—!'

The words had burst and paled, and they  
were wise;

But they sat still, they watched the glorious  
skies,

All the world's beauty through that darkness  
came,

Jane's breath broke sharply, Jim hung head  
in shame . . .

Her face was white with moonlight, her eyes  
deep,

Her eyes closed slowly, feeling his warm kiss,  
Her softness came around his heart like  
sleep,

Through all his veins she went, a singing  
bliss;

Through all his veins, with fire and seethe  
and hiss,

Like blossom-fires of spring her body went,  
He closed his eyes and knew now what life  
meant;

This was life's flower, life meant no more  
than this:

His mouth at her mouth, giving breath and  
taking,

Body and soul surrendered in one kiss,  
The soul on fire within, the body shaking;  
Life had been dream before, now came his  
waking,

She in his arms, her quick breath on his  
cheek,

Her soft hair falling, hearts too full to speak.

Life had been dream! His heart was loud  
with crying,  
To think how frantic, foolish he had been,  
Frantic in darkness, shouting, hitting, lying,  
Feeling this power but turning it to sin;  
That was all dreamed; he felt new life begin,  
And a last passionate grief shook darkly  
through him  
Lest this new wonder tame, unman, undo  
him . . .

'Jane, you're the stars, the suns, the moons of  
heaven,  
And all the beauty and strength and height  
and fire,  
The glory and power for which I've blindly  
striven,  
Not knowing my aim, not knowing my own  
desire . . .'  
He kissed her throat, they watched the moon  
climb higher,

And the stars marching, marching, never  
stopping;

The brook droned on, they heard the fir-  
cones dropping;

The moonlight made soft silver of the clover,  
Tremulous in warm wind . . . Face close to  
face,

They saw this dark sweet world as love and  
lover,

They were the soul of night and of this place;  
Darkly through deep eyes they went out  
through space,

Timeless, eternal, mingling the near and far,  
Changing from life to dream, from earth to  
star . . .

Feeling the dream turn earth beneath their  
feet,

Feeling the star turn human in their hands,  
In darkness finding dark eyes deep and sweet,

And a warm human face in firebrands . . .  
Love's magic only a lover understands,  
Magic and magian, he is both in one,  
Shrinking to speck, dilating huge as sun . . .

Up from the valley's dark, two miles below,  
The light wind brought a fading sound of  
    bells,  
The church clock struck the hour, sweet and  
    slow,  
Some notes they missed, some came with the  
    wind's swells;  
The wind came soft, sweet with the soft  
    night smells,  
Meadow and pines, and dew on new-mown  
    grass;  
So time passes, so even earth must pass . . .

Out of the clover then the lovers rose.  
Moved arm in arm, like ghosts; Jim gazed  
    at Jane,

And thought he walked on giddy heights of  
    snows,

Or breathed star-fire . . . so sweet it was,  
    'twas pain ;

And they must stop to kiss, and kiss again,  
And touch with hands, and laugh, and walk  
    on slowly,

Through the moon's light that lay so still  
    and holy . . .

'Good-night!'—Mouth fed on mouth, eyes  
    closed with yearning,

Body to body quivered and then stood still,  
And the hearts paused, and the blood ceased  
    its burning,

To hear the music of one perfect will . . .

A long while then, leaning on window-sill,  
Jim stared at night; he felt a great calm  
    spread

Wide in his soul . . . as if his youth were  
    dead . . .

As if all strength, all fierceness, lust for life,  
The mad thirst, body's trembling greed for  
power,

His love of war, the glittering of the knife,—  
Faded, dislimned, all vanished in this hour.

A sadness drooped his spirit . . . Would he  
cower,—

Dream life away?—Well, maybe dream was  
best,

Dream, and the long slow years of calm and  
rest . . .

No feverish search through the mad universe,  
Fighting to crush the small and kill the  
strong,—

Where was the good in that? That life was  
curse;

He would live calmly, usefully, and long,  
Plough earth, sow corn, make life a pastoral  
song,

Take fill of love, and peace, and quiet mirth,



Close to the calm heart of his mother,  
Earth . . .

Long while Jim dreamed here, looking out at  
night,  
Till elbows ached from leaning, eyes were  
strained;  
But then Jane's face came back so sweet, so  
white,  
In the moon's pale,—and slow this trouble  
waned . . .

The waters roared far out, he yearned, he  
pained,—  
New youth would fight them . . . Here they  
ran, not deep,  
But calmly, smooth in sunlight, calm as  
sleep.

He would stay here untroubled by life's  
sound,

Through years to come he saw, year beyond  
year;

He would stay here, go this life's quiet round,  
He saw himself grow old, still ploughing  
here . . .

So in his love he dreamed,—stirred by no  
fear

That life was useless, useless age and youth,  
Sorrow and joy . . . Love touched him,  
veiled the truth:

And life made slave of him . . . Meanwhile,  
the earth

Still through the starlight danced her endless  
song,

Turning her lord's love to slow death and  
birth,

Still changing grey for green, the weak for  
strong;

Life's cry she heard not, knew not right or  
wrong;

Youth rose, youth fell; she smiled to sun,  
danced on,  
Smiling the same smile, dancing, dawn to  
dawn.

## ROMANCE.

THE last farewells were said, friends hurried  
ashore,—

The screw threshed foam, and jarred; the  
pier slid by;

Hands went to ears to still the siren's roar,  
Handkerchiefs waved, and there was call and  
cry;

Over it all, austere and pure and high,  
Glittering snow and gold, the towers looked  
down,—

Serene and cold, regardless of the town.

The wind blew north; and gravely on it came  
The trolling of the Metropolitan bells,  
First the four chimes, softly as puffs of flame,  
Then the deep five . . . Slow, gentle, gleam-  
ing swells

Came glancing in the sun, with ocean smells,  
Up from the harbor and the further sea;  
Over the stern poised white gulls, giddily.

Over the stern they poised and dipped and  
glanced,  
Now dull in shade, now shining in bright  
sun,  
And one youth watched them as they whirled  
and danced,  
And noticed how they circled, one by one;  
To have those wings, that freedom,—God,  
what fun!—  
And watching them he felt youth in him,  
strong,  
Wings in his blood, and in his heart a song.

Autumn! Already now the keen wind  
nipped,  
The skies arched cold bright blue, the leaves  
were turning;

Whitely over the waves the cold squalls  
whipped;  
Scarlet and pale, the maple trees were burn-  
ing,  
Tossing in gusts, and whirling and returning,  
On Staten Island, wonderfully afire;  
In bacchic song they flamed, with mad de-  
sire.

Autumn! bringing to old adventures death,  
Sadness at all things past, things passing  
still,  
Touching all earth with strange and mystic  
breath,  
Veiling all earth in fire ere winter kill;  
Even this youth felt now his deep heart fill  
With a grey tide of mystery and sadness,  
Poignant sorrow for all past hours of glad-  
ness . . .

Those times—would others come as keen as  
they?

Was life to come as living as life past?—

Ah, he was youth, life could not say him  
nay,—

The blood sang swift in him, doubt could not  
last;

Let all life dead beneath his feet be cast  
And he would trample it, divinely singing:  
Life lay before, more rapturous music bring-  
ing!

More lusts, more shining eyes, more dizzy  
laughter,

More, madder music, flute and violin,  
With drums before and roses showered after,  
Always in new bliss drowning his old sin;  
Sin?—Was it that?—And straight in merry  
din

Of song and shout and laugh this thought  
was lost;

It was no sin to live, whate'er the cost! . . .

