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Year's End

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With a washaway beat,
 And the curb where I am
 Is a wash-over dam
 For the drowning of feet
 And the dirt and the street.

O Acheron flood,
 O molder of mud,
 O washer by fiat
 And stormer of quiet,
 O god of destruction
 And rubber-heel suction,
 Crash through the guards
 To our flower-foot yards
 And drench them in pity
 For barren and city.
 Drown them on oath
 To a promise of growth
 Till fertility meet
 With the cabs on the street.

Oh wash to exposure
 The sterile composure
 Of squeak-fitted feet
 As they tiptoe the street,
 And drench them in pity
 For barren and city.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

YEAR'S END

The fields of memory grow forever green:
 look back, look back and see them in the light
 of skies at sundown when the winds are clean,
 before the wings of slowly soaring night
 spread shadow where the splendid voices rang.
 Our past's green evening holds a yellow star
 over black hills where late the angels sang:
 breathe softly, softly, breezes, on this scar.

Nor rise from evening till the water running
holds on its breast the testament of days:
in star-strewn fields where midnight's wheel is turning,
dream where the spheres' ecliptic music plays:
and follow in the night's absolving laughter
the paths of light that trail forever after.

BALLAD OF CREVE COEUR

He walks in the park.
The hedge is between knee and hip:
Dappled rose clouds are spilling over the zenith:
He could leap it with hop and skip:
Fireflies flash in the dark.

He sees the plump land curving
Down to the playground,
Hears voices of children from the pool;
He sits on a stone bench by a brass cannon,
Stared at by evening strollers:
He calls himself a fool.

His heart is a caged bird,
A sick bird too:
It scarcely needs its cage.
Nor again could it breast the storms it has fought through,
It awaits its age,
The music it once heard.

It is a long way
Back to his remembered evenings:
The Rocky Mountains stand under a far sky.
He cannot stay
In the bland city: he will arise and go now:
His eyes are dry.