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A BLOSSOM OF BARREN LANDS

By EUGENE M. RHODES

A flower grows in old Cathay
Whose blood-red petals ease our woes,
It lulls our haunting care away
And gives our weariness repose.
When tortured heart and fevered brain
Long for black slumber, dull and deep,
The poppy's charm can ease our pain
And bid us—sleep.

And subtler Egypt's fabled bloom,
The lotus of forgetful breath,
Brings to remorse oblivion's doom
And gives the shameful past to death.
When bitter memories, fierce and fell,
Scourge our dark hearts with wild regret—
O for the flower whose languorous spell
Bids us—forget!

But dearer, more divinely born,
Amid the deserts desolate,
The yucca blooms above its thorn
Triumphant o'er an evil fate.
Brave, stainless, waxen miracle,
So may we with our fortunes cope,
Who in life's burning deserts dwell.
You bid us—hope!

Engle, N. M.