

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN  
ITALY

THE man and the maid go side by side  
With an interval of space between;  
And his hands are awkward and want to hide,  
She braves it out since she must be seen.

When some one passes he drops his head  
Shading his face in his black felt hat,  
While the hard girl hardens; nothing is said,  
There is nothing to wonder or cavil at.

Alone on the open road again  
With the mountain snows across the lake  
Flushing the afternoon, they are uncomfortable,  
The loneliness daunts them, their stiff throats  
ache.

And he sighs with relief when she parts from him;  
Her proud head held in its black silk scarf  
Gone under the archway, home, he can join  
The men that lounge in a group on the wharf.

His evening is a flame of wine  
Among the eager, cordial men.

And she with her women hot and hard  
Moves at her ease again.

She is marked, she is singled out

For the fire:

The brand is upon him, look--you,  
Of desire.

They are chosen, ah, they are fated

For the fight!

Champion her, all you women! Men, menfolk  
Hold him your light!

Nourish her, train her, harden her

Women all!

Fold him, be good to him, cherish him  
Men, ere he fall.

Women, another champion!

This, men, is yours!

Wreathe and enlap and anoint them  
Behind separate doors.

GARGNANO

WINTER DAWN

GREEN star Sirius

Dribbling over the lake;

The stars have gone so far on their road,

Yet we're awake!

Without a sound

The new young year comes in

And is half-way over the lake.

We must begin

Again. This love so full

Of hate has hurt us so,

We lie side by side

Moored--but no,

Let me get up

And wash quite clean

Of this hate.--

So green

The great star goes!

I am washed quite clean,

Quite clean of it all.

But e'en

So cold, so cold and clean

Now the hate is gone!

It is all no good,

I am chilled to the bone

Now the hate is gone;

There is nothing left;

I am pure like bone,

Of all feeling bereft.