High overhead the Brooklyn bridges passed,  
Span upon span and rumorous with cars,  
Their shadows on the deck a moment cast,  
With dizzy thunder from their traffic's wars;  
Those grey stone piers would soon be  
crowned with stars,—

Even now their brows were soft with waning  
sun;

The homeward march of armies was begun.

Good-bye, old bridges! And New York,  
good-bye!

Northward the engines took him; now no  
more

His gaze hung here; he watched the western  
sky

Blazing with vision-isles and faery shore;  
Northward the vibrant ship beneath him  
bore;

The Sound spread out before them, wide and  
blue,



Clean came the wind whereon the sea-gulls  
flew . . .

Soft fields, the flaming trees, a twilight  
farm . . .

New York was gone. He drew deep breaths  
of air,

Keen as keen fire it was; then slow and calm,  
He turned to walk . . . when lo, a girl came  
there,

Deep sunset in her eyes and on her hair,  
Her white dress clinging to her knees, one  
hand

Rising to shade her blue eyes; as she scanned

The swiftly gliding shore, the passing ships,  
The bell-buoys, bobbing and tolling in the  
tide . . .

A moment, breath hung lifeless on his lips,  
His heart froze quiet; no one was at her  
side;

Faintly, he smiled; he thought her eyes re-  
plied,

Remote lights meeting in them,—quicken-  
ing;

He passed, and all his body seemed to  
sing . . .

He passed, then turned; and, as he turned,  
she turned,—

Her eyes met his eyes shyly, then again

She looked away, and all her soft face  
burned,

And all her virgin heart was big with pain.

From the saloon below came soft a strain  
Of some new rag-time, bidding feet to move,  
Imploring hands to cling, young hearts to  
love . . .

Sweetly it came, seductive, soft, bizarre,

Huddled and breathless now, now note by  
note

Crying its separate pain . . . now near, now  
far . . .

Mingled with all the throbbing of the boat.  
How beautiful! the first star came, to float  
Impalpable in dusk, low in the east;  
It seemed to sing on when the music ceased.

Herald of love, lo, love itself it seemed,  
Singing into the twilight of her soul . . .  
How beautiful! . . . across dark waters  
gleamed

Red lights and green, she heard a bell-buoy  
toll

Suddenly caught in the after-wash's roll;  
A smell of autumn fires came down the wind;  
Beauty so keen it seemed it must have  
sinned . . .

What was this night, what did it bring to  
her,

What flower unfolded in its darkness now?

She was this night; she felt her deep soul  
stir,

The slow strange stir of blossoms in the  
bough . . .

How beautiful! She watched the forefoot  
plough

Sheer through the foaming black, the white  
waves gliding

Dizzily past, now swelling, now subsiding . . .

O Youth, O music, O sweet wizardry

Of young life sung like fire through beating  
veins!

O covering darkness and persuasive sea!

O night of stars, of blisses and of pains!

But most, O Youth, that but an hour re-  
mains,—

Be fierce, be sweet with us before you go;

For, knowing you, the best of life we know.

Enchanted so she watched dark waters slip-  
ping

Swiftly and dizzily past the sheer black side,  
Watched the fierce wind in sudden flurries  
whipping

The torn spray from the waves, against the  
tide;

High among stars she saw the mast-head  
glide,—

Steadily now, now swinging slowly, slightly,  
There the high mast-head lantern burning  
brightly . . .

O Youth, O music, O sweet wizardry,—  
O covering darkness of mysterious night!—  
She turned; along the dark deck, quietly,  
He came again; an open door shed light  
Strongly across him for a space, then fright  
Suddenly set her wild heart beating, beat-  
ing,—

Suddenly set her endlessly repeating

‘I mustn’t speak! I mustn’t speak!’—And  
then

He stood beside her, close and warm and  
strong,

And she knew sudden the beauty that's in  
men,

And all her blood flew musical with song . . .

'—Beautiful, isn't it.—Have you known it  
long?'—

Calmly he looked at her, and gently spoke.

She nodded, lightly; then the warm words  
broke

Easily, quickly, fervently from her heart,  
All the restraint of all her youth was gone,  
She felt a thousand warm new instincts start  
Out of her soul, birds taking wing with dawn,  
Singing their hearts out . . . With a deep  
breath drawn,

'Yes! I've known it for years, and loved it,  
too;

Beautiful!—This—is this the first for you?'

They talked, in low tones; and the sound of  
    sea,

Falling of foam and swish of dropping spray,  
Encircled them with song, incessantly;—

They felt alone, the world seemed far away.  
They two! they two! so seemed the night to  
    say;

A darkness and a stealing fragrance came  
Spreading through all their souls, silent as  
    flame . . .

O beauty of being a living thing, she  
    thought,—

Of drawing breath beneath these stars, this  
    sky!—

O beautiful fire that from his eyes she caught,  
That made her breath rise quick, her lips  
    burn dry!

What was this thing? Dread came, she  
    scarce knew why,—

Impulsively she went; yet she had given

Her word to dine with him, her earth was  
heaven.

He watched her go, and smiled,—her white  
dress blowing

Softly in dark,—so young, so sweet, so brave!  
She was so pure! by God, there was no know-  
ing,—

And he had half a mind, still, to behave . . .  
No, though: far better take what fortune  
gave,—

Dance to the music that was played for him;  
Smiling he mused of her, his eyes grew dim,—

And he could feel her warmth by his side,  
And all his body flushed with sweet desire  
To take her shining loveliness for bride,  
To kiss, to fuse with her in single fire . . .  
O youth, O young heart musical as a lyre!  
O covering darkness of mysterious night!



He knew these things; his heart was filled  
with light . . .

What was one more? Pah, how he scorned  
this qualm!

Innocent? Such girls seem—but never are.  
No, he was not her first . . . And cold and  
calm

He turned and sought the brightly-lighted  
bar . . .

The music rose, through shut doors, faint and  
far,

Wailful . . . Down in her stateroom mirror  
there

A young girl eyed herself, with frightened  
stare.

## II.

She eyed herself with quick breath, fright-  
ened stare,

The fingers of one hand caught at her throat,  
And half unconsciously she smoothed her  
hair . . .

The music called to her, bizarre, remote . . .  
On a vast hurrying tide she seemed afloat,  
Hurrying through a darkness downward ever,  
Starless, along some subterranean river . . .

Where was she going? Where was the cur-  
rent taking?

Vaguely she knew that it would lead to pain,  
To a dark endless pain her deep heart break-  
ing,

To a grey world forever dulled with rain . . .  
And yet she knew this would not come again,  
And all the sweet bliss came imploring, plead-  
ing,

Melting her soul, bruising her heart to bleed-  
ing . . .

O God, she did not know!—Yet future sor-  
row

Seemed somehow paid for by this instant  
bliss,

A brief to-day was worth a long to-morrow;  
O youth, O night,—this joy she dared not  
miss!

Her whole soul yearned for this young lover's  
kiss,

Though it be paid for through eternity.

O, had not God designed this thing to be?

Was not her mouth for this young mouth in-  
tended,

Since all her living body told her so?

Was it not preordained that so be ended

A girlhood colder than December snow?

A starlight kiss—she need no further go—:

His warm hands touching hers: O was this  
sin?

Just this?—She shut her eyes to fires with-  
in . . .

