



JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

Published Poetry

THREE BOOKS, PERIODICAL POEMS, AND ARCHIVAL RECORD

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Portrait, biographical witnesses, and memorial



Julia Boynton Green, profile portrait. The local file supplies no date or photographer credit.

GREEN, Mrs. Julia Boynton, poet, born in South Byron, Genesee county, N. Y., 25th May, 1861. When she was fifteen years old, she and her older sister entered Ingham University, in LeRoy, N. Y., where they remained a year as students. Another year was spent by both in preparation for Wellesley College. After entering that institution, they were called home on account of domestic bereavement. Their interrupted course of study was continued for several years, chiefly in Nyack-on-the-Hudson, and Miss Boynton afterwards passed two winters in New York in the study of art, for which she has marked talent. She spent a season in London, England, and in 1888 she was preparing for an extended tour in Europe, when she was called home by the illness of her mother. Since then both her parents have died. In June,



JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

1890, Miss Boynton became the wife of Levi Worthington Green, and after a six-months' tour in Europe they made their home in Rochester, N. Y. Necessarily, her literary work has been seriously disturbed by so many changes and diversions, but Mrs. Green has found time to write some strikingly excellent poetry. Most of her work has appeared in local journals and in the Boston "Transcript." She has published one volume of poems, "Lines and Interlines" (New York, 1887).

Biographical clipping reconstructed around the early portrait.

Julia Boynton Green, author of the verses, "Two Points of View," in the December *Century*, lives in California. Her home, which is called "El Nido," is in an orange grove at Redlands. She and her husband removed from Western New York five years ago. Mrs. Green is astonished that her humorous poems should be so successful, for she has always thought herself deficient in humor; but besides "Two Points of View," she has written poems in a light vein for *Life* and for *Vogue*, some of which, although accepted, have not yet appeared. Mrs. Green would prefer to be judged by her serious poems, many of which have appeared in magazines during the past ten or twelve years. While living in the East she did a good deal of work for the *Boston Transcript*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Rochester Post-Express*. She has also written, and is now writing, for several children's magazines, and since becoming a Californian she has been a frequent contributor to the magazines of the coast. Several of Mrs. Green's poems have been placed in anthologies. One sonnet, "Divided," appears both in Higginson's "American Sonnets" and in Crandall's "Representative Sonnets by American Poets." Ten years ago G. P. Putnam's Sons published a volume of her verse, entitled "Lines and Interlines," and she now has material, more mature in its character, for another volume, which she expects to bring out soon, with designs from her own drawings. Recently Mrs. Green has taken up prose writing, and she now has two or three short stories about completed.

Later biographical notice preserved in the Green reference folder.



Grave marker for Julia Boynton Green (1861-1957).

INTRODUCTION

A formalist across regions, genres, and five decades

New York formation

Green was born Julia P. Boynton in South Byron, New York, on May 25, 1861. As the project's biographical draft records, she spent her first twenty-nine years in New York State and in European travel. She studied at Ingham University, prepared for Wellesley, continued her education chiefly in Nyack, studied art in New York, and spent a season in London. *Lines and Interlines* appeared in 1887, when she was twenty-six.

A literary marriage

She married Levi Worthington Green in June 1890. After a six-month European tour, the couple lived in Rochester before moving to Redlands, California, in 1893. This was a literary marriage: a Land of Sunshine notice advertised both Greens as contributors, and the Huntington archive preserves poetry and stories by Levi as well as two unpublished novels. Under the name L. Worthington Green, he also published the juvenile adventures *The Boy Fugitives in Mexico* in 1914 and *Two American Boys in the War Zone* in 1915.

The long California apprenticeship

The local biography emphasizes the more than forty-year interval between Green's first and second books. That gap was not silence. She published in the Boston Transcript, The Forum, the New York Times, Land of Sunshine, Out West, The Century, American Poetry Magazine, Los Angeles Saturday Night, the London Poetry Review, and other venues. Her California poems turn regional botany, mountains, missions, rail travel, drought, and coastal weather into formal argument.

Form, satire, and machines

This Enchanting Coast appeared from the Times-Mirror Press in 1928. In the 1930s Green entered *Weird Tales*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Amazing Stories Quarterly* with poems about evolution, radio, engines, airplanes, and technological proxies. *Noonmark* followed from Redlands in 1936. The speculative poems enlarge rather than abandon her earlier commitments to form, wit, craft, and human scale.

Three books and an open archive

Green died in Los Angeles on July 10, 1957. The Huntington Library now holds her correspondence, poetry, articles, stories, drama, and three unpublished books; the papers also preserve the work of Levi Worthington Green. This edition prints Green's three published books in full, adds located periodical poems and variants, and records identifiable gaps rather than claiming that the surviving record is closed.

Editorial Note and Sources

This edition uses a six-by-nine-inch trim, mirrored book margins, EB Garamond, running heads, outside folios, linked contents, PDF bookmarks, one poem per page opening, and concise publication and provenance notes. *Lines and Interlines* follows the corrected local transcription. *This Enchanting Coast* and *Noonmark* are freshly read from high-resolution renderings of the original two-page-spread scans, with every printed page re-OCR'd and checked against the facsimiles. Periodical texts come from the companion Journals archive, local transcriptions, and cropped witnesses. Source italics, stanza divisions, and intentional verse-line indentation are retained; hanging continuations caused only by the original page width are reflowed. Decorative initials are regularized; OCR debris is removed only where the page image supplies a clear reading. Em dashes are restored where the scans show rhetorical dash punctuation, while compound-word hyphens remain hyphens.

1. Biographical draft supplied in the BKS Extremes folder, Green, Julia Boynton - Biography DRAFT.docx.
2. *A Woman of the Century*, Julia Boynton Green entry (1893), consulted through Wikisource.
3. Huntington Library, Julia Boynton Green papers, mssGreen, online collection description and finding aid.
4. Land of Sunshine contributor notice naming both L. Worthington Green and Julia Boynton Green, consulted through the University of California digital collection.
5. L. Worthington Green, *Two American Boys in the War Zone*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1915; Project Gutenberg text and title page.
6. *Lines and Interlines*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887; corrected local DOCX and Library of Congress scan.
7. *This Enchanting Coast*. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Press, 1928; original spread scan and corrected single-page scan.
8. *Noonmark*. Redlands, 1936; original spread scan and corrected single-page scan.
9. Land of Sunshine and Out West issue reading editions in the BKS Extremes - Journals archive.
10. The Lyric West issue reading editions, including the published correction to Songcraft.

- ii. Local Magazine Verse, *A Poet's Fellowship*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Amazing Stories*, *Weird Tales*, and Google Books witnesses.

BOOK ONE | *LINES AND INTERLINES*

Stage I | Lyric apprenticeship, 1880-1889

Published as Julia P. Boynton in 1887, Green's first book moves through sonnets, devotional lyrics, narratives, nature poems, elegies, and poems of friendship. The complete volume follows in its original sequence.

Repetition

All hath been writ: the Psalmist was a man,
And Sophocles, and Shakespeare. Ay, the heart
Knows neither age nor nation, What is art
But the stupendous polyglot we scan
For that same spirit, which, since time began,
Hath urged its full expression. Ah, the smart:
For all their pain they voiced the lesser part:
A depth unreached beneath all language ran.

All hath been writ: then, foolish hand, lay by
Thine eager pen, and lest, for all its zeal,
It earn thee but the reproach of plagiarist.
All hath been writ: yet, scarcely knowing why,
We echo on, for deep within we feel
A something, strenuous, strong, that doth insist.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Endowment

Book of Exodus

Is it a sceptre, brush, or pen, or gold,
Or spade, or sword, or simple household skill?
Child, cast it down, if so the Lord doth will.
Perchance a marvel like the one of old
Shall teach thee awe of that which thou dost hold,
And reverence, lest thou should'st use it ill.
Now take it up: let its possession fill
Thy heart with joy and check thee overbold.

What hast thou then? nay, few have empty palms.
And such may lift them up for Heaven's sweet alms.
As oft the shepherd's as the ruler's rod
Hath been the instrument elect of God.
Yea, though I hold so slight thing as a song,
There is a silence where it doth belong.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Edelweiss

These for a proof of where my wanderings go.
Witness of height,—no rose nor laurel green,—
A few of many blossoming unseen
On virgin peaks, the children of the snow.
No faintest flush they catch from alpen-glow,
And some, I know, will count my trophies mean.
But one mayhap will lay them soft between
The leaves of some loved volume. Be it so.

These for the joy of climbing: poor and small,
Of hasty choice, pulled careless by the way.
And these for fame: the guerdons of a day:
See how the bloom has withered! let them fall.
And these for grief: the shadow of the pall
Has turned their pallor to an ashen gray.
These last for love, at Love's dear shrine I lay
The purest and most perfect of them all.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Silver Lake

What time, O Silver Lake, our languid oar
Trailed through thy dimpling depth of borrowed blue,
I know a sweet enchantment hovered through
Thy liliated wave and rose-embroidered shore.

At golden noon the velvet-fingered air
Wrapped us about in still solemnitude:
And then at eve the tender spell renewed,
And bound us all in dreamy dalliance there.

And measured to the drip of lifted blade
A song, in mellow cadences astray
'Mid twilight glooms of violet and gray,
Our lingering presence fitfully betrayed.

Ah, yet one bright receding view I claim—
When the low sun a burning arrow sped,
That pierced the clouds and fired the hills with red,
And, falling, turned the lake to crimson flame.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Absent: To J

Ay, soon,
If the blue sea, grown sudden dear
Since late your presence it has known
A little while, were bridged indeed,
As in my wish,—ay, soon from here
I 'd slip away o'er my bridge alone,
And follow fain where it should lead.

So true,
So true, the matchless rose that shed
Its passionate fragrance yesternight.
Half-sensed, unvalued,—now, alas.
Seems doubly dear, since it is dead.
And never any equals quite
That perfect bloom which memory has.

And now,
Good-night across the sea. I know
Wherever this warm sun your cheek
May kiss,—what alien skies o'er bend,
You hear the word, for always go
From heart to heart, thought-birds to speak
The messages our souls would send.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Anticipation

With face framed In between my hands,
To shut out autumn's gold and red,
I credit it is early spring,
This field with such soft green is spread:

The boding winter over-past.
With all its chill, unfriendly hours,
And, by some fairy marvel brought
Another summer's warmth and flowers.

What purple light takes yonder crown
Of stately trees that top the hill!
What mellow tints the hither fields,
With dipping hollows, lone and still!

O emerald wheat and copses strewn
With russet leaves! O winds that sigh
And rustle through the crisping trees,
How do ye seem to glorify!

From every vagrant brook that drags
Its thread of crystal idly by,
To all the land-reach hid and hung
With violet distance, lost in sky,

For one so soon shall gaze and smile.
And stretch glad hands to these and say,
"The dear, familiar place again.
Unaltered since I went away!"

Then haply I, "Small beauty these.
Dearest, compared with whence you've come."
Oh then the quick, "Ay, more than all!
For you are here, and this is home!"

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

We Touch and Leave

We touch and leave, for this is earth, indeed.
And we are human, short of angelhood
In that we cannot bear too much of good.
Be it sword or rose-thorn, equally we bleed.

Ah, Heaven! to face thy glory without need
Of tears between to spare our dazzled eyes.
Ah, Love! to taste thy cup unmixed with sighs
To make the draught less tempting to our greed.

We may not scorn whom the Apostle chid
For going hungry to the Eucharist,
To feast on holy meat, they little wist
The meaning in the sacred supper hid.

The flesh, through lapse of years, betrays us kin.
From whatso grosser passions we are free,
God save us from our finer gluttony:
God give us Pauls to point our subtler sin.

Wherein we let the real becloud the sign,
Wherein confound the means with the great end,
Be it gold, or love, or happiness, or friend,
We tamper with the blessed bread and wine.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Zenith

Life, withhold! you have overfilled my cup,
The precious sweetness I may never taste
O'erruns the brim: O Life, forbid it waste
Upon the ground where none may gather up.

Seal up the flask, lest this too lavish wine
Steal all the wonted flavor of the bread.
Oh, leave me still some wondrous scroll unread.
And let me take the lesson line on line.

Through all the throbbing joy steals yet a fear,-
tremble as I clasp the darling boon:
Must it needs be this passionate tropic moon
Leave polar chill to all the desolate year?

The bud has burst its calyx, and the bloom
Is on the fruit. The eager hands obey
The impetuous heart, and love will have its way.
The box is broke, and odor fills the room.

The sunny summits beckon, we must climb.
One breath of heaven makes braver lungs for aye.
One flash from the Eternal rends the clay,
And leaves transformed the irk of flesh and time.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

A Legend of the Bell

Gaston, a monk of Gastonbury, wrought
A bell of brass: and, when 't was finished, brought
The ponderous thing one day to Charlemagne,
With modest hope the emperor would deign,
By that rare grace which dwelt within his breast,
A pious brother's faithful work to test.

The bell was hung: and scarcely had the clear.
Deep, potent tone caught the imperial ear,
Then the astonished sovereign cried, "Enough!
What mighty angel's chained in the base stuff?
Gods! if vile brass speak with so sweet a tongue.
What chimes from nobler metal might be rung!
Hear ye! I Charlemagne, Lord of all the Franks,
Command ye hasten with a monarch's thanks
To the recluse from Gastonbury. Hold
The man at court until he shall be told
My further pleasure. Also I desire
That every mute cathedral tower and spire
In my domain, henceforth this master teach
To peal its message in this noble speech."

Next day it pleased the gracious king to hold
A private audience with the monk. He told
The dear desire he cherished in his mind,—
A mammoth silver bell, to freight the wind
With such a burden of delicious sound
As should be heard through all the region round.

So told the king his thought. The holy man
Of Gastonbury heard the splendid plan
With pious rapture. If it pleased the king
In very truth to trust so rare a thing
As this great silver bell to his poor skill.
Nor sleep nor rest should visit him until
His sovereign's gracious word should be obeyed.

Back went Monk Gaston, with all speed, afraid
Lest Charlemagne should recall his princely trust,
Back went Monk Gaston. On the way the lust

Of wealth, the greed of gain, the love of ease,
Like a false siren with all power to please,
The holy man confronted: rather say.
Crept shyly after him, as if in play;
Stole clinging arms about his neck, and played
With his rough hempen girdle: even made
His rosary a necklace for her fair.
White, treacherous throat. Ah, Gaston, do you dare
To suffer such impiety?

More fast.

So 'companied, the monk pressed on. At last
The silent cloisters to their gloomy rest
Received the tempted brother and his guest.
Hardly the cell- door closed upon the two,
Than the fair stranger on the stone floor threw
Monk Gaston's sober stole and hempen zone,
And clothed the humble man in robes that shone
With gold and gems like Charlemagne's. She pressed
Such nectar as his lips had never guessed
Upon him, faint and weary and athirst,
Till he was drunk with poisoned wine. Then first
The siren, Greed of Gain, drew down elate
The tonsured head of the poor celibate
Upon her breast: in night's deep slumber sunk
AWith troubled dreams, the prostrate, conquered monk.

So, long together wrought the wedded twain,
The monk, poor slave, with the strong Greed of Gain,
Labored in secret on the mighty bell:
The silent abbey walls would never tell
How Charlemagne's royal favor was betrayed,
How all that argent bounty Gaston laid
Away for his own spoil, and, in his sin,
Made the great bell of copper, using tin
To mask the copper's red plebeian cheek.
Yea, if the bell itself should try to speak
The shame and the deception, who would know
How to translate the burden of its woe?

Ah, but Monk Gaston fell asleep one night,
And it befell a little acolyte,
In search of bat or rat, or some such beast.
That vexed the slumbers of his holy priest.
To hear the monk, himself but half awake.
In dreams confess his sin. But v/ith the break
Of day the boy forgot the night's event.
Or thought it was a dream maybe. So went
The days until the bell was all complete,
And trembling hung, about to pour some sweet
And solemn message, some stupendous hymn
In repetend sonorous from its rim.

Beggars and burghers, courtiers and the king
Waited to hear the first low murmuring.
The instant gift of speech, the power of song,
Fall on the precious monster. All the throng
Cried out impatient when Monk Gaston yet
Once more climbed to the ladder's top, to set
The whole in nice adjustment. Every eye
Beheld the monk and his embodied lie.
When, suddenly, the mighty creature swung
Without a hand to move it, and the tongue
Crushed Gaston's skull with one revengeful stroke,
Then, like the voice of outraged justice, broke
In loud complaint: the while the acolyte
Recalled, his memory prompted by affright,
The monk's confession, and he cried: "The Bell!
I know its secret, for I heard him tell
The story in his sleep. He did not use
But hid King Charlemagne's silver!

 "So the news
Of the monk's treachery fell upon the crowd,
And Charlemagne heard it, and proclaimed aloud:
"As dies the monk for this most shameful wrong.
So ever fall Heaven's vengeance, swift and strong.
Henceforth be known the Bell, till time shall end.
The champion of Justice and her friend!

Wild Iris

Down in the pasture, half in shade,
Knee-deep in water flowing,
Like bare-foot children going to wade,
Is fair blue iris growing.

No sweeter wildling finds the bee,
A-roaming honey-laden.
Than this quaint peasant *fleur-de-lis*,
This meadow gypsy-maiden.

In her Hippolyte I see,
The precious zone defending;
Or Sheperdess of Domremy,
Her sovereign's cause befriending.

This patch of sharp green blades, thick set
In marshy water borders,
A troop is, dread with bayonet.
And under marching orders.

The splendid squadron passed review
In June: in gallant manner
Its bristling ranks stood, strong and true,
With many a brave blue banner.

Alas! it was a brief campaign:
I saw them when 't was over,
The dragon-fly came not again
Nor any loyal lover.

With blades a-rust, not one blue flag,
(How far they must have wandered!)
Save one pale, tattered azure rag
Borne on a broken standard.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Milkweed

Did you guess the enfolded wonder
Would you pass the milkweed by,
Leaving all its silken plunder
For the winds, when burst asunder
These rough pods, so brown and dry?

Stand they in the golden weather,
Like brave knights in armor dressed,
Merry companies together,
Each one with his snow-white feather
Waving for a gallant crest;

Or like seers in olden story.
With their ancient heads all bare,
Crowned with reverend locks and hoary:
While their beards* soft, shimmering glory-
Floats upon the autumn air.

What this wayside waif is sharing
With the wind and passer-by,
Wondrous is, past all comparing;
Fit for sylph's or spirit's wearing:
Fine as mist-webs spun in sky.

Come and gather at your pleasure
(None will hinder, none will heed!)
All your eager hands can measure.
Lo! more fair than orient treasure
Is the death-shroud of a weed!

Clinging, loosening, rising, gleaming,
Wandering with the wandering breeze,
See you not a silver seeming.
Airy types of human dreaming,
Shapes of idle reveries?

In the milkweed-pod discover
Heart of hope and heart of youth,
Marvellous fancies running over,
Soar and glisten, cling and hover.
Ah, too soon each happy rover
Beats against earth's stubborn truth!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Wild Tiger-Lily

Isolate in her conscious grandeur, creature of a royal blood,
She doth rule, the one unrivalled Cleopatra of the wood.
Something in her regal stature,
In her fierce and fervid nature.
Brings to mind a vivid vision of the Lady of the Nile.
How the splendor of her presence, how her sudden-flashing smile
Glorifies the slumbrous spaces of the dusky forest aisle!
And a face of Orient oval, olive-browed, and midnight-eyed,
Looks from flowing, flame-hued draperies in its dark, imperial pride.
While a figure fancy fashions, faultless in its mould and mien.
Supple, sinuous, seductive as some tawny junglequeen.
Then, as though a gathering tempest smote athwart Aeolian wires.
All athrill with pride and passion, sad as death, a voice inquires:
“Do you wonder at my Roman? do you marvel how I died?”

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Trillium

Go to the May wood and you find it swayed
By absolute triune royalty. The rose
Will at her own divine caprice unclothe
Or seven or seventy petals, unafraid
Of surfeit, sure no scantiest gift shall fade
Unwept for. But the steadfast trillium knows
No variance: ever leal where e'er she blows
To that far law for her sole guidance made:
You shall not force her yield, by drought or chill,
One only segment of her three-fold crown.
And though you swore that never bloom before
Beheld so fair a double in the rill,
This modest flower would never, for renown,
Augment her beauty by one petal more.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Lionel to Lorain I

I have pondered since I knew thee
All the path that led me to thee,
And I marvel that I find it not with roses overgrown.
What of bloom or garland truly
Were too fine to garnish duly
The approach unto a temple, the glad highway to a throne?

I lived on, not once foretasting
That glad moment toward me hasting:
Sooth the herald of salvation was the faint light of a star:
Heaven's first court on earth a manger,
Ah, Beloved, is it stranger
That upon us unforewarned dawned love's dazzling avatar?

Yea, I loitered unaware:
Trifled on the sacred stair:
Even passed the blessed portal, ere burst forth the joyous bells.
Then adown the aisled splendor,
With his smile divinely tender,
Came dear Love, earth's saving angel, with his gift of immortelles.

Prone at level of his sandal
Fell I, all unmeet to handle
But the border of his vesture: and I cried, O shape of grace.
What am I, that I should merit
Such high favor to inherit?
Royalty is in thy bearing, revelation in thy face.

Then he stooped and raised me, holding
That low posture, softly folding
One long kiss, (O condescension!) his own seal upon my brow.
And there flowed at this caressing
Sanction for the bygone; blessing,
Hope and blessing for the future, courage for the fleeting Now.

Then from out a golden urn
Poured he drops that seemed to burn.
And he gave the draught in silence: I received it speaking not;
Bitter with earth's infinite sadness:
Sweet with all sweet Heaven's gladness:
So that ere I drained the goblet, its first flavor was forgot.

Still within his courts I linger,
Touching with thrice reverent finger
Whatsoe'er the benediction of his presence e'er hath known.
And I find that hither, yonder,
Wheresoever his feet may wander.
All he looks upon or touches is with roses overgrown.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Lionel to Lorain II

I weary of this English, Dear,
Whereof

A thousand spin their common lays of love.
O maiden without peer!
And shall thy lover swell the vulgar bruit,
And play thee music on a borrowed lute?

Would, Oh, would I could find and learn
Some tongue
Wherein no soul has ever spoke or sung.
So that my love might turn
And overturn the strange new words like flowers,
Fragrant and fresh and pure and wholly ours.

Through all my gardens. Sweet, I seek.
And find
No blossom fit to type thee to my mind.
They all are pale and weak
From too much service: rose and rosemary
Have played their parts for thousands such as we.

Would, Oh, would the earth but yield
For me
One bloom which never other eye did see:
Wherein should be revealed
All charms which to all other flowers belong.
Then might I symbol thee nor do thee wrong.

Publication. Lines and Interlines (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Lorain to Lionel

Love, though these verses sped from Ind,
Would not your quick eyes pierce the blind?
Would not you find

Proof absolute of the hidden source?
A subtle something,—word or phrase,
Some scarlet thread for the tangled maze?
You would read as I write it, interlined,
Of course.

But then if I perchance should think
Your glance might fail of the spirit ink,
A flower of the pink
Laid on the leaf to scent it through.
With its ardent odor of clove, v/ould reach
Its secret key for the occult speech,
And forge in the chain the last strong link
For you.

Or still, lest you fail to understand,
From my idle left to my writing hand
A slim gold band
I would move, that its burden of prisoned flame
Might light the page: and though a host
Of hands wear opals, you would boast—
“Ah, now, ‘t is out beyond remand—
Your name!”

No trick or feint should further cheat,
To you the rhyme and the rhythm’s beat
Would be replete
With evidence complete and free.
And out of silence a voice would sing,
“Do you shame me so with your flower and ring?
I hear you speak, and I know you. Sweet,
Trust me!”

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1887).

Good-Morning

Lionel To Lorain.

Good-morn, Beloved, for the sun has set.
The honey-suckle and the bitter-box
And all the roses with night dewes are wet.
The long, long day is over, Sweet, and yet
My heart persists in this glad paradox,
Good-morning!

Not as of old is each new day begun.
With joy upon me like a draught of wine,
One smile to make my light in gloom or sun,
And a dear presence, when the day was done,
To fold me close and wish me, lips on mine.
Good-morrow!

The fates have wrought reversal. Sun and star
Have changed. In sleep I live and move and wake.
And when I wake indeed, all things that are
Seem half unreal and dim, since you are far.
My lips repeat, but for old habit's sake,
Good-morning!

Ah, friend! I see you not save in the land
Of dreams: and so I follow with glad feet
The blessed angel with the poppied wand.
For there I see you, kiss you, catch your hand,
And hear once more your voice in greeting sweet,
Good-morning!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Passing of Angels

From yon bright room I hear the sound
Of mingled voices this gay night,
And oftentimes the speech is drowned
In silvery waves of laughter light.

It flows and ebbs, and ebbs and flows,
That tide of soul from man to man,
Now faint as wind at even blows.
Now thunderous as the decuman.

Question and answer, plea and jest,
Warning, remonstrance,—till the stream
Falters a little in its zest,
And wavers like the speech of dream.

Swiftly a hush runs through the crowd,
As bidden by some secret Will,
The last stray words sound strange and loud,
They cease, and all the room is still.

'T is but a moment till the thread
Of talk is found, but while it last,
That brief sweet hush, I bow my head,
The Germans say an angel passed.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Other Side

Across the river's level, blue expansion
Lie the green meadows of the other side:
Bright with the gleaming towers of many a mansion,
Bathed in the happy sun and glorified.
Naught of the noise, the trouble, and the clamor
Is hither wafted, for the wave is wide:
Only the peace, the beauty, and the glamour
Rest, like an Eden dream, beyond the tide.

O shore! we stretch our hands with vain insistence,
Unmindful of the beauty that is near.
Remembering not the purple garb of distance
Hides the same rugged paths that vex us here.
Yea, some sad soul this moment, over yonder.
Views us through the same magic atmosphere:
Looks hitherward with envy and with wonder
Impatient of the waves that interfere.

Ah! not in place, nor circumstance, nor station,
Inhere the bliss and blessing we so crave:
Our uplands shine, at times of revelation,
As fair as those the farther billows lave.
Yet truth begs oft, with whatsoe'er credentials,
How many times shall we the barrier brave,
To find we had already the essentials
That made so sweet the land beyond the wave.

Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Gate Beautiful

How many wait
In impotence beside the temple gate:
Fast closed to such because of feeble feet,
The Beautiful, by whose abundant grace
The throngs press inward to the holy place,
The courts of peace, with incense rich and sweet,

O Gate! O Gate!

How do we mourn and blame illiberal fate:
What passionate kisses dim thy shining brass:
We moisten with what hot rebellious showers
Thy threshold stone, worn by no foot of ours:
How do we catch the robes of those who pass
Upright and whole, hope glowing in their eyes,
Unshattered to prayer and sacrifice.

We beg for alms.

We cry aloud and stretch importunate palms,
We wrong our souls with beggarly request,
When haply, on a sudden, some divine
“Such as I have,” pours out its healing wine.
We rise and leap and praise God with the rest,
Lo, bread for stones, a dowry for a dole,
The Beautiful is open, we are whole!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

In Love with Life

I am in love with life. The versatile,
Rich, changeful world flows round me like a sea
Mixed of all various vintages that be,
Wherein I reach my goblet at my will,
Godlike, and take my fill.

I have not missed the sharp sting like a knife.
The bitter drops, the vapid froth, the lees,
Yet doth my soul insist, in spite of these—
Division, throe and thralldom, swoon and strife,
I am in love with life.

Ah, faithless, do I hear you say, repeat
Some reasons why I am in love with life?
One June is twelve-month joy: one rose is rife
With rapture for a week: your smile, my sweet,
Makes this day's bliss complete.

Take June thrice twenty times: and multiply
One blossom by a million: for a glance,
The lease of loving that a lifetime grants.
Yea, hope of love and life that does not die,
Then do you ask me why?

I dare not spurn my spirit, I confess
Its least delight: from verse to violets.
Calm converse to the meet of mind that sets
The cheeks aglow: from my dog's fond caress
To hearth-side blessedness.

