

CINEMA HERO

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

O, this is more than fiction! It's the
truth
That somehow never happened. Pay
your bob,
And walk straight in, abandoning
To-day.
(To-day's a place outside the picture-
house;
Forget it, and the film will do the rest.)

There's nothing fine in being as large
as life:
The splendor starts when things
begin to move
And gestures grow enormous. That's
the way
To dramatize your dreams and play
the part
As you'd have done if luck had started
your face.

I'm 'Rupert from the Mountains'
(Pass the stout) . . .
Yes, I'm the Broncho Boy we watched
to-night,
That robbed a ranch and galloped
down the creek.
(Moonlight and shattering hoofs . . .
O, moonlight of the West!
Wind in the gum-trees, and my
swerving mare
Beating her flickering shadow on the
post.)

Ah, I was wild in those fierce days!
You saw me
Fix that saloon? They stared into my
face
And slowly put their hands up, while
I stood
With dancing eyes — romantic to the
world!

Things happened afterwards . . .
You know the story . . .
The sheriff's daughter, bandaging my
head;
Love at first sight; the escape; and
making good

(To music by Mascagni). And at
last —
Peace; and the gradual beauty of my
smile.

But that's all finished now. One has
to take
Life as it comes. I've nothing to
regret.
For men like me, the only thing that
counts
Is the adventure. Lord, what times
I've had!

God and King Charles! And then my
mistress's arms. . . .
(To-morrow evening I'm a Cavalier.)
Well, what's the news to-night —
about the strike?

Land and Water

THE WOMAN OF INNESKEAN

BY MABEL HINTON

What if I do haunt secret places
And cairns?
What if I do?
I ain't got no childer. There's many
things worse'n toads.
'Horny,' said you? Well, so am I.
Winds howl, too, when I'm not near.
I'm not ashamed.
There's voices in any winds for any-
one who'd listen,
No snake'll sting unless you're fright-
ened of it.
I'm not a witch. Why should I be?
I know no secrets save of eggs and
nests
And things dead people say.
And what bats tell me in owl-light
under eaves —
What harm's in that?
Why can't I cross a river?
You brutes, you brutes! Could you if
you were blind?

The New Witness