To those fierce central fires she closed her  
eyes,

Yet dimly of their passion was aware,  
And felt their flames like drunkenness arise  
Whirling her soul, making life strangely  
fair . . .

She eyed herself with held breath, frightened  
stare . . .

Alas, was it the alchemy of sin  
That made her lovelier far than e'er she'd  
been?

Plausibly sweet the music came to her,  
Through many doors, most plausible and  
sweet,

Setting some subtle pulse in her astir,  
Smoothing in song her heart's erratic beat.  
Dizziness came, unstrung her knees, her feet,  
And she sank down a space upon her bed,  
Shutting her eyes, mad reelings in her head.

How would this end? And would her whole  
    life change,  
Swayed by this mastering sun as sways the  
    moon?

Would all her way of life be new and strange,  
Her friends be lost, her kin desert her soon?  
Passion surged up in her, and in its swoon  
These doubts were swept aside, obscure and  
    fleeting;

Somewhere she heard a beating . . . beating  
    . . . beating . . .

Was it her heart, the loud pulse in her ear,  
Or music, some recurring undertone?—  
The drums perhaps . . . She raised her head  
    to hear,  
The beating ceased . . . Only the tireless  
    drone  
Of toiling engines, and the sea's hushed moan  
Soft through the fast-shut port . . . and  
    that was all.

Steps passed and re-passed down the muffled  
hall.

Steps passed and re-passed on the deck above  
Ringing like iron . . . The curtains by her  
bed

Quivered forever to the engine's move,  
And from the lamp a quivering light was  
shed.

These senseless things, when all her life was  
dead,

Would still go on: steps pass, the curtains  
quiver,

These things or others,—they would last for-  
ever.

Quickly she rose, and in the mirror's shine  
Looked at herself a quiet moment's space;  
It was as if the earth's autumnal wine  
Had touched her soul,—her body had a grace  
That passing life has, lovely was her face

With a strange loveliness, and in her eyes  
Was the deep glory of October skies.

She was alive! her blood flew warm and  
young;

No more than this she knew, that she was  
fair;

And happiness through her deep heart was  
sung,

Passionate joy as light as flame in air;

O youth! O love, oblivious of all care!

O lithe swift-blooded youth, O rose of earth,

O warm-eyed loveliness of fragrant mirth!—

Giddy, with whirling thoughts, she left her  
room;

And down the corridor, with fainting feet,

Lightly she went, caught onward to sweet  
doom,

And only heard her heart's loud tremulous  
beat;

Through opening doors, most plausible, most  
sweet,

The music rose to her; and he stood there,  
Smiling, in all that noise and whir and  
glare . . .

Over the shining silver, sparkling glass,  
The smooth white table-cloth, he leaned and  
smiled;

The whole world vanished, they were lad and  
lass,

In love, and face to face, hearts running wild.  
Deep in her eyes he looked: O what a child!  
Her soft breast rose and fell, her throat's pure  
white

Beat with a little pulse of joy and fright.

No need to talk . . . For in their eyes they  
met,

Treading an air so soft, so light, so fine,



That they were speechless, words they could  
forget;

They only smiled, and shyly sipped their  
wine,

And smiled again, and felt their full hearts  
shine,

Talked breathlessly a little, and longed to  
lean

Nearer, more near,—till no mote lay be-  
tween,—

Not light or darkness, world or heaven or  
star,

Not wind, nor warm, nor cold . . . but just  
they two

Meeting at last, two spirits come from far,  
Face raised to face, white flowers made sweet  
with dew,—

Shining and passionate, and young and  
new,—

Their two warm bodies singing each to each,

Mingling at last in love's harmonious  
speech . . .

The lights, the noise, the tumult passed  
away;

As in a dream without a sound they passed;

She only knew that it was wildly gay,

And shy, and bliss unbearable . . . At last

Under the high dark starward-gliding mast

In grateful night they sat; he brought her  
coat

And trembling wrapped the scarf around her  
throat;

Letting his fingers linger there a space,

Longer than there was need, so sweet she  
smiled,

So close they were to that soft wistful  
face . . .

The stars looked down upon them, clear and  
mild . . .

Woman and maiden, girl, and little child,—  
She was all these . . . A moment, he was  
shaken,—

Lest he do wrong, lest he might prove mis-  
taken . . .

Only a moment . . . passion rose again,  
Quiet he took her hand and held it long,  
And all her virgin heart grew big with pain,  
And all her new-born body ached with song.  
Blindly she prayed to God to make her  
strong,—

More blindly cried to earth to make her  
weak;  
And looked at him, near tears, and could not  
speak.

He was a loveliness she could not bear . . .  
Like a fierce furnace seemed his beauty  
now . . .

A fire that caught her throat, her lips, her  
hair,

Her parching eyes, her pained and beating  
brow.

Only to give herself,—she cared not how,—  
Into the flame, body and soul to fling;  
To have him hurt her,—ah, divinest  
thing! . . .

Four bells were struck: 'twas ten o'clock he  
said;

And still the sea rushed past, under the night.  
The engines toiled and the great steamer  
sped;

And they could see the bow-wash, dimly  
white,

Fall into darkness ever; the mast-head light  
Quivered among the stars, and in its fire  
A span of fore-stay shone like golden  
wire . . .

Little by little they were left alone,  
The decks were emptied; only, from the bar,  
Came shouts and laughter, and a drunkard's  
groan,

And glasses clinking, and a strummed guitar.  
The door shut, and the sounds grew faint  
and far,

And all the deck was dark; only the sea  
Lifted its great voice, like infinity.

O youth, O music, O sweet wizardry  
Of young love sung like fire through beating  
veins!

O covering darkness and persuasive sea!  
O night of stars, of blisses and of pains!  
But most, O youth that but an hour re-  
mains,—

Be fierce, be sweet with us, before you go;  
For knowing you the best of life we know!

Beneath his kiss her mouth rose soft and  
warm,

And dewy soft as rose-leaves were her eyes,  
Under his hands, shaken as with a storm  
He felt her soft breast fall and shudder and  
    rise,  
Torn with impassioned breath, unuttered  
    cries;  
Quivering, straining breast against his breast,  
She clung to him, her mouth on his mouth  
    pressed . . .

And only knew that this was life at last,  
Forgot all else in agony of bliss;  
Into this fire of love all earth was cast;  
The stars, the sea, were mingled in this kiss.  
And through her heart the blood, with sing  
    and hiss,  
Poured a red madness, surged a riotous  
    pain,—  
Unbearable music cried out in her brain . . .

'O love,' he said, 'O let me come with you!  
I love you so! This night,—O let me  
come!'—

Ah God have pity! she knew not what to do,  
But sat all quiet,—frozen, shrinking, dumb;  
And only heard the toiling engines hum,  
The rush of sea, the swish of dropping spray,  
Her clamorous heart; and all that she could  
say

Was a quick 'yes,' and then a broken breath  
That quivered like a sob; and then she rose,  
Dizzy and weak and pale, like one near  
death,

And now her heart was fire, and now it  
froze . . .

Faint in her room she stood; the door to  
close,—

She might still turn the key . . . She cried  
a space,—

Long in the glass stared at her pallid  
face . . .

And heard a step tramp over the deck above,  
Ringing like iron . . . The curtains by her  
bed

Quivered forever to the engine's move,  
And from the lamp a quivering light was  
shed . . .

These things would all go on when she was  
dead . . .

