

# APPENDICES

## **The Awakening River**

THE GULLS are mad-in-love with the river,  
And the river unveils her face and smiles.  
In her sleep-brooding eyes they mirror their shining wings.  
She lies on silver pillows: the sun leans over her.  
He warms and warms her, he kisses and kisses her.  
There are sparks in her hair and she stirs in laughter.  
Be careful, my beautiful waking one! you will catch on fire.  
Wheeling and flying with the foam of the sea on their breasts,  
The ineffable mists of the sea clinging to their wild wings,  
Crying the rapture of the boundless ocean,  
The gulls are mad-in-love with the river.  
Wake! we are the dream thoughts flying from your heart.  
Wake! we are the songs of desire flowing from your bosom.  
O, I think the sun will lend her his great wings  
And the river will fly away to the sea with the mad-in-love birds.

## **Now I am a Plant, a Weed ...**

Now I am a plant, a weed,  
Bending and swinging  
On a rocky ledge;  
And now I am a long brown grass  
Fluttering like flame;  
I am a reed;  
An old shell singing  
For ever the same;  
A drift of sedge;  
A white, white stone;  
A bone;  
Until I pass  
Into sand again,  
And spin and blow  
To and fro, to and fro,  
On the edge of the sea  
In the fading light—  
For the light fades.

But if you were to come you would not say :  
“She is not waiting here for me;  
She has forgotten.” Have we not in play  
Disguised ourselves as weed and stones and grass  
While the strange ships did pass  
Gently, gravely, leaving a curl of foam  
That uncurled softly about our island home ...  
Bubbles of foam that glittered on the stone  
Like rainbows ? Look, darling ! No, they are gone.  
And the white sails have melted into the sailing sky. ...

## **A Day in Bed**

I WISH I had not got a cold,  
The wind is big and wild,  
I wish that I was very old,  
Not just a little child.

Somehow the day is very long  
Just keeping here, alone;  
I do not like the big wind's song,  
He's growling for a bone.

He's like an awful dog we had  
Who used to creep around  
And snatch at things—he was so bad,  
With just that horrid sound.

I'm sitting up and nurse has made  
Me wear a woolly shawl;  
I wish I was not so afraid;  
It's horrid to be small.

It really feels quite like a day  
Since I have had my tea;  
P'raps everybody's gone away  
And just forgotten me.

And oh! I cannot go to sleep  
Although I am in bed.  
The wind keeps going creepy-creep  
And waiting to be fed.

## Spring Wind in London

I BLOW across the stagnant world,  
I blow across the sea,  
For me, the sailor's flag unfurled,  
For me, the uprooted tree.  
My challenge to the world is hurled;  
The world must bow to me.

I drive the clouds across the sky,  
I huddle them like sheep;  
Merciless shepherd-dog am I  
And shepherd-watch I keep.  
If in the quiet vales they lie  
I blow them up the steep.

Lo !In the tree-tops do I hide,  
In every living thing;  
On the moon's yellow wings I glide,  
On the wild rose I swing;  
On the sea-horse's back I ride,  
And what then do I bring?

And when a little child is ill  
I pause, and with my hand  
I wave the window curtain's frill  
That he may understand  
Outside the wind is blowing still.  
... It is a pleasant land.

O stranger in a foreign place,  
See what I bring to you.  
This rain—is tears upon your face;  
I tell you—tell you true  
I came from that forgotten place  
Where once the wattle grew.

All the wild sweetness of the flower  
Tangled against the wall.  
It was that magic, silent hour. ...  
The branches grew so tall  
They twined themselves into a bower.  
The sun shone ... and the fall

Of yellow blossom on the grass!  
You feel that golden rain?  
Both of you could not hold, alas,  
(Both of you tried—in vain)  
A memory, stranger. So I pass. ...  
It will not come again.

## **A Little Boy's Dream**

To AND fro, to and fro  
In my little boat I go  
Sailing far across the sea  
All alone, just little me.  
And the sea is big and strong  
And the journey very long.  
To and fro, to and fro  
In my little boat I go.