How other can our spirits* compass grow
From earth's scant limits to that farther range
Of knowledge high and pleasures great and strange,
Except we yield ourselves to see and know
Their earnest here below?

My glad soul stands alert, with many a door,
All opening divers ways, yet all with one
Divine intent,—to catch the advancing Sun.
The glory oft so floods both roof and floor,
I cry. No more! no more!

I am in love with life: not this alone,
This casual arc by which we guess the whole,
This preface whence we predicate the scroll,
But that far flower from the sorrow-sown
Sad flesh, the sweet Unknown.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Trust!

Lover or friend, oh, I would write this verse
In blood, would'st thou observe the hue it wore,
And, since such ink must leave its sources sore,
Would value so, but thou, with comment terse.
Yawning mayhap, "Those stanzas might be worse,"
Wilt fling the page aside and think no more,
And go to let unfaith in at the door,—
The same old cruel drama to rehearse.

Ah, woe is me! why will we never take
Our wisdom by adoption, but must own
In absolute possession, bone of bone.
And flesh of flesh, born of the personal ache,
Valued and cherished for the agony's sake,
Our likeness in its every look and tone.
This precious child! oh, would its hand alone
Have led and stayed our footsteps when they shake?

Oh once be warned, though in all else thou must
Explore,—bring back a frost-bite from the pole,
A life-long scar from a Vesuvian coal.
Subject all flavors to thy proper gust,—
Yet once with abstinence inform thy dust;
Forevermore let faith possess thy soul;
No trial of slight or silence claim its toll
Of doubt: O friend or lover, trust, trust, trust!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Pilgrim and the Pearl

A weary pilgrim slept upon the strand,
In night's deep calm:
And when the morning first sent o'er the land
Her breath of balm,
The Pilgrim woke, and, 'mid the weed and sand.
He found a wondrous Pearl within his palm.

He looked upon it there so chastely white.
And smiled to see
The silver sphere break into emerald light.
Then changefully
Play mimic sunrise in the dawn's despite:
And cried: "How fair a thing is come to me!

Those gleams of green its ocean source betray.
From deeps upborne,
Some mermaid in my hand this gift did lay
Which she has worn.
But where was caught that flush like break of day
Save in the rosy regions of the morn?"

And so the Pilgrim pondered o'er his prize.
Its beauty shone
So dazzling on his unaccustomed eyes,
That one by one
The happy hours sped as the eagle flies,
And evening found him dreaming there alone.

But when the night dropped down with dusky wings,
A sudden thought
Came to his mind's confused imaginings,
And terror wrought.
This gem might tempt the envious gaze of kings:
How guard the dread boon given him unsought?

He flung the jewel from his hand. Affright
Fell on his soul.
He fled into the darkness of the night.
The breakers roll
Grew slowly fainter, till his ear lost quite
The ceaseless throbbing of their thunderous dole.

At length athirst and spent, upon the ground
The man dropped down.
"O sea," he cried, "Take back the gift I found
For naiad's crown!"
But even as his sandals he unbound.
The Pearl slipped from the girdle of his gown.

"O Pearl of price," the Pilgrim murmured slow,
"I sought thee not,
And thy possession, danger, fear, and woe
To me has brought.
Have done: thou art not mine, and thou must go
Back to thy native sea and be forgot."

He sped once more back to the shore to hurl
The gem among
The seething waves: he watched them slide and curl:
But ere he swung
His arm aloft to fling away the Pearl,
His name behind him clear and softly rung.

And suddenly stood by him on the marge
Of the hushed sea,
A wondrous presence, luminous, and large
With majesty.
The voice said: "Thou art weary of thy charge:
Confide it, then, O troubled soul, to me.

I gave it thee, and I will keep the trust:
Thou needst not fear.
It shall be safe from avarice and lust:
And some glad year,
When thou, released at last, put off this dust,
Thou shalt receive thy treasure: be of cheer."

The man obeyed with joy: the vision passed.
In swift release
Of mighty waves the spellbound ocean cast
The tides' increase,
With foaming thunder on the sands. At last
The happy Pilgrim went his way in peace.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Birch Creek

In The Shandaken Valley.

By Wittemberg and Panther and Belle-Aire
Loiters and strolls at will this gay trouvère,
And gazes up with dreamy hazel eye
Upon the fair green Mountains of the Sky.
O fresh and sweet
Through summer heat
He makes the valley for their royal feet;
O copse and lea
Forever be
More blithesome for his happy minstrelsy.

His vagrant path is crowded, left and right,
With woodland folk who listen with delight;
Bevy of bloom and riot of wild vine,
Flower and weed in all their bravery shine.
The goldenrod
Doth sway and nod,
Fit for the helmet feather of a god.
The glooms of fern
To glory turn
Where the fierce scarlet bergamot doth burn.

Here glimmers pale the daisy's snowy disk,
And leaning headlong, careless of the risk.
And of her treacherous foothold mid the rocks,
The thirsty aster bathes her purple locks.
Yonder displayed
In dusky shade,
The cardinal-flower gleams like a murderer's blade.
So sad and gay
Make holiday
About the gentle minnesinger's way.

And scattered by their almoner, the breeze,
He doth receive the largess of the trees:
Gold by the glittering handful lavished down,
Mingled with glowing jewels from their crown.
O bard, repeat,
Thy lyrics sweet!
Enjoy thy summer, for the hours are fleet
To do thee wrong:
A foe ere long
Shall hush thy voice and smite the listening throng.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Tragedy of a Field

There was a field lay glad in early dew,
Where arm in arm with the tall grasses grew
Clover and crimson cockle, and a few
Rough thistles, which, since heaven their ostracism
Confirmed not, but poured out her blessed chrism
Of sun and rain on whatso flower did sue
With lifted lip, the field might not eschew.

Wild mustard, like a spot of fallen sun.
So yellow you would never notice one
Gold butterfly, or say they fed upon
Its petals for the color of their wings.
These and a host of other sweet wild things,—
Convolvulus which the fence did overrun.
And many a daisy white-frilled like a nun.

And in the midst a streamlet did divide
The field's green lips with melody. Its tide
Scarcely the bobolink's morning bath supplied,
But the wild iris for the stream's sole sake,
Blue with her favors all the banks did make:
Sleek minnows in the pools did dart and glide,
And buttercups leaned bright from either side.

The merry swallows made the tall grass sway
Beneath their glancing wings. A dim, green way
Full many a sparrow knew, to where, some day,
Instead of silent eggs within the nest,
Four precious fledglings should reward his quest.
A meadow-lark sang loud and set his spray
A-tremble with his passionate essay.

.....

A field lay wounded: its embroidered weft
Rent in a thousand rags: outraged, bereft
Of bloom, its cherished nests laid bare to theft;
All such small secrets, hid so lovingly,
Told rudely to the far unpitying sky;
And every spray of fragrant clover cleft
Asunder—not one crimson cockle left.

Yet, field, charge not the reaper's hand with wrath,
To thy life's purpose led no other path,—
Seed-time and sunshine, sorrow and the swath.
Still mercy waits in many a sudden burst
Of healing rain upon thee faint, athirst.
And dying. Lo, beyond the sickle's scath
The chastened promise of the aftermath.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Opal

Thou wierdest jewel that was ever worn!
I look on thee,
And dream of emerald meadows in the spring;
The slumber-flush on the fresh cheek of morn:
The cloud where the sun's last fierce kisses cling;
The oriole's wing;
The pearly petals of the fleur-de-lis;

The intense, clear beryl of the ocean wave,
A moment caught
Ere the first flexure of its fragile edge:
The slant beam flooding some cathedral nave,
Cleaving the soft gloom with its rainbow wedge:
The irised fledge
With which the angels' radiant vans are wrought:

That bay whose azure pales the blue above:
The alpen-bloom:
A southern sky with saffron isles of dream,
Wheraround the ethereal waters glistening move:
The fairy arc limned by a lunar beam:
The lurid gleam
Where the Vesuvian cresset lights the gloom.

Of old, when in a monarch's aged frame
The life ran low,
The rich young tide from some plebeian vein
Still fed its fires. So with thy changeful flame:
How shall its splendid lustre ever wane
Wherein so plain
A thousand jewels' restless spirits glow!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Limited

O Love, this cup of mine is all too shallow,
Wherein thy generous vintage I must bear!
Life, full half thine acreage lies fallow
Where I can never drive my ardent share!

My eager hands so tremble that they spill it,
That priceless wine,—alas for haste! but then,
Repentant tears run down again to fill it.
Till all the scanty chalice brims again.

My own small plot yields blossoms in abundance.
And wheat enough to serve my life-long leaven:
plough and prune and check the weeds' redundancy.
And furnish timely drink denied of heaven.

Yet o'er the sunny tilth beyond my hedges
My eyes will wander with a strong desire;
And, but my master showed my solemn pledges,
I should stray off, forgetful of my hire.

From the bright pageant of the eastern heaven
The lordly hours whereby our zeal is pent
Rush, with their glowing coursers overdriven.
Toward the late revel of the Occident,

Ah, never one a moment stays or lingers
Though we do throng their path with mad desires:
Grasp at their dizzy wheels with frenzied fingers,
Wash with our bravest blood their ruthless tires.

I think sometime my soul will cast this languor,
The bondage-bred, and rise with thunderings:
Burst all the golden links in noble anger.
And fling the fragments from her liberate wings.

I think sometime my soul the cup will shatter,—
Impatient of its hindrance,—by the force
Of passionate thirst,—and, as the clay sherds scatter.
Will press with bare lips to the very Source.

Vigil

Grudge not thy sleep, O Heart, but watch an hour.
The white, bright moon
Has wellnigh crossed the far celestial floor,
With swift, still, silver shoon;
The sun stands waiting at the eastern door;
Deep in the wood each flower
With folded petals waits, the blessed dawn:
The lawn
Lies green and cool, drenched with the sweet, clear dew:
O peace! O peace! steal through me, through and through,
For day will come too soon,
Far, from the marshy places, sounds a chant,
That swells anon,
In one strong wave: then voice by voice expires.
Till only one shrills on.
The rath and faithful of the airy choirs.
The bird whom naught doth daunt,
The robin, and that one that doth repeat
One sweet
Sole name alway, and primrose-throated lark,
Began their songs while yet the east was dark,
And they but dreamed of sun.

Let me drink in the fresh chill air, and lave
Hot brow and cheek
In the soft dampness. Let this blessed peace
Unto my spirit speak
Comfort and calm, for, with the light's increase,
Care wakes. Now I am brave.
The souls that struggle and the hearts that grieve
Achieve
A brief bright heaven under folded lids,
Ere, as of old, the fair dawn angel bids
Once more to strive and seek.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

A Day of February

What has this month to do with such a sky
Of blue unspeakable, with clouds as soft
And fair as overflow some August noon?
The smiling sunny heavens so belie
The nether chill, that, with my eyes aloft,
I hear the lark's lilt, and the bee's bassoon,
And the cicada's strident monotone.
I breathe, I breathe the rapturous breezes, blown

Athwart sweet acres, rich with clover bloom:
And feel the warm fern-flavored airs that stray
From deep wood hollows, where moist mosses glow
With vivid green, and, through the odorous gloom,
Burns the wild lily.

Ah, for one sole day
Of summer!

The inexorable cold No
Lies written o'er the world, but I translate
Its stern denial to the message, Wait!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Baby Alice

Sweet baby Alice, in her second summer,
Fixes her wondering vision on the flowers,
With interest new for every latest comer,
Unmingled and unsurfeited, like ours.

Her ignorance takes the fittest name to cover
Whate'er of bloom her soft wide eyes espy;
And be it thistle, chicory, or clover.
To her they all are "pansies" equally.

So be it; "thoughts" they are, O my small lisper,
Of deeper truths than science can unsay.
Their unseen Thinker teach thy faith to whisper
In future years what ignorance speaks to-day.

Keep thee from doubt that turns the great book's pages
Wherein those thoughts divine are bound for us,
Reads one by one the chapters of the ages,
And writes below the last, "Anonymous."

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Rubinstein's Melody in F

A dim-lit room, a gleam of keys swept o'er
By hovering hands.

O Soul of Music! what
Is this you seek, and sorrow, finding not?
Venture and hope, doubt, fear, despair,—ay, more
Than a life's life, stirred to its quivering core,
Cries from the throbbing strings. While I,—if it
Be I, who, trembling and enraptured sit,—
Feel some strange spell renewed from long before.

If this be joy I know not, or if pain,
Or if the final burst of grand despair.
Or some tried soul's delirious release.
I only plead to hear the sounds again:
I do but beg the warm, impassioned air
Hold yet the music when the player cease.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Eostre

Goddess of Dawn and Spring, just as of old,
Come forth thy fair forerunners, bird and bee,
Leafage and flower and smiling sky. Lo! we
Lift up glad hearts for all the promise told
In such gay hieroglyphs of blue and gold
And amethyst and rose. We almost see
Thy wondrous shape float earthward in the free
Warm air, most fair, mist-drapered, fold on fold.
Yet, shrines deserted, and that race of men,
Sun-haired and stalwart, gone, and with them fled
Their weird beliefs, through lapse of years still glows,
Still shines thy name as precious now as then
Upon the brow of one sweet day. The dead
Shall live. Light, dawn, and springtide! Christ arose!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

New Year

Dear little child, I greet you. All do greet
You, fair and bright and young, although your eyes
Of blue are deep, mysterious, otherwise:
As oftentimes summer skies, serene and sweet,
Hold yet a conscious shade, a sudden, fleet,
Foreknowledge of near clouds, of storms that rise
On swift still wings.

Ah, child, the laughter dies.

What has your baby glance we dare not meet?
I hold the soft and rosy hand. I kiss
The smiling mouth. I will not be afraid!
Forgive me. Sweet, I clasp you warm and fast,
I love you still so dearly, knowing this.
That some, on whose glad bosoms you are laid,
Will find you grown so heavy at the last.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Poplar

One has, and one has not: or has, indeed,
A different. So the sweet old law abides,
The law of compensation. Envy hides
Her face before this tenet of our creed.
For every loss, the loser holds some meed
Of kind requital, and the One who guides
The wavering balance, blesses while He chides.
How plain the proof is written if we heed!

A desolate poplar stands beside the way,
And from its heart this drear November day,
Wild, faint, delicious perfumes steal, that seem
Like zephyrs from the gardens of a dream.
This truth repeat the poplar and the rhyme.
He has made each thing lovely in its time.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Pere la Chaise

Not even here, still city of the dead,
Remaineth that dear rest, toward which, through strife
And pang and change, co-heritage with life.
We all press on. Ah! blessed low-laid bed,
Whereon, above the worn world-weary head,—
While patient grasses grow in peace, and weave
Their tender green for those who come to grieve,—
The sweet *a perpetuite* is, read.

Sooth, naught can stay the enfranchised soul from flight
To that far real Forever's waiting rest,
Whatever wrong its late-shed vestments know;
Yet, from the pillows where that guardian slight
Holds final hush about some slumbering breast,
We seek with tears those undefended so.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Milkweed in Midwinter

You stand so patient by the wayside still;
Poor weed! the time of growth and bloom is gone:
You have o'erstayed the joy: the sad winds moan
Across the lonely fields, so white and chill,
And the dead grass lies prostrate on the hill.
Your blood is frozen and your life is done.
And still you linger, piteous skeleton,
While all around you winter has his will.
And now, as sometime lay, in autumn noon,
Your wondrous burden, vanished all too soon.
The wind in sport, or mockery, or brusque
Compassion, heaps with snow each vacant husk.
O mask of life! O hearts bereft, that so
Reach out vain hands for summer and find snow!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Warning

Ah, love her not! she is the bride of dream.
Lest if thou love and she should yield to thine
A palm reluctant, thou should'st notice shine
Deep in her eyes upturned an alien gleam
Not lit for thee. Be jealous. Rather deem
Thine altar blessed void of fire divine
Than that a rival priesthood share the shrine.
Thou seest the real, she the things that seem.

Or if thou love, and she, for thy dear sake,
Renounce her gift, be patient and be proud.
She giveth more than most, and less than most.
Less than thou cravest, more than thou can'st take.
Durst thou receive a bride so strange endowed?
Is it unequal wedding? count the cost.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Nulla Dies Sine Linea

No day without its line. O Poet, read
The painter's maxim as 't were writ for you.
Methinks the Spirit loveth those who sue
And will not be denied. What though you plead
Awhile in vain? what though no mortal heed?
Is not the bliss that thrills you through and through
Enough for aye? Be sure when it is due
The watchful years will not delay your need.
No day without its line. (O happy year
So calendared!) Thus shall your whole frame grow
Habituate to music, by degrees.
And render to your soul's unerring ear
As true response as to the master's bow
The voice of his beloved Cremonese.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

To Raoula

Lo, on the tearful trouble of the sky
The opal troth-ring of the rain and sun!
My Rainbow-faced! so is thy smile undone
By thy sad eyes: thy dimples so belie
Thy forehead's pathos, lifting playfully
Their chalices for whatso drops may run.
Sweet, is there sackcloth with thy samite spun?
What cruel thorn is hid where none may spy?
Not once those merry sentinels forsake
Their watch beside thy mouth. That unknown ache
Abateth not. No swift excess of bliss
Doth cancel this most strange antithesis.
Yet do I know the lips shall triumph, Dear,
Thine eyes forget their grief some day,—not here!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Unsung

Happy, thrice happy, those whom a firm voice,
“Here shalt thou walk,” forbiddeth to elect.
So many many priceless hours are wrecked
Just from the sole embarrassment of choice,
What joy to take among a world of joys.
The meteors of the possible reflect
Upon the real, its still skies intersect
With brilliance, and our souls lose equipoise.

Ah, my dead songs, the songs I might have sung!
What alien service claimed my faithless tongue?
The world’s unworthy wage to me seemed good,—
Ah, my dead songs! it was the price of blood.
Who knows what glorious message God had sent,
Had he found one devoted instrument?

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1887).

On an Etching by J. A. S. Monks

Down from the cool, pale zenith, the clear sky
Stretches in rich crescendo of warm light.
Till, at the rim, its brilliance blinds the sight
With its accumulate splendor. Conversely,
From the low-dipping pasture, where am I,
Up the still slope, the gathering dusk of night
Runs deepening to the brow, where it doth smite
Its climax on the other, gorgeously.
A flock of sheep trail up the russet rise,
Toward where the farmstead roofs gleam brightly black
Against the radiant heaven. The peevish cries
Of the young lambs, the ewes* quick answering back,
Come sweet upon the hush. I hear the bars
Drop. All is still: and, lo, the first shy stars!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Divided

I cannot reach thee, we are far, so far
Apart who are so dear!

Love, be it so:

Else we might press so close we should not grow.

One doth deny even this so sweet a bar

For fear our souls* true shape should suffer mar.

Ah, surface-sundered, yet do we not know

A hidden union in the deeps below?

An intertwining where the strong roots are?

So husbandmen plant trees, Sweetheart, a space

Between. Complete the figure. High in air ‘

After the trees are grown, their spreading boughs

Reach forth and mingle. In some far glad place,

When thou and I are straight and tall and fair,

We shall clasp hands again,—if God allows.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

November

And now at last, from out the thoughtful sky,
Floats dreamily the winter's first white pledge.
The sparrows seek the shelter of the hedge.
The doves fly home. The crow's discordant cry
Reechoes through the stillness, drearily.
In leaf-choked pools, and in the river-edge,
The gathering ice films irk the whispering sedge.
In the wood margin towers stark and high
Sere golden-rod. The starwort thickets glow
With myriad downy disks, as white as snow.
The milkweed scatters all the faded sods
With the last treasures of her rifled pods.
Far in the purple north, a slender girth
Of dazzling primrose clasps the sober earth.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

The Dead Word

“There is going forward a continual extinction of the words of our language.”—Trench.

Ah, speak it very softly, it is dead.
So soon the sad estrangement on its face
Familiar but a brief time gone. Its place
Knows it no more. Be no cold judgment said,
Of harsh or sweet: let death be hallowed.
From the far silence of a by-gone race
A choir of spirit voices plead for grace,
To whom this word was dear in days long fled.

How fresh it shone on many a thoughtful scroll
Now turned to dust! From many a fervent soul
On eager wings of praise and prayer it sprung.
How warm it fell from love’s impassioned tongue!
Yet lies it there and with no lip to own,
With all its life and all its meaning gone.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1887).

December

Ah, what a chaste and passionless despair!
Earth, like the sculptor's Slave, in silence stands,
With the cold shackles on her passive hands,
Dreaming of life and freedom. (Past compare
Those soft contours, that face so sad and fair.
That radiant pallor!) Will she not forget
Sometime the bondage and the fetters' fret,
And lift her eyes and smile? O who shall dare
To doubt before the witness of the years?
For the fair Greek, captivity and tears
Forever: no rapt Cyprian by the might
Of conquering love those marble links shall smite.
But for the patient earth, with suffering spent,
Fulfilled desire and sure enfranchisement.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

At Parting

Once more farewell! our lives drew hither out
Of dusk and silence, and again draw back
To mystery. We did not feel the lack
Until we saw the sail, and heard the shout,
And felt the clasp. The same winds blow without,
One port 's behind,—and one dread chance of wrack
Before: one harbor beckons sloop and smack:
Beneath all craft yawn the same deeps of doubt,
But, lit for all, shine stars and one sweet Sun.
Ah, friend, pray Heaven clear the pilot's sight
For berg and bank: God guard the throbbing play
Of the great heart, and feed its fires. One
Long look,—one last swift smile,—a sudden white
About the lips,—good-bye!—is it for aye?

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

To M. A. D.

My dear, my friend, I have no words for pleading
That God will bring me somewhere near you soon,
But all my soul cries eager for the boon:
And all my dumb heart begs but with its bleeding.
I cling, I cling to the sweet days receding:
The present peace to only feel you near.
The knowledge I might find you close and dear,
With sympathy for any sudden needing.
Your face has been my keynote for the day:
If that were glad, then glad I needs must be,
And if I read there pain and care, alway
The light went out of sun and sky for me.
Oh, if my thirst has drunk too deep, you know
It is because I loved, I love you so!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Marsh Rosemary

O the low salt marshes are green by the Sound:
There thick, rank grass has grown,
With mists of rosemary over it all,
Like morning vapors blown.

We sailed to westward yestereve,
While over fair blue sky
The rosy flakes of sunset cloud
In splendor drifted by.

And on the wave the rose and blue
Were mingled into one,
As we did sail a royal way
To the Palace of the Sun.

And that 's the hue of rosemary bloom:
'T is neither blue nor rose:
But as sometimes a quiet sea
The wedded color shows.

O wear marsh rosemary, Dear, for me
As sign of our plighted vow!
For it endures so long, as fresh
And bright as this is now.

And while I sail so far away
Nor sight of shore be found,
At sunset I shall think of you
And the marshes green by the Sound.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Dusk or Dawn?

I.

There is a season 'twixt the time of bloom
And time of snow, overblown of fitful rain,
When grass is dead, nor leaves nor flowers remain:
When, sole sweet promise shining through the gloom.
Last fabric of the summer's weary loom,
The late wheat paints the field with emerald stain,
Till we half think the spring has come again,
And half distrust the winter's day of doom.

Ah, Friend, what season is it 'twixt us two?
This passionate rain may leave our heavens blue
And clear, or it may chill itself to sleet.
What waits next moon, our tender new-sprung wheat?
Who knows if it shall flourish tall and proud,
Or lifeless lie beneath its sky-spun shroud?

II.

There are two twilights: 'twixt the day and night
Lie the dim borderlands of eve and dawn;
The soft, still gloaming, when the sun is gone,
Yet leaves the sky and all the landscape bright
With his last smile: and when the first rays smite
The morning sky, and early mists are drawn,
In fine, frail, opal webs from lake and lawn.
Like flocks of dreams in their belated flight.

Ah, Friend, dear Friend, 't is twilight with us twain:
Heart twilight: who shall say, O who shall say
Whether this wavering light shall wax or wane?
If glow or gloom shall win this doubtful gray?
If this warm flush the break of day forerun.
Or be the farewell of a dear, lost sun?

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Refuge

St. Johns Gospel, vi. 67-68.

To whom, to whom! the evening shadows fall,
And nestward all the wandering birds have flown:
But still the homeless soul remains alone,
Most needy and most desolate of all.
The bitter night drops round her like a pall,
And o'er her eyes of faith a mist is blown.
How many tear-wet shrines "to the unknown"
Outside of olden Athens' pagan wall!
What waste of incense ere the better way
We learn at last, to hearken and obey.
Still is that saying hard, and, as of yore.
Some turn away and follow Him no more.
Forgive, if more despair than faith wring out
The cry of Peter from a mist of doubt!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

To Robert Collyer

Unknown, unknowing, still I write thee friend.
Though if we met, and I should thrust a hand
Impulsive, thou wouldst gaze in mild demand
And see a stranger face, yet shall the end,
When veils are dropped, that dear name's use defend.
Even as I write the word I see thee stand
With face uplifted, as thou saw that land
Of happy hope, and, as its ruth did send
One swift sole ray to meet thy strenuous prayer,
A smile of sunshine, breaking 'thwart the lips,
Augments the aureole of thy silver hair.
I hear the voice that halts and half-ways trips,
As though it found earth's best speech not o'er good
With Heaven's ov/n language almost understood.

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

Blanco

Deep in the hearth-rug he lies asleep,
And over his length
Of lithe young strength
The shadows of slumber-land slowly creep.

A drowsy growl that I understand,—
A nightmare bay,—
Ah, whither away?
For a bird of dream in the poppiéd land?

The graceful shape of a long desire:
A Landseer pose
From tail to nose.
With head laid prone toward the purring fire.

Purely white as a winter drift,
With flecks gold brown,
(Correctly sown!)
And orbs to match when his eyelids lift.

* * * * *

Blanco! a flash of sudden white:
Two amber eyes
To mine uprise,
Earnest, questioning, bright, alight.

What do you think when I lay my hand
On your velvet crown,
Or ears of down,
And talk to you, do you understand?

Friend, does that searching vision track
Afar yet near,
A superior sphere,
A glimpse of a soul and your own long lack?

I soothe my palm in these snowy curls
The throat-band irks,
Till the wave that lurks
Breaks out aneath in silvery swirls.

I loose the collar, caress and bless
You playfully,
Till on my knee
Gently a loving chin doth press;

And up from the depth of some canine woe
A soft, long sigh
Heaves mournfully.
Never was dog so sad I trow

I read you well, do you kiss or cringe:
Mild deprecation
Or wild elation
Speaks by the voice of that caudal fringe.

No need of words to its guilty sag,
No plea to back
Its humble thwack,
No smile or shout for that rapturous flag.

I know you but you know not me,—
Some words alone,
A change of tone,
Though you listen never so eagerly:

A boon of a bone, remorse of the rod.
Rudiment ruth,
Guesses for truth,—
Humanity's heaven and I your God,

Whereto you gaze and worship, mute:
While, as dumb and fond,
To my heaven beyond
I lean and yearn, O my fellow brute!

I hear its speech and I make my guess:
I understand
When I am banned,
And when the Hand doth beckon and bless-

Ah, friend, your heaven is barred for aye!
You will never speak,
Your god is weak,
Will sicken and fail like you some day.

Your heaven has envy, and grief, and crime,
Your frail god weeps.
And thirsts and sleeps.
Fettered of flesh, the thrall of time.

Keep the smileless mouth and tearless eye,
The unvexed sleep.
I shall not keep
The fever and fret and strife and cry.

For my God is strong and my Heaven is sweet:
I shall one day reach
Its occult speech
And search its secrets with speed-shod feet!

And yet, ah Heaven of Humanhood!
If that were all,
I yet must call
It rich with blessing and grace and good.

And were no Hope beyond, I think.
Were my life at stake,
To lose or take,
I should lift the cup to my lips,—and drink.

Well, you have slept while I have thought.
Listen! a clink
Of link on link!
A link means a chain, a chain means—what?

Hat, and whistle, and gloves. Glad heart!
Curvet and prance.
And whine and dance.
Up to the latch! it is time to start.

