

[*The Athenæum*]

APRIL: A SHAKESPEARE READING

BY DOROTHEA SUMNER

Closely the formal hedges close us in,
The great white clouds look down on
us to see

How very merrily we all begin
To read a tragedy.

There at our feet like little china toys
The hyacinths many-colored stand
and stare,

Utterly inattentive to this noise
Of quarrel in the air.

The 'Duke of Bedford' in a crimson
rage

To 'haughty Bolingbroke' has given
the lie,

When gently flits above his fluttering
page

An early butterfly.

And there we plead and stammer and
get hoarse,

Basking in sunlight, while the breezes
bring

Down from the common with the scent
of gorse

The laziness of spring.

[*The Poetry Review*]

WHEN THE CLEAR WIND SINGS

BY M. P.

Oh, when the clear wind sings and
rushes

Between these curving hills,
Your voice once heard across deep
waters

For me the valley fills.

No walls, no roof the star worlds hiding
Can fret my spirit then,

No words or laughter hold me spell-
bound

Within the haunts of men.

Mid magical unbounded spaces,

The lonely few may tread,

Drawn by the singing of bare branches
To woods untenanted.

The everlasting years surround me,

The years of light remain,

And there for one immortal moment,
I walk with you again.

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE LITTLE ATTIC OF DREAMS

BY VIVIENNE DAYRELL

From moonrise unto moonset

I leave this world behind,

And steal into the labyrinths

And chambers of my mind.

Down long, dim corridors I pass,

Through arches and through rooms,

By temples and by lonely lakes,

Past gardens and past tombs.

By sunny, marble terraces,

By lily pools of sleep,

By glades all full of bird song

Or wrapped in silence deep.

And up a crumbling shaded stair,

Where roses bloom and fade,

Into a tiny attic room

Where broken dreams are laid.

Each night I come quite silently,

Each night I softly go

And kiss each timid, little thought

That none will ever know.

From moonrise unto moonset

I steal away, to find

Those little, old dead dreams that lie

In the attic of my mind.

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