

THREE POEMS

BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG

THE WAY

PALE yellow moon, and pale green grass,
Oh, have ye seen Diana pass?
And are ye pale for longing or love,
Palest green grass, pale moon above?

Pale yellow moon, before the dawn,
 Palest green grass,
 Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Soft-noted nightingales I love,
With the earth below, and the moon above,
And the rippling river singing slowly
Under the stars serene and holy.

Great staring moon before the dawn,
 Shining young grass,
 Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, dimpling river, murmuring slowly
Under the starlight pale, and holy,
Oh, little green grasshoppers chirring, chirring,
What have ye seen in the bright night stirring?

Young moon chaste before the dawn,
 Softest young grass,
 Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, little green grasshoppers sleepily chirring,
Have ye seen aught in the bright night stirring?
Palest moon, and pale green grass,
Have ye heard, have ye heard Diana pass?

Bright moon, virgin before the dawn,
 Listening grass,
 Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

A PICTURE

THE slim brown fingers kiss the viol-strings,
Dark, narrow eyes pierce to the soul within;
What slow enchanted joy reverie brings
To him, the lover of the violin;
Sorrow or joy: or saintliness or sin
To him are one, if only he may win
Unto the heart, the hidden heart that sings
What grave old histories, what mysterious things!

So there he squats to find the hidden flaw
In the dark doorway. God! I see him yet
With aweless face that yet reflects the awe
Of something greater than the music's fret;
On the dark soul within his thoughts are set;
No hope, no fear, no anguish, no regret,
But only wonder at some secret Law
That holds the sounds; he squats upon the straw.

Under that grave, blue sky no thing he sees:
The swift chameleon market-place; the white
Stern pillars of the churches; murmurings

That float on the summer air; the hot delight,
Awaken no response; only the might
Of the shy poesie that enchants the night
He cares to love; the eerie palaces
Where the soul finds forbidden harmonies.

Oh! Now his eyes dance up to meet the sun;
Curious, he peers into the hurtling air:
Oh! all his spirit follows, slim and fair;

The spears of light attract him: it is done;
The flaw is found; he bends again, to shun
The summer-heat: see! the swift fingers run
Like spiders o'er the strings: Look! it is bare,
The flaw: and he has found what godhead there!

A VALLEY SONG

OVER the hills the shadows creep,
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their golden, satiate sleep,
Singing, the skylark hovers.

His lyric gold the skylark spills
As over the bare, green hills he hovers;
The space betwixt love's breasts he fills
With songs from the hearts of lovers.

The shadows move across the green,
Slowly, over the grass and clover,
As gentle as the kiss between
Love's breasts from the lips of her lover.

The hills lie bare and green and steep,
And the skylark rises over,
Like the breath of love in the satiate sleep
Of the lover with her lover.

Oh, the hills of the scorching south,
Whereover the dim, poised skylark hovers!
Oh, why is the song of the skylark's mouth
Such pain to the weary lovers?

Over the hills the shadows creep
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their satiate, golden sleep
The shrilling skylark hovers.