

## A COOK-HOUSE AT REVEILLE

(December, 1914)

OUTSIDE, the mud between the huts;  
The dismal murk of mist and night;  
The chill; the sullen waking. Here  
The warmth and stir and crimson light.

White steam goes up to misted lamps  
From giant caldrons set a-row;  
And sleepy cooks stoop to their tasks,  
Satanic in the stove's red glow.

And here is one who worked, last year,  
With Mitchell's crew on Beaver Lake,  
Where the dark spruces lift their spires;  
Where axes flash and white frosts ache;

And snows are dry as desert sands,  
And only the moose-bird stirs a wing  
Till April. . . . Here, in mist and murk,  
Puzzled and sad, he serves his king