

CHRYSTIE

And now the road that leads away
From home to the farthest land,
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From home to the farthest land.

I am the one who is alone
And now the road that leads away
From home to the farthest land.

FALLEN LEAVES

Now the road that leads away
From home to the farthest land.

--oOo--

Alice Eleanor Shinn

HOWARD EBY

CHANTERELLE

Who knows the road that lies ahead?
Tread lightly on the lovers dead.)
Who sees in placid skies the storm?
(Love is a child of anguish born.)

I saw by the way a chanterelle
Picked out by the sun in a shady dell,
And if it beckoned my flying feet
How else should I know were it poisoned or sweet?

THE DANCE

The slender moon and the morning star
Are dancing in the meadow,
Where the aspen trees shake their silver leaves,
Playing with their shadow.

France little moon, and dance little star,
Sing and laugh together--
For the edge of the east is curling white,
White as a sea gull's feather.

My young May heart and my April love
Dance by the glittering sea,
And the night wind is hushed on the breast of the waves
Beating with ecstasy.

France little heart, and dance little love,
Sing and laugh together--
For the edge of the east is curling white,
White as a sea gull's feather.

THE WOUND

Here where bending pine trees hid my head
And scalding tears burned thru the roughened bark,
And all the forest wept to slake my sorrow,
Their crystal tears of resin dropping down,
I heard the pine trees murmur, bough on bough--

"Yellow rosin from the heart's young wound
Sing, Oh sing on rapturous violins!
Ravage numb hearts until they beat
In stabbing extacy, awakening quiver,
That life's dear lovers who have forgotten faith,
Deep within the forest of the mind
Shall hear the litany of yearning winds
At eventide, whose melodies unbind
White fairy mists that lie along the river,
And whose dark and stormy tresses hide
Seeds of a new forest's unborn flowers
Carpeting dead leaves with loveliness."

Then silence like the chime of a distant bell
Fell on my troubled heart, and thru the dark
I heard the rising song of violins.

THE MEADOW

I know a meadow where Heaven leans earthward
To kiss slender aspens of quivering green
Into flames of pure yellow that glow up the mountain,
Blue in the distance with spruces and pine trees
And crowned with gray rocks opalescent in sheen.

Oh my Beloved come up from the city--
From the clang and the sweat and the toil of the sod,
From the shams and the cheats, the lies and the pity--
To behold in my meadow the beauty of God.

MUTATION

How shall tomorrow find me?
Not the same.
For like the shadowed clouds on drifting sand,
Sea's ooze in rising cliffs, the fading band
Of light in evening skies, I too will change.
If yesterday was all my foolish years,
Each day a falling leaf on fallow ground,
Leaf on leaf will drop until a mound
Shall cover all my precious sudden tears.

And thought that mold sweet mellowed by the sun
Where leaves of red and yellow blend to one,
My hidden heart shall put forth immortelles--
Gentleness in Canterbury bells,
St. Joseph lilies of its pain to bless,
And hyacinths of love and kindness.

THE GIFT

Be glad I never dreamed you less, but more.
 Never turned my cheek away except
 I feared you'd see my youthful eyes adore
 What you might scorn and toss aside. I kept
 The flowering pattern of your kindliness
 Intershot with passion's silver thread;
 So young was I, so shy, that my caress
 Was swifter than the lark's flight overhead.

But now I know that love had recompense
 In this dear gift which you shall store away,
 Its sacredness secure, its lingering scent
 A fragrancy for some far sombre day;
 For when upon the ling road quietly,
 Like some wayfarer on a winter night
 Who solace seeks, turning you shall see
 Beneath a door this blade of yellow light.

THE BROTHER

You came and went, so quietly
 I scarcely heard you pass; as though I saw
 A curtain trembled by my door--and so
 Breath on my looking glass.
 But a fragrancy has lingered
 And filled my little room
 Like sunshine on the lilac hedge
 At silent tranquil noon.

The dust that stirs along the road
 Is rising meadow mist,
 And Oh, my dear, when I am old
 I may forget we've kissed,

But when about my window
 Gather shadows of the night,
 The stars that seem so glittering
 Will be hawthorne boughs alight.

COMPLETION

How still you lay in that young green wood
As I leaned to kiss you, Felice, on the mouth
In one brief throb of ecstasy.
Then an oriole sang on a swaying bough,
Flooding the air with his golden thrills
Thru the silence stung with expectancy.

How still you lie now--in your bed
Under the leaves yellow and brown,
Dead hopes of that young green tree.
Shall I find you, Felice, when I too am dead?
Ah--for one more kiss from your sweet young mouth
I would spend eternity.