Trembling, with misty eyes, she loosed the  
pin

Under her throat . . . mad fires whirled up  
within . . .

Mad fires whirled up, engulfing all her soul;  
Beyond the sun and stars, across all space,  
Power that earth nor heaven could now con-  
trol,



She heard her lover come, with quickening  
pace;

Nowhere to hide! Alas. his shining face,  
Though she hid under seas would find her  
there,

Though she hid under mountains lay her  
bare!

Across the stars, nearer, more near it came,  
And now earth shook with it, and now the  
sea,

And her white body, tremulous with shame,  
From its sheer anguish knew that it was  
he,—

Yearned for this wonder that was soon to be;  
And all her heart made music for his feet,  
All of the world re-echoed to their beat . . .

Marriage of youth! And quick a darkness  
fell,

And time and space went down, consumed in  
fire;

Through that dark space, only one breath, to  
tell

That here was youth, and love, and wild de-  
sire:

One heart that to itself sang ever higher,  
Tremulous, passionate, despite all pain,—  
'How wonderful!—how wonderful!'—again.

### III.

October earth, with scarlet maple leaf,  
With oak-leaves brown, with flaming leaves  
and pale;

Mysterious autumn, symbol of all grief,  
Symbol of lives that die and hopes that fail:  
Now on the threshing-floor has fallen the  
flail,

The hands are elsewhere that have stored  
the grain;

Now comes the season of snows and bitter  
rain.

Weeks passed . . . And then one day there  
came a note

To New York for this youth . . . he tore  
and read.

It was that girl he played with on the  
boat . . .

Scarcely three shaky lines . . . in which she  
said,

That she was sick with typhoid, nearly  
dead,—

Wanted to say she loved him; then she cried,  
O God, if he would come before she died!—

Loved him! . . . a blackness fell; and in his  
eyes,

So long unused, and even now ashamed,

He felt the warm tears quickening to  
rise . . .

Loved him!—he had not known . . . Could  
he be blamed?—

Then a great light of sorrow in him flamed,  
And bitterness, his sight swam quickly dim,—  
Thinking how little it had meant to him!

Scarce knowing why, he packed his things  
and went . . .

He was surprised, on seeing her, to find  
How lovely she had been, though pale and  
spent . . .

He sat beside her, striving to be kind,  
Stroking her forehead . . . Yet, she had di-  
vined,

And known too bitterly, before she died,  
This man had never loved her, but had  
lied. . . .

And he knew this: he knew that she had  
known;

In her dark eyes he saw the mastered yearning,  
ing,

All the unspoken love that died in moan,  
Shrunk on itself, through all her body burning . . .

And many days the memory came returning  
Of her last kiss,—quivering, wet with tears,—  
Her clinging hands, her brimmed eyes dark  
with fears . . .

Until at times a sudden terror came  
Lest, through great pity, he should love one  
dead,—

So burning sweet recurred in him this shame,  
So haunted him those eyes, that fallen  
head;

The lips that pleaded so, the words she  
said,—

Pathetic words!—these haunted him a space;  
Then, in the dark of time he lost her face . . .

O Autumn! bringing to old adventures death,  
Sadness at all things past, things passing  
still,—

You touched this love with strange and  
dreadful breath;

Easy as leaf is human love to chill,—

Easy as leaf is human love to kill;

Yet beautiful is that death with sudden  
flame,

Ere it goes down to darkness, whence it  
came! . . .

## EARTH TEDIUM.

### I.

IF part of earth, I am a sullen part,  
A note discordant in her harmony;  
For I cry out against her ceaselessly,  
And bear a separate music in my heart;  
Or if in truth my soul was born of earth,  
Most strange that being her offspring I  
should hate

Her who in anguish opened wide the gate  
To blinding light of sun, the gate of birth!  
Only in autumn do I feel with her;  
As fall her leaves, so fall the leaves in me,  
In borrowed splendor, dropping wearily,  
Back to the dust wherefrom she bade them  
stir.

Why did she wake, why bade she them to  
rise?

What joy had they of life? Dream you they  
heard

The cry of wind, or song of any bird:  
Felt gratitude for rains or sunny skies?  
Ah, I have often envied them for this:  
They had no sorrows though they had no  
bliss.

## II.

For us, her special tortures were prepared;  
Ah sorceress! through our unhappy veins  
Music of intermingled loves and pains  
Slowly she breathed; nor have we since been  
spared.

May she have joy of us, so she desire!  
And what escape? For her all life is sport;  
No matter what illusions we may court,—  
For you she scorns your glee, for me, my ire.  
Shall I make brave sweet praise of life to  
sing?



Lo, with her terrible mirth she shakes high  
heaven;

Shall I cry out against this life I'm given?

Or sulk? No odds, she revels in the thing!

Yea, even if in my desperate plight I cry

'Earth has no soul, no sense, and knows us  
not,

Or if she ever knew us has forgot,'—

Still am I conscious of a leering eye.

O falling leaves, let me go down with you

To lie insensible in dust and dew!

### III.

Still, if she laughs whichever way we take,—

Methinks it were the shrewder thing to go

Such path as, wisely followed, brings least  
woe,

Dreaming some dream least likely to awake.

Smiles she?— I care not. You exist not,

Earth!

Man is the thing: Most grave, most sure is  
he;

What pleasures him, will it not pleasure  
me?

So; I will sift the fine gold from his mirth.  
Come, man! explain yourself to nakedness,  
Tell me what wondrous ways you get your  
bliss!

I fear there is some mystery in this:

For what seems more to him, to me seems  
less.

Lack I some precious thing, some inward  
fire,—

Or have I too much light? Behold, a doubt.  
Here is a music makes him sing and shout—  
And makes me weep; his fear is my desire.  
Man has great depths. . . . Methinks, then,

I'll go down

And find his soul. . . Who knows? . . .  
and find a clown.

## IV.

Yet if of earth, and if a sullen part;  
Though I cry out against her ceaselessly;  
Still do I find my life sweet harmony,  
And bear a luminous music in my heart;  
And I have laughed these many times this  
day

At my poor brain, sad with eternal toil,  
That, darkling, slowly digs in barren soil,  
While birds sing, and my heart is out at play.  
Poor anguished laborer! I love you well.  
Most shrewd are you; your lightnings have  
laid bare

Man's littleness to me, and your despair;  
Your speech is wondrous, though you speak  
of hell.

Most shrewd, most cruel—to man, to me, to  
earth;

Keen hands that spare no blossom, rip all  
bloom;

Yet I have laughed to see you ache with  
doom,—

When all the while my heart, of other birth,  
Had fled far from your darkness and your  
rain,

Into the world to see the sun again.

V.

Shall I drain all my pulses for my song,  
As poets do who squeeze their poor hearts  
white,—

Bloodless and mute, (so they may only  
write,)

Bartering all their flesh for one sweet  
tongue?—

'Twere folly thus; they slay the self-same  
joy

That moved their hearts to sing; so will  
not I;

Rather, rejoice in this high autumn sky,  
Greedy of pleasures as a thoughtless boy.

Rather, go walk the hills in whirling sun,—  
In dancing moon,—in blowing leaves and  
grass;

Watching sad autumn with her death-fires  
pass,

And winter skies grow grey, and earth grow  
dun;

And love her well whom blessed fate has  
given,

Take, uncomplaining, daily joy and pain,  
Bending my dripping face, if it should  
rain,

To lift it high again when stars take heaven.