Sea and sky, sea and sky,  
Quietly on the deck I lie,  
Having just a little rest.  
I have really done my best  
In an awful pirate fight,  
But we captured them all right.  
Sea and sky, sea and sky,  
Quietly on the deck I lie

Far away, far away  
From my home and from my play,  
On a journey without end  
Only with the sea for friend  
And the fishes in the sea.  
But they swim away from me  
Far away, far away  
From my home and from my play.

Then he cried "O Mother dear."  
And he woke and sat upright,  
They were in the rocking chair,  
Mother's arms around him—tight.

## Sea Song

I WILL think no more of the sea!  
Of the big green waves  
And the hollowed shore,  
Of the brown rock caves  
No more, no more  
Of the swell and the weed  
And the bubbling foam.

Memory dwells in my far away home,  
She has nothing to do with me.

She is old and bent  
With a pack  
On her back.  
Her tears all spent,  
Her voice, just a crack.  
With an old thorn stick  
She hobbles along,  
And a crazy song  
Now slow, now quick  
Wheeks in her throat.

And every day  
While there's light on the shore  
She searches for something,  
Her withered claw  
Tumbles the seaweed;  
She pokes in each shell  
Groping and mumbling  
Until the night  
Deepens and darkens,  
And covers her quite,  
And bids her be silent,  
And bids her be still.

The ghostly feet  
Of the whispery waves  
Tiptoe beside her.  
They follow, follow  
To the rocky caves  
In the white beach hollow ...  
She hugs her hands,  
  
She sobs, she shrills,  
And the echoes shriek  
  
In the rocky hills.  
She moans: "It is lost!  
Let it be! Let it be!  
I am old. I'm too cold.  
I am frightened ... the sea  
Is too loud ... it is lost,  
It is gone ..." Memory  
Wails in my far away home.

## Waves

I SAW a tiny God  
Sitting  
Under a bright blue Umbrella  
That had white tassels  
And forked ribs of gold.  
Below him His little world  
Lay open to the sun.  
The shadow of His hat  
Lay upon a city.  
When he stretched forth His hand  
A lake became a dark tremble.  
When he kicked up His foot  
It became night in the mountain passes.

But thou art small!  
There are gods far greater than thou;  
They rise and fall,  
The tumbling gods of the sea.  
Can thy heart heave such sighs,  
Such hollow savage cries,  
Such windy breath,  
Such groaning death?  
And can thy arm enfold  
The old,  
The cold,  
The changeless dreadful place  
Where the herds  
Of horned sea-monsters  
And the screaming birds  
Gather together.  
From those silent men  
That lie in the pen  
Of our pearly prisons,  
Canst thou hunt thy prey?

Like us canst thou stay  
Awaiting thine hour,  
And then rise like a tower  
And crash and shatter?

There are neither trees nor bushes  
In my country,  
Said the tiny God  
But there are streams  
And waterfalls  
And mountain-peaks  
Covered with lovely weed.  
There are little shores and safe harbours,  
Caves for cool and plains for sun and wind.  
Lovely is the sound of the rivers,  
Lovely the flashing brightness  
Of the lovely peaks.  
I am content.

## Opposites

THE Half-Soled-Boots-With-Toecaps-Child  
Walked out into the street  
And splashed in all the puddles till  
She had such shocking feet.

The Patent-Leather-Slipper-Child  
Stayed quietly in the house  
And sat upon the fender stool  
As still as any mouse.

The Half-Soled-Boots-With-Toecaps-Child,  
Her hands were black as ink;  
She would come running through the house  
And begging for a drink.

The Patent-Leather-Slipper-Child,  
Her hands were white as snow;  
She did not like to play around,  
She only liked to sew.

The Half-Soled-Boots-With-Toecaps-Child  
Lost hair ribbons galore;  
She dropped them on the garden walks,  
She dropped them on the floor.

The Patent-Leather-Slipper-Child,  
O thoughtful little girl!  
She liked to walk quite soberly,  
It kept her hair in curl.

