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A Round Before Closing

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NEVER-NEVER LAND

The bloom of spring is green upon the hill,
 The lilac sweet, and soft the river's moan;
 And evening wafts us on an undertone
 Of music to a land where tongues are still.
 Streets wander strangely, but no tears may fill
 Eyes that are closed, and this dark land their own
 Abandoned town where long no moon has shone
 Nor bird has sung, nightbird or whippoorwill.

Behind our eyelids' drop in that dark land,
 Wondering, we pass once more the silent row
 Of houses shutterblind and frail and old:
 When bright and gay and by whom left to stand
 In age and solitude, we do not know:
 These are abandoned houses of our soul.

RICHARD LAKE

A ROUND BEFORE CLOSING

The skimpey hare runs:
 Quick! the doors close!

Steeley rims protrude
 And flash projections
 On the wall:

 eyeglass
 Of demons, little
 Patches spaded out
 Of truth, empty holes
 That once were—

What?

The bartender smiles
 Not too gaily, shakes
 The labourers from
 Fitful sleep:

 regrets
 His job has ended.

The skimpey hare runs
 Into night's cover.