Now to the winds with thought and care.
Youth and health.
The sun's wide wealth
For dog and mistress, and fine free air!

Publication. *Lines and Interlines* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887).

CALIFORNIA JOURNAL VERSE

Stage II | Land of Sunshine and Out West, 1890-1927

This chronological section gathers Green's poems from the California journals *Land of Sunshine* and *Out West*. Repetitions are retained when a periodical state supplies evidence distinct from a later collection.

The Voyage

First Day

Little green waves, little gray-green waves of the sea

I sit at your feet by the hour, and I watch you frolic and play,

Thinking (ah, foolish thought!) the sea is the same today,

As soft and gentle and kind a thousand leagues away

Where the gallant ship sets sail that will bring my dear one to me.

Hoping (ah, foolish hope!) by this prayerful breath of mine

I can soothe and smooth all this turbulent waste, and make it fair and fine,

I can soothe and smooth for one little week all this deep tempestuous brine.

Second Day

Emerald waves, O emerald waves of the sea,

White as a eucharist lily your foam, and green as its leaves

Your cool and translucent hollows. O happy shore that receives

This lovely largess for aye! O sorrowing shore that grieves

When the tidal transport slowly ebbs, and the beautiful glee

Of ripple and wavelet and billow and breaker is spent at last;

When the clamor dies and the great sea lies like a lover, his passion past;

When the final embrace is over, the uttermost garland cast.

Third Day

Snowy surf, O radiant snowy surf,

The land she leaves is all snowed over in early spring

With a glory of jasmine bloom, the whitest and sweetest thing!

Sung over by rapturous birds and worshipped by bees a-wing.

O surf you are white as Hawaii's bloom, and green as her turf

Are the waves you crown. O sea be safe as their island sward

To her pilgrim feet! O spray be sweet as the jasmine's fragrant hoard!

O ocean birds, sing blithesome words and o'er my ship keep guard!

Fourth Day

Ravenous waves, O fierce and ravenous waves,

How can I think today of her who is far from home!

Far toward the sky-line, trouble and danger and inky gloom;

Throbs of fury, hither, and mountainous shocks that come

And hiss and shriek on the sand in a pallid passion of foam.

Cruel swells that shape in a merciless mock of graves;

They scoop the bed, then swiftly spread a mound like a new-made tomb,

Then scatter it o'er as a last scoff more with a white profusion of bloom.

Publication. Vol. 3, No. 5, October 1895, pp. 213-214; source PDF pp. 322-323

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Heredity

This virgin soil, when first the plow doth wound,
Blazes with sunflowers; leagues on leagues of gold.
Small wonder, sooth, when countless cycles round
Her royal lord hath wrapped this land from cold,
Loved her and cherished her so tenderly
With all a husband's faith, a lover's fire—
Small wonder then if her firstborn should be
A perfect little image of its sire.
Los Angeles.

Publication. Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 37; source PDF p. 52

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

The Pepper Tree

I was a mermaid once, and otherwhere.
Have you divined it in the winter rain,
With all my branches in the gale astrain
And blown to utmost length my sea-green hair?
Great Neptune, vexed—let me forget the ground!—
Devised my exile, drave me shingle-ward;
And here I fled, irked by the rosy hoard
Of corals wherewithal my braids were bound.
Los Angeles, Cal.

In Exile

Author: Unsigned
Source: Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 163; source PDF p. 270
Northward, a white cliff falling down,
Touches the shore's soft shining brown,
Up whose vain slope, in moon-set rhyme,
The clamoring tides forever climb.
Southward, a point far out to sea
Curves a warm shoulder, tenderly;
And little waves run laughing in
For shelter when the winds begin.
Comely dividing land from land,
Slender the eucalypti stand;
As virgin ladies, shy and straight,
Unite them in a lone estate.
Fronting the ocean's sapphire swell,

Uplifts the mountain's parallel,
Where daily gold and morning mist
Fuse slowly into amethyst.

* * *

Remembering (to bear to be
So comforted apart from thee!)
O sea, and sky, and shore, refrain—
Or break this aching heart again!
Santa Barbara.

A Hedge Of La France Roses

Author: Nancy K. Foster
Source: Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 172; source PDF p. 279
Roses of France, how beautiful you are!
Warm is your color as the glowing cheeks
Of my beloved. Vainly would I seek
'Mongst India's webs your texture to compare.
Opulent hearts, large, generous and rare—
Radiant La France!—not fragile, slender, sleek
As Gold of Ophir or Safrana meek—
Perchance of long ago Love's chosen flower!
Gazing on you, old days of war and might,
Of prowess, chivalry in sunny France,
Of Courts of Love, gay tournament and dance
Return once more, Chansons and virelay
To lady sung by troubadour or knight,
Are in your honied scent breathed forth alway!
Los Angeles, Cal.

Publication. Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 160; source PDF p. 267

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

My Nursery

My wee ones have a nursery wide;
The ceiling's blue as Marjorie's eyes,
And all the fluttering draperies
With buds and flowers are thickly pied.
The carpet's changed full twice a year;
Sometimes it is a russet brown,
Then there are soft green rugs laid down,
And later, for the childrens' cheer,
Their nursery floor is covered close
With marvelous webs of rainbow bloom.
O happy bairns with such a room,
Their light feet treading rose on rose!
Playthings they have, not such as were
Our treasures in the days gone by,
For Juliet has a butterfly
And Don a bird and grasshopper.
My wee ones have the sweetest nurse,
She keeps their room so bright and warm,
She has so many ways to charm,
Such songs and stories to rehearse.
She is the same is wont to rock
The oriole's cradle, and keep guard
O'er many a furred and feathered ward;
My babes are Nature's foster-flock.
Rollicking, rosy, plump and tanned,

Taking all good the sky outpours—
Their nursery is “all outdoors.”
My babies' home is Sunshine Land.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Publication. Vol. 5, No. 2, July 1896, p. 69; source PDF p. 113

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Our November

The little nomads of the air
On Autumn's pilgrimage set forth;
Out of the rigors of the North
They come to find our meadows fair.
We, newly alien from the East,
Mark quickly the access of song,
Happy to have by this new throng
The Summer's merry choirs increased.
We watch the coming of the showers
And see the first faint emerald stain
Grow deeper in the lush young grain,
And see the tapestries of flowers
Spread quickly on the sunny slopes.
Strange lessons these! Unlearn the past!
Winter is here, is here at last,
A time of blossoming, birds and hopes!
Los Angeles.

Publication. Vol. 5, No. 6, November 1896, p. 242; source PDF p. 345

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Slowly the Rains Abate

Slowly the rains abate and very slowly
The foothills weave their garb of maiden green—
Velvet of grass and fern and all things lowly,
With bright brocade of blossoms thick between.
The clambering vetch with pale pink clusters heavy,
The slim brodiaea with its violet brush,
The golden pansies in a nodding bevy,
With myriad lilac lupines, tall and lush.
Over yon aged cactus, grim and hoary,
Festoons of fairy leafage lightly lie;
It is the tiny wild white morning-glory
Its baby trumpets flaring to the sky.
And up, up in the spaces wide and sunny
A gleaming splendor thrills the heart of me;
Fit for Titania's dew or Hebe's honey
The poppy's polished chalices I see!
Redlands, Cal.

Before The Bloom

Author: Anna C. Murphy
Source: Vol. 6, No. 5, April 1897, p. 187; source PDF p. 320
As one o'ertaken midstep by a sudden mood,
Will pause and muse 'twixt changing red and white of brow
Before his daydream into happy deed be wooed:
So all our California orchards lean them now,
Remembering once more an old, sweet thought of Spring;

Faint lit by haloes of the opal's flushing gloom;
Soft stilled with rapturous desire a day will bring
To their fulfillment, in a world asurge with bloom.
University of California.

Publication. Vol. 6, No. 5, April 1897, p. 181; source PDF p. 314

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

At San Juan

The tawny hills lie sleeping in the sun,
Their shapely flanks hirsute with grasses. Blue,
Ah, blue as Eve's eyes when the world was new,
Paler than sapphire, tenderer than any one
Terrestrial pigment, lifts the sky, as spun
A peerless tissue in aërial looms.
These for the setting. Here are cloistral glooms,
Pensive and cool. The agile lizards run,
Oddly exempt by those four nimble feet
From that antipathy as old as man.
Around the ruined apse the swallows flit—
Small mission mothers they, in service fleet.
The quaint gray nests follow each moulding's span
And in the doorways round the fledglings sit.
Redlands, Cal.

Their Grass

Author: Charlotte Perkins Stetson
Source: Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 64; source PDF p. 107
They say we have no grass!
To hear them talk
You'd think that grass could walk,
And was their bosom friend—no day to pass
Between them and their grass!
No grass! they say, who live
Where hot bricks give

The hot stones all their heat and back again—
A baking hell for men.
“Oh but,” they haste to say, “we have our parks”—
Where fat policemen check the children’s larks,
And sign to sign repeats as in a glass
“Keep off the grass!”
“We have our city parks and grass, you see—”
Well—so have we!

Publication. Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 58; source PDF p. 101

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Painted Cup

I think that Nature in her wide care-taking
Forgot this little wildling of the West,
And left her tiny heart all hurt and aching
To have no lovely blossom like the rest.
I think from very potency of yearning,
Out of the throbbing fervor of desire
Was wrought the boon for which her soul was burning—
Her very leaves burst into scarlet fire.
The Castilleia, a California wildflower.
Redlands, Cal.

Near The Carraras

Author: Grace Ellery Channing
Source: Vol. 8, No. 3, February 1898, p. 123; source PDF p. 206
The violets of mountains! Such they seem;
Pale purple dreams within a purple dream;
Faint, fading noonday blossoms; or again,
Wet violets after rain,
Blooming above the stone pine's lofty stem
Whose forest is but greensward unto them;
And the Ligurian sea breaks here alone
To feed the roots of the eternal stone.
A few years past I thought our earth had not
On her broad breast (that breast so thickly sown
With graves of hearts) a more memorial spot,
Remembering how these purple waters bore

The Prince of Song and laid him on the shore
With sob of wave and the slow breakers' moan.
I deemed the marbles—white when Angelo came
Seeking his prisoned Titans—caught the flame
Out of that Heart of hearts laid at their feet,
And blossomed into all these purples sweet,
To be his deathless chaplet evermore.
God is our witness—if a God there be—
How he hath fashioned us all mystery.
Not less today is Shelley's song to me,
But Life, the Poem, is more than poesy.
Far have I fared, much seen with these eyes' sight;
The white Alps flashing back their awful light,—
Soft shadow of the Apennines' piney light,
And skiey needle of the Dolomite.
How little of itself the eye can see!
How less than nothing all these things can be!
For I have learned, unto each human heart
How greater than the whole its own small part,
Its little human portion, though that be
Sorrow or joy, passion or misery.
Have I not learned? who look with longing eyes
Across two worlds to where their summits rise—
The Mother Mountains* of the golden West;
Earth's highest heights, dearest and loveliest,—
The Mother Mountains, in whose shadows deep

No poet, but a mother, fell asleep.

The Sierra Madre.

Publication. Vol. 8, No. 3, February 1898, p. 118; source PDF p. 201

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

The Mother Mountain

She is well named the Madre: at her feet,
Upon her skirts and in her lap they lie
Her helpless ones, she hears their hunger-cry,
And in her breast are welling, full and sweet,
The vital streams those thirsty lips to meet.

A Mexican Jar

Author: Sharlot M. Hall

Source: Vol. 9, No. 3, August 1898, p. 139; source PDF p. 208
San Juan's Day—June

San Juan's day in Guadalupe! The plaza is astir
With caballeros bold and gay and señoritas shy,
And Miguel, the alfarero, wends through the crowd to her,
Dolores, with the dusky eyes as soft as twilit sky.
Dolores, 'neath whose lightest touch his heart is like the clay,
Who molds him as he molds his wares upon the whirring wheel;
Oh, may the saints be good to him on this auspicious day,
And teach the little trifler love's tender pangs to feel!
"Mi alma, see this olla, how it flashes in the sun,
And shimmers as the iris of la tórtola's dimpled breast!
Lift but the lid and look within, querida, little one,
My heart lies warm beneath your gaze as birds lie in the nest."
All-Souls' Night—November
"Ay de mí! válgame Dios!" Señor, but a moment, stay!
The jar! the olla! will you buy it? So little shall you pay.
Look you, burnished green and copper, with waves of rainbow light;

Miguel, best alfarero—the saints keep his soul tonight!—

Publication. Vol. 9, No. 3, August 1898, p. 138; source PDF p. 207

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

In the Sierra Madre

Four nights we twain have lain at rest
Far up upon the Madre's breast.
We thought we saw her wondrous eyes
Look down upon us, deep and wise,
And full of witching mystery—
It might have been the stars, maybe.
We felt her balmy breath, we thought—
It may have been the fragrance brought
From mountain blooms. We heard her sigh,
We heard her sing; such melody,
We told ourselves, no ear divines
In simple wind in mountain pines.
We plucked her gown's rich garniture,
The snowy styrax, heavenly pure,
Unearthly sweet; the dogwood stars;
Vetch, rosy as the shield of Mars.
And round her throat like laces broke
Soft lilacs with the blue of smoke.
We heard her laughter, too, so clear,
So musical, so limpid! near
Where we held breath to hark, a rill
Frolicked and romped or took long naps
'Neath brooding boulders; this perhaps
Was what we heard; more sweet by half
To think we caught the Madre's laugh.

O, it is much of good and grace
To sit at foot and see her face,
To hold her garments' hem and feel
The vital influences that heal;
But up, up where those currents start
How sweet to know the Madre's heart!
Redlands, Cal.

Publication. Vol. 9, No. 5, October 1898, p. 255; source PDF p. 394

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Sun and Orange

Charged with the memory of a royal folly
The sands of Pactolus still shine, they say.
The end of avarice is melancholy,
Content lies hid in gifts of every day.
But here the Kingly Touch is full of blessing.
Our faithful Midas fingers these green spheres,
Gentle and warm, persuasive and caressing,
And lo! at last the precious gold appears.
Redlands, Cal.

Publication. Vol. 9, No. 6, November 1898, p. 300; source PDF p. 482

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

The Judgment of Paris

I please my fancy thinking, moons agone,
The lands played here the old Hellenic tale.
Came one with earnest face and cheek o'er pale,
With eyes lore-laden. And another one
Whose regal front owed vassalage to none,
High browed and haughty. Then her azure veil
The third one loosed, and clothed in dazzling mail
Of perfect beauty, met the morning sun.
Holding the golden fruit, the arbiter
Advanced to judge between the three who sued;
He gazed, he paused a breath's incertitude,
Then reached the prize, afraid of no demur,
And yielding to her beauty great and calm,
Redlands. Cal.
Laid it in California's rosy palm.

Publication. Vol. 12, No. 6, May 1900; magazine p. 377; source PDF p. 644

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

An Instance

When Mother Eve through Eden's store
On that first shopping trip went forth,
To find what fabric was best worth
To make her famous pinafore,
She thought her task with moment big;
She must weigh color, texture, shape;
She passed the fern, the gourd, the grape,
And settled on the historic fig.
Honor to her inspired likes!
What leaf so smooth, so strong, so clean?
Colored to such a perfect green,
And ready cut in sweet Vandykes!
And as she fastened in her bower
The emerald peplum round her waist,
She shadowed forth that finer taste,
From then till now the woman's dower.
Redlands, Cal.

Publication. Vol. 14, No. 2, February 1901; magazine pp. 134-135; source PDF pp. 177-178

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Matilija Poppies

Men blithely hazard life and all, I hear;
They give good years, foregoing home and friend,
Those over-bold adventurers who wend
Northward beyond the lands of sun and cheer.
Where Father Yukon pours his stately flood
Frenzied for wealth they fare, through fatal cold,
Peril, privation, hardship, all for gold;
To pay for this how small a price is blood!
Yet here these bloom and guarded by no law,
Each with her proffer of resplendent dust
Yellow as ever lit the eye of lust;
The peerless poppies of Matilija.
The fairy tissue of their fluted dress
Might tire Titania fitly; 'twere allowed
Love dying to implore so pure a shroud,
Or shriven souls to crave such spotlessness.
Redlands, Cal.

The California Poppy

Author: Joaquin Miller
Source: Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 211; physical source PDF p. 58
The golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down,
The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town,
But singing, laughing, freely spills

Its hoard far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down, on every turn,
What beggar has not gold to burn!
The Hights, Oakland, Cal.

The Anemone Of The Rockies

Author: Mary A. Stokes
Source: Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 212; physical source PDF p. 59
When the foothill loosens her cloak of snow
And bares her breast to the warm Chinook,
There by her nude brown foot, we know
We shall find if we but look,
Cradled in furs from throat to toe,
A baby anemone sleeping low.
The snowbirds twitter a chansonnette
And the babe peeps out with her soft blue eye.
Thirsting, she seeks the rivulet
"Neath the mother's cloak awry;
Her velvet lip she creeps to wet
And her face in the snow cloak's fringe is set.
Helena, Mont.

Publication. Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 204; physical source PDF p. 51

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Dodder

Beauty to spare! this desert parasite,
The common dodder, sets the wastes alight;
Out, far out, where all other color wanes
The shrubs are splendid with the tawny skeins.
Jason, no dragon here, unless it be
The armored cactus; and the prize you see,
Hung low in the wild garden, every crease
And fold as yellow as the famous fleece.
It may be Clotho wearied of her task;
"I'll spin no more, it is too much to ask."
And flung life's tangled web, a shining mass,
Upon these wayside brambles where we pass.
Or else Titania's robes of cloth of gold
Must needs be aired; so, full as they can hold,
These desert bushes, stiff and briery,
Present the shimmering glory to the sky.
Redlands, Cal.

The North Wind In California

Author: Herbert Muller Hopkins
Source: Vol. 16, March 1902; magazine p. 371; physical source PDF p. 62
Now, to the wonder of the waiting night,
The arid North comes stealing o'er the hills,
First in slow puffs, and then the whole house thrills
With steady blows of that mysterious might.
How strange to hear, beneath the hot starlight,

The same wild note that comes with driven snows
Against New England panes, where warmly glows
The dark green holly and its berries bright!
And what the meaning of the wild refrain,
And what the message that the North Wind brings?
It sings of cactus on a desert plain,
Of bones that bleach beside the sand-choked springs,

Publication. Vol. 16, March 1902; magazine p. 361; physical source PDF p. 52

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

The Pale Blue Larkspur

One after one they climb the fragile stalk,
Clothed in a hue so heavenly one essays
In vain to fit their beauty with a phrase.
Mutely they listen and they mutely mock.
Blue are our skies, but not so blue as this;
Astarte's eyes were not so blue I wis.
This blossom's dye in pale intensity
Shames turquois, sapphire, lapis lazuli.
The color brooks no likeness and no name;
Still in the moveless morning air they stand,
The regnant spring might choose such for her wand,
Or dying April for her altar flame.
Redlands, Cal.

A Song For Arizona

Author: Thomas Wood Stevens
Source: Vol. 17, August 1902; magazine p. 275; physical source PDF p. 74
The kings of the world have waxed and died in narrower states than mine;
And realms have risen to rampant power, to sink in drear decline,
That were poor by the measure of my wealth—the creditors of the brine.
Across my purple peaks the snows fall scant and dry away,
And the breasts of earth that should be full are withered and rimed and grey;
For the chill is mine of the dewless night, till the barren, aching day.
I call to my heedless, jeweled sky—the shimmering wanton smiles,
Flinging her bacchant robes of cloud across the thirsty miles;
And the intimate stars come near in the night to bare her mocking wiles.

I call on his hastening trails the wind, where the mad dust-demons glide,
But he answers me with the sting of a lash and only a pause to chide,
And his forefront sweeps as a gloomy flame where the silence stretches wide.

Publication. Vol. 17, August 1902; magazine p. 254; physical source PDF p. 53

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

Mañana

Though with light laugh we quote your word,
O dark-eyed brothers of the South,
We should be meek, we too have erred,
Your phrase is often in our mouth,
"Mañana."

Mañana! ah, the opulent hour!
Enriched with all heroic deeds,
And clothed upon with all the power
Today refuses to our needs,
Mañana.

Tomorrow we will start the book,
Will pay the debt; reform our ways;
We will seek pardon for the look
The word that gloomed a dear one's days,
Mañana.

Tomorrow comes, and is today;
Old habit's strong; our funds are low;
The muse is shy; the friends away;
The voice still whispers, soothing, slow,
Mañana.

Redlands, Cal.

Publication. Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 883; physical source PDF p. 130

Provenance. Text follows the journal archive reading edition prepared from the scanned issue.

MAGAZINE VERSE

Stage II | General magazines and anthologies

These poems come from the local Magazine Verse transcription and represent Green's wider circulation beyond the California journal sequence.

Two Points of View

His.

When Bidy goes, what rapture fills
My being's core! New luster glows
From hearth and wall and window-sill;
These things get dusted, I suppose.
When Bidy goes.

When Bidy goes the steak is rare;
My morning cup her absence shows;
The kettle laughs, the range fire glows;
The omelet's served without compare:
I kiss the dear cook 'neath the rose,
When Bidy goes.

When Bidy goes, my soul's my own,
My house my castle; plenty flows;
I gain in actual adipose.
My wife 's a queen upon her throne,
Dispensing comfort, joy, repose.
When Bidy goes.

When Bidy goes, the sweet old ways
Come back to mock this day of shows—
The mutual service that love pays,
The thrift, the cheer, the jest, the praise.
The hominess one's walls inclose—
When Bidy goes.

But this reflection makes me sad;
Our bliss may end in no one knows
What dolor; for our urgent advertisement
dogs her flying toes,
When Bidy goes.

Hers.

When Bidy leaves, my courage mounts
To meet the test. The house receives
A scrubbing straight from floor to eaves.
On each neglected spot I pounce,
Split all my nails, and spoil a flounce.
When Bidy leaves.

WheUjPiddy leaves, I write “Endure “
Upon a heart that swells and heaves;
I dig out corners with a skewer.
While every bone and muscle grieves
When Bidy leaves.

When Bidy leaves I joke and smile
And chat, and poor dear John believes
I like it all! Alas! the while
I feel Time gather in his sheaves
Till some new maid my doom reprieves.
When Bidy leaves.

When Bidy leaves—ah! there ‘s the rub,—
Such webs of work life round me weaves
I do not read, I lose my club,
I dread a call, I loathe each tub
And broom with hate no man conceives.
When Bidy leaves!

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

An Old Saw Refiled

Money makes the mare go;
How jolly 'tis to ride
A rattling pace, firm ground below,
And pleasure by your side!

But somewhere back two slaves, alack!
Reeking with stable soil.
Have fed the hack and smoothed the track—
Economy and Toil.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

The Scanty Plot

“In sundry moods ‘t w.is pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet’s scanty plot of ground.”—WORDSWORTH.

Back from inclement moor, from rugged steep,
From desultory wanderings far and near,
I come to thee, my scanty plot, so dear.
So narrow, so familiar! If I keep
The weeds down here with diligence, I reap
Small harvest, but sufficient for my cheer.
From one such little garden at Grasmere
What fragrance steals! Where Avon’s waters creep
Another flames with roses. From a third
A woman gleaned more glory than from all
Her broad outlying acres. And if powers
That were ordained the boundary, may a bird
Not sing within the hedgerow? or the wall
Be gracious in its thick disguise of flowers?

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

The Authors' Agency

'Mid new inventions, none, I ween,
More truly fills a long-felt need.
Makes more for peace and joy indeed.
And self-respect, than this: I mean
The literary go-between.

Now may the Muse her plumage preen,
The poet wholly give himself
To loftier thoughts than those of pelf.
'Twixt such and him will intervene
The literary go-between.

His purse, alas! may still be lean.
But, O! the saving to his pride!
To ask and ask, and be denied!
All this is over. Blessed screen!
The literary go-between.

He'll scan the tides with vision keen,
And angle where the sport is best.
We furnish bait, he does the rest;
O may his memory be green!
The literary go-between.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Imperialism

And is power all?—brute lunge of arms,
The metal crown, the actual earth?
A little country overseas,
‘Mid strife of tongues and war’s alarms,
Sits calm above the potencies
And boasts, “To Homer I gave birth,
And Plato, and Praxiteles.”

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

A Ballade of Redundant Rhymesters

Time was, long since, when writers of verse
Were few and famous, a little less
Than the gods themselves. Oh, fine and terse
Their lyrics rang through the thronging press!
They were the stars, the haute noblesse;
But, ah! what a change to now from then!
Rhymes are plenty enough, bad cess!
Any one now can wag a pen.

Now, to fatten his flabby purse,
Jeems makes jingles, a sorry mess.
Ann, with a wounded heart to nurse.
In numbers must to the world confess.
Maud and Algernon, Tom and Bess,
Sigh and scribble, and try again
“Lines on a Broomstick,” “Lydia’s Tress.”
Any one now can wag a pen.

If this goes on like a spreading curse.
Where is the listener left to bless?
Singers hankering to rehearse—
Audience all on the boards, full dress—
What a chorus, what eager stress!
Thrush and nightingale, sparrow, hen.
Peacock, guinea-fowl, mocker, yes!
Any one now can wag a pen.

Envoy

Prince, you have got a job, I guess.
To play Maecenas to all these men.
‘T is one dead level of cleverness;
Any one now can wag a pen.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

A Lullaby Up-to-Date

Bye, baby, bye,
There 's a darling, shut your eye.
Birds are twittering, lambs are bleating.
You must go to sleep, my sweeting.
Mother has to lead a meeting,
So be good and do not cry.
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,
Stars are twinkling in the sky.
Do be good, my sweetest kitten.
For my speech is not half written
And the thing begins at eight;
You 'd not make poor mother late?
That would never do, Oh, fie!
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,
I 'm afraid you do not try.
Half an hour 's already spent;
Mother is the president.
So to happy dreamland roam.
Let me see, "The Ideal Home:
What It Is, "Oh, where was I?
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye.
Kicking legs and face awry.
It is seven now. I'll never
Catch that seven-ten car! Endeavor,
Baby mine, to sleep. Oh, trill
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye.
Stop, is that papa I spy?
John, you 'll have to take him, truly;
I must go, he 's so unruly!
You can get your dinner later.
There my baby, go to pater.
It 's my speech, John; I must fly!
Bye, baby, bye!

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Ballade of the Distracted Housewife

What! no meat in the cupboard? Fie!
Butter low, and terrible toll
Levied on cheese, a morsel of pie.
An olive or two, cold soup in a bowl,
A fig, and a doughnut. Upon my soul!
And what shall I give them for luncheon, pray?
I 'd planned such a beautiful casserole;
But where is the mutton of yesterday?

How can they eat so? Appetites! My!
Hungry as bears at the frozen Pole.
“Dinner ready? We ‘re starved!” while
Would gladly fast and go for a stroll.
Oh, for the aid of some friendly troll.
With tempting food on a magic tray!
Luncheon-time, of their hopes the goal.
And where is the mutton of yesterday?

Here ‘s part of a fondu, fallen and dry.
Gingerbread burned to a nauseous coal:
Seems to me Hannah does n’t half try.
I find it certainly far from droll.
I teach and flatter and chide and cajole,
But whatever I do and whatever I say.
Bills go soaring beyond control.
Where is the mutton of yesterday?

Envoy

Cooks a-many with learned scroll
Guide our steps on this toilsome way,
But “ex-nihilo”—what ‘s the whole?
Where is the mutton of yesterday?

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

A Ballade of Building

A NEW house seemed the natural thing
When John had made his modest pile.
So first we wrote an endless string
Of “must haves.” Then we studied style.
John favored shingles. I love tile
For roofs, but John thinks plaster ‘s cold.
And brick ‘s too stubborn. So I smile.
“I think we ‘d better stand the old.”

Nan likes colonial, with a wing,
Tom saw a villa on the Nile—
“A corker!” he declares. I cling
To baths and sleeping porches, while
John ‘s firm for fireplaces. Oh, I ‘ll
Be bound no house will ever hold
The things we want! Though we revile,
I think we ‘d better stand the old.

