

GUINEA FOWL

WINIFRED M. LETTS

The guinea fowl shout "Go back! Go back!
You had better go back than stray
Where the pixies dance round the apple trees
And the orchard grass is gray
With dew
And you
Might just be caught and put in the pack
Of the gipsy man, for he's near the stack,
Hiding where the shadow is black,
So you'd better go back! Go back! Go back!"

The speckledy hump-backed guinea fowl say
"Go back, little boy, go back!
If you go to the fairy ring to play
When the moon shines overhead,
You'll vanish from sight and leave no track,
And your mother may weep, Alas! Alack!
Because you wouldn't go back, go back
As the wise old guinea fowl said."
That's why they shout at the close of day,
"Go back! Go back! Go back!"

RIDERS OF THE SKY

GARRETA HELEN BUSEY

You were not always grave and white,
But long ago your heart beat high
When on a spring-bewildered night
We rode the horses of the sky,
With flying manes of smoky gray,
Across the circle of the moon!
We rode the black and silver way!
We sang the wind's tempestuous tune!

We followed where the wind rides free
Up to the purple edge of day,
And there rose up the mighty sea
To wash us with his shining spray.

Listen! The wind sings 'round the moon!
And we who read by shaded light
Once sang its wild tempestuous tune
And rode the horses of the night.

FRAGMENTS

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

How little words that I have loved go shod
In fragments of the loveliness of God!
And men have dared the pinnacles of art,
Who hold one vanished gesture of a saint,
In stateliness of marble, or in paint,
Whose source is deep within the Infinite heart.

Marble is cold, and paint is all too thin
To shape the body of God's beauty in;
We dare a brow, and reach a garment's hem,
To touch it lightly, as the trees will hold
In late October, miracles of gold,
Before the spendthrift winds sweep over them.

These winds have scattered us about earth's feet,
Like colored leaves that whisper in the street
Outside a high and royal garden close.
We are ourselves but fragments; passionate stuff
That shapes one dream of God; it is enough.
We are spent leaves, but we have touched a rose.