



Banked Fires

OF prisoners and prisons I had talked
To eager listeners that afternoon,
And then at twilight through the pines I walked
To a poet's cabin, where a young white moon
Swung in the treetops, and a silver star
Silently pointed to the door ajar.

Solace I needed, for my seething mind
Ached with its effort. Had I caused the blind
To see? Did the deaf ears hear?
Ah, how I longed to make my message clear!

Then the poet came and drew me in
To a great room half-swathed in shadows, where
He bade me rest within a well-worn chair