

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.

