

As a gem that haunted land
Ere, shocked rudely from her swoon,
Shivering, crept abroad the moon.
But now the sun in kindness shone
This gem of craftsmanship upon
And let his rainbow fingers lie
Upon my porcelain pot-pourri;
With master brush and pencil made
Its bowl anew in shifting jade,
And lit the patterned tracery
Of village, hamlet, cote and byre
To ruddy, pulsing flattery
That shamed the thought that they must die
And be as trampled one with mire.
The bleaching flaws and fissures even,
White as white bones of warm flesh riven,
A shroud of cleaner kind were given,
Enamel, or of ivory,
And shyly riveted anew
By rosemary here, and there by rue.

Nearby a shrinking, breathless plot
Smiled for an hour, a beauty-spot
Fluted with pearly, cruciform
Emblazonings.

There, ensanct from storm,
'Mid but not of the embattled throng
Astride their dreams, sleep still and long
A weary score whose task among
Us ended soon.
And ruby-red the poppy flew
Its ensign clear, and sapphire-blue
The cornflower jeweled the green, and sweet
Was everywhere the marguerite.

Small, and afraid, anon the moon
Her candle held, dim and awry,
To night and hell and devilry.
And then once more it seemed to me
That chill and wan, in death aswoon
And shattered, lay my pot-pourri.

September 9th, 1917.