

Poems From Timoleon

LINES TRACED UNDER AN IMAGE OF AMOR THREATENING

Fear me, virgin whosoever
Taking pride from love exempt,
Fear me, slighted. Never, never
Brave me, nor my fury tempt:
Downy wings, but wroth they beat
Tempest even in reason's seat.

THE NIGHT MARCH

With banners furled and clarions mute,
An army passes in the night;
And beaming spears and helms salute
The dark with bright.

In silence deep the legions stream,
With open ranks, in order true;
Over boundless plains they stream and
gleam--
No chief in view!

Afar, in twinkling distance lost,
(So legends tell) he lonely wends
And back through all that shining host
His mandate sends.

THE RAVAGED VILLA

In shards the sylvan vases lie,
 Their links of dance undone,
And brambles wither by thy brim,
 Choked fountain of the sun!
The spider in the laurel spins,
 The weed exiles the flower:
And, flung to kiln, Apollo's bust
 Makes lime for Mammon's tower.

THE NEW ZEALOT TO THE SUN

Persian, you rise

Aflame from climes of sacrifice

Where adulators sue,

And prostrate man, with brow abased,

Adheres to rites whose tenor traced

All worship hitherto.

Arch type of sway,

Meetly your over-ruling ray

You fling from Asia's plain,

Whence flashed the javelins abroad

Of many a wild incursive horde

Led by some shepherd Cain.

Mid terrors dinned

Gods too came conquerors from your Ind,

The book of Brahma throve;

They came like to the scythed car,

Westward they rolled their empire far,

Of night their purple wove.

Chemist, you breed

In orient climes each sorcerous weed

That energizes dream--

Transmitted, spread in myths and creeds,
Houris and hells, delirious screeds
And Calvin's last extreme.

What though your light
In time's first dawn compelled the flight
Of Chaos' startled clan,
Shall never all your darted spears
Disperse worse Anarchs, frauds and fears,
Sprung from these weeds to man?

But Science yet
An effluence ampler shall beget,
And power beyond your play--
Shall quell the shades you fail to rout,
Yea, searching every secret out
Elucidate your ray.

MONODY

To have known him, to have loved him

After loneliness long;

And then to be estranged in life,

And neither in the wrong;

And now for death to set his seal--

Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound

The sheeted snow-drifts drape,

And houseless there the snow-bird flits

Beneath the fir-trees' crape:

Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine

That hid the shyest grape.

LONE FOUNTS

Though fast youth's glorious fable flies,
View not the world with worldling's eyes;
Nor turn with weather of the time.
Foreclose the coming of surprise:
Stand where Posterity shall stand;
Stand where the Ancients stood before,
And, dipping in lone founts thy hand,
Drink of the never-varying lore:
Wise once, and wise thence evermore.

THE BENCH OF BOORS

In bed I muse on Tenier's boors,
Embrowned and beery losels all;

A wakeful brain

Elaborates pain:

Within low doors the slugs of boors
Laze and yawn and doze again.

In dreams they doze, the drowsy boors,
Their hazy hovel warm and small:

Thought's ampler bound

But chill is found:

Within low doors the basking boors
Snugly hug the ember-mound.

Sleepless, I see the slumberous boors
Their blurred eyes blink, their eyelids fall:

Thought's eager sight

Aches--overbright!

Within low doors the boozy boors
Cat-naps take in pipe-bowl light.

ART

In placid hours well-pleased we dream
Of many a brave unbodied scheme.
But form to lend, pulsed life create,
What unlike things must meet and mate:
A flame to melt--a wind to freeze;
Sad patience--joyous energies;
Humility--yet pride and scorn;
Instinct and study; love and hate;
Audacity--reverence. These must mate,
And fuse with Jacob's mystic heart,
To wrestle with the angel--Art.

THE ENTHUSIAST

"Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him."

Shall hearts that beat no base retreat

In youth's magnanimous years--

Ignoble hold it, if discreet

When interest tames to fears;

Shall spirits that worship light

Perfidious deem its sacred glow,

Recant, and trudge where worldlings go,

Conform and own them right?

Shall Time with creeping influence cold

Unnerve and cow? the heart

Pine for the heartless ones enrolled

With palterers of the mart?

Shall faith abjure her skies,

Or pale probation blench her down

To shrink from Truth so still, so lone

Mid loud gregarious lies?

Each burning boat in Caesar's rear,

Flames--No return through me!

So put the torch to ties though dear,

If ties but tempters be.

Nor cringe if come the night:

Walk through the cloud to meet the pall,
Though light forsake thee, never fall
From fealty to light.

SHELLEY'S VISION

Wandering late by morning seas

When my heart with pain was low--

Hate the censor pelted me--

Deject I saw my shadow go.

