

BEAUTY IN SMALL THINGS

I T'S the beauty in small things
 That grips my heart;
 The sunlight on birds' wings,
 Bright creatures that dart
 Among the flowers on the hill.
 These fill me with a sweet goodwill.

The cool dewy green
 Of the velvet moss,
 The black beetle's sheen
 Creeping slowly across,
 The fragrance wafted on the breeze,
 And raindrops dripping from the trees.

The bright berries that dangle
 A down the ripe stem
 Of bushes that tangle
 The sun's shining hem,
 The gentle drooping of a tree,
 These are the charms that capture me.

I NEVER CAN GET USED
TO BEAUTY

I NEVER can get used to beauty,
 The same trees every Spring
 Burst into leaf. The morning sun as bright
 Makes radiant every little thing,
 The trees become a maze of glowing light,
 Birds sing.

It was the same last year,
 Yet never just the same,
 The chestnut trees are taller, but the hue
 Of young flushed leaves is still aflame
 Against the blue.

Medlar trees with blossoms white
 Heavily again
 Are laden, and they with peach blooms fall together
 In gusts, like light spasmodic rain
 In windy weather.

Medlar-wild
 pear.

TO YOU, BEAUTY

Once more
 Across the threshold of my door
 You come, swift, strong,
 Filling my heart with peace
 Stirring a song
 Within me.
 A deep release
 Of joy bursts forth.
 I see
 Visions of beauty. Again
 The splendour of creation
 Bids me rise. No pain
 Now, but I, a rich libation
 Will pour out before
 The gates of Beauty, Joy and Truth.

THESE PLEASE MY FANCY

MUSIC in the morning hours,
 Phlox, sweet honey-scented flowers,
 Mist,
 The greening valley, kissed
 With sunshine,
 These are the glories that are mine,

 Golden apples, cheeked with red, Creamy
 butter, thickly spread,
 Surprise
 And laughter in young children's eyes,
 The rose
 That in my little garden grows.

 Pears, rock-violets and rain,
 The blackberries' rich purple stain,
 Ferns,
 The innumerable things one learns
 Newly each day,
 Hold my heart in captive sway.

 Friends, and friends' familiar faces,
 My Mother's old and yellowed laces,
 Gossamer
 Of spiders' webs, soft fur
 All silken warm, of kittens four
 That prank on my verandah floor,
 All these
 Unfailingly my fancy please.

ST. MARYWELL'S BAY, PENARTH, WALES.

THE sun, the sky,
The earth, the sea,
These are the very things for me.

The golden sand,
The foaming tide
Circling up and circling wide.

The rugged cliff,
The boulders grey,
All make of this a glorious day.

The wind-blown hair
Of children gleams.
The world is full of childhood's dreams.

Castles rise,
Castles fall,
Carefree enchantment covers all.

Dogs run free
In tumultuous race,
Leaping the waves, they swim apace.

"Come take the plunge,"
The sea sings out
Above the laughter and gleeful shout.

" Leave the dry sand
And the rocks, come leap
Into the waters cool and deep."

Bouyant the waves,
Like a sea-gull I
Serenely out on the waters lie,

Breathing the transparent
Sparkling air,
With the sea-water drenching my drifting hair.

Over a wave
I rock and sway,
This is a shining world to-day,

Then away I swim,
On my back I glide,
On the rhythmic pulse of the coming tide.

Then back in a niche
Of rock to bask,
What greater luxury could one ask?

Golden the glory
Spilling over each one,
Golden delight of a summer sun.

Oh, the rich joy
Of this holiday
Spent in the sun and the sea all day.

SHADOWS

THE evening's bright
 With long pale beams
 Of orange light.

The plum tree bare
 Paints a shadow
 Standing there,

Makes a rich blue shadow sprawl
 Across the pale sun-vivid wall.

EVENING

THE sun has sheathed his last gold ray,
 Such heavenly sweetness fills the air,
 I know an angel passed this way.

I cannot see, but I can guess
 That pearl white buds have burst apart,
 Laburnam blooms in loveliness.

My open heart is drawing deep
 And quiet breathings of this air;
 The world falls gently into sleep.