Our lot ‘s unbought; we ‘re balancing
‘Twixt hill and valley sites. “A mile
From town,” rules John, “where birds will sing;
A pool, a pergola, a dial.”
For me the city has its wile.
Who ‘d think such problems would unfold!
Well, though it is a daily trial,
I think we ‘d better stand the old.

Envoy

Friend, do not trust (put this on file)
Your dream to wood or stone; untold
The snares that builders’ steps beguile:
You ‘d far, far better stand the old.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Dolly at the Chafing-Dish

When, in a heavenly pinafore
Of pink, with frills and bows galore,
Dolly, a creature to adore.
Bids to the festive table,
We follow in a jovial crowd.
I, at her right, and justly proud
Of the distinction, am allowed
To help as I am able.

The rainbow glint of carven glass.
The silver's sparkle, scents that pass
From flowers and fruits, the comely lass.
Cast an undoubted glamour:
But that is all there is to it;
Dolly can't cook a little bit,
Howe'er her winsomeness and wit
May dazzle and enamour.

The cheery flame begins to croon,
She measures salt, she waves her spoon.
"Creamed oysters! They 'll be done quite soon,"
Declares mendacious Dolly.
We wait for hours, we chat and smile.
The butler baiting us meanwhile;
I carry off the farce in style,
And try to keep things jolly.

When our unnatural spirits flag,
I make myself a clown, a wag,
I back up Dot's colossal brag,
I fill the burner newly.
I fly, obeying her behests;
The butler runs on sundry quests;
While pale with hunger sit the guests;
They do the chafing, truly!

Oh, how long can we keep this up.
And are we here to starve or sup?
She mixes something in a cup.
And stirs and tastes and potters.
A sudden blaze! "The cap! no fear!"
The thing burst once, and I was here;
I bound her scalded hand, poor dear!
(My heart, forbear those flutters!)

At last she lifts the lid and states,
"They 're done!" She gaily fills the plates.
And then, all flushed with triumph, waits
Her guests' expected praises.
"Delicious!" "You 're a born cook!" "Yes,
That 's my strong point." So, under stress.
These perjured souls their fibs express,
Not one the grim truth grazes:

For in a sloppy ocean float
The weary oysters, each a boat.
Tasteless, and tough as pantasote.
The pity! ah, the pity!
"Welsh rabbit next time!" Dolly cries.
That way appendicitis lies;
And I resolve, made sadly wise,
I 'll not be in the city.

So while one nightmare now and then
Is weathered by the frailest men.
Misgiving grips my spirit when
I ruminate the question.
Can I, for starry eyes, a smile,
Accomplishments, wit, beauty, style—
Can I, with all things else worth while.
Face chronic indigestion?

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

The Twin Peaks

Down Market Street we tramped, the thoroughfare
Stretched endlessly, flanked by grim walls that loom
Cliff-wise. O pitiful, that trade must doom
To such drear duress souls that fain would share
The country sun, the country's fragrant air!
That moment, dressed in many a creamy plume.
Stood the wild chestnut. Pink convolvulus bloom
Painted with flush of dawn the meadows bare.
"Look!" cried my comrade, "the Twin Peaks!" His gaze
Led mine down the long street. Lo far away
As in a frame, two mountains blue with haze;
With rich romance they lit the sober day.
"Life's not so poor," he said, "as to begrudge
To us our glimpse of glory where we drudge."

*San Francisco.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

The Mirage

I blessed the water when I glimpsed it first,
A miracle of azure in a land
Accurst. I guessed wave music from its strand
I felt in fancy my parched flesh immersed
In its delicious depths. It fled as erst
It came. My soul cried, outraged and unmanned,
Reproaches on the unknown conjurer's hand
That could so juggle with a mortal thirst.
Perchance some happier pilgrim that day went
His way to whom the vision only meant
New interest, void of mockery; but it woke
In me, disheartened, fagged, undone, forespent,
Hot wrath some mighty vengeance to invoke
Upon the author of this Devil's joke.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Ballade of Vocations

Dear friends, I give you joy. To each
His craft,—some fitting task to greet
With zest at morn,—to till, to teach.
To build, to bake, to render neat
Man's dwelling, give him food to eat.
To steer a ship, to hew the slab,—
For me, I winnow words like wheat.
Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

For workers all I would beseech
The love that makes all service sweet;
For each an ideal, past his reach,
Toward which, a passionate paraclete.
He presses with unwearied feet;
For me, the magic realms of Mab,
A wonder-world with charm replete.
Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

O miracle of human speech!
To mould like wax, to weld with heat.
To nurse a phrase, or, like a leech.
Force it rich ichor to secrete.
Gold silence? Let no proverb cheat!
The magpie ranks above the crab.
In merit we condone conceit.
Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

L'Envoi

Dear mother-tongue, my wine, my meat.
To Shakespeare, from our a-b ab,
On what a flowery path we fleet!
Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

A Tip for Cupid

Cupid, if your ruling passion
Still is, as of yore, the chase.
Buy yourself some togs in fashion;
Your old get-up's a disgrace.

Scrap your antique wings and quiver;
Buckle on a belt and gun;
Learn to drive a speedy flivver;
Get a mask and flash-light—run!

Next, Friend Eros, I am arskin'
What about a costume, son?
Your disreputable b'ar skin—
Well—it simply isn't done.

Then—you're blind they tell me, "bow boy",
Try an operation, do!
Goodness gracious! don't you know, boy,
All our welfare hangs on you?

Gee! our marriage failures, maybe,
Might be all traced—here's the tip—
To your punk equipment. Baby,
And your rotten marksmanship.

You're a 90 B. C. model;
Hunt some socks and B. V. D.'s;
Want to catch pneumonia? Toddle!
Summer's gone, and this ain't Greece!

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Indispensables

We can play thrift with sables, silk, and lace—
Coerce the palate to the loaf unspread—
Pampering the hunger that asks other bread.
Ill-housed, hard-couched, still lift a rapt glad face
To stars incredible, cumulus with a grace
Of primrose, amethyst, and sudden red.
Show us a dew-drenched rose and we are fed.
By cowslip gold the actual coin is base.
O we can pose as strict economist.
Forego a finer lodge, more splendid car,
If we behold June's annual avatar.
Worship in woods with thrush for soloist,
Keep with white trillium the April tryst.
Nor miss the surf's pale passion on the bar!

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

But When a Voice

He is young Summer's symbol and her soul,
The oriole!
Who will find a word for his ravishing note?
Who can name its charm, so delicate, so remote?
We call it a reed, a flute.
And that does not suit.
We babble of honey—of gold—
And nothing is told.

We could not spare the finch, the lark's gay cheer;
But when a voice as from some shining sphere
Where tears are not, nor loss, nor any grief,
Thrills through my blooming plum
Like vocal fragrance, sweet beyond belief.
My heart lifts in me swiftly; wakens some
Wild chord—and then for urge of joy is dumb.

Yet—though we listen, mute, ecstatic, stirred.
Adoring,—for the magic of the bird.
For that which strangely moves us in his voice.
That pagan challenge to a troubled earth
Too wise to hope, too heavy to rejoice.
That rapturous hint of something better worth.
There is no word.

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Adaptable Euterpe

"They're past," I mourned, "the days of ode and lyric.

The Muse has fled, offended, sad, and hurt."

I vented my dismay by lines satiric

In many a bitter spurt.

"The earth is grown," I cried, "a loathsome welter.

Machines, machine-made men, command the stage.

Who could wax rhythmical upon a smelter?

O dull prosaic age!

"All inspiration's dying,—or diverted!"

Just then I glimpsed Euterpe,—she was bobbed!

Young Artemis she looked, so briefly skirted;

I gazed and gasped and sobbed.

"In Gotham who could frame a stanza Sapphic?"

I grieved, "Who rime,—in Hell?"

Then spied Euterpe in the maddest traffic

And making for the El!

"A poet might as well turn blacksmith, hedger!"

I grouched, "No Golden Age will come again."

Later I saw the Muse perched on a dredger

And riding a steam crane!

"Parnassus!" scoffs the jade, "All gabble, gilding!

Forget that hoary nonsense and make shift

To attain your vision from the Woolworth Building

Via a speedy lift."

She's far from hurt or snobbish, then, I take it,

And no provincial. So, perhaps, when Greece

Went smash, she packed up gamely to forsake it

And reveled in release.

She landed here before the day of quotas,

No doubt a trifle homesick, shocked, surprized.

But she's adaptable,—good sports she'd vote us;

O yes, she's naturalized!

Well,—we are reconciled. We're doing a ballad
On Diesel engines. She, at luncheon hour,
Laughs at ambrosia,—swears beef, beans, and salad
Have far more staying power!

Publication. Periodical and anthology witnesses gathered in the local Magazine Verse transcription.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

RECOVERED MAGAZINE WITNESSES

Stage II | Additional cropped and bibliographic discoveries

This section isolates poems recovered from cropped periodical and Google Books witnesses. Their readings have been transcribed directly from the surviving page images. Publication notes distinguish an identified issue, a source-title-only reprint attribution, and unidentified crops; dates or issue numbers are not inferred when the surviving image does not contain them.

The Enchanted Box

In the untutored savage an eclipse
 Stirred consternation, panic, wonder, awe.
The lightning terrified him. When he saw
 In swift smooth motion oarless sailless ships
 His childlike spirit felt itself at grips
With mystery. Some hid sea beast must draw
Those laden hulls! The realms of light and law
 Were barred—their language foreign to his lips.

Transport some desert dweller, simple soul,
 Familiar with the stars, the solemn, sweet
 Ascent of the white planet; by some fleet
 Transference set him where night's legions roll
 Along a city's thoroughfares. You stroll
Watching the man's astonished vision greet
The ranged moons blooming out along the street,
 A trick, to him, of conjuror or troll.

Remains a newer marvel—one to test
 The nerves, the credence, of our fancied guest,
When, at a hand-touch on a wooden frame,
 A flimsy thing, too small to hold a man,

Soars out a golden disembodied voice,
Melting to tears, or bidding him rejoice.
 Then at a second touch a full, intense,
 Wild harmony of mingled instruments
Pulses divinely, richly, through the place.
Note the expression on that stoic face!
 No use, his spell-bound scrutiny to scan
 The dull contrivance whence the music came!
The savage starts. His world spins. Reason rocks.
 He senses all his helplessness to win
The lovely secret of the Enchanted Box.
 He seems the dupe of some benignant djinn.
We, pampered, spoiled, give thought too brief, too slight,
To this consummate gift for our delight,
Whereby remote posterity shall know
Caruso's heavenly notes, and Kreisler's bow.

Publication. Unidentified cropped periodical witness; the surviving crop contains no masthead, date, volume, issue, or printed page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF pp. 5-7).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

Love and Art

You shall be free—I would not hold you, Dear,
 Seeing a shadow in the dreamy deeps
 Of your blue eyes, feeling a chill that creeps
 Between us sitting cheek to cheek. The fear
 Of loss, the emptiness with you not near,
These I have borne. But O, Beloved! leaps
An intuition—warns—and never sleeps,
 Your surest chance of peace you're leaving here!

Yours is an absent, a divided life.
I've given you gladly all—and taken less
 Than I have given, content. But were you wife
To someone more demanding, in the stress
 Your happiness would sink. *I love your art*
 Enough not to begrudge it half your heart!

Publication. Unidentified cropped periodical witness; the surviving crop contains no masthead, date, volume, issue, or printed page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF p. 13).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

After a Competition

When I scan the awards, and my unwilling eyes
Take in the sad truth—not a ghost of a prize!
Next I'm amazed that from Sitka to Siam
There are so many folks so much smarter than I am!

Publication. Unidentified cropped periodical witness; the surviving crop contains no masthead, date, volume, issue, or printed page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF p. 28).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

A Bit of Wisdom

Comrade, a rule I long have known
And never once have found to waver;
Chew on it; some day you will own
It hath a very wholesome savor.

Snub not at all, for if you snub,
Be it friend or foe or smallest shaver,
Of that same person, here's the rub,
You'll sometime have to ask a favor.

Publication. Unidentified cropped periodical witness; the surviving crop contains no masthead, date, volume, issue, or printed page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF p. 50).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

A Ballade of Barbara

Into the attic I went this morn,
Opened a trunk, and lo! there lay
The gown she wore the hour she was born—
(Eighteen years since that happy day!
Jonquils were blooming, and it was May),
And—in a box shone one golden curl,
(My hair was chestnut that now is grey).
Where, oh, where, is my little girl?

Dearie me, it is quite forlorn.
Her dolls stared at me in brave array,
With all their hats and petticoats, worn
In those far-off times. How she loved to play,
Such a merry baby, so quick and gay!
I found her copy-book—"mavis, merle,
Moth"—like an ink-soaked spider astray.
Where, oh, where, is my little girl?

Now braids as yellow as silk or the corn
Wreathe her head like a crown of hay.
Her skirts grow longer, strange gauds adorn
Her rounding figure, and chill dismay
Grips my soul as its lawful prey.
What will come as the swift years whirl?
The child is gone; will the maiden stay?
Where, oh, where, is my little girl?

Envoy

Prince, no doubt you are on the way
To wake the maiden, to wear my pearl.
Can I bear, her mother, to hear you say,
"Where, oh, where, is my little girl?"

Publication. *Social Progress*, September 1923, p. 283; the issue masthead and contents survive in Green - New from Google Books, local PDF pp. 53-55.

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

Jack in the Pulpit

In his tiny woodland pulpit,
'Neath its pretty canopy,
Stands wee Jack, the flowers' preacher:
What a darling dominie!

Maybe we can hear his sermon
Children, if we creep quite near;
Oh! I know the flowers' language!
Listen, this is what I hear:

“Children, when you're picking berries,
Do not gather every one;
Birds like fruit as well as you do.
Would you leave the songsters none?

“Children, when you hunt for birds' nests,
Do not touch the eggs, I pray;
For the little mother knows it,
And it frightens her away.

“Children, don't pick all the flowers;
That is greedy, I should say;
Leave a few for other children,
And to make the forest gay.”

In his tiny woodland pulpit,
'Neath its purple canopy,
Stands wee Jack, the flowers' preacher:
Such a darling dominie!

Publication. Reprinted from *St. Nicholas Magazine* by permission of its publisher, The Century Co.; the crop does not preserve the original issue, date, or page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF p. 57).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

"What Times Are These?"

What times are these, that we are come upon,
 When greed meets greed to fight a devil's bout;
 When through home's holy portals, in and out,
Slip ooze-bred reptile things, encountering none
To stamp them out? It seems that under sun
 No virtue stands secure from vicious flout;
 No wisdom walks unelbowed by the lout;
No pure hope climbs save by base hands undone.

Farewell, youth's happy ideals, passionate faiths;
 Farewell, out-dated reverences of youth.
Ye flee one after one, pathetic wraiths,
 Before this monstrous vision of the truth,
Honor that stoops her august height to hold
The reeking robe-hem of the god of gold.

Publication. Unidentified cropped periodical witness; the surviving crop contains no masthead, date, volume, issue, or printed page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF p. 58).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

Reticence

Some thoughts, with strange reserve, I hide
 My dearest one, from thee;
I write, that shyness unbelied,
 For all the world to see.

Publication. Unidentified cropped periodical witness; the surviving crop contains no masthead, date, volume, issue, or printed page (Green - New from Google Books, local PDF p. 59).

Provenance. Text transcribed line by line from the visible scan; the cropped facsimile remains the controlling witness.

BOOK TWO | *THIS ENCHANTING COAST*

Stage III | The California collection, 1928

Green's second published book is printed here in full and in its original sequence.

California

Sun-crowned and neighbored by the friendly sea,
 She sits supreme, mother and nurse and queen;
 And unto her the ailing run and lean
Wan cheeks upon her breast confidingly,
Searching her tender eyes, if so there be
 A reassuring smile. The babies glean
 Her roses and forget to weep. Serene
The aged rest with her. The toilers flee
 To her compassionate arms, and straightway find
 Care cannot hold against a face so kind.
High-hearted youth bends to her lips to wait
 Her utmost message; clasps her hand to wrest
 Its princely gifts; and counts himself thrice blest
To have her as the Mistress of his Fate.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 11.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

November in the Southland

The little nomads of the air
On Autumn's pilgrimage set forth;
Out of the rigors of the North
They come and find our meadows fair.
We, newly alien from the East,
Mark quickly the access of song,
Happy to have by this new throng
The Summer's merry choirs increased.

We watch the coming of the showers,
And see the first faint emerald stain
Grow deeper in the lush young grain;
We see the tapestries of flowers
Spread quickly on the sunny slopes.
Strange lessons these! Unlearn the past!
Winter is here, is here at last,
A time of blossoming, birds and hopes!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 12.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Such Days as These

Such days as these are joy enough,
 Though other joys were scanty.
 Your head aches? Stocks are falling? Stuff!
Such days as these are joy enough.
Think how the storms back East play rough
 And bleak round hall and shanty!
Such days as these are joy enough,
 Though other joys were scanty.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 12.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Christmas in California

Beloved, greeting from the West!
God speed your ice-bound Christmas cheer,
Stern and traditional and dear—
But we have left that, with the rest.

And often as I write I stop
To try to fancy snow and sleet;
While on my page in mockery sweet
The perfumed orange petals drop.

My thought beclouds this perfect sky;
This breeze I greaten to a gale
Whose gusts adown the chimney wail
To heighten Yuletide jollity;

The while shines on our constant sun;
This turquoise concave overhead
Smiles down the insult I have said,
And will not be by mists undone;

The while the affronted sea-breeze grieves
Through my tall pine, and from its bough
Comes, balsam-burdened, and on brow
And cheek forgiving kisses leaves.

Can this be Yule? No stinted dole
Of joy Earth gives her children here,
But brims the message all the year,
Peace and good-will to every soul.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 13.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Lure of the West

What I have bartered—

What I've made shift to bear—

The deafening Subway, and the thunderous "El,"

The sight of children doomed to grim cement

And—God forgive!—content!

While many a brake-hung dell

Waits—far away—and fair!

I had forgot

Unhappy me!

The dim sweet spot

Where the rein orchis opens snowily.

The mossy hillsides rich with maidenhair,

The covert where

The wilding lily's golden cressets flare.

Deaf, dazed, with traffic's clamor,

The spurious glamor

Of garish lights,

I had forgot the spumy grot

Arrased with weed, sluiced by impetuous tides,

The flashing flights

Of gulls, the steep cliff's aster-broidered sides.

Now I will choose again—

Farewell machines and men!

Forgive, forgive,

Great canyons—wilderness!

I know your power to bless.

I will learn how to live.

Grey peaks, sweet stretches of empurpled sage,

Spread me the wisdom of your ancient page—

Accept my pupilage.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 14.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Dodder

Beauty to spare! this desert parasite,
The vagrant dodder, sets the wastes alight;
Out, far out, where all other color wanes
The shrubs are splendid with the tawny skins.

Jason, no dragon here! unless it be
The armored cactus; and the prize you see,
Hung low in this wild garden, every crease
And fold as yellow as the famous Fleece.

It may be Clotho wearied of her task;
“I’ll spin no more, it is too much to ask!”
And flung life’s tangled web, a shining mass,
Upon these wayside brambles where we pass.

Or else Titania’s robes of cloth of gold
Must needs be aired; so, full as they can hold,
These desert bushes, stiff and briary,
Present the shimmering glory to the sky.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 15.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Low Tide

Here let us sit on this pale slope of shore,
 Fingering the flotsam which the niggard sea
 Vouchsafes us from her wonders. What might be,
Judged from these hints, those dim boudoirs, those hoar
Subaqueous chambers, that fantastic store
 Free to the folk of scale and fin? And see
 This weed dyed like the dawn! This drapery
Of sumptuous fringes that some Naiad wore!
This argent scrap of shell! These painted pairs,
 Saffron and amethyst and pearl, that lie
 Like the discarded wings of butterflies!
Here gleams a rainbow shard; that fierce wave bares
 Another richly purple. Ah, to die
 Bequeathing beauty thus to ravished eyes!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 16.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

God's Acre at Pauma Mission

A stretch of sterile sand, low mounds that rise
 Grotesque with potsherds, remnants of the ware
 That once knew household use, or made more fair
The dwelling; sea-shells, images with eyes
Of undimmed blue; void flasks laid marginwise;
And over all the noon's unpitying stare.
It may be those swart mourners, unaware
Of symbol, ranged these fragments in the guise
Of rude unlettered ornament; but I love
 To think, by shattered toy, by broken bowl,
 By quenched lamp, by cup and flagon spent,
 By sea-shell emptied of its life, they strove
In some vague way to figure how the soul
 Steals to its own and leaves the vesture rent.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 16.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

At San Juan Capistrano

The tawny hills lie sleeping in the sun,
 Their shapely flanks hirsute with grasses. Blue,
 Ah, blue as Eve's eyes when the world was new,
Paler than sapphire, tenderer than any one
Terrestrial pigment, lifts the sky, as spun
 A peerless tissue, in aerial looms.
 These for the setting. Here are cloistral glooms,
Pensive and cool. The agile lizards run,
Oddly exempt by those four nimble feet
 From that antipathy as old as man.
 Around the ruined apse the swallows flit,
Small Mission mothers they, in service fleet;
 The quaint grey nests follow each moulding's span,
 And in the doorways round the fledgelings sit.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 17.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Bougainvillea

Some strolling Titan fared this way last night,
Judge if I read the evidence aright.

His towering figure in its stalwart strength,
Royally vested, a resplendent sight.
Feeling his mantle irked him by its heat,
He flung it off, and cast its sumptuous length
Along this garden wall, a dazzling sheet
Of vivid dye, that quenches neighboring bloom
As lightning pales the candles in a room.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 17.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Slowly the Rains Abate

Slowly the rains abate, and very slowly
The foothills weave their garb of maiden green,
Velvet of grass and fern and groundlings lowly
With bright brocade of blossoms thick between.

The clambering vetch with pale pink treasures heavy,
The slim brodiaea with its violet brush,
The golden pansies in a nodding bevy,
With myriad lilac lupines, tall and lush.

Over yon aged cactus, grim and hoary,
Festoons of fairy leafage lightly lie;
It is the tiny wild white morning-glory,
Its baby trumpets flaring to the sky.

And up, up in the spaces wide and sunny,
A gleaming splendor thrills the heart of me;
Fit for Titania's dew or Hebe's honey,
The poppy's polished chalices I see!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 18.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Acacias

What conqueror journeys hither—or what god?
Dressed as for revels is the thoroughfare.
In shining apotheosis the trees
Stand, murmurous with the ritual of the bees
Brighter than bard would boast or artist dare,
Their lustre lights the brows of those who plod,
And drifts in spendthrift gold upon the sod.
From the soft bloom I drink a witching air
Might be Briseis' breath or Helen's hair.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 18.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Climbing

I sit and gaze and think an old, old thought.
Here is the autumn hush, the autumn heat;
Yonder the purple heights, whence we entreat
Substantial succor, and the spiritual, wrought
When lowly things contemplate high. If, taught
By my heart's zeal, I set determined feet
Upon the mountain's path, however fleet
My steps, I know the splendid peaks I sought
Would mock me and elude. If still I pressed
Up, up, through stream and thicket where have been
Pilgrims before, ambitious to be blest,
What should I find, where often I have seen
The rosy promise of the afterglow?
Stillness, and awful solitude, and snow!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 19.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

In an Orange Grove

Charged with the memory of a royal folly
The sands of Pactolus still shine, they say.
The end of avarice is melancholy,
Content lies hid in gifts of every day.

But here the Kingly Touch is full of blessing.
Our faithful Midas fingers these green spheres,
Gentle and warm, persuasive and caressing,
And lo! at last the precious gold appears.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 19.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Epithalamium

Time slips, love stirs, love waxes, love doth bloom;
And maids still wear thy blameless crown, O tree
Of trees! but for the most unthinkingly.
Why not syringa, or the lilac's plume,
Or white rose-wreath, or jasmine, in the room
Of orange flowers? The chooser's sapiency
This tree's sweet habitude shall prove to thee;
Be lessoned, happy bride and tender groom.

*Moon after moon the orange knows no rest;
Love hath not season! Leafage of fond thought,
Flowers of soft speech and golden fruit of deeds
Follow in tireless sequence. Therefore, lest
Thy love sometime may idle grow, be taught
The message which thy marriage posy pleads!*

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 20.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

The Pepper Tree

I was a mermaid once, and otherwhere.
Have you divined it in the winter rain
With all my branches in the gale astrain,
And blown to utmost length my sea-green hair?

Great Neptune, vexed (let me forget the ground!),
Devised my exile, drave me shingle-ward;
And here I fled, irked by the rosy hoard
Of corals wherewithal my braids were bound.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 20.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Homesick

Sweet foster mother, for your gracious charm
Deem me not thankless, if, an exile late,
I gaze back sometimes through your massive gate,
And with your boundless sunshine soft and warm
Upon my head, your breezes shorn of harm
Upon my cheek, your roses in my hand,
If, spite of these, I love not at command,
But own me heartsick for the land of storm.

Even as a child grown weary at a feast,
Whom the unwonted sights, the dainty fare,
Set only grieving for the very least
Familiar touch of home, I freight the air
With tender thoughts of the inclement East,
And sue the ruth of dreams to speed me there!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 21.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Oriole's Nest

This clever oriole has swung her nest
Woven of yellow fibre, strong and clean,
High up beneath a palm leaf; and serene
She sits, those precious spheres below her breast.
I've seen the tree for weeks and never guessed,
So close above the cradle droops that green
Grooved roof; so slyly, swiftly, up between
The little mother slips. Oh, happy, blest,
The fledglings lodged with such sweet craft! A shower
From that snug thatch would run all harmlessly;
No hawk could swoop and seize, no human pry.
And the great leaf outspread may be construed
A priestly gesture, with mysterious power
Of benediction on the home and brood.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 21.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Rose Rondel

The rose is queen of the garden, surely;
See this La France by your dinner plate,
With its breath of attar, and hue the mate
Of dawn's first flush when it rises purely.

Ah, the dear moss-rose that stood demurely
Prim and sweet by the old front gate!
(I gave you one when you were not late.)
The rose is queen of the garden, surely.

Even the briar that blooms obscurely—
Those five pink petals, that antedate
The Mermet's splendor, her whole estate—
The coronet wears, and that securely.
The rose is queen of the garden, surely.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 22.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Mirage

Blessed the water when I glimpsed it first,
A miracle of azure in a land
Accurst. I guessed wave music from its strand;
I felt in fancy my parched flesh immersed
In its delicious depths. It fled as erst
It came. My soul cried, outraged and unmanned,
Reproaches on the unknown conjurer's hand
That could so juggle with a mortal thirst.

Perchance some happier pilgrim that day went
His way to whom the vision only meant
New interest, void of mockery; but it woke
In me, disheartened, fagged, undone, forespent,
Hot wrath some mighty vengeance to invoke
Upon the author of this Devil's joke.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 22.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Crossing to Catalina

I have sailed a nether sky, and I have lived
Inside an opal, hushed with ecstasy!
As we made port at Avalon sea fog, wived
With sun, bred rainbows broken brilliantly
To irised fragments. And no mortal spoke,
So odd are folk!
A cheer that rose and broke
Against Heaven's shining outposts, song that woke
Far spheric echoes had not been too much.

We envisage such
Stupendous spectacles and find no word.
Slowly the splendor blurred.

"And nether sky?" That was the cobalt plane
Of broad San Pedro Channel. We are told
That sapphire stain
Bewitches painter-people, that they hold
No blue on earth or sea
Can mate it. Not for me
To scrutinize their claim—
Or wonder at that glorious color's fame.
And yet no voyager

Reported such a stir
Such lift of heart as mine, or gave one sign!

But—to have lived inside an opal—I—!
For a half-hour's enchanting interlude
I felt no fellow by,
Detached, devout, in rapturous solitude.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 23.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Song of the Santa Ana

Out of the rock in a crystal shock
My waters sped to birth.
Grim granite walls heard my lusty calls
And echoed my infant mirth.
No sires of the wood my sponsors stood,
Nor over my cradle bent.
No hoar midwife watched my issuing life,
When the mother rock was rent.

