

A HINDOO GINGLE

"The poor benighted Hindoo!"
He does the best he kindoo:
He sticks to caste
From first to last,
For clothes, he makes his skindoo.

TO A GORSE BUSH IN BLOOM ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1917; AND ITS LESSON

O, thou myriad-prickly-pointed,
Armed and sharpened at every jointed;
Pointing North, South, East and West,
Any compass is thy rest.
Why art thou in armour clad,
Bear'st thou grapes to cheer the sad,
And jealous lest some ruthless hand
Pluck them from thy fruitful wand?

Bear'st thou peach, apricot or plum,
Ready all that pass and come,
So guarded lest off thee they strip
Then pass them on from lip to lip?
Why dost bear thy prickly parts,
Sharp and keen as arrow darts?
Art thou jealous of thy golden bloom,
Feared lest nose extract perfume?

Where's *thy* fruit of sweetness luscious—
Rose, gooseberry's borne on thorny bushes.
The strawberry doth the palate tickle—
It hath no thorns like thee to prickle.
Then why dost thou the temper try?
Thou'st nought to sell so none can buy.
The pedlar ne'er thy praises sing,
Nor gardener cultivate such thing.

Wert thou a thistle tall—thy prickles thinner—
Yon braying ass might have his dinner.
But thou—for whom dost food provide
At Spring of year or Autumn-tide?
Do not all thy presence shun,
Not one caresses thee in fun!
Maiden fair on bridal morn,
Ne'er doth brow with thee adorn!

Men off thee don't saw their cedar,
Thou art not a cattle feeder.
Thou art not for ship's bold stroke
'Gainst the waves like sturdy oak.
Then what is thy aspiration,
Usefulness or destination?
Surely thou art filled with reason,
Blooming gold in winter season?