



Life and Art

A glaring waste of drifting sand,
Sun-scorched and powder-dry,
A weary, soul-consuming land,
Bleached camel-bones on either hand
And vultures in the sky.

Fair gardens, set about a spring,
So cool, so crystal-clear,
Rich verdure, bees upon the wing,
And golden-throated birds to sing
And joy the traveller's ear.

Then on our dromedary goes,
But, pressed against our heart,
We wear a half-oped brier-rose,
Or but a violet we chose
Out of the fields of Art.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

