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## Whence Fares the Heart

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She steadies in sad hands a cup  
 Of venom so entire  
 That it might ring the darkness down  
 On every heavenly fire.

And all her care is so to walk  
 That not a drop is spilled,  
 And by these weapons of her grief  
 No innocent is killed.

ROSAMUND DARGAN THOMSON

### WHENCE FARES THE HEART

How long the heart willed in its secret tower  
 That the unblooming meadow and the wood  
 Should break all suddenly into a bower  
 To shelter the innocent! The young doe stood,  
 In dream, beneath the elm's green-shafted light,  
 The downy rabbit, the mottled, fangless snake,  
 The pink-foot dove with eyes of anthracite,  
 Rested in shadows of the dream's wild brake.

And in this dream there hung, as in a bell,  
 A pendulum already in its stroke  
 To sound its brassy requiem, farewell.  
 The heart on hearing neither quelled nor broke  
 Its prison doors to seek the ultimate  
 Concession to its dream—for these shall come  
 Unto the earth, inviolate estate  
 Whence fares the heart, unhindered of their home.

BYRON HERBERT REECE

### THE HOUSE

When they fired guns in those countries the door  
 of the peaceful house admitted us daily like a  
 dubious eye; we irritated the wooden lid.