

A JEREMIADE

The sun rose red.
Spring's cool morning dawned.
Long shadows lay across the grass.
Heedlessly they crushed in a garden,
Peonies, caliph, dahlias, and clematis.
With lissome tread, a willowy maiden
In a pink dress
With cheeks dimly flushed
And rippling black hair
Freely flowing
Came and stooping
Took in her slim, cupped hands
A pink rose bud
Of a rambler rose
That entwined a thorn holly.

The sun was high
Upon Summer's burning noon.
Trees reached drinking boughs toward heaven.
Ecstasy pervaded the garden
Which diffused with the dew a rich perfume.
With sinuous swaying, a sensuous female
In clinging, scarlet silk
With slit pomegranate lips
And wavy raven hair
Coiled in a Grecian knot
Came and drew
To her lips
The full blown rose.
As she passionately laved it
With her lips
A gleam of gold was on a finger.

The sun was a dull golden half-circle.
Chill twilight fell upon that garden.
Shadows were swaying
And brushed soothingly over closing blooms.
With faltering steps, a drooping form