



THE  
GIRL IN THE  
POSTER

by  
BLISS CARMAN

LP

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To Mr. Perry  
with best wishes  
of the season  
from  
Jesse L. Lamm



*The*  
GIRL IN THE  
POSTER

*For*  
A DESIGN  
*by*  
MISS ETHEL REED

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## THE GIRL IN THE POSTER.

With her head in the golden lilies,  
She reads and is never done ;  
Why her girlish face so still is,  
I know not under the sun.

She is the soul of a woman,  
Knowing whatever befalls ;  
And I, a lonely human,  
Dwelling within her walls.

1931.17



She is the fair immortal  
Daughter of truth and art,  
And I, at her lowly portal,  
May fare and be glad and depart.

In a region forever vernal  
She keeps her liliated state,—  
By beautiful calm eternal  
Mysteriarch of fate.

In a volume great and golden  
Would better beseem a sage,  
Her downcast look is holden;  
But I cannot see the page.

Picture, or printed volume,  
Or records, or cipherings,  
From the drooping lids so solemn,  
I guess at marvelous things.

Is it a rune she ponders,—  
Word from an outer clime,  
Where the spirit quests and wanders  
Through long siderial pine?

Would she trammel her thought or cumber  
Her heart with our mortal needs?  
Do the shadows quake in slumber  
On the book wherein she reads?

I know not, I know her being  
Is impulse and word to mine,  
Till I voyage, without foreseeing,  
For a lost horizon line.

For her the spacious morrow;  
But for me the humble day  
In the little house of sorrow,  
By the dusty footpath way.

Her hair is a raven glory ;  
Her chin is pointed and small ;  
What is the wonderful story  
Keeps her forever in thrall ?

The mouth is little and childly,  
Her brow is innocent broad ;  
Meekly she reads and mildly,  
To neither condemn nor applaud.

Would that I too, a-reading,  
Might half of her wisdom find,  
In the gold flowers there unheeding,—  
The calm of an open mind !

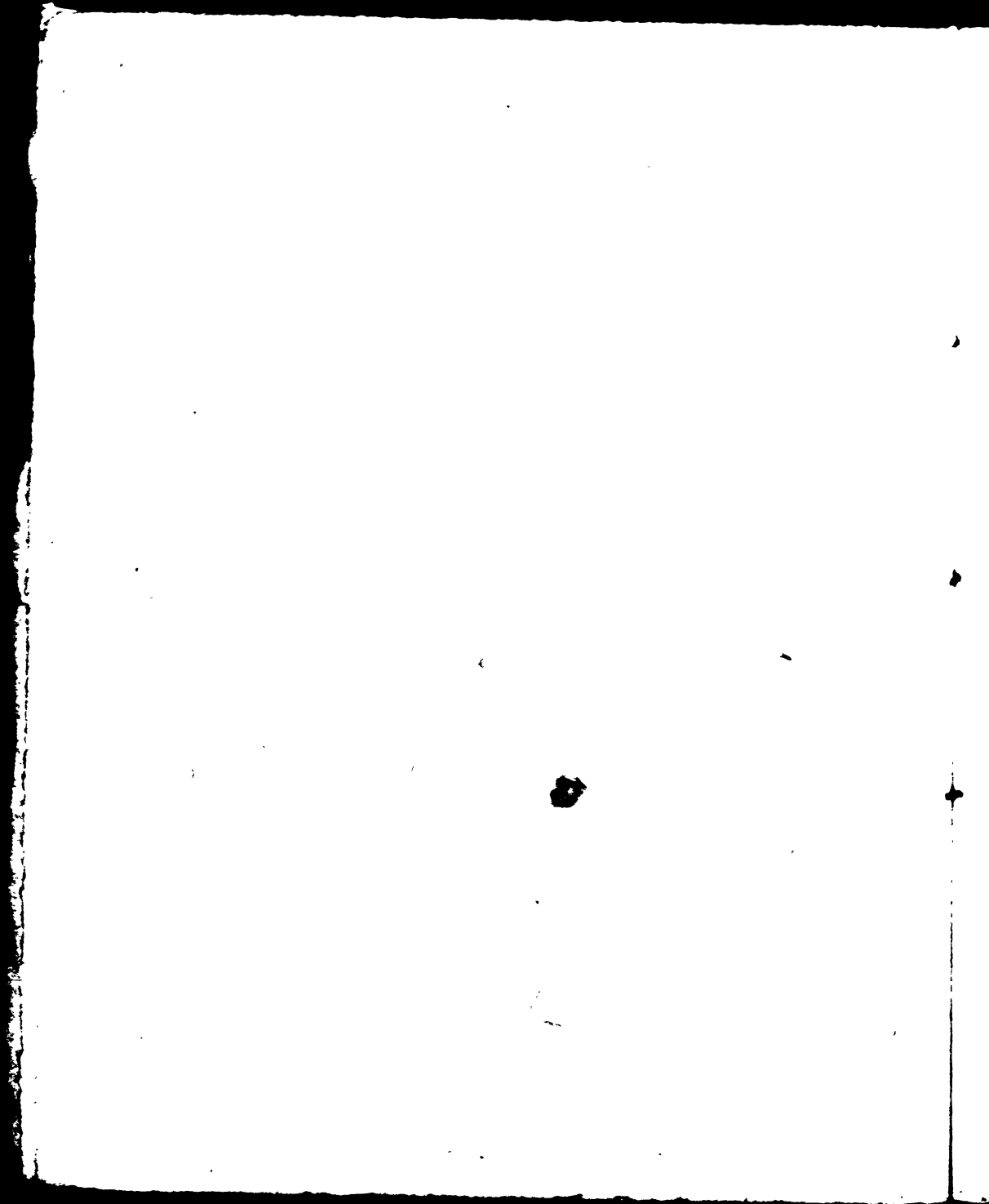
Day long, as I keep the homely  
Round of my chambers here,  
Her beauty is modest and comely,  
Her presence living and near.

Till it seems I must recover  
A day in the ilex grove  
When I was a destined lover,  
And she was destined for love.

I remember the woods we strayed in,  
And the mountain paths we trod,  
When she was a Doric maiden  
And I was a young Greek god.

And I have the haunting fancy,  
The moment my back is turned,  
By some Eastern necromancy  
Only artists have learned,

Two great grave eyes are lifted  
To follow me round the room  
And a sudden breath has shifted  
A leaf in the Book of Doom.



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