SUNSET

A MOON entangled in a flaming cloud!
 Like maiden fair
 Wandering solitary, young and proud,

Caught unaware
 In love's bright rosy web; herself so bright
 She adds her glory to love's natural light.

Staggered at such beauty, lo, afar
 Blinking his amazed eye, - a star!

STARS

THE stars are drowned in the sea
 Of morning's blaze of light,
 And all the world seems full to me
 Of gay delight.

The medlar tree is plumed
 With clustering, snow-white flowers.
 Against the hill, it has assumed
 The gleam of stars!

NIGHT

NIGHT is full of breathless beauty,
 Full of surprise,
 When some sound impinges on consciousness
 Wide opening the eyes,
 Moonlight is spilling its glory,
 A pale, liquid flood,
 And shadows chase shadows as clouds
 Athwart the moon scud.

Oh, it's as tempting to me as Eve's apples,
 And out in the night
 I creep and watch the stars winking
 With scintillate light.
 Shasta daisies in mystery sway
 By the green garden gate,
 "Who troubles night's stillness?" they whisper,
 "Who passes so late?"

My long gown blows gently to touch them,
 Their coronets gleam
 White in the cool deep darkness,
 Pale as a dream.
 I seek, in reluctance my pillow,
 But I carefully turn my head
 To face the stars and clouds and pale moonlight,
 That drenches my bed.

QUIET NIGHT

As I walk the quiet road
 When soft night quenches day,
 And deep blue skies are meadows wide
 Where bright forget-me-nots abide
 When night birds hoot their lay,
 The air is sudden over-flowed
 With perfumed tide.

Sweet scent pours in, sweet thoughts pour out,
 I grow in love with all
 The pulsing world, the quiet night,
 Its scented breath, its dim starlight,
 I am in tune with all.
 Serenity girds round about
 My heart's delight.

A drop of light, pale silvery green
 Clings in a niche of stone,
 A glow-worm's tiny lamp is lit,
 A dewy fern hangs over it,
 I'll leave them there alone.
 But first upon the perfumed air
 I'll breathe a sigh, I'll lift a prayer.

MOONLIGHT TRACERY

A LITTLE patch upon my wall
 Grows beautiful each night,-
 A troop of leafy shadows wakes
 As through the honeysuckle breaks
 A burst of moonlight.

I treasure up within my heart
 That fairy sight,
 That dancing pattern like grey lace
 That wind and leaves and bare twigs trace,
 Woven by moonlight.

REMEMBRANCE

O THE sweet scents of Nature !
 They intoxicate my brain.
 I lift my head and snuff the air
 Again, - again !

In token of remembrance
 As May creeps to her close,
 She plucks and places in her hair
 A white wild rose.

'The cuckoo bells May out,
 The cuckoo bells June in.
 Fragrance drenches all the world,
 Yes, - everything.

SONG AND THE MORNING-GLORY

W HEN yet the day was fresh and young,
 The dewdrops round and clear,
 I heard a minor cadence sung
 By an Himalayan mountaineer.
 As winding in and out the hills,
 His strong notes rose and fell,
 The quaint and plaintive music filled
 The morning breeze s swell.
 O softly, softly, softly died away
 Its echoes, in the beams of coming day.

But behold! just as I turned
 To skirt the mountain bend,
 Sound took sudden form and burned
 in radiant purple blend
 Of Morning-glories clambering up
 The hills' green, dewy side,
 Each delicate and circling cup
 Upturned and blowing wide.
 O gently, gently, gently will they sleep
 When evening's silent shadows o'er them creep.

KENGAR'TH

DOWN, down the hills, op wings
 I speed through mist and rain.
 My heart takes holiday.
 I'm on the way
 To Kengar's vale again.

I'm there! My hand is on the gate.
 Within, what shall I find?
 Ah! Hear the wild refrain
 Of the **Custura**. O joy! O pain!
 That at any rate will bind
 Me captive all afresh, I know.
 Well, here I go!
 Peace instantly descends,
 Lifts high my heart-yes, higher
 Than that sunflower,-higher still
 Than the old walnut tree,
 And higher yet, to merge into the sky
 And space - yes, endless, depthless space.