And, living so, my heart will sing, meseems,

Sweet of his own accord, undrugged by  
dreams.

## VI.

Is not the poet he who loves earth best,  
Who knows her wisest, deepest, who, her  
    child,  
Dreamily with her moods has wept and  
    smiled,  
Waking and sleeping ever at her breast?  
Not he, forsooth, who walks aloof, apart,  
Looking askance at her. . . . O hapless  
    brain,  
It is your madness that has brought me pain,  
Weaning my heart from earth, its mother-  
    heart.  
No more this land of mist and dark and cold!  
No more these doubtings and this deep dis-  
    may!  
Into the sun we go once more to play,  
My heart is young, although my brain be old.  
He cannot sing of life who lives so little:

Who loves not, hates not; come then, love  
and hate,

While youth sings sweet, before it be too  
late,—

Young eyes will pearl, and bones too soon are  
brittle;

O falling leaves, my heart goes out to you,—

I live, while you go down to dust and dew!

VII.

You stars that shine this night so cold and  
clear,

This autumn night, while fitful winds are  
blowing;

Cold moon,—across whose face wild clouds  
are flowing,—

Or swimming in an open azure space;

You stricken leaves, to whom this night  
brings death,

Burned by this frost, and by this wind blown  
down,

Yellows and reds that soon will be but brown,  
Wearied with rains, now palsied at a breath;  
All things deciduous that fall away,

When seasons change and generous suns are  
gone;

All things that droop with night, that lift  
with dawn,

All things that stay, or only seem to stay;  
You moon decadent, and you waning sun,  
To whom will yet succeed more suns and  
moons;

You seas that ebb and flow by barren dunes,  
Whose flowing and whose ebbing soon are  
done:

All ye, bear witness: though my days be  
few,

Greatly I live, who shared one birth with  
you!



## VIII.

Bear witness, Earth, that I have loved you  
well,

Before my brain grew arrogant and proud;  
I was a part of wind and star and cloud,  
Most sweet and earthly did my young heart  
smell.

Most sweet and earthly! Sweet as woods  
of fir,

As gentle clover fields that drowse in sun;  
Keen as the winds that over cold seas run,  
Pure as the breath that blows from Alpine  
spur!

Have I not tip-toed like a summer air  
Into your roses, nor disturbed their sleep?  
Yet tryst with terrible typhoon could I keep,  
Whitening seas and laying green earth bare.  
I have been seed, and drunk of sun and rain;  
Felt the sure creeping bliss of opening  
flower;

Flared up and blackened under autumn's  
power;

Frozen in sod, been stretched in moveless  
pain.

All these and more I've been, in grief and  
mirth:

Yea, I have loved you well,—bear witness,  
Earth!

### IX.

True song, meseemeth, is but happiness,  
And he that sings of grief sings not at all;  
Let him make moan,—like sere leaf let him  
fall;

But we need tune of joy, of hardiness.

O youth! you are the sweetest song of earth,  
Her heart's true music; prithee stay with  
me;

Though I grow old still let me youthful be,  
Let my grey ashes glow with central mirth.

And let a warmth be ever in my eyes,  
Nor the sure snows of winter slake their  
fire,—

Let them be bright with ever young desire;  
I would be glad,—let other men be wise!  
—Pale leaves,—although your burying time  
is near,

Though wild winds whirl you, yet be not dis-  
mayed:

You shall again make green some sunny  
glade,

You shall make glee with moon another year!  
—True song is this; I flout the cynic brain,—  
Saying, “like these dead leaves, I live again!”

### X.

Pitiless rain, that, ceaseless, all night long  
Unwearying, beatest on this world like  
pain,—

Pelting dead leaves till they would go in-  
sane

If they had soul, or ear to hear your song:  
O heartless rain! how like man's grief you  
    are,  
How like untoward fortune, desperate fate,  
That beats him down in blindness, not in  
    hate,  
And all unwitting crushes his life's star!  
From grey sky falling, purposeless as grief,  
Falling forever, needless, born of chance,  
Without a soul, most desolately you dance,  
Making a night-long dirge on bough and  
    leaf.  
And like a dead leaf all night long I've lain  
Borne down by you and powerless to rise,  
And felt you tireless beating on my eyes,  
And on my naked heart your pattering pain.  
Whence came you, from what sadness were  
    you born,  
Symbol of all that's mournful and for-  
    lorn?

## XI.

A world of paradox! Lo, in all sorrow  
Some sweetness lurks, and laughter in all  
tears;  
And often he desires who also fears,  
And pain of bliss and bliss of pain do bor-  
row;  
Man's soul, meseems, was under April skies  
Engendered; mixture strange of green and  
grey,—  
The wayward wonder-child of March and  
May,  
Black rains, bright sun, and tears in laugh-  
ing eyes.  
And this cold vale, shrinking beneath a  
cloud,  
Grown old with fear,—lo, in a moment's  
space,  
Lifts to the hurried sun a mirthful face,

Out of the darkness shining, sweet and  
proud.

And this rain, now, that pitiless, heartless  
seems,

Pelting dead leaves, beating earth's bosom  
bare,

Mingles a song of love with its despair,  
And where it wounds instils a breath of  
dreams;

—Love has its secret sadness, like this rain,  
And in all fruitfulness there lurks a pain.

## INNOCENCE.

LET me be always one with earth  
Who bade her music through me run,  
Who through my veins poured singing  
    mirth,  
Made me a dancer in her sun!  
Out of her living dust she made,—  
    The dust that once was leaves and trees;  
Grey dust of roses long decayed,  
    Still warm with life of birds and bees;  
The dust of grass, the dust of clover,  
    High forests that have long been dead,  
And dust of many a laughing lover,  
    Whose songs are running in my head. . .  
All that earth has been, all she is,  
    Her musics and her ecstasies,  
Cold winter rains, warm rains of spring,  
    And the slow sun that makes her sing,—

I know them all, all earth's in me,  
I am earth's child, and I am earth;  
At one with her in grief and glee,  
I dream, with her, through death and  
birth.

While I am living, give me speech  
Unconscious as the song of birds,  
So I may sing earth's praise, and teach  
Her beauty, though in broken words;  
When I am dead, let leaf and bough,  
And small grass, and anemone,  
Have this sweet life that I have now:  
Earth, bid your lovers rise from me!



## SOPHISTICATION.

THIS man, I thought, had come too far  
From the warm sunrise of his birth,  
For he had followed and lost a star,  
And now he had no love for earth;  
But with pale face and empty eyes,  
Listless, as all who've grown too wise,  
With a sad absent step he came,  
And loved no thing and loved no man;  
No youth-fire through his spirit ran,  
His light was but a candle flame.  
I watched him like a lost soul meet  
The living crowds that filled the street,  
And he looked upon them hungrily,  
And sought their faces wistfully,  
As if to say, 'it is not much,  
I only ask of you a touch;'  
For they were warmer, he divined,

Their hearts were young, while his was old,  
Their hands were warm, while his were cold,  
Their souls were fire-light, bright and kind.  
Only to pass them in the street,  
These humbler folk who never thought,  
Some wonder in his spirit wrought,  
His heart re-heard some ancient beat.  
And he had fleeting glimpse of sun,  
A moment saw the splendor run  
Between bright edges of the grey,  
Whirled in a space of dazzling blue,—  
The sky he'd known in childhood's day  
Ere wisdom's sunless heaven he knew. . .  
Then to his soul, a twilight room,  
Returning, he would sit in gloom;  
Musing his life, his time away  
Slow night by night, dim day by day.

