

THE CITY DWELLER SPEAKS

The past is calling me across the world of fevered
care
To break away from bondage and of summer have
my share,
To feel the sun upon my hands, the grass beneath my
feet,
And in the songs of robins hear the pulse of nature
beat.

Too long have I existed in the city's barren bounds,
The sallow slave of Commerce and the hunted of the
hounds;
The brand of Trade is on me, and the rush is in my
brain
Of maddened speculation and the lust of easy gain.

A sudden wish convulses me to visit my old haunts,
To feel again if possible the same old boyish wants,
To idle all the morning by some smooth trout-
harbored pool,
And feel the old delights of lazy leisure after school.