The stark heights rang with the poignant pang
Of the mountain's parturition.
Some Titan blow, or a seismic throe
Was the signal for my emission.

When my torrent flows full fed from the snows
I can juggle with boulders vast;
I can force great trees to their suppliant knees,
I sweep with a besom fast.

I can play with a bridge as a swift with a midge;
Strange wrecks on my billows ride,
And the tossing spume like a pallid plume
Floats over my tawny tide.
In the August hush its pride I crush;
Full softly it goes its way;
But it's never too scant for a summer chant,
It is never too weak to play.

In my lakelets brown, while in plain or town,
Hot breezes sear and singe,
The rosy shoots of the alder roots
Float out in a coral fringe.
My brown brew brims to its ferny rims,
And wrinkles on golden shoals,
Where clasp each other in an emerald smother
The dappled sycamore boles.

Bright bubbles flash at the ousel's dash,
The wild folk steal to drink;
The moonbeams sift through a leafy drift,
The pied trout float and sink.
When the fierce suns drink, lest my treasure shrink,
I must husband my silver store;
So I slide my freight to a secret gate
And slip neath the valley floor.

For in time's dim edge I gave my pledge
By the snow and the rain and hail
To the great blue deep (and my word I keep),
My tribute shall never fail.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed pp. 24-25.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

At San Gabriel Mission

Here while I sketch, this happy April hour,
The swart small beggars with a look too wise
Survey me frankly out of night-dark eyes,
Smile at my alms, or at refusal glower,
Nurslings of soil and sun. A rose in flower
Dreams on the ivory wall. As morning dies
To afternoon the fourfold clangors rise
From the loud bells, and fall, a brazen shower.

The priest within the edifice displays
The relic chest; the hand-wrought copper font;
A threadbare canvas—this the mission's vaunt—
Showing the Dove's descent and John's amaze.
Issuing, it seems the pelargoniums blaze
More hotly still; and suave as is his wont
The padre indicates the wild bees' haunt
High in a gable lattice, though our gaze
Reveals no crevice; in the yard-deep wall
The busy guild have found a banquet hall;
Assiduously they heap their hidden feast.
“Who gets the honey?” asks the smiling priest.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 26.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

In the Sierra Madre

Four nights we twain have lain at rest
Far up upon the Madre's breast.
We thought we saw her wondrous eyes
Look down upon us, deep and wise,
And full of witching mystery;
It might have been the stars, maybe.

We felt her balmy breath, we thought—
It may have been the fragrance brought
From mountain blooms. We heard her sigh,
We heard her sing; such melody,
We told ourselves, no ear divines
In wind alone, in mountain pines,

We plucked her gown's rich garniture,
The snowy styrax, heavenly pure,
Unearthly sweet; the dogwood stars;
Vetch, rosy as the shield of Mars.
And round her throat like laces broke
Wild lilac with the blue of smoke.

We heard her laughter, too, so clear,
So musical, so limpid! Near
Our bivouac romped a rill—'twixt naps
By brooding boulders; this, perhaps,
Was what we heard; more sweet by half
To think we caught the Madre's laugh!

O, it is much of good and grace
To sit at foot and see her face,
To hold her garment's hem and feel
The vital influences that heal;
But up, up, where those currents start,
How sweet to know the Madre's heart!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 27.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Blue Larkspur

One after one they climb the fragile stalk,
Clothed in a hue so heavenly one essays
In vain to fit their beauty with a phrase.
Mutely they listen and they mutely mock.

Blue are our skies—not blue as larkspur is!
Astarte's eyes were not so blue as this.
The blossom's dye in pale intensity
Shames turquoise, sapphire, lapis lazuli.

The color brooks no likeness and no name;
Still, in the moveless morning air, they stand,
The regnant spring might choose such for her want
Or dying April for her altar flame.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 28.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Primeval Dwellers

See what a royal tapestry is laid,
Four-square, deep-piled, warm-hued, upon my field!
In April, even before the liberal yield
Of swaying, whispering, silver oats was made
Into its scented bales, wild sunflower paid
In prompt new gold for earth room. Great vans wheele
Away, at last, the lawful crop; and, steeled
Against compassion, the gigantic blade
Of my McCormick laid the last weeds low.
But Nature guards her darlings. We may sow,
And reap or less or more. The sunflowers came
Again in constellations of bright flame.
The old primeval dwellers—a gay clan,
Bid blithe defiance to the husbandman!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 28.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Ice Plant

(*Mesembryanthemum Crystallinum*)

Begum might her bridal garb adorn
With shining things like these, an empress might,
About to take her crown, and light on light
From countless gems on brow and bosom worn,
On bracelet, belt and brooch, might put to scorn
The festal lamps, the watching stars. But quite
Without pretense this maiden sits bedight
In robes too splendid for the lowly born.

No smallest surface of her emerald gown
But bears its jewels like a glittering crust;
Of priceless balas rubies is her crown,
And all her drapery thick with diamond dust.
Field lilies—meek weeds nursed by lonely seas—
And yet what Orient prince “like one of these”?

It is mid-August only, yet the slopes,
The broad, brown meadows running to the sea,
Are sere and sunburned. Now adversity
Betides the ice plant, and her royal copes,
Richly bejeweled, lose their splendid ropes
I, Of rubies wreathed with diamonds, and no plea
Avails to keep their lustre. Silently
She hoards her ebon seeds, her latest hopes.

The sun gave, and the all-supporting sphere
Now takes away. Thus might a great sultan
Bedeck a favorite in her beauty’s spring—
No gem too costly for a brow so dear!
Then tire of her whom he had doted on,
And cast her forth, a stripped, forsaken thing.
Corona del Mar

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 29.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Matilija Poppies

Men blithely hazard life and all, I hear;
They give good years, foregoing home and friend
Those overbold adventurers who wend
Northward beyond the lands of sun and cheer.

Where Father Yukon pours his stately flood,
Frenzied for wealth they fare, through fatal cold,
Peril, privation, hardship, all for gold;
To pay for this how small a price is blood!

Yet here these bloom, and guarded by no law,
Each with her proffer of resplendent dust
Yellow as ever lit the eye of lust;
The peerless poppies of Matilija.

The fairy tissue of their fluted dress
Might tire Titania fitly; 'twere allowed
Love, dying, to implore so pure a shroud,
Or shriven souls to crave such spotlessness.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 30.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Scarlet Larkspur

Out on the quivering stretches, oversweet,
With wandering perfumes, here and there a spire
Of throbbing scarlet flickers. Has the heat
Augmented till it burst in actual fire?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 30.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

On the Upper Santa Ana

A flood of liquid jade and pearl,
The narrow river winds its course;
Limpid and chill so near its source,
With beryl pool and silver swirl.

Here hunts the intrepid ousel. Here,
In bravery of blue and grey,
And ebon helmet, flits the jay;
The squirrel scolds and chatters near.

Across the stream the rock's dark face,
A Titan wall, towers rough and grim,
Its feet within the river's brim,
Its forehead in the azure space;

Each wee plateau, each seam and scar,
The dizzy foothold of a plant,
As happy in its eyrie scant,
As safe, as garden roses are.

A myriad golden beakers float,
A myriad crimson chalices,
On slender stalks, and mutely press
Their wild cheer on the ruby-throat.

The times of stress are far away;
Slowly the healing years of peace
Cover each ugly cicatrice
With olive moss and lichen grey.

Bend hither, Love, we will not speak,
Too clamorous is the river's song;
But I can read the thoughts that throng,
And see your eyes and feel your cheek!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 31.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Sequoia

Straight as a monolith mounts the giant bole,
Massive as masonry. To think such girth,
Such stature, from a tiny seed had birth,
Was once a sapling fed by daily dole
Of sun and shower! The years, the centuries roll,
December's rigors and young April's mirth
Have built this splendid pinnacle of earth,
Have kept this towering column sound and whole.

Yet danger lurks. The great tree, branch and bark,
The liberal leafage and the soaring spire,
Faces the menace of the mountain fire,
May lie the victim of a casual spark.
Strange, this proud chieftain with his mighty clan
Should need the pigmy championship of man!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 32.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Yucca

Noon on the desert, still and hot and sweet!
The small twigs snap and crackle under feet,
My eyes close, weary, seeking shade in vain
And must refuse to see, since sight is pain.

The lupines and the larkspurs and the host
Of lesser blooms, that dyed the sand with waves
On waves of gold and amethyst, are lost
And dead, with naught to mark their thousand graves.

Yet yonder yucca, vigorous and tall,
May lift its ivory obelisk for them all.
A snowy pillar carven all of bells,
“I stand for beauty dead,” the legend tells.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 32.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Mission Play House at San Gabriel

Rondeau

Beneath this roof of generous line,
Within these walls of proud design
(A vision shaped in clean concrete),
Thousands shall glimpse an ideal sweet,
See vistas beckon, laurels shine.

Here they will lodge—the classic Nine,
Here exorcise with spells divine
The weariness of mart and street,
 Beneath this roof.

Can lore of Tiber, Nile, or Rhine,
Pass ours of patio, palm, and pine,
The long trail of the sandalled feet,
The quaint shrines set in bloom and wheat?
Such joy—such treasures—yours and mine
 Beneath this roof!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 33.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Castilleja

(Painted Cup)

I think that Nature in her wide care-taking
Forgot this little wildling of the West,
And left her tiny heart all hurt and aching
To have no lovely blossom like the rest.

I think from very potency of yearning,
Out of the throbbing fervor of desire
Was wrought the boon for which her soul was burning,
Her very leaves burst into scarlet fire.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 33.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Twin Peaks

"This weary noise—the city's voice."—INA D. COOLBRITH

Up Market Street we tramped, the thoroughfare
 Stretched endlessly, flanked by grim walls that loom
 Cliff-wise. O, pitiful, that trade must doom
To such drear duress souls that fain would share
The country sun, the country's fragrant air!
 This moment dressed in many a creamy plume
 Stands the wild chestnut. Pink convolvulus bloom
Paints with the flush of dawn the meadows bare.

"Look!" cried my comrade, "the Twin Peaks!" His gaze
 Led mine up the long street. Lo! far away,
As in a frame, two mountains blue with haze;
 With rich romance they lit the sober day.
 "Life's not so poor," he said, "as to begrudge
 To us our glimpse of glory where we drudge."

San Francisco

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 34.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

In Yucaipa Canon

Farewell to summer from this airy perch!
A mountain meadow, sweet with sun and wind,
Ennobled by the rugged heights that bind
Its either side. O, thrice propitious search
So guerdoned! Here we give gray care the lurch,
And change the wonted converse of our kind
For dreams, where by the sycamore's silver rind
Flow limpid runnels that no soils besmirch,
Here, where the goldening leafage of the oak
Makes stately chambers for their parliament,
The bluebirds, jays, and myriad feathered folk
Discuss their great biennial event.
And yonder beckons them, past crag and scar,
The long blue valley, fairy-like and far.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 35.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Persimmons

Our thanks again, Demeter!—not the least
Of all your bounties do I lightly hold,
Your rosy nectarines, your pears of gold,
Your lacquered cherries. Never have they ceased,
Your rich bestowals—but you crown the feast
With this consummate boon. When robins scold
And early rime silvers the russet mould,
By this new largess is our debt increased.

Slowly, so slowly, grows the copper flush
On the persimmon's globe of jade; but frost,
And rain, and sun paint gloriously! Now see
This sumptuous thing, too beautiful to crush!
In ruddy pulp my eager spoon is lost,
Sweet as the amber harvest of the bee.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 35.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

From the Train

In these wild mountain regions who could guess
Such lavish beauty lurks! Each rocky rift
Holds lovely nodding blooms, a wayside gift,
Simply the vagrant butterfly to bless,
To lure the wandering insect by its dress,
Or haply to reward the wild bee's thrift.
Here is no rapt Linnaeus to uplift
His voice devout to praise such loveliness—
Strange scarlet stars, the low blue iris, pink
Of wonderful azaleas on the brink
Of dizzy chasms; a transient glimpse I gain,
A dazzling vision from the ruthless train.
Ah, me, what riches blooming but to God
Beyond my sight in deeper glens untrod!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 36.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Nest

Here is no dainty cup of twigs and moss,
Down-lined, wind-swung and roofed with bloomy spray,
But on the open shingle, dull and grey,
Hard by where angry breakers heave and toss,
The mother gull, heedless of harm or loss,
Has scooped a shallow saucer, as in play,
And laid her dappled egg. A yard away
The beach convolvulus trails rich wreaths across
The waste. The primrose flowers in glossy gold.
The dunes lift mimic mountains. Many a nook
The bird might find, her precious sphere to hold;
But here where foot may crush or sun may cook
She leaves it blithely—and I come to brood
On this; how lightly some take motherhood!

Balboa Beach

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 36.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

The Pine Cone

Nature—how wonderfully she contrives
That growth goes on! The maple's precious seed
Wears little wings. Our dearest, homeliest weed,
The dandelion, trusts her children's lives
To fairy parachutes that the zephyr drives
To lodge afar. The bramble's bright fruits feed
The wandering linnet. That primeval need
To satisfy, each willing vassal strives.

Yet her heart's treasures this great mother pine
Stores in a casket of such rare design,
So choicely wrought, its beauty tempts to theft;
Then with fierce barbs she arms it, to be left
Where dropped. She'll keep her young ones all at home,
Happy and safe beneath her singing dome.
Bear Valley, Sierra Madre Mountains

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 37.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Landmark

The “Decker Oak” at Palo Alto

Sagacious city fathers spared this tree,
A glorious live-oak. Past it, left and right,
Pedestrians hasten. The cement’s grey-white
Yields it a disc of earth whence royally
The huge bole rises, bends a giant knee
Out toward the street, flings forth an arm of might
Athwart the thronging thoroughfare. The light
Bronze patens of its leaves gleam somberly.

Up in its airy loggias the birds
Foregather, linnets gossip, sparrows shrill,
Jays wrangle; while beneath it Traffic herds
Her myriads; trolleys whine; and winsome Jill
Keeps tryst with Jack. Its vast dome fronts the blue
A landmark proud, a civic rendezvous,

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 37.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Eucalyptus

“Well-covered,” so they named it, using Greek
For euphony. See how each cunning cup
Of seeds is fashioned! Thence a fay might sup
Green of old bronze with its blue bloom; now seek
To raise the lid. Behold! we find no weak
Apprentice work; sealed with a fairy cross
The snug lid suffers of its seed no loss.
“Well-covered,” truly did that unknown speak!

Well-covered, too, the bud, till, in the course
Of days, the waxing flower with gentle force
Loosens the clasping of her emerald casque
And shakes her pale blonde tresses to the breeze.
No friendlier inn, no sweeter hostess, ask:
Those wandering wights, those bon-vivants, the bees.

This is the settler’s tree; around it cling
Keen memories of hardship once withstood.
His first hearth-fire reeked of its fragrant wood;
With swift shade did its vigorous saplings spring
Beside his cot, and soon were offering
The painted oriole place to rear her brood,
Snug in their palm-thread hammock, full a rood
Beyond grimalkin’s hardest venturing.

For decades have its priceless timbers met
With gallant health the ship-worm’s direful threat.
For years its wholesome balms have eased the ailing,
Its simple presence, hold the wise, availing
To route the dread miasma from its lair,
And wrest the venom from malevolent air.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 38.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Mountain Behavior

"The mountains stood on their bottom ends."—CARL SANDBURG.

Not always, Friend! Excuse me—use your eyes
To better purpose! You are careless, wrong,
Mishandling earth's proud monarchs in your song—
Mountains have tricks, disguises, vagaries.

Sometimes they do not "stand" at all, but float
In lambent amethyst, disbodied crowns,
All nether mesas, canyons, scarps and downs,
Withdrawn in mist, obliterate, remote.

Sometimes they are a spectral cortège framed
Of fancy, cloud, illusion; fugitive
As noon's vague memory of night's dream. They live
Suffused with magic, mutable, untamed,

Today, but fragile planes of sapphire set
Against a nacreous sky—no weight, no bulk.
Tomorrow, shapes Cyclopean gloom and sulk—
Towers of jasper, buttresses of jet.

Circling a burnished lake, that surface glow
Presents the peaks reversed—a doubled range—
Each cone poised on its crest in posture strange,
Colossal tumblers in a cosmic show.

Poet, come hither to the Sunset lands!
Learn our Sierras at their august feet.
Then may you lesson us, informed, discreet,
And less dogmatic, how a mountain "stands"!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 39.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

"The Lark"

(No. 76, Southern Pacific Night Express)

I saw "The Lark" go by—Oh, thrilling! thrilling!
Such power, such bulk, such steadiness, such speed!
Such magical response to one man's willing—
Such high fulfillment of a human need.

Breasting the gale, the cloud-burst, or the blizzard,
As trips a child through grass. Yet docile, meek,
To him her master, who, from A to izzard,
Knows all her mighty body swift and sleek.

Each valve, wheel, lever, rivet, bolt and bearing;
Who spurs her, checks her, humors, gives her rein;

ry

Who keeps the nightly vigil, all unsharing,
That spells the safety of his slumbering train.

The towering range gives back her note of warning,
She storms in thunder through the dreaming town.
She climbs the pass and clears the summit, scorning
The task, and glides in graceful flexures down.

Far up the line I caught her headlight spilling
A gorgeous dazzle—then—her gallant cry!
She flashed superbly past. Oh, thrilling! thrilling!
At nine o'night to watch "The Lark" go by!

Palo Alto

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 40.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Nocturne

Nthe far wild hills the coyotes cry
(A waxing wind and a sinking moon),
Fearsome sound is that crazy croon
As the night breeze lifts it and wafts it by
In waves that gather and break and die.

A maniac's laugh and a spaniel's bark
With the treble pipe of a cockerel,
(I know the beast, Oh, I know him well!)
The ululations rise and swell
In fitful bursts through the eery dark,
A medley strange to the folk that hark.

The lupine howl and the canine bay
(A setting moon and a waning gale),
Out on the far hills hush and fail
As the lyric brute takes the hunger trail,
And the long night swings toward the dawn and day.

Then, with the wind and the world asleep
(Sky aware of the climbing sun),
Our serenader, his music done,
Shy as a deer and meek as a sheep,
Comes to nose in our rubbish heap,
Digs for things we have buried deep.

But daybreak comes and a dread instils.
The changeling wolf, the gypsy dog,
Slips away through a smother of fog,
Threads the culvert and skirts the bog,
Lopes the mesa and leaps the rills,
A gray wraith bound for the lonely hills.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 41.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Phainopepla

A little lonely plaintive note
Reiterates from a lofty spray.
That single syllable, remote,
Aloof, has witched my joy away.

The ebon garb this minstrel wears
Fits all too well his mournful word.
What are his griefs? His tiny cares?
He is too serious for a bird.

Seen close, in sun, I know his dress
Would flash a myriad dazzling hues.
His shape, his crest, prove haute noblesse.
Is he a spell-bound prince, I muse?

The mocker yonder pours a flood
Of wild derisive melody;
No feathered thing in field or wood
Escapes his merry mimicry.

But not for me, my soul apart,
His shrill capricious carols float,
The phainopepla rives my heart—
His little lonely plaintive note!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 42.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Los Angeles

(Nuestra Señora, La Reina de los Angeles)

Swart Spanish folk devoutly christened her—
Her name is like a little love-chant sung,
Or twinkling jewels on a gold thread strung.
She has been mother, nurse, a fame to spur
The adventurous, a shining prize to stir
Fierce rivalry. Upon her breast, being young
And very fair, resplendent tributes hung.
She lodged the sycophant—the flatterer.

Now, in her rich maturity, a crowd
Censorious brands her spoiled, self-centered, proud.
But if she hold her white soul safe, aloft,
If she will yield her strong hands swift and soft
In service, wise of heart and firm of will,
She'll be “Our Lady of the Angels” still.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 43.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

In Spring

Tides of billowing grass, mounting in flower froth,
Blithesome lyric of lark, flicker of jeweled moth,
Fragrant magical air, fog-filtered and honey-clear,
Was ever a day so sweet? Was ever a June so dear?
If He meant us to sigh and yearn for Heaven's beauty and bliss,
What was God thinking of to give us a world like this?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 43.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Sierras

Guarding the levels, with their all-compelling
Their spiritual summons, stand the heights.
They hush our puny human clamor welling,
Grave in their grey, swift in their priestly rites.

Grave in their grey, in purple kingly, wearing
The fog's frail tissues, winter's miniver,
They fling their lofty challenge to the daring,
They call in words that sting, or soothe, or spur.

Red on their crests the sunset's jewel smoulders;
Their rank is loud-acclaimed when, monarch mad
The roaring tempest smites their lusty shoulders
With two-edged lightning's brilliant accolade.

They hold the silver ransom for our valleys.
They snare the soaring clouds for our behoof.
They loot the cargoes of the sky's grey galleys
And pour rich largess on the humblest roof.

These brooding giants cherish in their keeping
The fairy orchis, mimulus, and phlox;
Sheaves of wild lilies for a golden reaping;
Sweet brier lovely under dripping rocks.

Wherever mounts the happy pilgrim, praising,
The scarlet bugler makes his progress fair.
Gaily the glorious gonfalons are blazing
On countless rises of the mountain stair.

An Orient tapestry of lupine beckons
From skyward mesas—how can one resist?
If lover true her hour truly reckons
The faithful trillium will keep her tryst.
But whoso will forego that rainbow plunder
Shall miss the sun-scorched stretches of the climb,
And take his fill of dumb adoring wonder
As I—far off—at misty evening time.

What is their subtle influence, fact or fancy?
Piled crags—blue canyons—play of line and light—
Why should they work unfailing necromancy,
Transmute our dullness to a swift delight?

Who knows? But evermore the hill-bred, yearning,
Frets at the plain, and finds it empty, strange.
How his heart lifts when he first sees, returning,
The far blue thrilling outline of The Range!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed pp. 44-45.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A "Norther"

All day the gale has shrieked and raged;
All day the piteous trees have waged
Grim warfare with the brutal blast.
But now they rest, the torment past,
The frenzy of the air assuaged.

Woe to the traveler or the ship
Obliged to risk the monster's grip!
The roistering bully of the north
Assaulted all who ventured forth,
And bore them rough companionship.

I heard the cypresses intone
A mighty fugue. To that unknown
Mad force the towering eucalypts bowed,
And while it smote their foreheads proud,
It scourged the late bleached grasses prone.

Whipped grey by the relentless wind,
The poplar stood. The willow twined
Green fingers, desperate. Bereft
Of one great limb by vicious theft,
My lady peach moaned, unresigned.

Caught up and cast by fitful whirls
The light leaves danced in eddying swirls,
Under that rude, chastising hand,
The rosy asters could not stand,
But cringed like little chidden girls.

The linnets must have wondered why
Their garden pool was licked stone-dry.
Ruffled, and shaken on their perch
By the racked tree's incessant lurch,
The finches clung, afraid to fly.

And now, at night, the hurricane,
Like some crazed thing grown sudden sane,
A little lulls—the clamor dies
To silence, vexed by gusty sighs.
The strain relaxed, we smile again.

I speed to keep my twilight tryst
With beauty—faith's high eucharist.
That day-long passion soothed, consoled,
With mist veils rent the range gleams cold
In vivid rose and amethyst.

And San Gorgonio, hoary-tressed,
Flushes divinely toward the west
His giant bulk transfigured heaves.
A splendid afterglow retrieves
The storm's wild orgy of unrest.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed pp. 46-47.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Oak Torch

Now sober Autumn walks the mountain ways.
Spent the bright hoard of Summer's almonry.
Famished for color, the importunate eye
Must feed on crumbs. This shrunken wand displays
One solitary disk of purple rays
Circling a tarnished sun. Wild gooseberry
Has splashed her faded skirt with ruby dye.
Stray bluebirds fledged in sapphire lure the gaze.

In covert snug a thrifty sword-fern hides
Last plumes from searching fingers of the frost.
Then—wonderful!—where the stark canyon sides
Lean closer, dark with ooze and richly mossed,
A yellow flare—a sudden splendid glow
Where a lone oak thrusts forth her great flambeau!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 48.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

ALONG THE MONTEREY SHORE

A Sonnet Series

Carmel-by-the-Sea

Nursed fondly in a curving arm of coast
The little hamlet lies—still, sunny, sweet.
Its liquid Scriptural title we repeat,
Remembering Nabal and Elijah's boast
To Baal's prophets; but remembering most
How a lad's mother in the Syrian heat
Sought mountain-lodged Elijah, to entreat
Her son's life. This new Carmel has been host
To artist folk and poets in the room
Of seers and hermits; vagrant stepping stones
Entice to where her gardens, deep in bloom,
Dream in the sun, bee-haunted, fragrant, cool,
Beloved of birds for comfort of a pool,
Murmurous with sea's incessant overtones.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 49.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Conifers at Point Lobos

Topping the upthrust of a mighty crag
Triumphs the cypress; it must crouch and lean,
Push desperate roots through fissures deep, unseen,
Sprawl prone to humor sea gales. Yonder snag,
Of trunk forked like the antlers of a stag,
Pictures the future of these noble trees
When storms at last have scourged them to their knees
And wrested from them that resplendent flag.

Gigantic redwoods lord it in the North—
A group of lonely pines the Southlands boast.
Comparing earth's high peers is little worth.
All hail the conifers—a gallant host!
Here—fluted, carven, in their singular way—
The famous cypresses of Monterey!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 49.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

The Patriarch

This hoary patriarch, grizzled, crouching, nude—
How many centuries did it take to glean
From those gnarled arms the last bright shred of green
The last rich stain of fungus, tawny-hued?
Stark victim of an immemorial feud
It totters piteous, wind-flayed, bleached as clean
As weathered bone; frozen in the humble mien
Of helpless age, of spent decrepitude.

How long before the last catastrophe?
When blustering March roars from the stormy sea,
Or lightning from an angry heaven shoots,
The derelict will fall, riven through its girth,
With great rocks, heaved from out the ravaged earth,
Clutched in its upturned, convoluted roots.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 50.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Danger

This sea-wind that means joy and health to man
 Brings to these brave trees life and death in turn.
 Bannered in spume the breakers crash and churn.
Grey fogs enwrap the green-clad forest clan.
Here is a cypress with a splendid span;
 But deadly bright the bole and branches burn
 With vivid fungus; and the wise discern
Death—death by inches for the veteran.

And if the red assassin be too slow,
A sly accomplice waits. Alas! we know
 What slender chance the strongest has who fights
 Two sluggish but determined parasites.
The cypress wears a shroud wind-woven, weird;
Sinister moss, as grey as Shylock's beard.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 50.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Flagellants

Where are we? Do we dream? Can these be trees?
Witches they seem in some frenetic dance
Writhing and posturing to unheard chants,
Or furious Maenads carven on a frieze,
Their green scarves in a tangle on the breeze.
Or are the anguished shapes hierophants
Lost in some occult ritual? Flagellants
In mad self-scourging? Dread Eumenides?

September's golden sun belies this show
Of futile struggle, ceaseless agony.
What is their awful secret, that they grow
Dwarfed, maimed, grotesque—a mournful travesty
Of sylvan charm? And will they plunge below
Some desperate night—into the ravening sea?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 51.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Enchanted

There's Daphne's laurel—Circe's swine—must they,
 These patient trees, prolong their pantomime
 Of pain and torment till the end of time?
What if in this grim guise they're doomed to pay
 For some offense? What if in this strange way
Inquisitors, assassins, thugs, the prime
Transgressors, expiate here their monstrous crime
 Till some skilled sorcerer shall the spell unsay?

We long to see them straighten, supple, rise
 In glad enfranchisement, to wear no more
 These attitudes of woe, despair, alarm
Yet—if he came and wrought his wizardries,
 The mage—would Lobos lure us as before?
 Would we not miss a weird and subtle charm?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 51.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

All Through the Savage Rocks

All through the savage rocks there is a stir
 Of timid wild things; hungry squirrels think
 To pilfer; lizards scurry for a chink;
There is a sudden glimpse of silver fur;
A gull's breast flashes white as miniver;
 Belated buckwheat rears its rusty pink.
Intrepid asters brave the dizzy brink,
Making the raw cliff gay with lavender.

