

LOST

*"Mother, mother, you only heard
A waterfowl in the locked lagoon--
Out of the night a wounded bird--
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

"Who is it talks of sleeping? I'll swear
that somebody shook

Me hard by the arm for a moment, but
how on earth could it be?

See how my feet are moving--awfully
funny they look--

Moving as if they belonged to a someone
that wasn't me.

The wind down the night's long alley bowls
me down like a pin;

I stagger and fall and stagger, crawl
arm-deep in the snow.

Beaten back to my corner, how can I hope
to win?

And there is the blizzard waiting to give
me the knockout blow.

"Oh, I'm so warm and sleepy! No more
hunger and pain.

Just to rest for a moment; was ever rest
such a joy?

Ha! what was that? I'll swear it, some-
body shook me again;

Somebody seemed to whisper: 'Fight
to the last, my boy.'