I greet them all, - the myrtle bush,
 Tall hollyhocks, in white, some crimson bloom.
 Everything I see looks rich and lush
 And green. In slender room
 Wild flowers squeeze into an inch of earth,
 And irrepressibly they strain
 Amid the tangled growth and rain,
 Till, aching with suppressed mirth,
 They burst their buds
 To minute twinkling points of light.

Custura - The Himalayan Whistling Thrush.

One by one I visit all the flowers
 And brave young trees.
 What dear delight!

The grenadilla takes fresh hold on life.

The gladiolus sways upon the breeze,
 So do the dahlias, daisies, and the climbing rose.
 Vigorous, the honeysuckle grows,
 And soon will flower. Jessamine
 Slips are down, and on apace
 The tasselled corn grows high. Earth's face
 Is bright with rain and cloud and sun and light.

At night, I cannot sleep at first.
 I lie in ecstasy, and hear the eaves
 Dripping with rain - twigs of the walnut
 Tapping on the roof. - whisper of leaves.
 My heart rests drenched in beauty. I see,
 Or think I see, - a cloud of flowers
 Rich pink, peering through the windows
 And the soft dark night, at me.

Mussoorie's twinkling road lights wink
 High up, until the mist, creeping,
 Blots them from sight.
 Then suddenly, quietly, I'm sleeping
 Within the hush and tender loveliness of night.

A GARDEN IN PENARTH, WALES.

I'VE just been in a garden
 Where in beauty clad,
 A-tiptoe, upward dancing,
 The sweetpeas have gone mad.
 She who tends them scrambles
 A-top a chair, in chase
 And breathless she o'ertakes them
 In their riotous mad race.

Fat double fuschias tremble
 With sly laughter as they come,
 Laid by the heels and transferred
 To a flower bowl one by one.

But the sweetpeas are not troubled
 At being captured thus in flight,
 And gaiety and fragrance
 Commingle in delight.
 The scent of sweetpeas lingers
 About my hands and clothes,
 As I leave the peaceful garden
 And its gates behind me close.

BEFORE I RISE

I LOVE to wake while dawn is grey
 And watch my cherry bough,
 For every lissom branch and spray
 Is full of blossoms now.

My window's wide and in they glance
 And see me still in bed, perchance!

Whereat I laugh and sit right up.
 The sky is streaked with yellow,
 A bulbul sips from chalice cup
 Of blossom. Lucky fellow!
 I suppose he thinks that I
 Should now in bed no longer lie.

So bird, I'll up! Ah, now you sing
 In quiet exultation!
 The sun's up too; he's touched your wing
 In golden salutation.
 Tree, bird and sun! 'Tis good indeed
 That we in joy are so agreed.

EASTER MORNING

O F AIR Easter morning!
 A chorus of birds
 In the green rain-wet hedges
 Flute songs without words,
 While morning's long shadows
 Sway in time to the trees
 That wake into life
 With the stir of the breeze
 Over the brown earth
 In glad beauty, see spread
 'Neath the wild rhododendron,
 Brilliant patches of red.

Sri Kant, in the distance
 Fresh mantled in white
 Is re-born in a glory
 Of pinnacled light.
 - A wild, rural peace
 In this solitude dwells
 And a silence made sweet
 With the sound of cow-bells.

But my words, poor dumb things,
 How could they convey
 The song my heart sings
 For this beautiful day?
 They could not. So, fancy
 Arise into flight,
 Speed o'er the hills
 On the swift wings of light
 And bring me the thoughts
 That will goad and inspire
 A dull, sleeping world,
 And awake it to fire.

GOLDEN DRIFT

A LIGHT golden drift
 Lies under the jessamine bough.
 It's Summer now
 And jessamine flings
 Pure gold and all thrift,
 Lavishly forth on the winds.
 Hark! How the bul-bul sings!

THE BRIDE

THIS is the great earth's bridal morn,
 Love knots hang on the awakened thorn,
 Everything is clean and wet with dew,
 The sky is blue.

