

From My Gallery

A DAY

What is a day? All rosy from his tent
And eager for the gallant enterprise,
Brushing the slumber from his wide blue eyes,
With skin as soft as silk and roses blent,
Flashes Apollo, with no armament
Save for the golden arrow which swift flies
Athwart the hollow of the morning skies,
Gleaming afar on its high mission bent.

His blond curls wildy streaming, disarrayed,
A molten largess lavishly he pours
On earth and sea, on prince and beggar-maid,
Flinging amain the riches of his stores:
What time he finishes his escapade,
He trails his crimson flag to other shores.

THE WAY TO BATTERSEA

"Which is the way to Battersea?"
A stranger-voice called pleasantly,
From the bright ripples of the bay;
"Can you, perchance, direct my way?"

"Why, they who bend toward Battersea,
The village of the sunny lea,
The hamlet of the winding stream,
Follow along the golden gleam,
Faring yon granite isles between,
Whose ramparts are all draped in green;
The silver birch-tree, oak and elm
And whispering pine will man your helm,
The leaping fish your boat will guide,
And loons, far-diving on each side;
Sun-beams will dimple, and wave and bow,
And fleck with buttercups your prow;
And if your heart has been beguiled
By all the charms of the wonder-wild.
A mink may your companion be,
And pilot you to Battersea;
At every narrowing curve and bend
The rush and lily-pad will lend
Aid, and the stately reeds among
The Red-wing may uplift his song;