The little wayward dusty trails invite
Beneath low domes of living malachite.
And like the fenestration of a fane
In some old storied town, the sapphire plane
Of restless water, netted, plumed, with white,
Gleams through the trees incredible with light.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 52.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Pool

We came upon a pool of limpid green,
A great clear flawless beryl, dropped in haste
By fierce Djinn's winging past this flinty waste;
Paler than emerald or tourmaline,
A gem with which some Brobdignagian queen
Might clasp her mighty cincture. We retraced
Our steps next day—the jewel was misplaced.
Where was it gone? Or had it ever been?
Vanished! With all the mauve and saffron fret
Of moss in which the crystal thing was set.
Did they discover and retrieve their loss—
The Djinn's? Or did Poseidon lightly toss
The treasure to adorn our happy day—
Lent, and withdrawn, in his imperial way?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 52.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Lobos Waits

Oh, old—old—old! What is a decade here?
What is a century? A youngster comes
To frolic and explore with roistering chums;
He grows a youth—a lover—brings his Dear
To this high sylvan tryst. They wed—they rear
Their brood. They age and pass. With booming drums
Sea's made assault wins negligible crumbs
From Earth's defense; but still, divine, austere,
Point Lobos stands. Keen scrutiny might mark.
A sleeker polish on the twisted, stark
Arboreal skeletons, a thicker drip
Of moss; some toll the hurricane may whip
From these green domes; but Lobos waits sublime,
Immune to change—indifferent to Time.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 53.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

On the Sunset Limited

(Out of New York)

I have found the sky again—the liberal sky!
The clouds—the sun!
No more am I
A burrowing mole, a worm, an insect, one
Of swarming creatures mad with furious haste!
Yonder it lies,
The glorious waste.
Sierras rise,
Splendid in purple, coifed in dazzling white;
O, deep-desired—loved limit of my travels!
See, touched with chrysolite,
Beautiful and blue
The wide Pacific weaves still and unravels
Her cincture of bright foam!
Blithely I speed to you,
Sweet woman-country, mother, home, home, home

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 54.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Manana

Though with light laugh we quote your word,
O, dark-eyed brothers of the South,
We should be meek; we, too, have erred;
Your phrase is often in our mouth,
“Majfiana.”

Mañana! ah, the opulent hour!
Enriched with all heroic deeds,
And clothed upon with all the power
Today refuses to our needs,
Mañana!

Tomorrow we will start the book,
Will pay the debt; reform our ways;
We will seek pardon for the look
The word that gloomed a dear one’s days,
Mañana.

Tomorrow comes, and is today;
Old habit’s strong; our funds are low;
The muse is shy; the friend’s away;
The voice still whispers, soothing, slow,
Mañana.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 55.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

To a Prospector

I have no lure with which to draw thee hither,
But the long valley lies
A radiant dream. As yet not one doth wither
Of all the flowers, so kindly are the skies.
'Tis Paradise!

Today, I trod a sapphire floor, so thickly
The lupines bloomed. Today,
The very gates of pearl I saw, so quickly
The Cherokees have starred the hedge. O, pray,
Do not delay!

Dearest, I saw athwart the mountains trailing
The slant white skirts of rain,
While lay pale smiles of sun, all unavailing,
Hither and yon upon the emerald plain;
Would thou wert here again!

Come thou adventurous! Go with me a-Maying
Up where the wild doves call.
We'll find free gold for any babe's assaying,
Poppies and pansy flowers, dear and small,
Fortunes for all!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 56.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

When the Blue Heron Rises

Days may be drab,
Earth growing dull and duller,
Drained utterly of color.
Still there are things that stab
And shock with piercing pleasure,
Wonderful swift surprises.
Joy—O, joy beyond measure—
When the blue heron rises!

O, matchless thing—
Curves beautiful and pliant,
Flight vigorous, reliant,
That royal spread of wing,
The blue—soft, vivid, splendid,
The facile dip and balance,
The shape of beauty ended
By lightly trailing talons.

Days may be dull,
Ah, pitiful to miss
The fleeting ecstasies,
The visions magical,
May's witchery in the willow,
Wild forest cascades pouring,
Beryl of high-heaped billow,
The great blue heron soaring.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 57.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Bittern

A soaring shadow and a hoarse wild cry
When evening drops and cool airs drift and climb
From brown Witch Water. But one thrilling time
He suffered our espial patiently,
Perched on a neighboring shrub, a trim dark shape
Collared with chestnut; his observant eye
Admonished brief respectful scrutiny.
A flash—and he had made his swift escape.

We listen for his sudden startling word
From high green chambers in our towering trees.
We ponder on his unsolved absences.

For us no lesser sweeter minstrel fills
This austere lodger's place. We miss the bird.
No goldfinch gossip and no bubbling trills
Of owls at night, no mellow oriole flute
Enchants us like the bittern's brusque salute.

Where does he spend that passionate interlude,
Scorning our runnel for some fen-land strange
Where he may build and woo and feed and range,
Weaving the idyl of the mate and brood?

When autumn suns with waning ardor burn
On the light rime of dawn—grim, taciturn,
Wise in the lore of freshets and the wrack
Of mighty winds unleashed—will he come back?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 58.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Orchids

Out of the rich resources of the soil
The rose wrests copious wherewithal to stain
Her perfect bloom. She drinks the timely rain.
To aid her, man's solicitude, man's toil
Adds nourishment to eke her daily food.
From rank black mould the water-lilies rear
Their coils, and on the wild lake blue and clear
Each fragrant face lays back its close green hood.

Beauty from ooze and darkness and decay,
A miracle! but greater works this plant,
This syren of the jungles—from the scant
Strange sustenance of air she has a way
Of glorious life. A thaumaturge, a mime,
That something thin intangible she transmutes
To scent and color. Lightly perch her roots
On negligible nothings. But in time
The weird enchantress shakes her wonders out.
They tease with subtle hints of deft disguise—
Ears, tails, antennæ, streamers, impish eyes—
Marvels of mauve and bronze, begetting doubt,
Flowers are they, truly? or wild hovering things,
Insects and birds poised dazzlingly for flight,
Spotted like tropic spiders, deadly bright,
Or tricky elves with gold and rosy wings?

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 59.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Meridian

In languid sweetness suffering the sun,
Lapped in the golden hush of summer noon,
The garden slumbers, breathing fragrantly.
Aerial whispers through the leafage run.
Somewhere the muffled monotone of a bee
Teases the silence—falters—and is still.

Two drowsy mockers in the acacia croon.
A crested quail flutes richly from the hill.

Above the orchard earth, translucent, fleet,
Hover the glimmering rhythms of the heat.

A finch rides down a dandelion stalk,
And with his fitful bursts of tender talk
Pecks at the fairy sphere until he leaves
The central cushion clean. A wild dove grieves
In some far thicket. Underneath a tree,
Bedded in turf and smiling ‘hardily,
The ruddy daisies pattern out its shade
In bright defiance of the impending blade.

On some nocturnal quest here crept a snail
In all his plump and pulpy helplessness.
Behind him, lightly scrawled for man to guess,
A mystic cipher, winds his silver trail.

A lily lights a nook, austere and cool—
A priestess pale with vows upon her lips.
In the scant luxury of a casual pool
Under the tap a happy sparrow dips,
A darling atom and a joyous chance,
Fulfilling sumptuously his frugal wants.
A pert jay in the live-oak shrills his orders.
The hollyhocks at half-mast in the borders,
Wallflowers, and slim blue spires of larkspur stand,
And salvia, a blazing signal brand.

A rose droops low her proud doomed head and bleeds
In bright slow crimson on the assembled weeds.

The pansy folk grimace like saucy mimes.
So high the foxglove rears above the hedge
Her shapely turret of a hundred chimes
That she reveals, beyond the flaring edge
Of the close bells, their darkly dappled throats.
Oh, for an ear attuned to catch their notes!

A garden is an Eden new at dawn—
The waking roses and the jeweled lawn.
A garden is Mab's own estate at night—
The sudden perfumes and the eerie light.
A garden is a bounty and a boon
Beyond appraisal, in the hush of noon!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed pp. 60-61.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Sanctuary—Near Crestline

Noon—on the top of the world!

Only myself and a jay

Preening his blue and grey;

Great ferns bleached and curled;

Great brakes curled and rusty;

The ceaseless chant of the pines

And, fretting their upright lines,

A huge oak towering lusty;

A gnarled old veteran oak

Like a patriarch of men.

Far—through a dip of the glen

The valley etched in smoke,

The valley, featureless, far.

Oh, happy the sweet noon hush

Above the feverish rush

Where people—and problems—are!

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 62.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Signs

Here are the signs; the zinnias grow rusty;
The ruby-throats are gone that daily sipped;
The hollyhocks that towered tall and lusty
Have dropped their last rosettes and shiver, stripped.

A shabby troop the golden sunflowers muster,
Day after day their gallant ranks have thinned;
The cottonwoods display a lessened lustre,
A paler green to the appraising wind.

Sly squirrels come to snatch a furtive nibble,
Stray seeds grey doves glean from the horses' hay,
Witch-water's breadth has shrunk to one dark dribble
That rioted in fulvous floods last May.

The plovers that in April flocked and flirted
Now rustle, pensive, through the leafless lanes;
Hushed lie the autumn meadows, dry, deserted,
Brown, brooding, languid—waiting for the rains.

Publication. *This Enchanting Coast* (Times-Mirror Press, 1928); printed p. 63.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A POET'S FELLOWSHIP

Stage III | The 1929 fellowship portfolio

The seven-work fellowship group preserved in the local archive follows as an independent portfolio.

The Exile

Where shall we find her, we who loved her so,
My Lady Silence? Far withdrawn from men
She chose her dwelling, high in mountain glen,
The lyric thrush her gossip, and the wren.

And I have found her where I used to go
Out in the dazzling smother of new snow.

In forest dingles starred with brier bloom
She used to hide. My friend and fellow she
Long whiles in desert wastes, lit gorgeously
By moons incredible. And—happy me!—

Sometimes I have surprised her in my room,
Sweet and seductive in the twilight gloom.

Nurse, mother, healer, counsellor, savior—pray
How can we spare the succour that she gave?
In crises when the human could not save
From her blest ministry we issued brave,

To front the claims, the hurts of the new day,
Nourished and heartened for the difficult way.

Alas! the garrulous wave, the importunate wire,
They reach and wreck our holiest solitude
Where we would pray and ponder, dream or brood;
With their demands abrupt, their summons rude
They drown the still voice, quench the inner choir,
They fright the hovering vision and the fire.

Oh, some day I will follow, I will fare
Yonder, past utmost range of wheel or hoof,
To where lives Lady Silence, lone, aloof,
Lovely; divine, inviolate—and proof
In her cool skyward chamber, fragrant, fair,
Against my passionate protest and my prayer.

On Earth's triumphal pillars are engraved
The names of new gods—gods of growth and gain.
Progress leads many captives in her train—
Shall gentle Silence one day drag her chain
In that base pageant, conquered and enslaved,
She who our peace, our sanity had saved?

Ah! we must woo her back, we must be wise;
We must persuade her, humbly, to retrace
Her flight, do honour to her birth, her grace.
We must remand usurpers to their place
Lest we be proved in reason's last assize
To have housed hell's demons in meek drudges' guise.

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

Music—A Sonnet Suite

I

Music Its Own Interpreter

Light breath within a reed—swift fingers laid
Upon the keys—a handful of tensed wires
Wed to a slender tool—through these aspires
 Man's urgent soul to hint those unbetrayed
 Bright regions that no care nor grief has greyed;
To kindle those divine mysterious fires
That trouble us, to echo shining choirs.
 What meant our rapture when the master played?
 What does Beethoven speak, being dead? Mistake!
No transcript ask those harmonies that shake
The buried self. No wish, no subtlest skill
 Shall phrase in words a symphony—and ill
To try. A something priceless we shall miss
Stressing translation and analysis.

II

Why Are We Curious?

Music is much—not wholly—of the mind;
Splendidly sensuous, but suffused, redeemed,
By fitful hovering lustres such as gleamed
 On storied saints and postulants resigned
 To fasting and the scourge. Who has defined,
Who can interpret music? If we seemed
Just on the eve of full success, there streamed
 A sudden glamour, and we could not find
The clue. Why are we curious to dissect
 So delicate a shape, to prove it kin
To other arts? Music walks sole, elect,
 Enchantress, angel; competent to win
Seer, savage, cynic; loveliest of The Nine!
Her spell is sure. Her lineage is divine.

III

Insurgency at a Philharmonic

I would I were a mogul—my least word
Law to obsequious myriads. Promptly then
Heralds should summon music-makers, men
Clever with instruments, of spirits stirred
By one compelling passion. This vast herd
Should pleasure me alone, and where and when
I'd choose; a lifted hand, a nod, again
They should perform the symphony. You gird
Against this selfishness? Ah, but to go
Pranked in gay finery to a brilliant room
And listen with a mob! I covet gloom
And solitude for music, and I know
No pardon for applause. If we were wise
We'd rule for dim lights, quiet, and closed eyes.

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Sequoia Gigantea

Straight as a monolith mounts the giant bole,
Massive as masonry. To think such girth,
Such stature, from a tiny seed had birth,
Was once a sapling, fed by daily dole
Of sun and shower! The years, the centuries roll.
December's rigours and young April's mirth
Have built this splendid pinnacle of earth,
Have kept the towering column sound and whole.

Yet danger lurks. The great tree, branch and bark,
The liberal leafage and the soaring spire,
Faces the menace of the mountain fire,
May lie the victim of the casual spark.
Strange—this proud chieftain of a mighty clan
Should need the pigmy championship of man!

Big Basin
Santa Cruz Mts.

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

The Lady of Melos

Thwart the ripe rondure of thy proud, pale lip
 Breathe thou, O lovely Lady of all charms,
 The piteous story of thine ancient harms.
Who dared to lay upon thy snow the grip
 Of the profane? Did a miraculous drip
 Of crimson slay the savage with alarms?
 Vouchsafe the mystery of thy vanished arms.
Was it a rose, a wreath, a shield, the tip
Of shapely finger held.
 Yet stay! more dear
 The maimèd marble. We would not replace
Aught if we could. Fond fancy would not hear
 Thy answering word. For every outrage hurled
More deeply loved, great Goddess, thou dost face,
 Crippled but conquering, an adoring world.

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

"Never Say of Me"

"Never say of me that I am dead."

(*Browning, writing to a friend.*)

Dead? Browning? Never! Down the hushed lagoon
Its stately progress made that sumptuous barge;
The solemn Abbey an illustrious charge
Took to its breast. We doff our pilgrim shoon
At Casa Guidi, or where neath the moon
Lies little Asolo; but we discharge
These things from minds incredulous, so large,
So liberal toward us is his daily boon.

O dead, perchance, seem comrades by our side,
Who speak no living word, who only move,
And feed and sleep. But Browning! Friend and guide,
Thine be the welcome of thy "Lyric Love."
Life in the unforgetting human heart,
The splendid Immortality of Art!

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

The Cyclone

Nature was once All-mother and Arch-mage.

Her moons and mammoths ranged. The volutes vast
Of her prodigious ferns unrolled, and cast
Arboreal shade. It was a wondrous age.

But when her child was born, her favourite,
Man, Did she suspect what she had brought to birth?
Foresee the unfilial strife by which the earth
This babe should wrest from her? She had no plan

To balk him, so browbeaten, mocked, beguiled,
Wheedled and flattered, all her secret lore
She yielded up, to the last dearest store;
And lay, a humble vassal to her child.

Yet, inly wrought, affronted, now and then,
Stung by a mighty jealousy, she wields
A giant besom thwart his prosperous fields,
Shatters his puny cities, thatch and throne,
And makes for once her chastened rebel own
That he is hers—and both are God's. Amen!

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

At Twilight

Like a vast wing
Flame-fledged and terrible,
A great cloud hovers
Low in the west, burns brighter still,
And covers
The red sun's vanishing.

Even as I look
The glory pales to grey.
Home I'll be faring,
There waits my Love—warmth, books,
For happy sharing;
Fire in the inglenook.

Publication. *A Poet's Fellowship* (1929).

SPECULATIVE MAGAZINE VERSE

Stage IV | Science fiction, machines, and modernity, 1930-1936

Five speculative-magazine poems not otherwise represented in *Noonmark* are gathered here. Periodical versions of poems later collected in that book remain documented in the source notes.

Evolution

Long have wise folk a baffling secret sought—
The mystery of human origins.
A theory rises—sinks; another wins
A transient credence. Some men will have naught
Of simian kin, nor bear the shocking thought
Of simple earthly sources of our sins
And virtues. These are valiant paladins.
But by slight hints may not deep truths be taught?

Often when strolling idly out of doors
The joy of upright carriage thrills me through—
As though in some dim past I'd gone 'all-fours'!
And often speech, or victory in some test
Of wits, stirs quick surprise, a wonder new,
As though I'd once lacked language, groped, and guessed!

Publication. *Amazing Stories*, August 1931.

Provenance. Text checked against the local periodical scan; where available, the earlier selected-poems typesetting supplied a second witness.

The Evolution of an Ace

The First Fancy

A wee lad watched, one summer day,
A brilliant oriole on its way,
A brown bee homing with its loot,
A wasp that flew from fruit to fruit.
'What fun,' he cried, 'what fun to fly!
Oh, if I could! Sometime I'll try.'

Discouragement

A youth strolled through a fern-sweet glen and cool,
Beside a limpid brook made dreamy pause.
Splendid in azure and in glistening gauze
Hovered the dragonflies above a pool;
Kingfishers swooped to harvest from a school
Of lively minnows—rose with laden jaw.
'Strange,' mused the stripling, 'curious how the laws
Of flight still circumvent us. Man's a fool.
Hundreds of years we've watched and longed. We boast
Ourselves creation's lords. A moth, a gnat
Knows more than we do. See that buzzard coast!
Maddening—his ease—to soar and glide like that!
But has man ever done it? Never once.
The smallest midge outdoes him. Man's a dunce.'

Success

Came years of slow experiment,
The constant urge, the mouldering fire
Of purpose. Then—the wonder wrought!
The bright shape of a long desire.

A distant humming in the sky—
A flash of wings upon the blue—
A graceful turn, a dip, a rise—
A speed no condor ever knew.

A miracle too frequent now
To win more than a casual glance,
When two decades ago to fly
Seemed the far goal of rich romance.

Soon common as the swallow's dash,
The linnet's drop from bough to bough,
Will be the soaring plane, nor cause
The bored pedestrian to pause,
The laborer to check his plough.
And man, to his ambition true,
Will turn his mind to conquests new.

Publication. *Amazing Stories*, March 1931.

Provenance. Text checked against the local periodical scan; where available, the earlier selected-poems typesetting supplied a second witness.

Radio Revelations

Before John's new receiving set
I listened, half-expecting
The music of the spheres to get,
Some stellar fugue or canzonet,
Man's chatter intersecting.

Instead, from empyrean heights
Celestial gossip drifted;
The greater and the lesser lights
It seems have frolics, feuds and fights,
Even as the less uplifted.

'It's scandalous how Orion goes,'
Quoth Vega in high dudgeon.
'Can't he afford some pants and hose?
Or is it that he loves to pose
In just his belt and bludgeon?'

Then Vesta scolded, 'Listen, pray!
Those wild beasts—where's their cager?
As I went down the Milky Way
To get my Pasteurized Grade A
He bit me—Ursa Major!'

Of course, surprised, I had no show—
I whacked him with my slipper,
But Aries, Serpens, Scorpio
And Taurus joined the scrap and so
I brandished the Big Dipper.

Then pranced up Sagittarius
And shot them! How I kissed him!
We two then harnessed Pegasus
To Charles's Wain—absurd old bus—
And ranged the Solar System.

'Now don't tell, Dearie, on your word
Of honor as a planet;
The cause of Mars' red face I've heard
Is booze! He's sure the gay old bird—
It's years since he began it.'

Then burst forth Vega, 'What's the use
Of Luna's mad endeavor
To change her figure and 'reduce'
When in one month—the silly goose—
She'll be as round as ever?

'There's Berenice! She's marcelled her hair!
Her cute dog-star she's leading.
Here, kids—take Cassiopeia's Chair.
What news? You don't say! Did they dare!
Young Comet pinched for speeding?

'Well! Well! I've, too, a tale to stir;
Now Venus is no pattern,
We all know that, but Jupiter
Is worse—I'm not much blaming her—
She has eloped with Saturn!

'Of course she's flirted lots, my dears,
But Saturn's been her 'steady.'
He has a bad 'case' it appears,
Old softy! Why he's had for years
A choice of rings all ready!

'This Radio,' I rejoiced, 'what fun!
And cheaper than a movie.'
Just then John's voice boomed like a gun,
'Wake up, old girl—it's half past one.
And put the cat out, Lovey.'

Publication. *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, Fall-Winter 1932.

Provenance. Text checked against the local periodical scan; where available, the earlier selected-poems typesetting supplied a second witness.

The Return

'Look, dearest, this shall be my flower!' she said,
'This starry jasmine.' And she thrust a spray
For me to smell. 'Remember!' Ah, today
I see her buoyant loveliness—her red
Sweet lips. In one brief twelvemonth she was dead.
Last night wind wailed. December's first snow lay
Upon the ground. Too unresigned to pray,
Too torn with racking grief to sleep, I fed
My misery on remembrance. 'Love,' I cried,
'Come back to me—come back! No heaven, no tomb
Can keep you from me. Come—my own, my own!'
And as I ceased the gloom was glorified—
I was aware that I was not alone—
A sudden scent of jasmine filled the room.

Publication. *Weird Tales*, September 1934.

Provenance. Text checked against the local periodical scan; where available, the earlier selected-poems typesetting supplied a second witness.

Science and the Saucepans

How dangerous it is to live!
If we had known the peril
Of germs—the care we'd have to give
To keep each darned thing 'sterile.'

We would have dodged being born I guess,
We would have stayed I'll wager
In comfortable nothingness
Up baiting Ursa Major.

Nothing we have to eat, it seems,
Is wholesome if it's tasty.
All sauces you must shun—and creams,
They make your color pasty.

You can't eat eggs or beans or meats
Or you invite 'necrosis';
No starch or sweets, no snacks or treats,
For fear of 'acidosis.'

The lowly kraut ranks high today,
If you would be well fed you'll
Stow lots and lots of it away
And star it on your schedule.

Often, hid deep within our works,
Demanding circumspection,
Grim goggled M.D.s find there lurks
A 'focus of infection.'

We must keep tab on vitamins
And calories and such like.
We pay for dietetic sins
In gripes that we don't much like.

As though we hadn't plagues enough
There's still that weird 'milk culture.'
Before I'd touch the loathesome stuff
I'd seek a swift sepulture!

I ask you. What shall be our meals?
Give that your contemplation.
There's left, this screed of mine reveals,
A microscopic ration.

A breakfast, I submit, of bran,
To dodge foes that beset us.
For lunch, five prunes; a prudent plan.
And if you'd add to life's brief span
Dine sparingly on lettuce.

Publication. *Amazing Stories*, June 1936.

Provenance. Text checked against the local periodical scan; where available, the earlier selected-poems typesetting supplied a second witness.

BOOK THREE | NOONMARK

Stage IV | Formal range and late synthesis, 1936

Green's third published book is printed in full. Its five internal movements carry her from formal poetics through machines, historical monologues, music, and the natural world.

The Scanty Plot

*In sundry moods 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground.*
WORDSWORTH.

Back from inclement moor, from rugged steep,
From desultory wanderings far and near
I come to you, my scanty plot, so dear,
So narrow, so familiar. If I keep
The weeds down here with diligence I reap
Small harvest but sufficient for my cheer.
From one such little garden at Grasmere
What fragrance steals! Where Avon's waters creep
Another flames with roses. From a third
A woman gleaned more glory than from all
Her broad outlying acres. And if powers
That were ordained the boundary, may a bird
Not sing within the hedgerow? and the wall
Be gracious in its thick disguise of flowers?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 10.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

The Peddler

A grey dame brought her offerings to my door;
Young, eager, rash I bought in joyous haste
Frail trinkets, jewels later proven paste;
And ever I demanded, "Show me more!"
Gloves, girdles, dainty shoes I chose that wore
But one mad dance; rich cloaks brocaded, laced,
That frayed and faded; (Ah, the cruel waste!)
Bland scented balms that left my hurts still sore.

At last I pondered little dull brown seeds
The weird old crone had forced on me. I laughed.
In bitter jest I gave them to the ground
And then forgot my planting. Lusty weeds
Pushed up—slugs gorged. I had no garden-craft.
But look—the strange sweet flower I have found!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 11.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

The Incense Burner

A dark squat thing upon my desk you stand—
The gay young dragon romping on your lid
With saucy tilted muzzle seems to bid
Some fellow beast to frolic. In what land
Of far Cathay your dear droll shape was planned
Who knows? Nor what austere priest panoplied
In gold-stiff gear within your bronze maw hid
The fragrant gums, and the red smoulder fanned.

Not some strange god to placate or to please
Curls your thin reek today, but traffic chance
Brings you, wee brazier, to my modern bower
To serve the dainty ritual of ease.
Subtly your azure arabesques enhance
The rich contentment of my idle hour.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 12.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Locoed

After reading a volume of free verse.

Wild Pegasus! He has his innings now;
No more meek browsing daisied turf for him!
He feels enfranchisement in every limb.
Away with bit and rein, he will allow
No cinch nor saddle. But in the old days how
Divinely paced the creature round the trim
Familiar sunny paddocks, cherubim
Might hark to his soft nicker. He can plough
And has, at worst, and as a circus steed
He is the cleverest of the hippodrome.
What witch-grass has he nibbled? Loco weed
Has fouled his clover, therefore does he roam.
This is his transient madness—give no heed;
Some day forespent and famished he'll come home.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 12.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Still Beauty Waits

Still in her lonely temple Beauty waits
Doubted, denied, affronted, ridiculed—
Her immemorial statutes overruled,
Her bright domain, legitimate estates,
Usurped by young fanatics, addlepates,
Who swear her votaries dozed, her prophets puled.

Indifference, insult, she has known them all;
Has been by foes outraged, by friends betrayed;
Heard mutinous deserter, renegade,
Hymn uncouth deities in gross parade,
Has seen them crown a beast in his rank stall
While on her altars scanty garlands fade.

She sees the spineless herd meek, mute, before
Impudent botches—worthless, monstrous things,
While some rare craftsman, scorned, his palette flings
Aside and vows he'll strive and starve no more;
While mocked, misjudged, some gifted minstrel sings
But to be named insufferable, a bore,
His lyrics weak mellifluous vowellings.

Still in her temple patient Beauty waits;
She censures not the shallowness that mates
With ignorance, the pedant tongue that prates,
Safe in her ageless charm that antedates
Perverted vision, the frenetic chase
For gods grotesque, for rituals vapid, base.
Such are self-doomed, ephemeral. We'll retrace
Our wayward steps to kneel at Beauty's gates
Owning the old enchantment of her face.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 13.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Requital

Life—stand and answer. Your unsought bestowing—
 What is to hinder that I fling it back
 As worthless, broken, poisoned, tarnished, black,
 Mere flotsam on the common current flowing?

You gave me love—and tied my hands from taking.
 You gave me home—and wrecked its blessed rest.
 Then cast me forth dazed, doubting, dispossessed.
 You've given me grief at night and care at waking.

You gave me breath, that I might use it sighing.
 You gave me wealth—to barb want's after sting.
 A voice, with never time nor heart to sing.
 You've whispered dastardly the ease of dying.

Ah—it is all unprofitable barter—
 Labor, ambition, hope, tears, sweat, and blood—
 This wrestling upward from primeval mud
 To brooding mother, prophet, minstrel, martyr.

Life—you have heard the arraignment. Stand and answer,
 You who have razed our shelters, filched our best,
 Read us for epic grace a vapid jest.
 Now—what amends? You are no necromancer.