In elf-caprice of bitter tone

I too would pelt the pelted one:

At my shadow I cast a stone.

When lo, upon that sun-lit ground

I saw the quivering phantom take

The likeness of St. Stephen crowned:

Then did self-reverence awake.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS

He toned the sprightly beam of morning

With twilight meek of tender eve,

Brightness interfused with softness,

Light and shade did weave:

And gave to candor equal place

With mystery starred in open skies;

And, floating all in sweetness, made

Her fathomless mild eyes.

THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES

While faith forecasts millennial years

 Spite Europe's embattled lines,

Back to the Past one glance be cast--

 The Age of the Antonines!

O summit of fate, O zenith of time

When a pagan gentleman reigned,

And the olive was nailed to the inn of the
 world

Nor the peace of the just was feigned.

 A halcyon Age, afar it shines,

 Solstice of Man and the Antonines.

Hymns to the nations' friendly gods

Went up from the fellowly shrines,

No demagogue beat the pulpit-drum

 In the Age of the Antonines!

The sting was not dreamed to be taken from
 death,

No Paradise pledged or sought,

But they reasoned of fate at the flowing feast,

Nor stifled the fluent thought,

 We sham, we shuffle while faith declines--

 They were frank in the Age of the Antonines.

Orders and ranks they kept degree,
Few felt how the parvenu pines,
No law-maker took the lawless one's fee

In the Age of the Antonines!

Under law made will the world reposed
And the ruler's right confessed,
For the heavens elected the Emperor then,
The foremost of men the best.

Ah, might we read in America's signs

The Age restored of the Antonines.

HERBA SANTA

I

After long wars when comes release

Not olive wands proclaiming peace

Can import dearer share

Than stems of Herba Santa hazed

In autumn's Indian air.

Of moods they breathe that care disarm,

They pledge us lenitive and calm.

II

Shall code or creed a lure afford

To win all selves to Love's accord?

When Love ordained a supper divine

For the wide world of man,

What bickerings o'er his gracious wine!

Then strange new feuds began.

Effectual more in lowlier way,

Pacific Herb, thy sensuous plea

The bristling clans of Adam sway

At least to fellowship in thee!

Before thine altar tribal flags are furled,

Fain wouldst thou make one hearthstone of

the world.

III

To scythe, to sceptre, pen and hod--

Yea, sodden laborers dumb;

To brains overplied, to feet that plod,

In solace of the Truce of God

The Calumet has come!

IV

Ah for the world ere Raleigh's find

Never that knew this suasive balm

That helps when Gilead's fails to heal,

Helps by an interserted charm.

Insinuous thou that through the nerve

Windest the soul, and so canst win

Some from repinings, some from sin,

The Church's aim thou dost subserve.

The ruffled fag fordone with care

And brooding, God would ease this pain:

Him soothest thou and smoothest down

Till some content return again.

Even ruffians feel thy influence breed

Saint Martin's summer in the mind,

They feel this last evangel plead,
As did the first, apart from creed,
Be peaceful, man--be kind!

V

Rejected once on higher plain,
O Love supreme, to come again
Can this be thine?
Again to come, and win us too
In likeness of a weed
That as a god didst vainly woo,
As man more vainly bleed?

VI

Forbear, my soul! and in thine Eastern
chamber
Rehearse the dream that brings the long
release:
Through jasmine sweet and talismanic amber
Inhaling Herba Santa in the passive Pipe
of Peace.

OFF CAPE COLONNA

Aloof they crown the foreland lone,

From aloft they loftier rise--

Fair columns, in the aureole rolled

From sunned Greek seas and skies.

They wax, sublimed to fancy's view,

A god-like group against the blue.

Over much like gods! Serene they saw

The wolf-waves board the deck,

And headlong hull of Falconer,

And many a deadlier wreck.

THE APPARITION

The Parthenon uplifted on its rock first
challenging the view on the approach to Athens.

Abrupt the supernatural Cross,
Vivid in startled air,
Smote the Emperor Constantine
And turned his soul's allegiance there.

With other power appealing down,
Trophy of Adam's best!
If cynic minds you scarce convert,
You try them, shake them, or molest.

Diogenes, that honest heart,
Lived ere your date began;
Thee had he seen, he might have swerved
In mood nor barked so much at Man.

L'ENVOI

The Return of the Sire de Nesle.

A.D. 16

My towers at last! These roving end,
Their thirst is slaked in larger dearth:
The yearning infinite recoils,
For terrible is earth.

Kaf thrusts his snouted crags through fog:
Araxes swells beyond his span,
And knowledge poured by pilgrimage
Overflows the banks of man.

But thou, my stay, thy lasting love
One lonely good, let this but be!
Weary to view the wide world's swarm,
But blest to fold but thee.