

	PAGE.
I Will be Worthy of It.....	140
Sonnet.....	142
Let Me Lean Hard.....	143
Penalty.....	145
Sunset.....	146
The Wheel of the Breast.....	147
A Meeting.....	149
Earnestness.....	151
A Picture.....	152
Mockery.....	153
Twin-born.....	154
Floods.....	155
Regret.....	157
A Fable.....	158

POEMS OF PASSION.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

HOW does Love speak?
 In the faint flush upon the telltale cheek,
 And in the pallor that succeeds it; by
 The quivering lid of an averted eye—
 The smile that proves the parent to a sigh
 Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

By the uneven heart-throbs, and the freak
 Of bounding pulses that stand still and ache,
 While new emotions, like strange barges, make
 Along vein-channels their disturbing course;
 Still as the dawn, and with the dawn's swift force—
 Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

In the avoidance of that which we seek—
 The sudden silence and reserve when near—
 The eye that glistens with an unshed tear—
 The joy that seems the counterpart of fear,
 As the alarmed heart leaps in the breast,
 And knows, and names, and greets its godlike guest—

Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

In the proud spirit suddenly grown meek—
 The haughty heart grown humble; in the tender
 And unnamed light that floods the world with
 splendor;
 In the resemblance which the fond eyes trace
 In all fair things to one beloved face;
 In the shy touch of hands that thrill and tremble—
 In looks and lips that can no more dissemble—

Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

In the wild words that uttered seem so weak

They shrink ashamed to silence; in the fire
 Glance strikes with glance, swift flashing high
 and higher,

Like lightnings that precede the mighty storm;
 In the deep, soulful stillness; in the warm,
 Impassioned tide that sweeps through throbbing
 veins,

Between the shores of keen delights and pains;
 In the embrace where madness melts in bliss,
 And in the convulsive rapture of a kiss—

Thus doth Love speak.

IMPATIENCE.

HOW can I wait until you come to me?
 The once fleet mornings linger by the way;
 Their sunny smiles touched with malicious glee
 At my unrest, they seem to pause and play
 Like truant children, while I sigh and say,
 How can I wait?

How can I wait? Of old, the rapid hours
 Refused to pause or loiter with me long;
 But now they idly fill their hands with flowers,
 And make no haste, but slowly stroll among
 The summer blooms, not heeding my one song,
 How can I wait?

How can I wait? The nights alone are kind;
 They reach forth to a future day, and bring
 Sweet dreams of you to people all my mind;
 And time speeds by on light and airy wing.
 I feast upon your face, I no more sing,
 How can I wait?

IMPATIENCE.

How can I wait? The morning breaks the spell
 A pitying night has flung upon my soul
 You are not near me, and I know full well
 My heart has need of patience and control;
 Before we meet, hours, days, and weeks must
 roll.

How can I wait?

How can I wait? Oh, Love, how can I wait
 Until the sunlight of your eyes shall shine
 Upon my world that seems so desolate?
 Until your hand-clasp warms my blood like
 wine;
 Until you come again, oh, Love of mine,
 How can I wait?



MONTERREY, N. L.

X
COMMUNISM.

WHEN my blood flows calm as a purling river
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
 sway,

It is then that I vow we must part forever,
That I will forget you, and put you away
Out of my life, as a dream is banished
Out of the mind when the dreamer awakes;
That I know it will be when the spell has vanished,
Better for both of our sakes.

When the court of the mind is ruled by Reason,
I know it is wiser for us to part;
But Love is a spy who is plotting treason,
In league with that warm, red rebel, the Heart.
They whisper to me that the King is cruel,
That his reign is wicked, his law a sin,
And every word they utter is fuel
To the flame that smolders within.

And on nights like this, when my blood runs riot
With the fever of youth and its made desires,

When my brain in vain bids my heart be quiet,
When my breast seems the center of lava-fires,
Oh, then is the time when most I miss you,
And I swear by the stars and my soul and say
That I will have you, and hold you, and kiss you,
Though the whole world stands in the way.

And like Communists, as mad, as disloyal,
My fierce emotions roam out of their lair;
They hate King Reason for being royal—
They would fire his castle, and burn him there.
O Love! they would clasp you, and crush you
 and kill you,

In the insurrection of uncontrol.

Across the miles, does this wild war thrill you
That is raging in my soul?

THE COMMON LOT.

IT is a common fate—a woman's lot—
 To waste on one the riches of her soul,
 Who takes the wealth she gives him, but cannot
 Repay the interest, and much less the whole.
 As I look up into your eyes, and wait
 For some response to my fond gaze and touch,
 It seems to me there is no sadder fate
 Than to be doomed to loving overmuch.
 Are you not kind? Ah, yes, so very kind—
 So thoughtful of my comfort, and so true.
 Yes, yes, dear heart; but I, not being blind,
 Know that I am not loved, as I love you.
 One tenderer word, a little longer kiss,
 Will fill my soul with music and with song;
 And if you seem abstracted, or I miss
 The heart-tone from your voice, my world goes
 wrong.

