

A Winter Holiday

She seems to have forgotten rapine and greed
and strife,
In that unaging gladness and dignity of life.

Through streets as smooth as asphalt and
white as bleaching shell,
Where the slip-shod heel is happy and the
naked foot goes well,
In their gaudy cotton kerchiefs, with sway-
ing hips and free,
Go her black folk in the morning to the
market of the sea.

Into her bright sea-gardens the flushing tide-
gates lead,
Where fins of chrome and scarlet loll in the
lifting weed ;
With the long sea-draft behind them, through
luring coral groves
The shiny water-people go by in painted
doves.

Under her old pink gateways, where Time
a moment turns,
Where hang the orange lanterns and the red
hibiscus burns,