The Half-Soled-Boots-With-Toecaps-Child  
When she was glad or proud  
Just flung her arms round Mother's neck  
And kissed her very loud.

The Patent-Leather-Slipper-Child  
Was shocked at such a sight,  
She only offered you her cheek  
At morning and at night.

O Half-Soled-Boots-With-Toecaps-Child,  
Your happy laughing face  
Does like a scented Summer rose  
Make sweet the dullest place.

O Patent-Leather-Slipper-Child,  
My dear, I'm well content,  
To have my daughter in my arms,  
And not an ornament.

## **Butterfly Laughter**

In the middle of our porridge plates  
There was a blue butterfly painted  
And each morning we tried who should reach the butterfly first.  
Then the Grandmother said: "Do not eat the poor butterfly."  
That made us laugh.  
Always she said it and always it started us laughing.  
It seemed such a sweet little joke.  
I was certain that one fine morning  
The butterfly would fly out of our plates,  
Laughing the teeniest laugh in the world,  
And perch on the Grandmother's lap.

## Little Brother's Story

WE SAT in front of the fire;  
Grandmother was in the rocking chair doing her knitting  
And Little Brother and I were lying down flat.  
“Please, tell us a story, Grandmother,” we said.  
But she put her head on one side and began counting the stitches,  
“Suppose you tell me one instead.”  
I made up one about a spotted tiger  
That had a knot in his tail;  
But though *I* liked this about the knot,  
I did not know why it was put there.  
So I said: “Little Brother’s turn.”  
“I know a perfect story,” he cried, waving his hands.  
Grandmother laid down her knitting.  
“Do tell us, dear.”  
“Once upon a time there was a bad little girl  
And her Mummy gave her the slipper, and that’s all.”  
It was not a special story.  
But we pretended to be very pleased  
And Grandmother gave him jumps on her lap.

## The Candle

By my bed, on a little round table  
The Grandmother placed a candle.  
She gave me three kisses telling me they were three  
dreams  
And tucked me in just where I loved being tucked.  
Then she went out of the room and the door was shut.  
I lay still, waiting for my three dreams to talk;  
But they were silent.  
Suddenly I remember giving her three kisses back.  
Perhaps, by mistake, I had given my three little dreams  
I sat up in bed.  
The room grew big, oh, bigger far than a church.  
The wardrobe, quite by itself, as big as a house.  
And the jug on the washstand smiled at me:  
It was not a friendly smile.  
I looked at the basket-chair where my clothes lay folded:  
The chair gave a creak as though it were listening  
for something.  
Perhaps it was coming alive and going to dress in my clothes.  
But the awful thing was the window:  
I could not think what was outside.  
No tree to be seen, I was sure,  
No nice little plant or friendly pebbly path.  
Why did she pull the blind down every night?  
It was better to know.  
I crunched my teeth and crept out of bed,  
I peeped through a slit of the blind.  
There was nothing at all to be seen.  
But hundreds of friendly candles all over the sky  
In remembrance of frightened children.  
I went back to bed...  
The three dreams started singing a little song.

## **To L.H.B. (1894-1915)**

Last night for the first time since you were dead  
I walked with you, my brother, in a dream.  
We were at home again beside the stream  
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white and red.  
"Don't touch them: they are poisonous," I said.  
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam  
Of strange, bright laughter flying round your head  
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.  
"Don't you remember? We called them  
Dead Man's Bread!"  
I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar  
Of the dark water tumbling on the shore.  
Where--where is the path of my dream for my eager feet?  
By the remembered stream my brother stands  
Waiting for me with berries in his hands...  
"These are my body. Sister, take and eat."

## Wounded Bird

In the wide bed  
Under the green embroidered quilt  
With flowers and leaves always in soft motion  
She is like a wounded bird resting on a pool.

The hunter threw his dart  
And hit her breast,--  
Hit her but did not kill.  
"O my wings, lift me--lift me!  
I am not dreadfully hurt!"  
Down she dropped and was still.