Earth's chancel floors are strewn with saxifrage,
 A shy young apple tree is page,
 Jewels, like mosaic, are thick inset,
 With wide-eyed violet.

The altar tapers, - rhododendrons red,
 Are kindled and the high-priest's solemn tread
 Is heard upon the early morning breeze,
 Through sunlit trees.

The wedding hymn is fluted loud and clear,
 Challenging the world to pause and hear.-
 The blackbird shouts aloud in pride,
 "The bride! The bride! "

And lo! She comes in shimmering blossoms white
 And tenderest green, flushed leaves, and wreathed
in light.

New vigour, quick possesses everything.
 The Bride, - is Spring.

SPRING FLOWERS

SPRING with her pale green, rose-tipped sandals
 With torch in hand
 Is lighting up the chestnut candles,
 And high they stand
 Spired with tiny flames of pure, white light,
 And rosy sparks
 Disclose in clear, undimmed delight
 Their radiant hearts.

Wild syringa sprays the hill with showers
 Of scented light,
 The earth's sweet face is dimpling o'er with flowers
 Golden and white.
 Jessamine is trumpeting a strain
 Of shining song,
 And breezes fling the bright refrain
 The woods along,

Kmdled at Love's altar, pure
 The flowers shine,
 And full of happiness, outpour
 Their gift divine
 As though an urgent message to impart.
 Each flower fair
 Springs from earth's bursting heart
 A simple prayer.

HONEYSUCKLE

As out into the quiet dawn I stepped
 At once I knew
 That summer here within my porch had slept,-
 For seeking, subtle fragrance drew
 Its lurking breath upon me. Then I spied
 Half hidden in its leafy bower
 What looked like fairy trumpets blowing wide,
 The honeysuckle flower!

SUMMER.

WHO'S been here? Some tricky sprite
 Flitting through the summer night?
 A thousand birds are singing,
 Golden jessamine's alight,
 Its dainty censors swinging,
 While incense rises up in praise
 To sweeten these our summer days.

Come, dance the meadow, dance the hill,
 The earth is golden with goodwill
 Flowers are everywhere.
 Wish happiness? Come take your fill,
 Music's in the air,-
 So lightly dance your days along
 In time to the Custura's song.

FLOWERS OF SUNSHINE

OTELL me, tell me, whence there comes
 That tender mellowed light?
 Look down, look down, a host of suns
 Shine there for your delight.
 Their fragrant light spills o'er the glade,
 Making sunshine in the shade.

Into rocky crevices they creep,
 Coax laughter from the flint,
 Crowd the roadside, dare the steep,
 Shed glory without stint,
 Make unsuspected beauty found
 On hard unyielding, stony ground.

O Flowers! I do not know your name
 By men of science given,
 But I know your primrose petalled flame,
 Will guide my thoughts to Heaven.
 Your fragrance, like the breath of praise
 Will bless men's winding, dusty days.

GEMS OF SUMMER

I.

Hear the cries
Of the Custura singing as it flies!
My own heart sings
In quick response and feels
Itself has taken wings.

II.

The barberry is drooping heavy
With pollen-smothered flowers.
Extortionist bees gold payment levy,
Then down beat April showers.
For a moment winds whip by,
Petals scatter, dead leaves fly,
Along the paths in spirals whirled
Dance leaves and dust. - Then calm's the world
And blue the sky!

III.

The urgent sun and winds release
Splashes of colour, reckless, gay
Out breaks in smiles the banksier rose
Freshly each day.
Clustered in a secluded spot
Is a bright blue cloud of forget-me-not.
Outside, - the sun; inside, - deep peace!

IV.

The hedges grew
Encrusted with the white
Of May-bloom, overnight.
Small birds surprised,
Cried loud in heart's delight.

MONSOON WEATHER

RAIN in torrents! Monsoon rains!
What a day!

Black umbrellas dodge the roads,
Trees bend down full laden wet,
Waterspouts are gushing, yet
Enchanting day!
Far though no one can carry loads
Yet it's fun when every pool
On the winding way to school
Becomes the raindrops' dancing floor, -
Drops dancing to the wind's encore.