Through this grey spirit's twilight air  
I think there often rose a prayer,  
Unspoken, uttered without words,

Unconscious as the speech of birds,  
A prayer, and yet to no god made,  
Since of no god was he afraid;  
To his own soul, perhaps, addressed;  
Or Earth, to take him to her breast  
And warm him there, in sun, in rain,  
In wind, in cold, in blight of stars,  
To give him life, with bliss and pain,  
To make new blood beat in old scars:  
So he might feel with death and birth,  
Be moved to dance with morning-mirth,  
Laugh in the sun, be sad with rains,  
And feel earth stirring in his veins;  
Feel wind on bough blow cool or warm,  
And old leaves torn away by storm,  
Feel cold rain-bubbles round a root,  
And sun take dew from April shoot. . .  
In apathy his feet had moved,  
He never hated, never loved;  
One by one and silently  
The few who knew and loved him died,

Went seaward with the quiet tide,  
Passed into greyness, quietly,  
And left behind no hurt in him,  
Nor left his searching eyes more dim.  
For they had died like winter's grass,  
The new would come, the old must pass.

In youth, he loved philosophy,  
He learned its sad satiety;  
And with a grey net, dreamlike fine,  
He netted moon and star and sun,  
The universe; but ah, that done,  
He found his caught stars would not shine.  
Caught sun and earth had ceased their song,  
Too late he learned that truth is wrong  
When it takes sunlight out of things,  
And that the snared bird never sings. . .  
Too late he learned this, too late knew  
Philosophy is only true  
When it sings out of brimful mirth,  
Perfumed and flower-like out of earth,

And theory only then is truth  
When it is youth's own praise of youth.  
Life is not earth's life, when it turns  
Against itself with morbid knife,  
Only the dim towards dimness yearns,  
That life is sick that questions life;  
And this he knew, but knew too late,  
For he had passed through wisdom's gate  
And seen of what stuff life is made,—  
The thin web woven out of dust,  
Destroyed then by a foolish gust,—  
Dust in blossom and dust decayed,  
Endless and aimless. . . . Come so far  
In search of truth's ignoble star  
He faltered, turned, and ah, would then  
Have fain been even as other men,  
Dreamless and thoughtless, wise in mirth,  
Wise in ignorance, roots of earth;  
Taking their lives of kiss and pain  
As calm trees take the sun and rain;  
Taking their daylight seriously,

Wise, in their fools' serenity.  
But who has seen truth through his brain  
Hardly shall he return again  
To live in senses, nothing more;  
A hollow sea-shell flung ashore,  
Life has no use for him, nor sings  
Her warm song in him, he is sped;  
He hears the lost sea's murmurings,  
A ghost wind roaring through his head,  
But that is all, he cannot move,  
He dreams, but cannot hate or love.

All this he knew in bitterness,  
And strove with in his loneliness.  
Of truth a little cell he made  
Wherein from year to year he stayed;  
Seeing, through one bright window's space  
The moon and all the stars go by,  
And Earth, a young and lovely place,  
And bright sun, swimming in bright sky.  
Once he had known it,—that was past;

Now in a cell had he been cast,  
His cunning brain had built dark bars  
Between him and the specious stars.

His greatest sorrow, I think, was this:  
To know that earth, however sweet  
Her memory came to him, to meet  
And give him her maternal kiss,  
Could never satisfy again  
His merciless thrice-accursed brain ;  
He could look back and see her fair,  
Yet knew he'd sorrow were he there.  
A long while he had hoped, I think,  
That some day he might deeply drink  
Love from a woman's living mouth  
And so put end to this long drouth.  
He had looked much on lips and eyes,  
And hungered for this miracle ;  
Alas, he knew this sham too well,  
He was too scrupulously wise.  
All magic but illusion is,

Illusion are love's ecstasies,  
He saw too keenly, drove away  
This magic by the light of day. . .  
And though perhaps the woman came  
Destined by earth to set him free,  
His cold soul could not kindled be,  
He saw the texture of the flame.  
His mouth to hers he may have pressed,  
Searched eyes, and yearned to be at rest;  
But he saw keenly, drove away  
This magic by bright light of day. . .  
How often, in what sordid ways,  
How pitiful, with wistful gaze,  
He sought for love,—hoping to find  
Some human soul, some star-eyed face,  
Sweetly to capture him and bind,  
And give his soul a resting-place!  
Some girl, some woman, magic-sweet,  
With shining face and dancing feet,  
Laughing, untameable and wild,  
Heedless and thoughtless, earth's true child,



So living, and so wisely young,  
With such sweet music on her tongue,  
That he might cease to be so wise  
And learn earth's passion at her eyes!  
And the young harlots in the street,  
These he followed with timid feet,  
And the young maids who lit his gloom  
Singing and dusting in his room,  
He talked with, trembling, shy of face,  
Yearning for this imagined grace. . .  
Yearning to have one thing to love,  
One face to make his still heart move,  
One face to die for, bid him ache,  
One heart to make his own heart break. . .  
Alas, if flame there was, he came  
Like salamander through that flame.  
He heard love speak the magic word,  
His heart was mute, it never stirred.

And so, to ease his banishment,  
Wearily, year by year, he went

To theatre, cinematograph,  
That haply he might cry or laugh,  
Or swiftly taken unaware  
Feel a cold horror creep his hair.  
Often he smiled his cynic smile;  
But felt well paid if every while  
Suddenly came a gust of grief  
Shaking his soul's trees, or a joy. . .  
Afterwards, laughter might destroy. . .  
But ah, what infinite relief!

So came the years and took him then  
Quietly from the sight of men,  
Unwept, unmissed. . . At times it seemed,  
Or so he in his twilight dreamed,  
That one so utterly without breath,  
Unearthly even, might escape  
Earth's restless change, by men called  
    death,—  
And keep forever one grey shape. . .  
Now he is dead. So, every day,

Too subtle musing leads astray.

This man, I thought, had come too far

From the warm sunrise of his birth;

For he had followed and lost a star,

And then, had no more love for earth.

## LAUGHTER.

(Youth Speaks to His Own Old Age.)

YOU, whom these eyes, no longer mine,  
Shall see in the mirror's flash and shine,  
Meagre of face and pale of cheek,  
Pale mouth, and lines that sadness speak:  
All the grey shipwreck of this me  
Who look upon you and laugh for glee,  
Mocking at you, poor feeble thing,  
You word that's uttered, you tune that's  
    played,  
You body shrunken, you soul decayed,  
You heart that whispers but cannot sing:  
You, when you walk abroad in sun,  
Blinking at last for the too much light,  
Scorning the young life that can run,  
Scorning the fierce life that can fight,

And drooling wisdom day by day,  
Presuming, you, to point the way:  
Here are my eyes upon you, now,  
Colder than stars to sear your brow,  
Here is my hand upon your hand,  
A stronger grip than yours can stand,  
Here are my words, so cruelly true,—  
If you be false, they are stones for you. . . .  
And because you are feeble, a crawling thing,  
Walking by walls to hold and cling,  
With terror of darkness on your breath,  
And terror lest you be dead, with death:  
Catching perhaps at straws of faith,  
Drunk with religion in hope to drown  
These maddening truths that will not down,  
Clutching philosophy's vapid wraith:  
Here is my perfect scorn for you,  
The scorn from youth to old age due,  
Merciless laughter, sharp as knife,  
The egotistical laugh of life.  
I hold my sides!—let truth be said,

'Twere better if things like you were dead.  
For I have strength to face this earth,  
I am risen warm and strong from birth,  
I am song, I am love, I am bitter hate,  
The laughter of speed that will not wait.  
Nature is hard, but hard am I,  
The hard will live, the soft must die:  
And I who am nature know this truth,—  
The soul of nature's soul is youth.  
If you deny me, turn to shame,  
Or pity me,—forego my name;  
For youth is right, and age is wrong—  
You but a prayer, while I am song!