Kind people come to the edge of the pool with baskets.  
"Of course what the poor bird wants is plenty of food!"  
Their bags and pockets are crammed almost to bursting  
With dinner scrapings and scraps from the servants' lunch.  
Oh! how pleased they are to be really giving!  
"In the past, you know you know, you were always so fly-away.  
So seldom came to the window-sill, so rarely  
Shared the delicious crumbs thrown into the yard.  
Here is a delicate fragment and here a tit-bit  
As good as new. And here's a morsel of relish  
And cake and bread and bread and bread and bread."

At night, in the wide bed  
With the leaves and flowers  
Gently weaving in the darkness,  
She is like a wounded bird at rest on a pool.  
Timidly, timidly she lifts her head from her wing.  
In the sky there are two stars  
Floating, shining...  
O waters--do not cover me!  
I would look long and long at those beautiful stars!  
O my wings--lift me--lift me!  
I am not so dreadfully hurt...

## **The Lonesome Child**

The baby in the looking-glass  
Is smiling through at me;  
She has her teaspoon in her hand,  
Her feeder on for tea.

And if I look behind her I  
Can see the table spread;  
I wonder if she has to eat  
The nasty crusts of bread.

Her doll, like mine, is sitting close  
Beside her special chair,  
She has a pussy on her lap;  
It must be my cup there.

Her picture-book is on the floor,  
The cover's just the same;  
And tidily upon the shelf  
I see my Ninepin game.

O baby in the looking-glass,  
Come through and play with me,  
And if you will, I promise, dear,  
To eat your crusts at tea.

## Evening Song of the Thoughtful Child

Shadow children, thin and small,  
Now the day is left behind,  
You are dancing on the wall,  
On the curtains, on the blind.

On the ceiling, children, too,  
Peeping round the nursery door,  
Let me come and play with you,  
As we always played before.

Let's pretend that we have wings  
And can really truly fly  
Over every sort of things  
Up and up into the sky.

Where the sweet star children play--  
It does seem a dreadful rule,  
They must stay inside all day.  
I suppose they go to school.

And to-night, dears, do you see,  
They are having such a race  
With their father moon--the tree  
Almost hides his funny face.

Shadow children, once at night,  
I was all tucked up in bed,  
Father moon came--such a fright--  
Through the window poked his head;

I could see his staring eyes,  
O, my dears, I was afraid,  
That was not a nice surprise,  
And the dreadful noise I made!

Let us make a fairy ring,  
Shadow children, hand in hand,  
And our songs quite softly sing  
That we learned in fairyland.

Shadow children, thin and small,  
See, the day is far behind;  
And I kiss you--on the wall--  
On the curtains--on the blind.

## **There Was a Child Once**

There was a child once.  
He came to play in my garden;  
He was quite pale and silent.  
Only when he smiled I knew everything about him,  
I knew what he had in his pockets,  
And I knew the feel of his hands in my hands  
And the most intimate tones of his voice.  
I led him down each secret path,  
Showing him the hiding-place of all my treasures.  
I let him play with them, every one,  
I put my singing thoughts in a little silver cage  
And gave them to him to keep...  
It was very dark in the garden  
But never dark enough for us. On tiptoe we walked  
among the deepest shades;  
We bathed in the shadow pools beneath the trees,  
Pretending we were under the sea.  
Once--near the boundary of the garden--  
We heard steps passing along the World-road;  
O how frightened we were!  
I whispered: "Have you ever walked along that road?"  
He nodded, and we shook the tears from our eyes....

There was a child once.  
He came--quite alone--to play in my garden;  
He was pale and silent.  
When we met we kissed each other,  
But when he went away, we did not even wave

## Covering Wings

Love! Love! Your tenderness,  
Your beautiful, watchful ways  
Grasp me, fold me, cover me;  
I lie in a kind of daze,  
Neither asleep nor yet awake,  
Neither a bud nor flower.  
Brings to-morrow  
Joy or sorrow,  
The black or the golden hour?

