

## LATER SONGS

*Davies, Mary Carolyn, 1888-1934*

### I

The one who gives them out is short of dreams,  
With jealous husbandry  
He deals them carefully,  
One dream to every two people.  
"You must share it,  
We're short of dreams," he says.  
But they  
Are only glad of the excuse of sitting down  
To the same dream—

### II

Perhaps,  
God, planting Eden,  
Dropped, by mistake, a seed  
In Time's neighbor-plot,  
That grew to be  
This hour?

### III

You and I picked up Life and looked at it curiously;  
We did not know whether to keep it for a plaything or not.  
It was beautiful to see, like a red firecracker,  
And we knew, too, that it was lighted.  
We dropped it while the fuse was still burning—

### IV

The careful ocean sews  
Pools, like round blue buttons  
On the gray coat of the sand.

### V

The sun is dying  
Alone  
On an island  
In the bay.  
Close your eyes, poppies!

—I would not have you see death,  
You are so young—

VI

The sun falls  
Like a drop of blood  
From some hero.

We,  
Who love pain,  
Delight in this.

VII

A woman stepped up behind me and spoke conna??  
"You forgot to put on convention," she said, "and your soul shows through."

VIII

I waited upon a hill for the sunrise.  
(It was a very little hill.)  
I waited for the sunrise.  
In the chill dark I waited.  
And in the cool gray before any dawn.  
I waited for the sunrise,  
With lips apart to praise.  
But when it came it was a very old sunrise,  
And I went away weeping.

IX

You are calling upon me,  
Fashionably clothed,  
Properly prepared with small talk.  
I sit sedately and help build up  
The stone wall between us, with my little bricks of yes and no.

There are hothouse flowers on the table,  
New York is outside the window—and inside—

The housemaid has set the chairs as carefully in their spheres as God could ever have placed the  
stars.

Within the grate  
There is a fire burning,

It has nearly gone out.  
It is only a smouldering red tiling now.  
But as we look at it  
Suddenly ages crumple,  
The room vanishes,  
You and I are a man and woman in a cave  
With fire—

X

Take what the gods give.  
Tomorrow may be Monday on Olympus