

SILVER-BADGED WAITER

BY LOUIS GOLDING

Poor trussed-up lad, what piteous
guise

Cloaks the late splendor of your eyes,
Stiffens the fleetness of your face
Into a mask of suave disgrace,
And makes a sleek caricature
Of your taut body's swift and sure
Poise like a proud bird waiting one
Moment ere he taunt the sun;
Your body that stood foolish-wise
Against the treacheries of the skies,
That star-like hung deliberate
Above the dubieties of Fate,
But with an April gesture chose
Unutterable and certain woes?

And now you stand with discreet
charm,

Dropping a napkin round your arm,
Anticipate your tip while you
Hear the commercial grocers chew;
You shuffle with their soups and beers
Who held at heel the howling fears:
You whose young limbs were proud to
dare

Challenge the black hosts of Despair.

The New Witness

LEENANE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

Ah, sure, what matter if the rain fell
down?

The same soft rain washed clean the
hills and skies.

There is no rain now in this dusty
town —

Rainy Leenane! Sure, it was Para-
dise!

Och, sure, what ailed it though the
wind blew strong?

Crying down the valley from the
Eagle's Nest

I would n't mind the wind — it's
long and long

I'm crying for Leenane and the wet
West.

Who'd mind the rain? When all the
purple hills

Ran down in beauty to the water's
edge.

And all the air was loud with singing
rills

With pools o' rain under the fuchsia
hedge.

There's some that do be dying of the
heat;

The children here are faint as
withered flowers

I'd like to see them paddling with bare
feet

In the wet grass when Leenane's
drenched in showers.

Leenane, I'll not forget you night or
day.

You trouble me all day and in my
dreams

I do be traveling home to Killery Bay
And sweet Leenane and all its
singing streams.

The New Witness

YOUR FACE TO ME

BY IRIS TREE

Your face to me is like a beautiful city
Dreaming forever by the rough wild
sea,

And I the ship upon a wilderness of
waves

Heavily laden with memories. . . .

I roam all over the earth

Making rhymes of you, and singing
songs,

Because your face will never let me
rest,

Because I cannot frame it in a star
Surrounded with my cloudy reveries,
Because I may not pluck it like a
flower

To breathe the incense of its perfumed
soul —

Your face is like the carved hilt of a
sword

Whose sheath is in my breast!

The Nation