THE COMMON LOT,

And oftentimes you think me childish—weak—
 When at some thoughtless word the tears will
 start;
 You cannot understand how aught you speak
 Has power to stir the depths of my poor heart.
 I cannot help it, dear—I wish I could,
 Or feign indifference where I now adore;
 For if I seemed to love you less, you would,
 Manlike, I have no doubt, love me the more.
 'Tis a sad gift, that much applauded thing,
 A constant heart; for fact doth daily prove
 That constancy finds oft a cruel sting,
 While fickle natures win the deeper love.

INDIVIDUALITY.

O YES, I love you, and with all my heart;
 Just as a weaker woman loves her own,
 Better than I love my beloved art,
 Which, till you came, reigned royally, alone,
 My king, my master. Since I saw your face
 I have dethroned it, and you hold that place.
 I am as weak as other women are—
 Your frown can make the whole world like a tomb.
 Your smile shines brighter than the sun, by far;
 Sometimes I think there is not space or room
 In all the earth for such a love as mine,
 And it soars up to breathe in realms divine.
 I know that your desertion or neglect
 Could break my heart, as women's hearts do break,
 If my wan days had nothing to expect
 From your love's splendor, all joy would forsake
 The chambers of my soul. Yes, this is true.
 And yet, and yet—one thing I keep from you.

There is a subtle part of me, which went
 Into my long pursued and worshiped art;
 Though your great love fills me with such content,
 No other love finds room now, in my heart.
 Yet that rare essence was my art's alone.
 Thank God, you cannot grasp it; 'tis mine own.

Thank God, I say, for while I love you so,
 With that vast love, as passionate as tender,
 I feel an exultation, as I know
 I have not made you a complete surrender.
 Here is my body; bruise it, if you will,
 And break my heart; I have that something still

You cannot grasp it. Seize the breath of morn,
 Or bind the perfume of the rose as well.
 God put it in my soul when I was born;
 It is not mine to give away, or sell,
 Or offer up on any altar shrine.
 It was my art's; and when not art's, 'tis mine.

For love's sake, I can put the art away,
 Or anything which stands 'twixt me and you.
 But that strange essence God bestowed, I say,
 To permeate the work He gave to do:
 And it cannot be drained, dissolved, or sent
 Through any channel, save the one He meant

FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE.

AFTER the fierce midsummer all ablaze
 Has burned itself to ashes, and expires
 In the intensity of its own fires,
 There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days
 Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze
 So after Love has led us, till he tires
 Of his own throes, and torments, and desires
 Comes large-eyed friendship; with a restful gaze,
 He beckons us to follow, and across
 Cool verdant vales we wander free from care,
 Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?
 Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?
 We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;
 And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

QUERIES.

WELL, how has it been with you since we met
 That last strange time of a hundred times?
 When we met to swear that we could forget—
 I your caresses, and you my rhymes—
 The rhyme of my lays that rang like a bell,
 And the rhyme of my heart with yours, as well?

 How has it been since we drank that last kiss,
 That was bitter with lees of the wasted wine;
 When the tattered remains of a threadbare bliss,
 And the wornout shreds of a joy divine,
 With a year's best dreams and hopes, were cast
 Into the ragbag of the Past?

 Since Time, the rag-buyer, hurried away
 With a chuckle of glee at the bargain made,
 Did you discover, like me, one day
 That hid in the folds of those garments frayed
 Were priceless jewels and diadems—
 The soul's best treasures, the heart's best gems!

Have you, too, found that you could not supply
 The place of those jewels so rare and chaste?
 Do all that you borrow, or beg, or buy,
 Prove to be nothing but skillful paste?
 Have you found pleasure, as I find art,
 Not all sufficient to fill your heart?

 Do you sometimes sigh for the tattered sheds
 Of the old delight that we cast away,
 And find no worth in the silken threads
 Of newer fabrics we wear to-day?
 Have you thought the bitter of that last kiss
 Better than sweets of a later bliss?

 What idle queries!—or yes or no—
 Whatever your answer, I understand
 That there is no pathway by which we can go
 Back to the dead past's wonderland;
 And the gems he purchased from me, and you,
 There is no rebuying, from Time, the Jew.

UPON THE SAND.

ALL love that has not friendship for its base,
 Is like a mansion built upon the sand.
 Though brave its walls as any in the land,
 And its tall turrets lift their heads in grace;
 Though skillful and accomplished artists trace
 Most beautiful designs on every hand,
 And gleaming statues in dim niches stand,
 And fountains play in some flow'r-hidden place:

 Yet, when from the frowning east a sudden gust
 Of adverse fate is blown, or sad rains fall
 Day in, day out, against its yielding wall,
 Lo! the fair structure crumbles to the dust.
 Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
 Needs friendship's solid masonwork below.

REUNITED.

