

## ALEXANDRA

Breasting white whirlwinds  
On the drift-bound mountains,  
Challenging the sleet-edged  
March wind's mirth:  
Far in summer woodlands  
Whelmed in the storm and thunder  
(Fearless filial daughter  
Of the kind brown earth),  
O the bonny, strong, courageous health of Alexandra!

Deep thoughts, wide thoughts  
Fill her tranquil musing,  
Make her clear cheek colour  
And her still breast rise:  
These with steadfast labour,  
Skilled and single-hearted,  
Safe she founds on homely soil,  
And rears them to the skies!  
O the sword-bright, reason-proving mind of Alexandra!

Robust and tender  
Is her home-grown feeling;  
Swift her espousal,  
Of the kindmost's part;  
Instinct her free faith  
And her loyal valour;  
Native to her west-born,  
Fellow-caring heart,  
Wide as heaven and warm as home, the heart of Alexandra!

Far forward-looking  
Is her candid spirit,  
Is her gallant, gracious,  
Calm and open soul.  
Like an ox for service,  
Like a bird for freedom,  
Moves her lucid purpose,  
Single toward its goal,  
Such the spirit high and fine that burns in Alexandra!

Sayest thou, this picture  
Paints no earthly woman?  
Nay, but in our Valley  
Is her dwelling-place.  
Nay, for yester-even  
Did I walk beside her,  
Listened to her low voice,  
Looked upon her face,  
Ay, my comrade long and well-beloved, Alexandra!

## DEFEAT

Though you have struck me to the bloody core,  
 It is indeed only one scar the more!  
 And I'll not turn from you as at the other strokes,  
 Nor say "Good-bye" as other times I said.  
     The agony still chokes,  
 And still it seems most restful to be dead.  
 But I'll not say "Good-bye" nor turn away  
     Nor parting lover play. . . .  
 Leave you? Take everything save all—my heart?  
 I know the scene too well, too well my part!  
 Hot tears and bitterness; and I would go,  
 Go for an hour, a day, a week—  
 Is bitterness so short called pique?  
 And in the old, old way without regret  
     I would return to you;  
 And in the old, old way you would forget  
     That ever I had gone, and let  
         Some casual tenderness  
         Be my return's caress;  
 Or, in some vague, absorbed distress,  
 Lift up your shadow eyes to mine, still wet.

## SMELLS

Why is it that the poets tell  
 So little of the sense of smell?  
 These are the odors I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;  
 Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;  
 Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fummy pipe;  
 The smell of apples, newly ripe;  
 And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September  
 Breathe most sweet; and I remember  
 Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,  
 The balsam of a Christmas tree,  
 These are whiffs of gramarye. . . .  
*A ship smells best of all to me!*