Every leaf on every tree
Is shining bright,
And tiny runnels quiver down,
Sound of water everywhere.
Misty beads upon the hair,
What a sight!
Wreathing clouds upon the crown
Of hilltops; and the vall eyed Doon
In the grip of the Monsoon,
Distant grey, clouds billowing o'er,
Billowing to the south-west wind's encore.

MONSOON RAIN

AH! the roaring of the torrents
 As they swirl a-down the hills,
 Swirling, roaring, rushing,
 All the weight of water spills
 From level down to level,
 From the mountains to the hills.

Rivers rush down every road
 And every mountain lane,
 The world reverberates with sound,
 The sound of Monsoon rain.
 Cataracts in turmoil
 Are like a swelling flood,
 Yellow with a white mane,
 Dull yellow with the mud.

Trees are bending downward,
 Grass is trailing low,
 Water-butts are Spilling
 With a mighty overflow.
 Waterways are gushing
 Like a river in full spate,
 Gushing like a wild thing
 Down the **nullah** by my gate.

nullah - drain channel.

Oh! The water is a-roaring,
 A-roaring as in pain.
 Nothing could be wilder.
 Than the wild torrential rain.
 Oh! The rain it is a-flinging
 Its might against the town,
 And I am in the midst of it
 As it comes pouring down!

TO A TREE.TOP

A finger of wind blew twisting round,
 A silver wind all wet with rain;
 It tossed your crest and the lovely sound
 Was almost pain.

You tossed the leaves of your high-held head,
 Alone with the wind you madly danced -
 Then a last wild swirl and the swift wind sped,
 Spent, entranced.

RAIN

HARK, to the approaching rain
 Rushing along
 With its triumph song,
 Singing a wild refrain.

It is near!
 It is here!
 My breathless excitement content,
 I over my head
 My umbrella spread,
 My heart on adventure is bent.

The raindrops glance
 On leaves that dance,
 And the sloping roads run rivers
 That pour and rush
 And swirl and gush,
 And light, on the waters, quivers.

I know my fun
 Has now begun,
 I dance through rushing water
 Each shoe a pool!
 A care-free fool
 Am I, the monsoon's daughter!

Why should I fret
 If I be wet,
 When every tree around
 Is glossy bright
 With rain and light
 And shining wet the ground '?

.If I be wet
 Why should I fret
 When I can hear a shout'
 Above the pour
 And swill and roar
 A blackbird fluting out! '

His heart is brave,
 He is no slave,
 To silly fears and doubting,
 He boldly sings,
 Then preens his wings
 And falls once more to shouting.

MIST

THE mist is tattered,
 The mist is torn
 And ragged it floats'
 On a barberry thorn.
 Then a passing breeze
 In its mischief blows
 Snatches it off
 And away it goes.

JEWELS

THE cedar and the pine tree tall
 Are bejewelled thickly.
 As I shake the trees down fall
 Showers of diamonds quickly.
 But watch! Within an hour, again
 Their tresses will be bright with rain.

JUST A MARIGOLD

JUST a wild marigold
 Beside the gate
 Dropped carelessly,
 And yet,
 Although the road with rain *is* wet,
 And the river is in spate,
 Yet,
 I feel the golden warmth
 Of sunshine, in that drooping crown
 Of dazzling yellow.
 It will haunt
 Me all day long
 Drooping low and golden yellow,
 Like a fragrance, like a song,
 Like warm sunshine
 All day long.

GOD BLESS THIS DAY

AFTER long days of rain an eager sun
 Leapt o'er the mountains, merry and gay.
 The birds burst out in a song, as one,
 " God bless this day! God bless this day! "
 The sky was blue and the grass and flowers.
 Reflected the mood of the sunny hours.

LIGHT HEART

ALL creatures and the earth are glad to-day,
 The monsoons are now sped.
 The foaming clouds are whipped away
 Sun hotly shines instead.
 Night's sky was star-lit; now a mesh
 Of misty dew entangles
 Spider webs and daisies fresh,
 With scintillating spangles.
 The silvery green of burr-clad stems
 Is secret with sly laughter,
 Warning my wide-sweeping hems
 "You'll remember me hereafter!"
 Crows cleave the air on silken breeze,
 While lean but debonair
 A pack-horse flaunts with jaunty ease,
 A dahlia in his hair!