LET us begin, dear love, where we left off;
 Tie up the broken threads of that old dream;
 And go on happy as before; and seem
 Lovers again, though all the world may scoff.
 Let us forget the graves, which lie between
 Our parting and our meeting, and the tears
 That rusted out the goldwork of the years;
 The frosts that fell upon our gardens green.

 Let us forget the cold malicious fate
 Who made our loving hearts her idle toys,
 And once more revel in the old sweet joys
 Of happy love. Nay, it is not too late!
 Forget the deep-ploughed furrows in my brow;
 Forget the silver gleaming in my hair;
 Look only in my eyes! Oh! darling, there
 The old love shown no warmer than than now.

 Down in the tender deeps of thy dear eyes,
 I find the lost sweet memory of my youth,

Bright with the holy radiance of thy truth,
 And hallowed with the blue of summer skies.
 Tie up the broken threads, and let us go,
 Like reunited lovers, hand in hand,
 Back, and yet onward, to the sunny land,
 Of our To Be, which was our Long Ago.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

HERE now, forevermore, our lives must part.
 My path leads there, and yours another way.
 What shall we do with this fond love, dear heart?
 It grows a heavier burden day by day.

Hide it? In all earth's caverns, void and vast,
 There is not room enough to hide it, dear;
 Not even the mighty storehouse of the past
 Could cover it, from our own eyes, I fear.

Drown it? Why, were the contents of each ocean
 Merged into one great sea, too shallow then
 Would be its waters, to sink this emotion
 So deep it could not rise to life again.

Burn it? In all the furnace flames below,
 It would not in a thousand years expire.
 Nay! it would thrive, exult, expand and grow,
 For from its very birth it fed on fire.

Starve it? Yes, yes, that is the only way.

Give it no food, of glance, or word, or sigh,

No memories, even, of any bygone day;

No crumbs of vain regrets—so let it die.

"THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE."

THEY drift down the hall together;

He smiles in her lifted eyes.

Like waves of that mighty river,

The strains of the "Danube" rise.

They float on its rhythmic measure,

Like leaves on a summer stream;

And here, in this scene of pleasure,

I bury my sweet dead dream.

Through the cloud of her dusky tresses

Like a star, shines out her face;

And the form his strong arm presses

Is sylph-like in its grace.

As a leaf on the bounding river

Is lost in the seething sea,

I know that forever and ever

My dream is lost to me.

And still the viols are playing
 That grand old wordless rhyme;
 And still those two are swaying
 In perfect tune and time.
 If the great bassoons that mutter,
 If the clarinets that blow,
 Were given a voice to utter
 The secret things they know,

Would the lists of the slain who slumber
 On the Danube's battle-plains
 The unknown hosts outnumber
 Who die 'neath the "Danube's" strains?
 Those fall where cannons rattle,
 'Mid the rain of shot and shell;
 But these, in a fiercer battle,
 Find death in the music's swell.

With the river's roar of passion
 Is blended the dying groan;
 But here, in the halls of fashion,

Hearts break, and make no moan.
 And the music, swelling and sweeping,
 Like the river, knows it all;
 But none are counting or keeping
 The lists of these who fall.

ANSWERED.

GOOD-BY—yes, I am going,
 Sudden? Well, you are right.
 But a startling truth came home to me
 With sudden force last night.
 What is it? shall I tell you—
 Nay, that is why I go.
 I am running away from the battlefield,
 Turning my back on the foe.

Riddles? You think me cruel!
 Have you not been most kind?
 Why, when you question me like that
 What answer can I find?
 You fear you failed to amuse me,
 Your husband's friend and guest,
 Whom he bade you entertain and please—
 Well, you have done your best.

Then why am I going!
 'A friend of mine abroad,
 Whose theories I have been acting upon,
 Has proven himself a fraud.
 You have heard me quote from Plato
 A thousand times no doubt;
 Well, I have discovered he did not know
 What he was talking about.
 You think I am speaking strangely?
 You cannot understand?
 Well, let me look down into your eyes,
 And let me take your hand.
 I am running away from danger—
 I am flying before I fall;
 I am going because with heart and soul
 I love you—that is all.
 There, now, you are white with anger.
 I knew it would be so.
 You should not question a man too close,
 When he tells you he must go.

THROUGH THE VALLEY.

[AFTER JAMES THOMSON.]

AS I came through the Valley of Despair
 As I came through the valley, on my sight,
 More awful than the darkness of the night,
 Shone glimpses of a Past that had been fair,
 And memories of eyes that used to smile,
 And wafts of perfume from a vanished isle,
 As I came through the valley.

As I came through the valley I could see,
 As I came through the valley, fair and far,
 As drowning men look up and see a star,
 The fading shore of my lost Used-to-be;
 And like an arrow in my heart I heard
 The last sad notes of Hope's expiring bird,
 As I came through the valley.

As I came through the valley desolate,
 As I came through the valley, like a beam
 Of lurid lightning I beheld a gleam
 Of Love's great eyes that now were full of hate.
 Dear God! dear God! I could bear all but that;
 But I fell down soul-stricken, dead, thereat,
 As I came through the valley.