

NIGHT IN THE WOODS

(From Pierre Louys's '*Les Chansons de Bilitis*')

Translated by F. W. STELLA BROWNE

'The black depth of the night flows
through mine eyes.'
The serried trees close on thy beating
heart,
And in the forest thou wilt lose thy
way.

'The rush of falling waters in mine ears
Laughs loud in exultation.'
Though he stood
Three ells away, thou couldst not hear
his voice.

'The white syringa and the moon
flowers
Will make me swoon with perfume —'
Faint and fall,
And never find him, should he pass
this way.

'Ah, he is far from here, the mountain
lies
Black under all the stars, between us
twain:
And yet I see his face, and hear him
speak,
And feel him touch me in the night,
alone.'

The Nation

ON THE RIVER

From the Chinese

I have hidden my little boat among the
river grasses;
It is dusk and the stars are out.
My boat rocks quietly on the gray
waters
That the rising moon spangles with
silver.

The wild duck seeks her nest and the
trout leaps no more.
I am alone with the night about me,
Sorrow in my heart. The cool wind
Touches my temples with phantom
kisses.

O Sister Moon, you do not bring com-
fort to me, waiting;
Now I think only of lost loves,
And old memories and old regrets
Troop like sad ghosts before me, peer-
ing into my eyes.

The Nation

DARKNESS

BY RICHARD CHURCH

Now the last bird has ended, and the
bats
Flitter and twitch about the hazel
bushes,
Where the young green grows deeper
as light fades.
Now ends the blackbird's song; a little
grumble,
And silence gathers round him. From
the hills
Sleep comes, and westward droops and
sleeps the sky.

Ah! very dim your face has grown —
the rose
Is lost in ivory, the warmth in moon-
color;
And those eyes, that lately gleamed
with fire,
Are sinking in the night, receding,
luring —
But never to be taken, made to yield
Their secrets up with light, as the
morning flowers
Shine from an eastern shore up to the
sun
Who comes, sea-risen, eager for their
love.

Oh, tantalizing love, thus to surround—
Even at the very crest and consum-
mation —
The final joy with darkness — nay, to
draw
Most cunningly, with subtle dexterous
fingers,
Film after film of light away—first
light —
Twilight—gloom—then fantasy—and
last,
Where love should be aflame — mad-
dening darkness!

The Nation