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## Dawn in the Study

James Franklin Lewis

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## TWO POEMS

## DAWN IN THE STUDY

The blind is raised; and a yellow peel of sun  
 Curls on the shelf-edge.  
 It has crossed at a moss-green drying earth  
 And a litter of flagstones here to my window-hole,  
 To repeal my night of itself with shining lips.  
 It has jarred over jostling workaday columns of cars  
 Here to my shelf-edge.  
 And onto the still strews of erratic erudition  
 It worms little peels of a scented yellow star  
 Through the foliage-filterwork deciduously.  
 And finely unknown streamlets, scented cords,  
 Twangs of yellow,  
 Bind the old staid emissions of my shelf  
 To the dawn-world yonder happening into morning,  
 Of which but a yellowish coil of peel matures.  
 But into these books I've read me many a night,  
 Poised at the shelf-edge,  
 Claiming the day's delayed pay in person,  
 Large-visionedly. But a yellowish obligation  
 Fingers. It counts round the room bright cycle.  
 And I've learned me not but a day to unmark old place.

## THE DEATH OF BEETHOVEN

I'm so happy to have found the solution to these chords.  
 Or should I have mentioned words?  
 As a matter of fact, the clattering cluttering gravel-drive  
 Hums like bees in the hive.  
 Fast wings on the citadel, too, have a clubby meaningful whir,  
 Like the burr of mills that were.  
 There's a certain reinstated historic meaning here,  
 Like a splurge of whispered tear.