

From My Gallery

Then, when a deadlock, an impasse
They reach, and know not how or where
To find a way through thicket crass,
They place the lackey in the chair.

A VISION

Out of the grate behind the flame
Something appeared,
A shape it had not, nor yet name;
It crawled and leered.

Its eye transfixed me with its gleam:
"You empty sham!
Your lethargies, each squalid dream,
You inch, you dram,

Your cowardice I fully know
Your views flambuoyant;
You common man! You thing or so!
I am clairvoyant.

When have you said a simple word?
A rectitude
When have you done? When were you stirr'd
To fortitude?

Over your heart, over your mind,
Over your eyes,
Is writ in letters underlined
'Lies! Lies! Lies! Lies!'"

It ceased, the while its skin like lead
Shook as with chill;
I glanced at it; "'Tis true!" I said;
And then was still.

HOME FROM WAR

The chair he used, the plate, the spoon,
An empty place, unanswering walls,
A cast-off pair of overalls'
O that he may be back home soon!

The stars in flocks across the dome
Are shooting; 'tis their flaming eyes;
Singing they enter Paradise;
The boys, our boys are going home!