LINES TO FAITHLESS OCTOBER

IS this you, October?
 Your countenance is strange.
 Your brows are dark with storm clouds
 Across the mountain range.
 Where are your golden garments?
 Where your purpling mists?
 And the berries that should dangle,
 Bright scarlet from your wrists?

Is this you, October?
 I have never seen you so.
 The clouds are black and threatening
 And hourly blacker grow,
 The cosmos do you honour,
 Make an effort to be gay,
 But forlorn and wet they shiver,
 For you turn your face away.

Is this you, October?
 Faithless, fickle, jade
 Giving us such weather,
 When fair promises you made!
 When wet September caught us
 In her moist and misty web,
 It was then you promised sunshine-
 You give us *this* instead!

LINES TO THAT WENCH-OCTOBER

OR, October, wild October
 Must I chide you every day?
 Must you still continue
 In this shocking, shameless way,
 To flirt so with the Monsoon,
 The Monsoon old and grey?

Oh, October, wild October,
 Can we trust you e'er again?
 Our spirits flag, and flowers
 Are drooping low with rain.
 Use reason, wench, it's stupid
 To tarnish your fair name.

Oh, wayward wild October,
 Why not do as you are told,
 Leave this hoary lover,
 Tiresome and old.
 Give us back your sunshine,
 For we shiver in the cold.

STUBBORN OCTOBER

STUBBORN maid, October,
 I think you're a disgrace,
 Chasing through the storm clouds,
 Dark muffling up your face.
 Who is now the chosen
 Favourite of your heart?
 Our hands and feet are frozen.
 From whither Cupid's dart?
 Is it cold December
 Whose freezing hand you hold?
 Or do you tweak the beard
 Of August, dripping cold?
 Why turn your back and glower
 On mortals of the earth?
 Why pout behind the storm showers.
 With disdainful mirth?
 Well, have your way, October,
 I will not speak again
 To admonish or to threaten,
 Just rain, rain and rain!
 But when next you travel us-ward,
 Don't murmur or regret
 That raincoats and umbrellas
 Are in usage yet.

Yes! Carry on October!
 We'll endure you to the end,
 Perhaps November, nun in grey,
 Will prove a better friend!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHAT'S the matter? Why this rain?
 I thought the Monsoon's over.
 But here's the swirling mist again
 Trying hard to cover
 Patches of September's flowers,
 Purple cups and golden stars.
 It cannot swamp the fragrance spreading
 Over all the hillside ways,
 The fragrance spilled by constant treading
 Down of grass and leaves these days.

The scent of sage and thyme falls sweet
 As the woodland roads I pass,
 And pleasant underneath my feet
 The tufts of lemon grass,
 Autumn's lovely, but the rain
 Is drenching this our world again.
 Autumn's sun is golden warm,
 The remnant clouds will surely gather
 And concentrate in one last storm,
 Then joy! What glorious weather !

I KNEW 'TWOULD COME!

I KNEW 'twould come!
 Now all the world
 Is wind and rain
 And beauty all around me.
 The curtains fly! I hear the roar,
 The sound of rain,
 The furious waters round me.

On, on, it goes
 All other sound
 Dies muted. Only rain
 Is crashing all around me.
 Earth meekly bows her head. I hear
 The swirl of rain
 And wind-blown curtains round me.

LIGHT'S DWELLING PLACE!

Pale silvery sunlight
 Penetrates the mist. The earth is bright
 In a mysterious way.
 Trees look unearthly, vague and tenuous,
 A ghostly grey.

And yet
 My thoughts fly high above the clouds and wet
 Moist earth. Such vivid light,
 Broad splendour, paves the upper reaches,
 So dazzling bright.

I t could not be'
 But that with heaven-born sight I see.
 What Love, what Grace
 Has here created beauty such as this
 To be Light's dwelling place!