The weak hates strong: you will hate me,  
And war upon me, with cunning wiles,—  
Pity me, with indulgent smiles,  
And shrug your shoulders paternally.  
'Mad youth!' you'll murmur—'how mad  
it is!

He must indulge his ecstasies!

Youth is a madness, it will pass,  
The fever of blood, the mad blind eyes—  
His stars will burn him, he'll grow wise,  
The years bring calm to lad and lass.  
And what we thought so fine in youth  
Was at the most but half of truth,—  
For truth is not of youth or age,  
But sum of life's whole pilgrimage,—  
The young men's visions, the old men's  
    dreams,  
The passion of days, the thought of years;  
Age's cautions, and youth's extremes;  
Laughter is life no more than tears.  
Youth sings, "the height of life is youth,  
All after that is retrograde,  
The music falters, the flowers fade,  
And falsehood masquerades as truth."  
Youth sings, "Age hath no right to speak,  
Nature abhors him, he is weak,  
But youth is right, for youth is strong,  
Youth is the young earth's bridal-song!"

I was a young man once, myself,  
Youth, I can sympathize with you;  
I speak impartially from my shelf—  
Truth lies half way between the two.  
Youth scorns old age,—well, youth is right,  
That is youth's nature; age scorns youth,  
Age too is just; each sees the light  
As nature grants, and each sees truth. . .  
For truth is not of youth or age,  
But sum of life's whole pilgrimage,  
A wonder of many wonders wrought,  
Blended of passion and of thought;  
And so, young man, we'll compromise—  
Each of us, in our way, is wise!

Thus you will speak, O cunning one,  
Warming your cold hands in the sun;  
Squinting your eyes in too bright light,  
Shielding your face's sickly white.  
However weak, life fends for self,—  
Thus *you*, old ghost! you shuffling trimmer!



*You* speak impartially from your shelf?—  
You clutch at rays, for the light grows dim-  
mer.

This much I'll not begrudge you, then—  
Go, justify yourself to men,  
With powers of darkness come to terms  
Lest you turn sick with dread of worms.  
But, for the hard work of my brain,  
Hands off! your yellow hands would stain.  
Our best work, youth's! one finger mars;  
If you must loathe it, or disclaim,  
I beg you, then, forego my name,—  
Else, die, mid laughter from the stars!

And yet, what's life? Come, here's my hand.  
For at the last, I see it well,  
Age were not age unless it fell,  
And crawls—because it cannot stand.  
I pity you,—I laugh at you,—  
Yet to your years I see you true,  
Truer than if, with rigid thought,

Your age to ghost of youth you wrought.  
Poor soul! go, make your peace with death,  
And warm your heart with a shibboleth!  
Yes, you will hate, despise my work,—  
How else?—But here's my laughing dirk,  
Here I have snared you, all complete,  
Your pitiful pale hands, struggling feet;  
If you breathe poison on my art  
Here is my poniard, here your heart! . . .  
Because you are aged, senile, lamed,  
For this, man, you shall not be blamed,  
Though youth must smirk old age to see,  
And merriment bubbles up in me;  
But if with hand that smears and mars  
You touch our best work, yours and mine,—  
Then comes my laughter from earth and  
stars,  
Youthful and cruel, wild, divine!

## YOUTH IMPERTURBABLE.

LET me not shrink at sight of death,  
Nor waste in grief an idle breath. . .  
You whom I loved are one with clay,  
The brightness in your eyes is gone,  
I shall not meet your face to-day;  
Your day is done, while mine goes on. . .  
Why pity you? You had your fling;  
You had your chance to dance and sing,—  
To love, to hate, to kiss, to kill,  
To laugh and cry and drink your fill:  
Now it is ended: so comes end  
To every lover, every friend;  
The lips turn white, the warm eyes glaze,  
The music-box no longer plays,  
And so we hide you under earth  
And laugh to sun our wonted mirth. . .

Let me not shrink at sight of death,  
Nor waste in grief an idle breath. . .

This buried something—is it you?  
Is this decay the man I knew?  
You, whose hand was warm in mine,  
Whose eyes I saw with music shine,  
Who laughed with me and walked with me,  
And in your grave way scolded me?—  
Well, and so fares it with us all,—  
When autumn comes the leaf must fall,  
Nor shall I dusk one single day  
By mourning for what now is clay.  
One of my joys is haply dead,  
One song is sung, one word is said,  
One laughter dies and leaves behind  
Only an echo in my mind. . .  
Let me not shrink: I will be stern.  
For better or worse you had your turn.  
Grief for the dead is foolish grief,  
A childish thing, a selfish thing,—

One voice cannot for always sing,—  
Even for us is pleasure brief;—  
Nor can our tears and temper stay  
The hand that snatches joy away.  
For you, your golden sun has set,  
But I have much to laugh at yet.

Let me not shrink at sight of death  
Nor waste in grief an idle breath. . .  
Life is a dance;—O dance it then,  
You blind and fatuous hosts of men!  
Lift your pale faces to the sun,  
And laugh and shout and sing and run;  
While he is warm and bright and red  
Dance on the bodies of your dead,  
Life is the thing,—the song of life,—  
The eager plow, the thirsty knife!  
Exult, all sorrows past forget,—  
Laugh, there is much to laugh at yet,—  
Tear down the pallid things you hate,—  
Rip open earth's heart for your mate!

This buried something,—is it you?  
Is this decay the man I knew?  
Here's nought but dirt—here's nought but  
dust—

It has no gleam of laugh or lust,  
Nor does it say a word to me,  
Nor reach a warm hand up to me.  
Are you become but leaf and grass,  
Intricate roots that mat and mass  
And thirstily hold and suck the rain?  
Here for a half year you have lain,  
Quiet as earth is . . . are you earth?  
Share you with her some secret mirth?

Foolish of me to think you here,  
Where you were buried! . . . Now you are  
Diffused through all earth, everywhere,  
And look at me from every star.  
So will it be with me in time,  
Even for me this sun must set;  
But I am still in my laughing prime,  
O I have much to laugh at yet!

