

TSOQALEM

Ever she crooned of coming come,
Who would not show them more;
But made a sign of hush-and-dumb,
And pointed to the door.

And many laughed who would not treat
Her wisely, but in scorn . . .
Till distant pattering which beat
Upon the wind was borne
Upon their cavilling sense, to meet
And sweep their laughter from its feet,
And prove them all forsworn.

And every ear was tuned to hear,
And every pulse to beat,
And every sense was live with fear
To hear those running feet.

And every eye was on the door—
That square of sapphire-blue
Framed in the glare on wall and floor
The flaming logwood threw.