GOLDEN RAIN

IT was evening's rare and sunny hour,
 When suddenly an unexpected shower
 Poured down upon us, and the radiant sun
 Shone on the raindrops, gilding everyone
 'Till lo! I walked in sheets of golden rain.
 Molten gold ran in each woodland drain.
 The oak leaves like a myriad mirrors flashed
 As sunlit raindrops on their surface splashed.
 A tree with this clear sparkling brilliance spired,
 Shone through stray mists like holy thoughts inspired,
 Another bare, and black as night
 Balanced skilfully, a thousand globes of light.

Oh! What a shining world it was! I saw,
 Along the fence posts, magic waters pour
 And change the commonplace to glowing ebony
 O'er capped with silver. (To-morrow's Sun will see
 just tar and poor white paint.) The fencing wire
 Kindled like a line of living fire.
 The sky above was canopied in grey
 But girding the horizon blue skies lay
 Presaging still brighter things to be.

Presently, the sunny shower ceased
 And from a hilltop, like a joy released
 A rainbow seemed to spring, and arching high
 With double row of colours paved the sky.

Late that evening, on my homeward way
 A crescent moon smiled through a wisp of grey
 That lingered yet, a misty mesh for stars
 To gambol in throughout their twinkling hours.
 Arrested suddenly, I stayed my feet,
 I was enfolded by a fragrance sweet,
 And searching for the cause, I spied a shower
 Of small thick creamy bells, a bridal bower
 Cascading downward, in rich beauty ringing
 Forth their perfumed ecstasy of living,
 And shaking from their crests rare drops of light,
 Moon-lit meteors stirring gentle night.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN treads the trailing mists
 Of our monsoon summer,
 Already dangling from her wrists
 Are the berries that become her.
 I can mark the very place
 Where last night she trod,
 Rainwet, sweet with wild. wood grace
 An early golden rod.
 I have watched the long green grass
 Southward bending low,
 I have felt the winds that pass
 From the cold north blow.
 Hips and haws are fattening fast,
 Purple asters budding,
 Although the skies are overcast
 With monsoon clouds still scudding.
 Autumn! Autumn! Subtle maid,
 Think not to deceive me,
 You have visited my glade,
 I've found you out, believe me!
 Or else how came that crimson leaf
 Alighting on my hair
 Had not you, you charming thief
 Gone stealing through the air?

AUTUMN DAYS

THE hills are purpling with seed-plumed grasses,
 The Autumn rays
 Shine with a golden glory that surpasses
 The monsoon days.
 Crimsoned leaves, like flaming beacons burn
 Beneath blue skies,
 And sunshine kindles fires in every fern
 Before it dies
 To mortal sense, which loves so to deceive,
 Inflicting pain,
 But next year earth's long thoughts we will perceive,
 Bear fruit again.
 Noon has a dreamy fragrance, warm and sweet.
 A shimmering haze
 Where saffron butterflies, wings none too fleet,
 Spend honeyed days,
 Broods o'er the wood and quickly browning hill.
 The big bees croon
 Farewell to Summer. All else is calm and still.
 The golden noon
 Melts into purple-shadowed evening. Night
 In star beams caught,
 Brings not oblivion, but an inner light,
 Deep God-like thought.

Far down the distant aisle of days, I hear
 The gentle tread
 Of Winter, whose crystal hours will crown the year
 When Autumn's sped.
 The world will sleep, a long and quiet sleep
 Until Spring's breath
 Will whisper as the buds and blossoms peep,
 "There is no death!
 No death, no sleep, no chance and no decay!
 'Tis but the blind
 Of finite thinking. Behind the shifting play,
 God's changeless mind."

AUTUMN IS HERE

LISTEN! Autumn suddenly has burst upon us!
 Boughs are straining
 Gold leaves raining
 In an eager over-plus.
 A gust of wild wind on the air!
 Laughing, shaking
 Impudently taking
 Stripping trees until they're bare.
 As suddenly, the wind's away.
 Not a sound!
 But the ground
 Is crisp with leaves gold, brown and grey.

