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A Lady on the Desire Car

Alice Moser

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TO ONE BECOME FAMOUS

Yes . . . yes, I hear the world proclaim you great.
 No, I am not surprised—who long foresaw it.
 For I was early; it's the world that's late—
 With waiting for the height of you to draw it.
 Within my heart (that watched you, year on year)
 Was kept the faithful record of your growing;
 Here, fit-and-start and even-space appear—
 The climbing pencil-marks on the door-frame showing.
 With yours the reaching stature, inch on inch,
 And mine the measuring yardstick you stood under,
 How should my heart, that knew no slightest pinch
 Of doubt, now suddenly expand in wonder?
 It makes you look no taller to me now,
 This laurel that the world lays round your brow.

HELEN FERGUSON CAUKIN

A LADY ON THE DESIRE CAR

"A transfer to the Metairie Bus,"
 The Creole lady said,
 Tilting her head arrogantly.
 And settled her skirt and feet
 Below the window seat.
 She turned her antique ring subtly
 To show it cost more than anything of ours,
 And the street-cars rolled through Frenchtown.
 Past the cobble-stones and spires
 Of her ancestral sires.
 Poverty will not betray
 What her eyes and gestures say,
 Till Death more debonair
 Outwits the haughtiest stare
 With his impervious air
 That, like a soothing balm,
 Makes all commotion calm.