

# POETRY

BY W. WILFRID CAMPBELL

EARTH'S dream of poetry will never die.

It lingers while we linger, base or true—  
A part of all this being. Life may change,  
Old customs wither, creeds become as nought,  
Like autumn husks in rainwinds; men may kill  
All memory of the greatness of the past,  
Kingdoms may melt, republics wane and die,  
New dreams arise and shake this jaded world;  
But that rare spirit of song will breathe and live  
While beauty, sorrow, greatness, hold for men  
A kinship with the eternal; until all  
That earth holds noble wastes and fades away.  
Wrong cannot kill it. Man's material dream  
May scorn its uses, worship baser hope  
Of life's high purpose, build about the world  
A brazen rampart: through it all will come  
The iron moan of life's unresting sea;  
And through its floors, as filtered blooms of dawn,  
Those flowers of dream will spring, eternal, sweet,  
Speaking for God and man; the infinite mystery  
Will ever fold life round; the mighty heart  
Of earth's humanity ceaseless throb and beat  
As round this globe the vasty deeps of sky,  
And round earth's shores the wide, encompassing sea.

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Outside this ring of hardened human strife  
There lies this mantle of mighty majesty,  
Thought's cunning cannot probe, science plumb.  
Earth's schools of wisdom in their darkness spell