

From My Gallery

QUESTION AND ANSWER

How long, Lord, how long?
When can our wounds heal?
Where is the arm strong?
Where is the world-weal?

Is not the face wan?
Is not the hope dead?
Has not the lamb gone?
Come is the wolf's-head?

Cold breaks the gray light,
Sharp frost is master,
Sick grows the daylight,
Prowls grim disaster.

Must then the heart break?
To Moloch kneel . . . ?
Naught but the mud cake?
Cain's mark on man's brow?

Answer

"Four score your days, say;
Brief flick of My time;
Long is the world's way
Up out of black slime;

Mine, Mine the broad back,
World's burden I bear,
Sleep not on soul's track,
Enter with your share."

A SILHOUETTE

I fain would keep this silhouette
With which no brilliant gem can vie;
'Tis true I cannot see your eye,
Hidden behind a mask of jet,
But I can see your coronet
Of hair, and lips of coquetry;
I fain would keep this silhouette,
With which no brilliant gem can vie.
I'll store it away in a cabinet,
Closed in a casket of ivory,
And no marauder will it espy:
Be it e'en a breach of etiquette,
I fain would keep this silhouette.