

NIGHT

BY NITA H. PADWICK

Breathless the tropic night; the scent
of cloves
Hangs in the narrow street,
The flat white walls are luminous with
eyes,
And dusky palm-trees rise
Against the stars;
Drums dully beat,
The air is heavy with the scent of cloves.
Within his lighted doorway look!
He sits
Beating his silver things,
Bracelets, the scaly semblances of
snakes,
Frail chains he makes
So cunningly,
And curious rings.
The dusky silver-beater, there he sits!
My friend Muloo sells silks from Indian
looms,
Silks luminous and rare,
Pink, softly crinkled like a young rose
leaf,
Blue-green, the dreaming grief
Of seas o'er yellow sands,
Scarlets that stare,
Blue, gold, and crimson shining in the
glooms.
And here are ivories, and moonstones
pale,
Dewdrops on fragile threads
To twine around the neck of one most
dear.
And here, see! Here
Are powder-boxes, carved
With niggers' heads.
Ali sells ivories and moonstones pale.
Oh, mystic tropic night! Oh, splendid
moon,
Brilliant above the sea!
I see thee still, and still the throb of
drums
To memory comes,
Mingled with chant of dancers
In their glee.
Oh, mystic tropic night! Oh, splendid
moon!

The Anglo-French Review

GOING AND STAYING

BY THOMAS HARDY

The moving sun-shapes on the spray,
The sparkles where the brook was
flowing,
Pink faces, plightings, moonlit May,
These were the things we wished would
stay;
But they were going.

Seasons of blankness as of snow,
The silent bleed of a world decaying,
The moan of multitudes in woe,
These were the things we wished would
go;

But they were staying.

The London Mercury

IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN

BY RUPERT BROOKE

I have known the most dear that is
granted us here,
More supreme than the gods know
above,
Like a star I was hurled through the
sweet of the world,
And the height and the light of it,
Love.
I have risen to the uttermost Heaven
of Joy,
I have sunk to the sheer Hell of
Pain —
But — it's not going to happen again,
my boy,
It's not going to happen again.

It's the very first word that poor Juliet
heard
From her Romeo over the Styx;
And the Roman will tell Cleopatra in
hell,
When she starts her immortal old
tricks,
What Paris was tellin' for good-bye to
Helen
When he bundled her into the train —
Oh, it's not going to happen again, old
girl,
It's not going to happen again.

The London Mercury

Palatine PL 11