



WINTER

I had an image of a land of snows
Of carved and fluted architecture white,
Where fields and streams beneath the chill despite
Of bitter days in gelid stiffness froze;
And where amid the sheeted garden close
No blossom nodded in the deadly blight
Of winter's grasp; and shadowed from the sight
Were memories of the lily and the rose.

But here December sunlight filters free
Beside Shoal Bay; and balmy winds do blow;
And sparkling up to us the wanton sea
Paces a stately minuet below;
And in the garden's burgeoning ecstasy
Are wall-flowers, and a budding Jacqueminot.

Ernest McGaffey.

IN WOODLAND WAYS

We wandered down a crooked wood-land bright
Where weed and bramble sparsely interlaced,
A gorgeous China pheasant rose in haste
And set the air on fire with his flight,
The valey quail, dispersing left and right
Whirred level-winged across a thistled waste,
And pale Diana, crescent-slim and chaste,
Smiled on us from the door-way of the night.

Ah! me, My Love, that was a day of days
Clipped from the almanac of jealous Time,
To wander mid the sylvan-shaded ways
Where orange cups and honey-suckle climb
With Bacchant tempters beckoning in the maze
And taste the wine of Autumn at its prime.

Ernest McGaffey.