*What? A tossed rose? A vanished face? A gesture
 Toward sunset? I must ponder. Can I take
 Pain, heartbreak, buffet, wrong, for love's sole sake?
 Sorrow's rough garb for Beauty's radiant vesture?*

Enough—I am content. No more I rank you
 The Arch-Malefactor. For that heavenly thing
 In light, or line of lyric, bloom, or wing,
 Adoring, humble, chastened—*Life, I thank you!*

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 14-15.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

A Mezzotint of Manhattan

A world of roofs, each roof a laundry yard.

On sagging lines the garments strain and flap,

Purity's paean! There, in a boudoir cap,

A comely damsel seizes and wrings hard

The final dribbles from a blanket barred

In lavender. To think, that on the map

This hugeness is a dot! that low blue gap

A line, where the great stream sweeps oceanward!

Through the grey vague that is the city's breath

Gigantic shapes bulk darkly—slim spires prick

The murk; and—wonderful!—in this stark death

A fair green field redeems the smoke-fouled brick!

As though an aged, stony, ravaged face

Should flash in one quick smile its girlhood grace.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 15.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Toward Sunset

Whithersoever speeds the spirit loosed
 From earth and time and fleshly vassalage—
 Whatever high absorbing tasks engage,
 What passionate ministries, what airy joust
 Of wits—will not the newcomer unused
 To Heaven, so-called, long to turn back the page—
 Yearn earthward as the freed bird seeks its cage?
 Though from our loftiest flights here, hooded, noosed
 We find ourselves at evening—sent, recalled
 By hidden mastery—still what we know
 We love and prize. The doughtiest halts appalled
 By the untried. Do they not gaze below,
 The dear disbodied? count one gentian bell
 Sweeter than leagues of strange pale asphodel?

We trust perforce that far “First Cause”—the “Law”—
 The “Power not Ourselves.” If He or It
 Has raised us up from ooze and slime, the pit
 Of brainless vegetation—from the paw
 Achieved the hand—pushed back the brutish jaw—
 Suffused the world with glamour and then lit
 The beauty-loving eye—more, if He knit
 Two souls with mighty bonds—engender awe
 And reverence, aspiration, loyalty,
 Gay fancy, all the riches of the mind—
 Will not this mute masked Wonder-worker find
 Wherewith to atone for lost earth witchery?
 Will He not soothe the grief in homesick eyes
 By some divine unspeakable surprise?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 16.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

In a Sicilian Meadow

Not hyacinth, so exquisitely stained,
So fancifully curled, chose the dread god
Of Lower Gloom when compassing the rape
Of great Demeter's daughter. He arraigned
Even the violet in the emerald sod
Of April—found monotony in her shape,
And surfeit in her purple. Not with these
Could young Persephone be lured. For her
He would devise some new delight. The bees
Of Enna mocked his high fastidiousness,

 Probing the wild flag's scented lavender,
Forcing her shadowy chamber with rude feet
Upon its saffron carpet. The gay dress
Of silken poppies won a casual fleet
Esteem, and swift rejection. Then a cup
Fairly fashioned as of mother pearl,
Fit for the hand of Hera, he caught up,
The crocus. Ah, too common, far! The girl
Would know by heart its slender fragile charm.
She must be so surprised, enchanted, rapt,
As to be deaf and proof against alarm.

So pondered Aidoneus, wily, apt,
In amorous schemes. The fleecy grasses swayed
In sweet Sicilian airs. Bright insects played,
Scintillant rose and azure. To his ear
Floated a lark's voice eloquent of love;
The low recurrent monologue of a dove;
The sparrows' chatter making humble cheer.
So Pluto mused, desirous of a thing
Of novel witchery, potent, ravishing.

Then Mother Earth responsive to his plea
Vouchsafed a wonder. Slowly, tremblingly,
Soil crumbled at his feet. There pushed the tip
Of a green finger—grew—divided—showed
Vigorous leaves, a bud that cleft its sheath,
Unfurled in shining glory from the node
And hung full-blown and fragrant—wonderful!
A golden trumpet ruffled at the lip
Centering a starry base—a circling wreath
Of perfect petals; by its side seemed dull
Primrose and eglantine, too poor to cull.

In this wise as the legend reads was born
Narcissus, darling of the olden myth,
With daffodils and all their lovely kith
And kin; the flower that doomed to years forlorn
Of frenzied wandering and anxiety
The desolate mother of Persephone.
Trusting its pure perfection Pluto went
His way exulting, sure of the event.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 17-18.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Never Believe Her

Never trust what Night tells you—
Night's a deceiver.
To her own black mood Night compels you,
She paints your problems double;
She whispers doubt and trouble.
Never believe her!

Marooned with yourself, no escaping,
That intimate stranger
Tortures you, cleverly shaping
Out of nothingness, dragons;
Brews you mysterious flagons
Brimming with danger.

Seek sleep's merciful durance;
Wait dawn's heartening lustre;
Wait day's bright reassurance,
Courage, confidence, healing,
Sun, and it's blessed revealing.
Night? She's a witch. Never trust her.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 19.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Envoy for a House

Whatever has been close to life or filled
A human need is a pathetic thing
Left to itself—a shell, a tarnished ring,
A cast-off gown, an empty house. We build
More than stone, brick, or pine into our walls
And when the timbers sag and roof-tree falls
Dreams, memories, hopes, ambitions, shelterless
Haunt the grey ruin. Who shall dispossess
Those loyal wraiths?

Here was a lovely home
Faced to the clement south; the chimney stands
Undamaged and defiant; fragrant foam
Whitens the apple bough, brown bees that roam
Alone enjoy its sweetness, alien hands
Will reach for scattered fruit maybe. A stalk
Or purple iris leans across the walk,
And lilacs are in bud. The weathered gate
Droops from its hinge, one broken post prostrate.
The helplessness of things inanimate!

How soon the garden and the path, alas,
Suffered the swift monopoly of grass!
How soon the mosses and the uncurbed vine
Usurped the pillars—blurred the gable's line!
In silent midnights the unhindered rain
Through crumbling shingle and through shattered pane
Has sullied floor and ceiling. In this room
Babes grew to youth and youth to glowing bloom;
Age rested from its cares; the rituals
Of bridal and of burial here were read;
Here centered bright events of happy days.

Now the wind grieves—a lonely robin calls.
Those lingering wraiths will not be comforted.
Too sad—too sad! Come—let us go our ways.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 19-20.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Sonnetcraft

Now let me range the earth for pregnant words,
Fit well the twice-seven shackles, firm yet light;
Borrow the witchery of a summer night
When tranquil starshine soothes the folded herds.
Let me be lessoned to outdo the birds—
The chiming torrents—play the Sybarite
In careful choice, in hatred of the trite.
Breath of an August lily white as curds
Should make my sonnet sweet. The sunset flame
Should kindle it. A grace without a name
Should urge the utterance on—no haste, no lapse,
To issue in one proud triumphal tone
As of a mellow trumpet lightly blown,
Or like a silver bugle sounding taps.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 21.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

On Love

The Password

Love is the cryptogram by which we read
Life's enigma. Love is the priceless freight
Brave hearts must carry safe from scorn or greed.
Love is the licensed pilot: though he lead
By rugged trails, and though the hour grow late,
The goal be all unknown, we trust indeed
No other guide. For many a venomous weed
Love is the antidote. Love is the seed
Whose efflorescence at some far bright date
Will solace loss—pain's term will compensate.
Love spells in one brief word earth's clamorous need.
Love gathers every sect and every creed
Within his arms, and exorcising hate,
Sends forth new brothers of a loyal breed.

Suffer no contradiction—give no heed
To doubt or sneer—love is our real estate,
Its title sure, the tenure guaranteed.
Then—when with buoyant step or feet that bleed
We've passed each noisome fen and flower-fresh mead—
Love is the password at the last dark gate.
Love Laughs

Is there a new word one may speak of love?
While all the lesser things we babble of
Change—lose significance—or disappear,
Love is more indispensable, more dear
Each arduous day. Love's leash is light but strong;
Tenuous as gossamer, no triple thong
Can so compel, nor gyves of welded steel.
Love is a tyrannous lord—but he can kneel.
Love is a child for meekness but a brute
For bravery. Love, unlessoned, is astute
As any jurist, ably he can plead.
All idioms and all cyphers he can read.

Wreck the round globe by some huge cataclysm,
Some clash of maddened planets—in earth's heart,
Cleft to its center by the cosmic schism,
The one word, Love, red-etched in flame would start.

And when we've spent ourselves in similes
Love laughs—for he is other, more, than these.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 22-23.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Sonnets in Shadow

Salvage

Wrecked, wasted, scattered, all my wealth, so named,
Is lost; the half, no doubt, was counterfeit.
Now—have I patience left and strength and wit
New riches to amass? Tired, timid, tamed,
I waver questioning. Ah, so high is aimed
Youth's gallant shaft, such tempests buffet it,
Such flint-hard targets turn! And age must sit,
Too often, fronting failure, sad, ashamed.

Yet items of a proud a princely hoard
Lie close—the spendthrift jewels of the dew,
June's pearly favors starred upon the gourd,
The lilac's largess and the speedwell's blue.
If I discern real treasure and eschew
The spurious, may my fortunes be restored?

Readjustment

Let me have done with doubts, disloyalties,
Envy, resentment and ignoble pride;
Believe that to be disciplined, denied,
Yields precious usufruct; that peace is his
Who rends his bandage, fronts Truth as she is;
Wins freedom as a suitor wins his bride.
Too long I've stumbled at a phantom's side,
Too fondly cherished shining sophistries.

Enfranchised so, earth's ample residue
I shall re-audit, stamp with value new
May's violet, fluent silver of the brook,
Love's service and Love's silence, birds, a book.
Thus portioned would one dare to pity me
Dowered of Dream and Beauty's legatee?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 24.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Harbor Philosophy

The roadstead's full of homing ships—
 Lugger and galleon—
Stowed close with loot from prosperous trips,
 And none is mine—not one.
What glamour round their canvas clings!
 They reek of fruit and spice;
Their cargoes—rare exotic things
 Of unimagined price.

They tread the combers and make port;
 They gladden them that own;
But my brave barque, a whirlwind's sport,
 Foundered in seas unknown.
Her decks were stacked with precious goods,
 Vast riches gorged the hold.
She was the prey of weather moods,
 Her skipper overbold.

Never the lust of gain quite fails—
 May Heaven grant us shrift!
Still do I dream some scattered bales
 From that far wreck may drift.
But I've the sun upon my back,
 A crust upon my plate,
And love to soothe the bitter lack
 Of chattels and estate.

I've pinks and scented lavender
 Within my garden hedge;
Such phlox and wallflowers never were
 As mine, around the edge.
The oriole's morning song is sweet,
 The wren builds—what avail
To watch, where restless surges beat,
 The offing for a sail?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 25.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Dawn Mood

That nameless horror of dawn—
Grey hush—as one were left
In a dead dispeopled earth,
Lonely, perplexed, bereft,
Aware of raptures gone,
Longing for light's rebirth,
Clutching at vanished dreams,
Feeling for dear known things,
Craving the least of gleams,
The least small whisper of wings!

Sleep's transient truce betrayed
I lie abandoned, lost.
What was it ever made
Life worth the fearful cost?
Worth a black hour like this?
What fool reckoned it paid,
Love—with its speechless bliss?
Wiser the anchorite, nun—
Happier, happier they!

Bird notes—a glimmer—the sun!
A stir—a voice—it is day!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 26.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Veil

Life, if you did not dress your vivid face
In soft, dissembling tissues, did we meet
You eye to eye, your kisses bitter-sweet
Receive on naked lips, in your embrace
Untrammeled rend the intervening lace
And know you as you are—how sure, how fleet,
How terror-stricken would be our retreat
From such companionship! And yet, by grace
Of fragile gifts, by beauty fugitive,
By specious promise and by gilded lure
Our loyalty you gain, our best we give.
More, should you lift the mask is it not sure
We would replace it? For we love in sooth.
The blessed seeming better than the truth.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 27.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The November Festival

Slowly the opulent year rounds to its close;
December, like a pearl-set clasp, remains
The shining circle to complete. Now wanes
Light's daily measure. Now the bleached grass shows
A last swift beauty—dawn's first plodder goes
Upon a crystal carpet. Splendid stains
On branch and vine, drenched by wild autumn rains,
Reluctantly yield up their gold and rose.

Now bring the last bright leafage. Pile the hearth
With seasoned oak and touch the boughs to flame.
Garner the lingering sweets of field and garth.
Lay lustrous linen. Then in the gracious name
Of love and friendship summon those most dear
To blaze the tally of the liberal year.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 27.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Our Reproach Is This

In his still room the lapidary sits
Shaping with skillful touch some priceless stone.
Loves he his labor as we love our own?
Into a virgin wall the workman fits
With patient care his richly-colored bits
Of lazuli and malachite till grown
To finish smiles the picture—lovelier none
Than the dear issue of the poet's wits!

Yet, welded at white heat, conceived in bliss,
Born of sweet travail, our reproach is this;
No verse of all but mocks its maker's face,
No line achieves one half the bard intends,
No song but lacks the last consummate grace,
Not one the inward autocrat commends.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 28.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Towers

Those skyward structures spiring from the mass—
Religion used them; graceful, slender, fair
Rose Asia's minarets whence the call to prayer
Bade Islam's millions. Towers served War, alas—
Grim outlooks to command a perilous pass.
Art's masters labored that these shafts should wear
Their loveliest handiwork. And foredoomed there
Ambitious Babel soared from Shinar's grass.

Now tyrant Trade commands the architect;
High in the blue her turrets climb, august,
Shapely and proud and beautiful by day,
At night they bloom; and utmost skies reflect
Their jewelled beams. How over natal dust
Man mounts! How Commerce glorifies her way!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 28.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Unbounded Range

Sits in the conning tower a tyrant stern;
Hit fiat issue and eventuate
In wonders, revolutions, that should sate
Those most impatient for advance. We turn
With languid touch our journal's page and learn
Of mountains razed, seas vanquished that the great
Canute could not halt nor intimidate:
Against man's rock-wrought "No!" they vainly turn.

While marvelling incompetents stand aghast
Genius retrieves the failures of the past.
We mate the condor, wing and wing. The air
Waits on our lightest whisper. Everywhere
Rumors of conquest, of astounding change
Challenge belief—hint man's unbounded range.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 30.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

His Engine Wins

Man grown fastidious will not soil his hands.
He dreams—and rears a creature that will dig
A channel for the Colorado big
With spring's dread influx from the skyward lands.
Man will not fetch and carry; he commands
Monsters that bear his burdens; the frail gig,
The shallop—gone! His engine wins. He'll rig
Bridles for every force—burn deep his brands.

No atom can elude his search, no world
Stagger his outlook, baffle measurement.
He knows Antares' cycle, and the tent
Of silk wherein a baby worm lies curled.
The cosmos yields before his How and Why.
He jests with Fate, he questions the Most High.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 30.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Prodigious Proxies

Man loathes to bend his back and sweat. The terms
Announced in Eden he defies and feeds
Abundantly, unwearied, for he breeds
A race of metal-muscled pachyderms
To serve him beside which to ants or worms
Dwindle their human drivers. To his needs
Obsequious each prodigious proxy speeds
Godlike he bids, controls, denies, affirms.

But—are they tamed indeed—the engine, press,
And dredge? May they not rend their long duress
Enslave their lords? Will mutinous machines
Tread beauty, silence, peace, beneath their hooves
And, whether man denounces or approves,
Emerge the brutal end and not the means?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 31.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Steam Shovel

The monster labors, wallowing in his pit.
Prate not of tackle, bucket-jib and boom—
This is a dinosaur. From some far tomb
The great beast sped obedient to the wit
Of regnant Man; he gulps this clay and grit,
As prompt to spew as avid to consume.
But he will leave at last a vast void room
Whereon a towering skyscraper shall sit.

All day the feast goes on; that neck of might
Bends for another Brobdingnagian bite,
Gouging huge teeth marks on receding walls.
While he who made the creature bridewise
Grins on the crowd with merry Irish eyes,
Mike, the mahout, in grimed blue overalls.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 31.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

From Plodder to Pilot

To bide root-fast like yonder mignonette,
This maple—no! Oh, no!
Better two feet, better a linked quartette
Of spinning wheels that magically go
To lands of longing, regions of desire,
Peaks with their benison of sunset fire,
Glens with their spumy torrents, ferns a-drip
And scented like the airs that lightly slip
The rosy portals of a young girl's lip.

Man gave Earth's daughter,
The virgin, Water,
To mate with fire,
And articed their issue slave for life.
Mighty the wife,
Mighty and wild and treacherous the sire.
What of the offspring? Loyal to the breed.
His is the goad that pricks the steel-thewed steed.
His was the arm that stripped the outdated sails.
His was the breath that drove the laden hulls
And made the sea—
Vast theatre of typhoons and of tides
Chosen arena of the racing gales,
Peopled with gulls—
A gallant speedway where the liner rides
Swiftly and safe and free.

Gone is the day
Of ponderous oxen, of the trudging bay,
Of lonely isolation, of delay;
Man the Magician,
Man the All-Master
Chafed at the old the leisurely transmission
Of his high word, his merchandise. The vaster
His problems loomed the lordlier roared his fiat,
“Let there be speed!”
His hirelings sweat and bleed;
But amid strike and riot
His engines net for mother earth a tunic.

He reads the dazzling runic
Set in swift scrawls
By furious storm upon heaven's purple walls.

He fits his bridle to the fierce Untamed,
And in the test, mayhap unseated, maimed,
He mounts once more
Pondering the hawk's descent, how buzzards soar,
Till in the end heady with wild new lore
Behold him rise
Furred for the lofty rigors, glassed and strapped,
His proud steed's muzzle set for farthest skies,
Avid to range those perilous fields unmapped,
Drinking like wine his swift propeller's tune.

"Ho, brother eagle! Race you to the moon!"

What of the future? Water, earth and air
Invaded, known, subservient—now where
Shall man's unresting spirit strive and win?
Is this perchance a parting of the ways?
In strange arenas shall he wear fresh bays
And subtler conquests gloriously begin?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 32-33.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

This Thing Incredible

This thing incredible that takes the air
 Like a great heron, drawing still our gaze
Unsated with its wonder, will it share
 Ever, the bird's shy silence? Are there ways
That patient Science yet will find to hush
The shrill propeller on its skyward rush?
 Will shrewd Invention, further, give the plane
 A singing voice unknown to stork or crane?

Here subtly wedded are the falcon's speed,
 The pigeon's instinct for the distant goal,
The endurance of the albatross. Our greed
 Envisions more; machines must find a soul!
Well to be steady, powerful and swift,
We crave the nightingale's enchanting gift.
 Spoiled, pampered, man would leap last barricades
 To perfectness—correct those noisy blades.

We ask too much. This new epitome
 Of conquest is enough; through fog and dark
And wind and cold to beat from sea to sea,
 Can we not spare the music of the lark?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 34.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Hangar

Here homes a giant bird. This is the cage
Where roosts the chief of a prodigious flock
Beside whose vast proportions Sindbad's roc
Would seem a wren. This creature would engage
To bear not Ganymede alone, as page
To Jove, but fifty travellers more—and mock
At lesser freight. Bewildered by the shock
Of size, by this last marvel of the age,
This maze of metal and this mountainous roof,
Swift fancy paints me the wee hummer's nest
With elfin warp of cobweb and with woof
Of thistledown shaped by a jewelled breast;
And I can gaze again no more oppressed
At the great sky-fowl hovering there aloof.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 35.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Night Express

Man's scanty merits from his faults I sift
Disheartened at the residue. When—hark!
There goes the night express, nicknamed The Lark.
I feel my heart grow big—grow light—and lift!
Our sinner still has wonders in his gift.
Listen that racing engine's joyous bark—
A steelthwined greyhound speeding through the dark
Staunch, steady, proud, magnificently swift.

The erring human gentles to his need
Wind, water, lightning; will he miss the goal
Of mental strife? Or being of the breed
Of conquerors will he lose grip of soul?
Master of metals, motors, wheels and wings,
Will man descend to be the thrall of Things?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 36.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Countess Goes to the Hunt

The Countess said, "I will go to the hunt.
I've a clever hand and a steady seat.
The day is dull with my lord afield—
I'll follow him on my palfrey fleet."

She thrust aside her 'broidery frame;
"I'm weary of stitching, I confess.
This castle's still as the grave. Heigh-ho!
Tire me, wench, in my riding dress."

They hooked her mantle of cedar-green;
Her hair, bright ambush of laughing loves,
They coaxed to the mesh of a golden net;
Laced her sandals and brought her gloves.

Old Oswald muttered a doubtful word,
Knit his brows, and babbled of rain,
Whispered the groom, and they agreed
The Countess' mare showed a fetlock strain.

"Would you mew me home for lack of a mount?"
"Saddle me Dirck—ods blood!" she bade;
Cowed the twain with a haughty glance,
Flung a coin to a stable lad.

Dirck's proud hoof on the draw-bridge rang,
Set the pace for her merry train.
On they thundered through tilth and town
Trampling pasture and bloom and grain.

At noon the Countess, in swift caprice,
Fared alone through a wayside farm.
"I'll see how my peasants live," she said—
Spied a maid in the Earl's fond arm!

Young she was and fair she was,
Slim as a lily and sweet as spring.
Red as a wound on her finger glowed
The Earl's great ruby, a priceless thing.

She saw the Earl, her liege, her man,
Drop his lips to that flower-fresh face.
Swayed she then like a smitten tree,
Swooned and fell in a bosky place.

Asked a favorite maid, "Did you see how they live?
You are fagged and white—and your coif's awry."

"I saw how they live—and love," she said,
"I wonder now how such vermin die.

"I've lost my fancy to see the chase—
There's a cruel sun—I've a migraine, Merle.
Fie! May a Countess not change her mind?
Why do you stare? We'll be homing, girl."

Grief in the castle, its head laid low,
A seizure swift and a silent wife;
Tearless she sits by the Earl's great bed
While he wrestles sore for his waning life.

A whisper breathes from his pallid lips,
"Love, lean close—all-dear, all-true.
Kiss me, Claire—my life—it slips.
One trust there is I must leave to you.

"A child I had by a yeoman's maid—
The mother's gone, but my daughter lives.
I dared not tell you—I was afraid.
Will you prove me now how a wife forgives?

"She wears my ring—old Oswald knows—"
Her hard face softened, was quick with pain.
The latest gleam of the setting sun
Lit the arras with saffron stain.

"Now Jesu pardon the sin I've done!"
The Countess cried, "If I had but known!
My lord, my love, I pledge my word
The lass shall be as my very own."

She kissed and blessed him—she fled the room.

“Oswald—come! There is urgent need.

Fetch the maiden from Durley Grange—

Ride like the fiends—go speed! Go speed!”

The aged vassal stood grim, root-fast;

Braved the woman with scornful look.

“You’ve slain the Earl, and you’ve slain his child.

You are damned and lost, by the Holy Book!

“Your minion here waits his promised fee;

I forced the varlet—he has confessed.

The maid is dead by his dastard hand,

A shaft from the copse in her stainless breast.”

A vial she drew from her jewelled pouch—

Quaffed dark drops like a festal toast.

“I follow my Lord again,” she sighed,

And the mourning wind bore her guilty ghost.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 38-40.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

The Provider

There's bread in the cupboard,
There's meat on the shelf;
There's a pipe for my man
There are sweets for myself.

There's broadcloth for him
And I've silk for a frock;
There is fruit on the vine
And corn in the shock.

His wallet is stuffed,
And no lack in my purse;
But, oh, in my heart
There's a want that is worse!

There's a hound for the tramps
And a puss for the mouse;
But what for the sly thoughts
That range in my house?

There's a cow in the byre
And a roan in the stall;
But the cruelest need
He sees not at all.

A kiss with the loaf—
The touch of his hand—
The feel of his arm—
But—he can't understand!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 41.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Three Wives

Jane Carlyle to Thomas

Why should I cavil, criticise, complain?
You do but demonstrate a hoary law,
Life features rhythm, contrast. Violets draw
Sewn on drab Winter's hem a richer stain.
After the wrath of March, May's freakish rain,
June seems more sweet, her blooms more void of flaw
Than ever yet. But with a spirit raw
From torment it is hard to measure gain.

Grieved by your moods I am too tired, too hurt
To welcome change—respond to tardy smiles.
You ask the impossible. I do but skirt
The areas of joy, its sunny miles
Forbidden. Vain to prate of ebb and flow—
All makeshift easement. Comfort? Ah, no! No!

“La Belle Ferronnière”

Only a perfect face could bear that style
Of coiffure, sweet Lucrezia, or allow
It free of flower or net or laces. How
The sleek brown curtain sweeps each cheek! no smile
Within its austere frame. Did girlish guile
Choose that slim fillet holding on the brow
Its single jewel? Or did you meekly bow
To the great master's judgment, after trial?

What has such charm, such grace, to do with trade—
With clamor of the shop—with toil and grime—
This treasure tossed to undeserving Time
From Leonardo's largess? Scattered, strayed,
Her good man's ducats—records of his life.
Remains this lovely likeness of his wife.

Xanthippe to a Neighbor

No, he is not a handsome man I grant,
 My husband—lips too thick, an ugly nose,
 And eyes—well—they do bulge. But that just shows
 I married him for love. When I descant
 On life's afflictions, when I rave and rant
 About my lot, believe me it's not those—
 Socrates' features—that I mourn as woes
 But his weird habits. And he's adamant!

Always the same old tunic—and no shoes—
Barefoot! My husband! He a sculptor once!
 How happy I would be were he a dunce
 If he'd go dressed like other folk, and pay
 Our bills, and buy us food. What, lad? You've news?
 Speak plainer, imbecile! *Hemlock? Today?*

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 42-43.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

"Let Not the Sun..."

Well—we have quarrelled—and the sun is low.
I still believe you wrong, and you in turn
Blame me. I see the angry sparkle burn
Yet in your eyes. We're both too proud, too slow
To yield—to pardon. Ah, so soon we go
To sleep's far shore toward which tired spirits yearn,
Mysterious, unreported, silent, stern.
Lost in its poppied mazes shall we know
The homeward trail? To dare, unreconciled,
Resentful, sad, the hazards of the night!

Look—where the great disc hangs in vapors piled,
In last pomp of insufferable light.
Give me your lips, Beloved—closer yet—
At one! At one! Ah, now the sun may set!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 44.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

To One Absent

I

Dear, did I seem too cheerful, too resigned
At parting? One pretends sometimes in fact
Too cleverly—one overdoes the act.
To speed you well was what I had in mind.
Ah, but your old grey ulster left behind
Could tell a tale! It stabbed me—loosed the pent
Hot floods—its roughness held such virile scent
Of smoke—and you. Oh frail fond womankind!

When I had mustered pluck I climbed the stairs
Only to be undone, discomfited,
Again by the dear impress of your head
Upon the pillow. There I laid my own
In anguish that no unwed woman shares,
And plumbed my pit of misery alone.

II

The soul is gone from each familiar shape
Of my accustomed life—completely gone.
Waking confused, unwillingly, at dawn
I face the lack; dull hours before me gape
With weariness. Resentful at the rape
Of joy I undervalue what remains.
I am as one weighed down with sudden chains,
Thrust in a cell—imprisoned past escape.

Desperate I try insipid substitutes—
Nature turns stony. Music palls. No task
Holds any interest—no volume suits
My need—verse, tales, I put them by
And sit—remembering. Love, dear Love, I ask
Are you as troubled, as bereft as I?

III

This sonnet I shall make the very best
Of all that I have written for you, Dear—
The rhyme impeccable, thought diamond-clear,
All I have hinted heretofore confessed,
And all the phrasing rigidly compressed
To jewel brilliance—if I have the skill.
Yet shall I lack full confidence until
My work shall safely stand the ultimate test.

When, page in hand, your dark head bent above
The text, you speak the fourteen lines aloud
In that low voice, the velvet voice I love,
Then—then—if the creation, dormant, spring
Quickened, perfected, by your rendering
I shall be proud—I shall be very proud!