SNOW AT LAST

WITHIN the earth to-day
 There is a song
 Full of deep joy, for rain
 Has been falling all night long.
 All night and now 'tis sleet and snow.
 The earth's song swells
 Her longing seeds will grow
 Up to the light.
 At present, singing, all lie low,
 Thrilling and singing because of this
 day's snow.

BROTHERHOOD

UNLEASHED, the winds of heaven race
 In mad, wild joy across the skies,
 Whipping the air and my glowing face,
 Flinging my hair across my eyes.
 My own blood races in like mad way,
 For we are one substance, I and they.

My big boots sink in the soft white snow,
 Crunching crisply beneath my feet.
 The sound of it sets my being aglow
 And I laugh aloud at the blinding sleet.
 Dh! the sleet and the snow and the pelting hail
 And I, are one with the howling gale.

The mountain peaks, in a host, stand proud,
 Each in a white and spotless dress,
 Veiled in a wisp of wind-blown cloud,
 Beautiful, 'neath the storm's caress.
 Oh! the mountains and I are sister and brother,
 The wide good earth is our common Mother.

The trees bend low with their branches white,
 But the lash of the wind soon blows them *free*
 To join in our fun, with a joy as light
 As that which leaps in the heart of me
 Oh! the trees and I, and the turbulent weather
 Are one in heart as we play together.

AFTER A THREE DAYS' STORM

Joy was born with the dawn's first sigh
 That trembled across the frosty sky.
 The stars pirouetted, twirled about,
 Bowed to the dawn and twinkled out.
 'Then up crept the sun, and smiled right down
 On a white, white world and snow-bound town.

Sleep slipped off like a cloak outworn,
 The spirit of Joy walked forth, new-born.
 Out came spades, and laughter filled
 The cold, clean air, and a small bird trilled.
 Feet and hands and hearts grew warm
 While into the past slipped a three days' storm.

So happily framed is the human mind,

Shine but the sun, and far behind
 Lag cold and pain, while Joy's young face
 Smiles on our hearts with warmth and grace.
 The joys of life and sunshine grow
 Far brighter, for the wintry snow.

SNOW BY MOONLIGHT

WHAT wakes me? Makes my lids fly wide?
 A blazing star
 Whose light has reached me here inside
 Before dawn's hour.
 Through the casement panes of glass
 Radiantly the star rays pass
 And smite me, stirring all my heart.
 What message would that star impart?

I have it! Leaping out of bed
 I gaze, and see
 Not the familiar world. Instead
 Illumined ivory,
 An earth etherialized. The moon
 Sails fairily a blue lagoon
 Trembling with countless stars. Each smiles
 For well they know how Light my heart beguiles.

The stately firs look pearly. Snow
 Caresses them.
 Pale violet shadows rest below.
 A glowing gem,
 A lamp, - like a thought of life, shines down
 In the straggling, sleepy native town
 A valiant, primrose-coloured spark,
 A tiny conqueror of the dark.

So still! The winds are all asleep.
 'Tis like a dream
 This ivoried palace, frosted deep,
 Whose pale, soft gleam
 Seems from within to gain its fire,
 Catch inspiration from desire;
 Whose hidden virtues softly shine
 In moonlit beauty, with a charm divine.

Oh, glorious, burning Star, all thanks!
 To you, I owe
 This glimpse of drifted, shining banks,
 And moonlit snow.
 Oh, Beauty's Lamp! Awake in me
 Responsive lights, that I may see
 That inner-dwelling Beauty found
 In all God made, be it of sight or sound.

THE THAW

The earth is white and the sky is blue,
 And the laughter of water comes gurgling through
 Grey pipe and drain.
 The diamond dripping trees are wet;
 A lilting, liquid minuet
 Like dancing rain
 Is tripping on my roof; below
 I hear a shining, songful flow
 The melting heart of sun-warmed snow.

IN PRAISE OF CLIMBING

WHICH?

I LOVE the Spring!
 But then so love I Summer.
 The Monsoon holds my heart,
 Yet am I Winter's lover.

Beauty! 'Tis you that tear me thus asunder;
 Ragged my heart strings, torn by joy and wonder.