## YOUTH PENETRANT.

I SHALL grow calm in a little while,  
But now, youth yearns in me to laugh;  
Cruel as cinematograph  
I show life up to you . . . and smile.  
I shall be calm in a little space,—  
The blood grows quieter with the years;  
I shall be tenderer, then, to tears,  
And look more kindly on life's face.  
Our hearts grow mellow nearing death—  
Like apples touched with autumn breath—;  
When the dusk falls and day is done  
We look more wistfully on the sun,  
Loving his last warmth on our cheek;  
We can be kind when we are weak.  
I shall be calm in a little while,  
But now, youth yearns in me to laugh;  
Cruel as cinematograph

I show life up to you . . . and smile.  
Merciless is this black and white,  
A cold inquisitorial light;  
Baleful, it makes all life seem base,  
Shows you the flesh of every face;  
Only the music makes it seem  
So brightly glamorous, so like dream. . .  
Let the musician cease to play,  
Here's naught but black and white and grey,  
Reality, cold, mechanical,—  
The truth—a hideous spectacle! . .  
Cruel as cinematograph  
I show life up to you . . . and laugh;  
For that is youth's prerogative:  
To see life coldly through brave eyes,  
To strip life of its lovely lies,  
And, careless of the dead, to live.  
There is yet time, when I grow old,  
When the blood in me is slow and cold,  
To look on life with wistful gaze,  
To see life through a soft bright haze;—



Singing more sweetly, as they use  
Who are half death's, and hourly lose  
The light that fades from misting eyes,  
So, praise life in most passionate wise;  
For in their clouded minds they dream  
The whole day, though it was but dun,  
Made glorious by the death of sun,—  
Death-fires the fires of life they deem.  
Through mist they wander, singing sweet;—  
Singing of life to make them brave,  
They hear death digging each his grave,  
They feel his cold net touch their feet. . .  
Half-lives, they only half-life sing,  
The tender light their dim eyes see;  
They reach pale hands to earth and cling,  
Grief gives their song intensity. . .  
I shall be calm in a little while,  
But now, youth yearns in me to laugh:  
Cruel as cinematograph  
I show life up to you . . . and smile!

PARASITICS: TO CERTAIN POETS.

WHO are you, now, that thus presume  
To come with candle to my gloom?  
Think you your candle-tip can shine  
With more illustrious light than mine?  
Think you my fire sheds not so far,—  
Was yours begotten of a star?—  
Leave me: your face and eyes are pale,  
The faint words on your faint lips fail,  
There is no warm blood in your veins,  
You know no human joys and pains.  
Let him, him only, sing of life  
Who out of terrible triumph sings,  
Whose soul comes glittering like a knife,  
With savage laughter cuts and flings!  
Out of the livid soil he came,  
A naked shape as pure as flame,  
His hands are red with dust and death,

His eyes flash fires of loves and hates,  
For him the moon and sun are gates,  
There is deep music in his breath!  
This is the singer whom I love,  
Unto whose music I will move.

Not he who sits till late at night  
And shivers in his candle-light,  
Shutting his eyes to this warm earth,  
Seeking for some far stranger birth. . .  
Under the twilight seas he goes.  
He weaves, fantastic, skull and rose.  
The sleet upon his window-pane  
Goads his flagging wits again  
Farther from earth and yet more far  
He dreams of haunted moon and star. . .  
Drunk is he in a hasheesh spell,  
Frenzied he sings of heaven and hell. . .  
Leave me. Your face and eyes are pale,  
The faint words on your faint lips fail,

There is no warm blood in your veins,  
You know no human joys and pains.

O ghostly shape! I pity you.  
Nothing of life you ever knew.  
With wistful eyes you muse and dream  
And watch life's spectacle go by;  
Your heart will never laugh or cry,  
Things are not felt by you, but seem.  
As the fear-stricken ghost will run  
When cock shrills up the ruddy sun,  
So in the wholesome light of day  
Your tenuous substance melts away. . . .  
You are a vampire, and are fed  
By kiss of those whose blood is red.

Let me not hear your faint sweet tongue!  
Such songs were better left unsung:  
Better the pale lips were not stirred  
For utterance of this febrile word.  
It is a strange, a ghastly thing

To hear a dead man softly sing  
Of roses long since turned to dust  
And loves that long since turned to lust;  
Of lutes that tuned some lost romance,  
Of broken hearts, of lovers dead,  
Of leaves upon the green grave shed  
Where come the gleeful rains to dance. . .  
Let me not hear your faint sweet tongue,  
Such songs were better left unsung.

Have you had lovers in the night,  
Lovers as savage as the stars?  
Bears your pale heart the smouldering scars  
Of love that's cruel, love fanged to fight?  
Know you the mouth that hides a hiss,  
The Lamia's mouth that drinks a kiss  
Insatiable and languorous,  
The red mouth greedy still in sleep?  
Know you the love that's tyrannous,  
The taloned love that makes you weep?

Know you these things? . . . Ah, you have  
read

In many a well-bound book instead.

You have not loved! I know it well.

You have no lore of love to tell,—

No lore of hate; you never thrilled

In the warm blood of him you killed! . .

Sometimes, perhaps, you cry or laugh,

Moved by the cinematograph. . .

But flesh and blood! You know them not;

Only your little pallid dreams,

Wan hopes and fears and color schemes,—

If you knew more, it is forgot. . .

. . . Who are you, then, that thus presume

To come with candle to my gloom?

Think you your candle-tip can shine

With more illustrious light than mine?

Think you my fire sheds not so far?

Was yours begotten of a star?

I will not hear you. Leave me, then.

Warm your heart in the world of men.

Learn to laugh and learn to cry,—  
So, you may sing to us, by and bye!

O sun of morning, sun of eve,  
O brilliant noons of healthy eyes,  
Shrivel this ghost beneath bright skies,—  
Consume him, lest he further grieve,  
With the almighty laugh of life,  
Dazzling and vibrant as a knife!  
Let him hear now his own heart sing,  
A terrible and triumphant thing,  
Masterful, tender, fierce and sweet,  
A heart of warm and cosmic beat!  
Let him see earth through eyes not dim,  
Let loves and hates be dear to him:  
Let him be stained with dust and death,  
Confess his kinship with the earth;  
He will be fired with mighty mirth,  
There will be music in his breath!

## DILEMMA.

### I.

Not for the sordid do we seek,  
In the dark alleys of our earth,  
Nor yearn of ugliness to speak,  
To lift a song of gutter-mirth.  
But there is life in everything,  
It is of life that we must sing,  
And lo, from sordid and from base  
Passion can lift a shining face.

Too long have we been fed on dreams,  
And strained our eyes for elfin gleams,  
And we have been content too long  
To close our eyes in making song,—  
To sing of lives we never knew,  
Of lands we never suffered through. . .



## II.

Hirelings are we of the time.  
God pity us! For we must seek  
In city filth, in streets that reek,  
Dark inspiration for our rhyme.  
Lo, here are folk who day by day  
Weary their bodies just to live;  
They ask for song: what will you give?  
They want no song of far away.

If you would please them, you must sing  
"This life of yours—a lovely thing!  
The sun itself was not so sweet  
As this pervasive modern grey!  
You dance in such a charming way!  
What need of wings since you have feet?"  
—And we must lift a song to praise  
These feverish nights and sooty days,  
The anguish and the ugliness,  
The loves and hates of tired men,

So they may rise from weariness  
And take their daily work again. . .  
What we think beauty, truth,—who cares?  
We must heal man of his despairs.

So blame us not, earth's sons are we:  
Earth bids us sing a modern ditty,—  
To hide the greyness of your city,  
To hide your modern misery;  
This life of yours—a lovely thing!  
How it compels our hearts to sing!  
When we have sung you'll go your way,  
Complacent, for another day.

Hirelings are we of the time.  
God pity us! For we must seek  
In city filth, in streets that reek,  
Dark inspiration for our rhyme.

### III.

And yet, from sordid and from base,  
Passion can lift a shining face. . .

And walking through a street at night  
I saw a jail in soft moonlight;  
And there, behind the chequered bars,  
A still shape came to look at stars. . .



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