Love! Love! You pity me so!  
Chide me, scold me--cry,  
"Submit--submit! You must not fight!"  
What may I do, then? Die?  
But, oh my horror of quiet beds!  
How can I longer stay!  
"One to be ready,  
Two to be steady,  
Three to be off and away!"

Darling heart--your gravity!  
Your sorrowful, mournful gaze--  
"Two bleached roads lie under the moon,  
At the parting of the ways."  
But the tiny, tree-thatched, narrow lane,  
Isn't it yours and mine?  
The blue-bells ring  
Hey, ding-a-ding, ding!  
And buds are thick on the vine.  
Love! Love! Grief of my heart!  
As a tree droops over a stream  
You hush me, lull me, dark me,

The shadow hiding the gleam.  
Your drooping and tragical boughs of grace  
Are heavy as though with rain.  
Run! Run!  
Into the sun!  
Let us be children again.

## Sorrowing Love

And again the flowers are come,  
And the light shakes,  
And no tiny voice is dumb,  
And a bud breaks  
On the humble bush and the proud restless tree.  
Come with me!

Look, this little flower is pink,  
And this one white.  
Here's a pearl cup for your drink,  
Here's for your delight  
A yellow one, sweet with honey.  
Here's fairy money  
Silver bright  
Scattered over the grass  
As we pass.

Here's moss. How the smell of it lingers  
On my cold fingers!  
You shall have no moss. Here's a frail  
Hyacinth, deathly pale.  
Not for you, not for you!  
And the place where they grew  
You must promise me not to discover,  
My sorrowful lover!  
Shall we never be happy again?  
Never again play?  
In vain--in vain!  
Come away!

## To God the Father

To the little, pitiful God I make my prayer,  
The God with the long grey beard  
And flowing robe fastened with a hempen girdle  
Who sits nodding and muttering on the all-too-big throne  
of Heaven.

What a long, long time, dear God, since you set the  
stars in their places,  
Girded the earth with the sea, and invented the day and  
night.

And longer the time since you looked through the blue  
window of Heaven

To see your children at play in a garden....

Now we are all stronger than you and wiser and more  
arrogant,

In swift procession we pass you by.

"Who is that marionette nodding and muttering

On the all-too-big throne of Heaven?

Come down from your place, Grey Beard,

We have had enough of your play-acting!"

It is centuries since I believed in you,

But to-day my need of you has come back.

I want no rose-coloured future,

No books of learning, no protestations and denials--

I am sick of this ugly scramble,

I am tired of being pulled about--

O God, I want to sit on your knees

On the all-too-big throne of Heaven,

And fall asleep with my hands tangled in your grey  
beard.

## Loneliness

Now it is Loneliness who comes at night  
Instead of Sleep, to sit beside my bed.  
Like a tired child I lie and wait her tread,  
I watch her softly blowing out the light.  
Motionless sitting, neither left or right  
She turns, and weary, weary droops her head.  
She, too, is old; she, too, has fought the fight.  
So, with the laurel she is garlanded.

Through the sad dark the slowly ebbing tide  
Breaks on a barren shore, unsatisfied.  
A strange wind flows... then silence. I am fain  
To turn to Loneliness, to take her hand,  
Cling to her, waiting, till the barren land  
Fills with the dreadful monotone of rain

## Old-Fashioned Widow's Song

She handed me a gay bouquet  
Of roses pulled in the rain,  
Delicate beauties, frail and cold –  
Could roses heal my pain?

She smiled: “Ah, c'est un triste temps!”  
I laughed and answered “Yes,”  
Pressing the roses in my palms.  
How could the roses guess?

She sang: “Madame est seule?” Her eye  
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.  
How could the solemn roses tell  
Which of us was more merry?

She turned to go: she stopped to chat;  
“Adieu!” at last she cried.  
“Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!” ...  
At that the roses died.

The petals drooped, the petals fell,  
The leaves hung crisped and curled.  
And I stood holding my dead bouquet  
In a dead world.