



# POETRY

## CHILD ON THE BEACH

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY

HERE at the edge of foam I watch him stand,  
This child made pygmy by the sky and sea,  
Clutching a pebble in his small, square hand,  
His little charm against infinity.  
"It is my magic stone," he says to me,  
Absurd and innocent. With heart and mind  
I ponder his magician's game, and he  
Is suddenly the symbol of his kind,  
Man, strutting childlike on a wider shore,  
Facing a tide more resolutely sweeping  
Beyond the moon of his brief sky's control;  
As confident, as vulnerable before  
A fathomless oblivion, and keeping  
Tight in his hand the pebble of his soul.

## INCIDENT IN THE GREEN PASTURES

BY MARGUERITE STEEDMAN

I LINED the benefits of God  
All in a thankful row,  
That I might number them like sheep  
The scriptural shepherds know.  
I counted them that rest might come  
As sleep came, long ago.

## THE AMERICAN MERCURY

There was the ram of bed and board,  
There was the spacious ewe  
That counted for the casual roof  
All generations knew.  
And there the little lambs of hope  
Came skipping, two by two.

They leaped the wall that lies between  
The pasture and the fold.  
I wondered as the high, thin moon  
Tangled their fleece with gold.  
And multiplied their argent hoofs  
Till all the flock were told.

The lambs of vision cantered by.  
Pasture and byre were still.  
But lo, that shape that crouches on  
The silence of the hill!  
No beauty where his leanness stands,  
Eyes burning red, to see  
The one who had not counted him  
Till he had counted me. . . .

## BOSTON BOY

BY WITTER BYNNER

DOORS like closed lips, windows like watching eyes,  
House upon house would Beacon Hill arise —  
The swan-boats gliding in the Public Gardens  
Propelled infallibly by children's wardens —  
And he a child of Boston and of stars  
Longing for insurrections and for wars  
Of any sort that might undo his vest  
And give his heart its bareness and its rest.  
O God, O God, O God, the boy would shrill  
To his own innards against Beacon Hill  
And long to toss a swan-boat, for Te Deum,