

LINES

Launched into thoroughfares too thronged
before,
Mothered by those whose protest is "No
more!"
Vitalized without option: who shall say
That did Life hang on choosing—Yea or
Nay—
They had not scorned it with such pen-
alty,
And nothingness implored of Destiny?

And yet behind the horizon smile serene
The down, the cornland, and the stretching
green—
Space—the child's heaven: scenes which at
least ensure
Some palliative for ill they cannot cure.

Dear friends—now moved by this poor show
of ours
To make your own long joy in buds and
bowers