IV

I roused this morning with the blessed sense
Of good approaching. Letter day! The thought
Floated me through the morning though I fought
A dread of disappointment. My suspense
Was lengthened by our postman's negligence;
He left no mail at first—my nerves grew taut
As bow strings. He came back! And what he brought
Was of a reassuring corpulence.
I read it once—I read it twice. I kissed
Your signature a dozen times. I wore
The letter in my blouse. A final tryst
I kept with it at bedtime when my door
Shut out the world; and when I quenched my light
It throbbed beneath my pillow, Dear, all night.

V

Soon I shall hear your voice in this long hush.
Soon you will vitalize this vacancy.
Dear, at the thought my blood in answering rush
Fires me and shakes me as the wind the tree.
I cannot vision a divided heart—
Love's ritual cheapened and some casual priest

Before the altar, burlesquing your part,
 Sharing with me the sacramental feast.
 I am as sure of you as of the sun.
 When you turn double-faced, or when you lack
 In loyalty, heaven's order'll be undone—
 Its brilliant roster will go down in wrack.
 We two will keep the letter of our bond
 Up to the dark-veiled portal—and beyond.

VI

I think sometimes what life would be, My Own,
 If you should not come back. A shuddering glance
 I risk at a bleak featureless expanse
 Where I descry as wrecks of bleaching bone
 Shapes of the living happiness we've known.
 Recalling days of virgin ignorance,
 Of maiden calm, I bless anew the chance
 That struck rich music through life's monotone.

Not that I do envision in my dream
 Desertion willed—that is too wild a flight
 Of fancy as concerned with you—a theme
 Ruled out. But were it not, a sweet new might
 Invests our bonds; my body is an urn
 Charged with your treasure. *Ah, you will return!*

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 45-47.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

A Poet Self-Slain

Sterling

Who handles words as he did? All their grace
And power and brilliance at his subtle touch
They yielded up. Oh, bitter to spare such
A craftsman—leaving for his lofty place
No understudy!

How his vivid lines
Sprang from grey pages as a tiger springs
From dull bleached grass! Or as an oriole wings
Flame-bright among brown sparrows in the vines.

Why should he cheat us of our human right
To beauty he could fashion?
Why would he forfeit further singing years?
What fears, what pang, what passion
Compelled that quick relief?
What grief, what bane, what care,
What dominant despair,
Scourged him to force the gate?

Could he not wait
The certain comfort of the punctual sun,
The face of friends?
Give living one more trial?
No—no—when life too flagrantly offends,
The small swift tool—the vial!

But who will understand, who grant him shrift
For stealing from us with his golden gift?
Ah, we!
We who have battled through the pit-black hour
And yet retained
Some taper light;
All those
Who have lifted the dark draught—and yet
 abstained.
Such, grieving for the lyric volume closed
Respect the awful history of a night,
The silence self-imposed.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 48-49.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

In Water

Keats, dying, cried in bitterness of soul,
“Above my grave write this, “Here lieth one
Whose name was writ in water!’ ” It was done.
But did he choose so frail so mean a scroll
To guard his fame? The swift years take their toll
From every storied obelisk under sun;
Over the carven word the mosses run,
The column leans, earth swallows up the whole.

But in the sweet spring wood the limpid stream
Murmurs the poet’s name; the irised gleam
Of bright cascades emblazons it; the rain
Sings that he wooed oblivion in vain;
And round earth’s far-flung shores the sea repeats
Obediently the splendid legend, “Keats.”

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 49.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Cliff Dwelling

Long since, beneath this beetling brow of stone
Those birds of passage built their lofty nest,
A perilous eyrie, cleverly recessed.
Now through great breaches desert sand has blown.
What cares, what crises, have these chambers known!
But happiness has homed here, joy has blessed
The swart folk sheltered in the cliff's stern breast.
Here there was bridal bliss. Grey dawn light shone
On mother-peace and father-pride. Secure,
Perched thus, they scorned their wiliest enemy.
A fortress they had fashioned to endure
And to defy. Yet man knows though he flee
To lodge on towering Everest one grim foe
Will find that summit not too far to go.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 50.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Poet

He sees his fellows calm, efficient, wise—
He envies them, aware of difference,
The while he pities that their slower sense
Misses his joys, his soaring ecstasies,
He knows that areas lovely to his eyes
To them are pure mirage, and his defense
Is that he may afford intelligence
Of hidden wealth, interpret mysteries.

The more his nature shares the common gifts
The less is he a poet. Others plod.
His is the winged energy that lifts
All life, all living, sunward from the sod.
He feels should he deny the urge of song
The spheric scheme would falter and go wrong.
Why should he buy and sell when each new day
Loads him with treasure where no coin is passed?
What are possessions painfully amassed
To one free of Golconda and Cathay,
Who has charted Edens lost and blazed the way?
What use to delve and sweat when unguessed good
Accrues to those who idle, dream, and brood,
Fools wise enough to squander and to play?

The fragrant loot of a Sierra glen
Outshines the wares of Biskra, Nile, Aden.
The pearly towers of wind-wrought cloud make small
And mean the Alhambra and the Taj Mahal.
Last—best—this airy wealth entails no grief
Of dwindling values or the midnight thief.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 50-51.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Mother of Athletes

The cup, Aglaia—I am thirsty, spent.
 Then you shall hear how my adventure went.
 Pomegranate juice and honey? Very good.
 No—till I'm rested I will take no food.
 A cushion—thank you. And a fan. Ah, now
 I will begin. And first, I'll own I bow
 To your opinion that my face and height
 And slenderness quite surely would invite
 Suspicion. But my voice is deep; my dress,
 A laboring man's, I thought would halt each guess
 As to my sex. To sacrifice my hair
 Was hard; but it will grow; I did not dare
 Do otherwise—the rule is very strict,
"No women at the Games." But guards are tricked
 Sometimes. It is a foolish, cruel law.
 At any rate three women dared—and *saw!*

That spectacle—Oh, marvelous! One poor soul,
 A fine tall Spartan, dropped dead at the goal.
 Your eldest brother won the hardest race.
 Dion, my baby, took the proud First Place
 In casting of the javelin; such a child—
 Not eighteen yet, the darling! Honors piled
 As high as Pelion on our other boys.
 The seats went wild—such stamping and such noise!
 Imagine Lysias with his palm branch! Piles
 Of them lay on an ivory table. Files
 Of stark nude victors trampled violets flung
 By friends almost beside themselves. Among
 The rest, of course, marched Dion. As he crushed
 Roses to pulp he frowned, the youngster—blushed!

Heralds gave out their names; we saw the crowns
 Awarded—wreathen olive.

Then some clowns
 Or maybe scattered spies, caught me in tears,
 Wrought thereto by the excitement and the cheers.
 We had been listening as men commented
 On the contestants. One stout neighbor said,

“If ten months in Gymnasium on dried figs
And cheese can build such heroes, we are pigs
To gorge on flesh!” Another man declared,
(While they all praised the athletes, and compared,)
“For height and symmetry I choose the youth
With auburn hair.” (Our Lysias!) “In truth
Glaucus could not surpass him. Mark those thighs.
The dark one next him is near Milo’s size
But shapelier.” That was Dion. Oh, I heard
Such talk my heart soared singing like a bird!

But—tears! To do so dangerous a thing!
No *man* would weep to see his son made king!

We’d braved the staring shepherds on the road,
Swaggered through villages, spat, jested, strode
With virile air safe in victorious guile;
We entered Elis; and—just hear this—while
We passed the huge stone arch that gives upon
The Stadium your kinsman, Telamon,
Unrecognizing, smote me on the back
And bellowed, “Greeting, Stranger! We’ve no lack
Of sport today—my cousin’s valiant lads
Will best them all; they’re wonders; knee-high tads
But yesterday it seems!”

Now fancy that—
To weather such a test! Yet when I sat
And oozed a mother’s tears of joy I doomed
My fellow-masqueraders, both. There loomed
A stern official—questioned us—and led
Us off to be examined. Oh, we plead,
Knelt, threatened—mentioned many an august name,
But they were stone. “You know the law—no claim
Have you to clemency,” they said, “you share
The common fate of culprits. You must bear
The utmost sentence.”

Woe is me—woe! woe!
It tortures me—it rends my heart to know
I have betrayed my friends.
There is a rock

That overhangs Alpheios—a huge block
 Of stone above the torrent. Thither, tied
 With thongs, they haled us, soldiers either side.
 The custom is to slay transgressors there
 And fling their bodies from the crag. They spare
 No soul—or spared not hitherto—but, girls,
 Hear this. When we had reached the rock the churls
 Unsheathed their daggers. *Then came couriers*
Bearing reprieve for me!

What wealth is hers
 Who rears men children, heroes, such as mine!
 But—to leave Pyrrha—Clodia—. We did speak
 Awhile—they neither blamed nor mourned, being Greek.

The soldiers took me back; they gave me wine;
 And then I faced the magistrate. He said
 Because I'd given the State such sons, and bred
 To strength and high accomplishment the four,
 I had been pardoned, the State sets such store
 By mother-service and illustrious sons.
 My friends' boys are—alas—ungifted ones.

My sons have saved my life. A very god
 Our Dion with the discus. Lysias trod
 The course like peerless Hermes.

But—my friends!
 I urged them to this escapade—that lends
 Wormwood to all my happiness. We sup
 Nectar and gall from out the selfsame cup.
 I've had my glorious day—but at what cost!
 I live both proud and shamed. My friends are lost.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 52-55.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Shakespeare

Wearied by clash of cults—by futile strife
Over unnumbered trivialities
Of art—outraged by shallow eulogies
Of verse that is mere blatancy of fife
And drum—we seem to see the breath of life
Falter on beauty's lips. We seem to see
That helpless piteous victim, poetry,
Bound, gagged, and prone beneath the critic's knife.

Then—in our grey despair we turn to you,
O dear dead Master! Wordy wars abate.
We feel that visioned victim breathe and stir.
You teach us how to play, to plead, to woo,
Poet without a peer—man's advocate,
Spokesman, apologist, interpreter.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 55.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Painted Cave

What artist wrought in this bleak studio
Ranging his simple records on the rock—
The proud horned leader of a mountain flock,
The sun en-rayed, a serpent, wheels, a row
Of ripples, sprawled batrachians? Who can know
All that these weathered symbols meant? A guess
The experts venture, but stark wilderness
Swallows in mystery the curious show.

Pondering the secrets of this barren land
I linger. Shadows grow—the desert greys.
Then—stealing from those lost, forgotten days
A nude swart shape beside me seems to stand
Jealous for all this labor of his hand,
Craving it might be some brief word of praise.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 56.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Twelve O'Clock

“He struck twelve long ago,” the critics said
And smiled, compassionate. “Mediocre stuff
What he is writing now—just gallant bluff.
He’s lost the knack. But—well—one must have bread.”
He struck twelve once! And rapt thrilled thousands read.
High noon! But, Critics, blunt, ungracious, rough,
Did you forget one twelve is not enough?
There is a midnight chime. The poet, “dead”
By their too hasty verdict sang again
Divinely; and they glimpsed, tired, toiling men,
Bright planets—a great moon’s resplendent track—
Night’s tender secrets—hints of heavenly dawn.

The critics gasped, “He’d failed—he’d slumped—he’d gone.
A miracle—the fellow has come back!”

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 57.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Butterfly at Bay

I have saved long enough
Now I will spend—
Laces, and silken stuff
From the world's end,

Smooth creams in dainty jars—
Scent in a cruse—
Sapphires as though the stars
Dropped for my use.

I'll defy Fortune's cuff,
Squander my cash,
Stage a gigantic bluff,
Revel in trash.

Plodding's a tedious game—
Better to dance;
Risky—but all the same
Let's take a chance!

Pray you—no homilies!
Quote me no code;
Never name Nemesis,
Point me no road.

I'll step in splendid pumps,
Snuggle in furs.
Life dealt my hand—no trumps—
Death's shown me hers!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 58.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Music Its Own Interpreter

Light breath within a reed—swift fingers laid
On ivory keys—a handful of tensed wires
Wed to a slender tool—through these aspires
Man's urgent soul to hint those unbetrayed
Bright regions that no care nor grief has marred
To kindle the divine mysterious fires
That trouble us, to echo shining choirs.
What meant our rapture when a master played?
What does Beethoven speak, being dead? Mistake!
No transcript ask those harmonies that shake
The buried self. No wish, no subtlest skill
Shall phrase in words a symphony—and ill
To try. A something priceless we shall miss
Stressing translation and analysis.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 60.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Why Are We Curious?

Music is much—not wholly—of the mind;
Splendidly sensuous, but suffused, redeemed,
By fitful hovering lustres such as gleamed
On storied saints and postulants resigned
To fasting and the scourge. Who has defined,
Who can interpret music? If we seemed
Just on the eve of full success there streamed
A sudden glamour, and we could not find
The clue.

Why are we curious to dissect
So delicate a shape—to prove it kin
To other arts? Music walks sole, elect,
Enchantress, angel; competent to win
Seer, savage, cynic; loveliest of the Nine!
Her spell is sure—her lineage is divine.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 60.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Supreme Tribute

The sleeping instrument awaits his touch;
We know of old his mastery of it—
The thunderous chords, the swift arpeggios knit
Of living sound, strung like linked jewels such
As rajahs wreath upon a favorite's breast—
These, to the music's last delicious sigh,
Are in his gift. But rarer sovereignty,
The sway of spirits, he makes manifest.
The auditorium swarms from floor to roof
With restless folk. This man has but to turn
A long Slav face and wait, unsmiling, stern,
Till the mob feels his ocular reproof.
A breath he holds them silent, on their knees
To genius—then swings slowly to the keys.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 61.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Beethoven Sonata

Master, why will you scourge us with delight?
Why will you search us, probe our hearts, arouse
Yearning for what no scheme of life allows?
Comfort, safe commonplace, a roof at night
Are ours; why tempt with vistas that invite
To faery prospects—magic domes that house
But dazzling wraiths—with wealth that but endows
One glorious hour of our earthly plight.

Why suffer it, O matchless, O divine
Dead master?

That the soul shall not resign
Its gift, embrace the obvious, but hold dear
The splendid cypher never wholly clear;
Shall covet things foreshadowed, hinted of,
Rest, peace, eternal right, unblemished love.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 61-62.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Funeral March of a Marionette

Gounod

Euterpe, she who can with matchless skill
Create an army's chant of victory
Faith's tender hymns, the splendid passion cry
Of an enamored queen—she who at will
Can paint a mythic pageantry and fill
The air with valkyrs storming through the sky—
This sorceress stoops to weave a threnody
For a wee puppet lying crushed and still.

All the divine resources of her art
Are summoned to perfect this fairy part
Wherein the dirge melts to a gentle jest,
The solemn ritual trembles to a game;
Wherein through all one theme is manifest,
Great grief may harbour in a tiny frame.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 62.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The 1812 Overture

The vast cathedral rocks to solemn thunder,
A very pandemonium of praise.
“Glory to God!” the anthem soars, “His ways
Are not as ours. He drifts their squadrons under
His swift avenging snows. A foeman’s blunder
Hath spelt our safety.” Bright the candles blaze.
Stray, broken measures of the Marseillaise
Hint a great warrior stript of pride and plunder.—
How the wild music brings the drama back—
Death scourging troops along a tragic track,
Staggering, starving, freezing, desperate, lost,
Dogged by unsleeping legions of the frost.
While mad with mounting joy the Muscovite
Revels and prays one memorable night.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 62-63.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Largo from the New World Symphony

Genius it is that weaves into a strain
Of music all that throbs and cries in this!
Heartbreak, a passion of nostalgia, bliss
Of rapturous worship, mother-yearning, pain
Of separation, and the desperate, vain
Petitioning of Fate. We catch the hiss
Of a swift lash. Ah, the antithesis
Of black and white! Never the hostile twain
Shall meet. These haunting cadences express
Hatred for the intolerable duress,
The exile's anguish on an alien soil.
Why did no burning seer admonish us
There was no magic, no thrice-potent coil
Could link the Congo and the Caucasus?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 63.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Swan

On silver poised, a shape of moulded snow,
Pride's perfect symbol—dignity and grace
Embodied. Through a fragrant dusky place
Arrased by vines, all dreamfully and slow
The great swan floats; and glimmering below,
His pearly plumes, etched on the waves, keeps pace
His lovely double. The exquisite brace
Of creatures drift in silence—to and fro.

Play me the piece again. Ah, by the notes
Evoked the picture comes. I glimpse once more
That form of pure enchantment, from the throat's
Consummate curve to where the crystal wake
Wrinkles beyond him on the shining lake.
And—hark! The singing ripples on the shore!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 64.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Old Miracle

The scented snow has drifted from the bough;
It lies in wasting flakes upon the grass.

And now—and now
Summer's swift miracle will come to pass!
Beauty from ashes—color from the dun
Dull sodden earth—and music from the hush
Of winter. Green on ground and branch and bush.
And sun! And sun!

Spring, we are not in haste—withhold—withhold!
Be not so prodigal with primrose gold,
Forbear!

Roses will come before the tulip's old.
This warmth will light a dazzling dogwood flare
Before bloodroot and trillium break the mould.

And yet—this air!
Fragrant and summer-soft. No bud could stay
No bud on such a day,
No bird lock in his throat
Joy's bubbling golden note—
Nature will have her old her perfect way.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 66.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Summons

These dull walls irk me—let me go!
They fret me, these four tiresome walls;
This endless indoor pottering palls;
Hours drag—and what have you to show?
A something voiceless calls and calls—
But you are tamed—you do not know.

The mounting urge, I fight it down
All March and April—what avail?
Come May my utmost strivings fail.
When dogwood flowers I hate the town;
I feel a captive—this a jail.
I idle in the yard and trail
A scent of mint upon my gown.

You needn't come—you have your book;
Kiss me and speed the ne'er-do-weel.
All's this; I simply cannot peel
Potatoes. Oh, I cannot cook
Such weather! See—I've laid your meal.
I go a-gypsying, to look
For blue hepaticas, to kneel
Beside the new fern's darling crook.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 67.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Better Bestowals

Not for a roof—for dainty victualing—
For rich apparel—nor those velvet-tired
Those swift luxurious vehicles, admired
Almost as goldsmith's triumphs, glittering
And colorful—not for all these we sing
Devout Te Deums. Ah, we have desired
And valued more green silent temples spired
With pine; a glimpse of some wild graceful thing;
The mounting heron with his splendid spread
Of pinion; primrose glorifying dusk
With sudden cressets; breaths of nameless musk
Adrift at dewfall; winter's wizardry;
Far keeps of cloudland domed and turreted;
The boundless benefactions of the sea.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 68.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Mirage

Who loves the desert loves its very peril
But arms himself against untoward chance.
He loves the unstable sand, hot, silent, sterile,
The rattler's patterned coils, the lean sparse plants.

He learns the scanty priceless wells far-sundered
By arid leagues, and travels safe, serene,
Where many pilgrim folk less wise have blundered
Lured by aerial pictures richly green,

Oases, painted by an unseen wizard
With heavenly promise of a spring's cool gush.
He sees untempted as the basking lizard
The scenic marvels of that subtle brush.

Fashioned of airy nothing, evanescent,
The bright imposture cheers his sober day;
And then he turns to where a thread-thin crescent
Hangs beautiful—and real—on arching grey.

He ponders on the office of illusion—
Is it a ruse divine that counteracts
Life's hurt, the thrust, the torturing contusion?
Balm for the hard brutality of facts?

But never for himself that fairy figment!
Leave it for age, for weaklings, and for youth.
He craves no mask, no touch of rosy pigment
Between his vision and the naked truth.

Who loves the desert loves its very danger,
Points you unnumbered pleasures to atone,
To prove its austere charm intenser, stranger,
Than the accustomed bounties of the sown.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 69.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Alongshore

How clean the air is, and how clean the sand
Swept by the mighty besom of the tide!
How bright the gallant gonfalons that ride
The headlong breakers as they storm the land!
But past the clutch of ocean's savage hand,
Girdled by guardian dunes, green areas pied
With pink and primrose gaily have defied
Sea's worst, and made enchanting earth's last stand.

Cradled in clamor, rocked by tempest rage
The ice-plant thrives; vagrant verbenas quaff
The stinging spume; wee golden groundlings laugh;
A fairy dance of asters crowds each stage
Of terraced precipice. Earth spreads no page
Where Beauty scorns to set her autograph.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 70.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Tulip Has Taught Us

The tulip has taught us,
And the rose,
Reproving in scarlet, suggesting in gold—
Whispering, “Those
Old out-of-date notions—that cold
Disapproval of gayety, color—
Forswear them. Be bold!
Are you better when you are duller?
No—no! Daintily, royally go!”

Thank the iris for purple, the poppy
For crimson—and copy
Their exquisite hues—
The splendor of green in the grass, the blues
Of sea and of sky. To revel
In peach-pink and mauve is no sin,
No salaam to the devil.
You win
No merit, no heavenly renown,
Doing penance in brown.

Every clothesline’s a rainbow today,
Every group of young girls is as gay
As a garden. So harden
Your heart to musty tradition;
Trust delight’s God-given mission.
Away with the timorous mind!
We have left that behind.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed pp. 70-71.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Cantaloupe

On the cool porcelain lies the jade-green sphere
Netted in russet, thickly over-traced
With curious cryptic symbols such as placed
Those dusky hirelings on the Alhambra. Here
Demeter scrawls a message; where's the seer
To read her cypher? Warning against waste
Mayhap—or charge with reverent lip to taste
This sumptuous offering of the liberal year.

Were these neat grooves designed to guide the blade?
I choose to slash quite counter to the hint;
And lo! I have a fluted chalice made!
I plunge my spoon in fragrant pulp aflush
With tender salmon, an enchanting tint,
Too sweet to leave—too exquisite to crush!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 71.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Forest Counsel

Tented by brooding boughs
Arrased by scented fern
Here will I dream and drowse,
Here will I listen and learn.

Whatever hurts I feel,
Faithful in ministry
Silence will soothe and heal,
Beauty will balsam me.

Nettle with rapier thrust,
Moss of the elm's rough knee,
Fungus, pale globe of dust,
Yield me your mystery.

More than yourselves you are—
Cyphers we burn to read,
Bramble's unblemished star,
Burr, and cocoon, and seed.

Flash of a painted wing,
Strength of a fluted bole,
Crimsoning leaf, you bring
Hints of the fugitive soul.

Waters that lisp and croon,
Voice of a hidden bird,
Breathe through the hush of noon
Tidings—a waited word.

Far off they toil and earn.
Here I may rest and browse
Arrased by scented fern
Tented by brooding boughs.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 72.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Transmutation

Autumn has found the secret vainly sought
 In laboratories dim by dreaming men;
 No alchemy, no incantation, then,
No subtle solvent, no intensest thought
The shining triumph to their labors brought.
 But here is brown October come again
 With her swift sorcery, and in field and glen
In wood and orchard is the marvel wrought.

A dower of sequins glitters on the bough.
 A spendthrift coinage drifts the forest path.
 I wade in golden largess as I pace
 Remembering Danaë and her dazzling bath.
Ah, any needy soul may revel now
 In wealth with no malign power to debase!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 73.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

A Eucalyptus Citriodora

It seems presumption, sacrilege, to touch
Your satin bark
You lovely high-born lady of the Park.
Never was such
A princess of a tree.
Elusively
Through the pale creamy lustres of your shape
The tender flesh tints flicker—glow—escape.

A slim arboreal Godiva you—
No artist ever drew
A comelier model dazzling from the dark.
But the high-lifted leafage of cool green
Affords no screen
For the fair naked beauty of your limbs,
Your shining innocence,
The melting rondures that your lover hymns
So haltingly—but with all reverence.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 74.

Provenance. Text reread line by line from the original scan; source italics, stanza divisions, intentional verse-line indentation, and dash punctuation are retained. Page-width continuations are reflowed.

Autumn Aquarelle

November's palette runs to tempered hues,
Umber and ochre and the weathered gold
Of clustered cottonwoods. Tall weeds uphold
Trusses of silver fleece. On duller blues
Or sombre grey heaven's far flotillas cruise.
The birds are pensive, and the year is old.
Yet summer is not dead—she's but paroled;
June waits with all the wiles that charmers use.

Now has each day one glorious hour that takes
The breath with beauty, when the low sun makes
Of the dark heights a ruby rampart lit
By inner flame; the apotheosis
Dazzles—and fades. Night's curtain gathers, knit
Of shadows sable as the cloak of Dis.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 75.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Indispensables

We can play thrift with sables, silk, and lace,
Coerce the palate to the loaf unspread,
Pampering the hunger that asks other bread.
Ill-housed, hard-couched, still lift a rapt glad face
To stars incredible, cumulus with a grace
Of primrose, amethyst, and sudden red.
Show us a dew-drenched rose and we are fed.
By cowslip gold the actual coin is base.

Oh, we can pose as strict economist
Forego a finer lodge, more splendid car,
If we behold June's annual avatar,
Worship in woods with thrush for soloist,
Keep with white trillium the secret tryst
Nor miss the surf's pale passion on the bar.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 76.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Nostalgia

The air is restless—and the trees respond
With futile gestures. In the clear hard light
A wedge of airplanes holds its level flight
With droning engines till it shrinks beyond
Pursuing vision. One tall purple wand
Of late chrysanthemums shivers at its plight.
The birds are dumb. It is familiar, trite,
This western pause—but Memory, that fond
And facile limner, fills November's frame
From April's palette, or from color stamped
Forever on the heart, the dazzling flame
Of eastern autumns—amber, russet, red
And gold—from which some splendid maple lamped,
Or leaf by vivid leaf the sumacs bled.

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 76.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

Yucca—“Our Lord’s Candle”

Two should be credulous, the scientist,
Who has seen many a dream, a daring guess,
Take sudden shape, to startle and to bless—
And he who sits at Beauty’s eucharist,
The poet, that enamoured synthesist
Who builds the holy from the common. Stress
The picture of this desert wilderness
Where glimmer ghost-white in the grey dawn mist
Tall yucca spires—“Candles of the Lord.”
Can you not glimpse an actual sanctuary?
For temple choiring take the rich accord
Of meadow-larks’ *Te Deums*? Even see
Those sylvan tapers (no preposterous claim)
Break into radiant finials of flame?

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 77.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

The Chrysalis

Look you, I have found
Demeter's earring—what a dainty thing!
Surely the goddess gowned
In earth-brown and grass-green would lastly choose
This chrysoprase for her embellishing.
Or wait—a fitlier likeness we might use;
Say 'tis a trinket made
With Orient cunning out of carven jade.

Well know we what the lapse
Of gentle days will bring,
An urgency of wing,
Wee fissures, gaps,
A primrose flash perhaps,
Or rust-red, ebon-edged,
Fairly fledged,
With jetty network lightly overlaid.
A lowly plodder royally arrayed!
Repudiate the symbol if we will
It charms us still,
That glory of spread Pinions to the sun
And freedom won!

Publication. *Noonmark* (1936); printed p. 78.

Provenance. Text extracted from the original two-page-spread scan and checked against the facsimile.

AFTERWORD

Publication record, limits, and future recovery

The shape of the career

Green's three books form widely separated markers: an eastern first volume in 1887, a California landscape collection in 1928, and the formally various *Noonmark* in 1936. The periodicals show that the apparent silence between books was instead continuous practice.

Known absences

An indexed Green contribution to *Pleiades*, volume 1, number 4 (July-August 1940), remains unidentified. An online attribution for *Come Let Us Play* lacks an inspectable original witness. The Huntington finding aid describes three unpublished books. These are documented absences, not texts that can responsibly be reconstructed.

Textual limits

The book transcriptions are reading texts, not diplomatic editions. Damaged initials, ornamental display, and page furniture are not reproduced. Where a cropped witness or imperfect scan leaves a doubtful reading, the facsimile remains authoritative. The local source folders and the preceding facsimile-centered Green volume preserve that evidence.

Colophon

Compiled from the BKS Extremes Julia Boynton Green and Journals folders, with additional bibliographic research, August 2026. Designed in EB Garamond at six by nine inches. Cover artwork is derived from the user's Green graphic. This edition is intended to remain extensible as further verified witnesses are recovered.