

The  
Tomahawk

And Other Poems

AMY REDPATH RODDICK

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THE TOMAHAWK

AND

OTHER POEMS

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# The Tomahawk

A PLAYLET

AND

# Other Poems

By

AMY REDPATH RODDICK

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MONTREAL  
JOHN DOUGALL & SON  
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## A PREAMBLE

[Near a woodland swamp  
May 8th, 1938]

“How natural! How beautiful!”  
The heart of me she seemed to pull  
Within the orbit of her thought.  
I too had glimpsed, I too had caught  
The pulchritude of a far past  
As told, retold with eyes downcast;  
Then brightening when a braver note  
Re-echoed from a time remote.  
Why harped we thus on years ago?  
A scent, a whisper can bestow  
The magic of the once has been;  
And from that vantage we can glean  
A harmony that is not dead,  
An ecstasy that has not fled.

Woods ever wooed me with their charm,  
For her they held a living psalm;  
The long house rites are braided still  
In nascent green and oozy rill.  
Just where we were there was no sound,  
Her steps fell lightly on the ground  
That purpled bliss from violets  
Of deepest hue—with here, rosettes  
Whose signal runners cautioned us  
From picking blooms now amorous.

Such luscious fare that was to be  
Might stay our hands; but not the glee  
Of spangled heads that falsely showed  
A skyish promise ill bestowed,  
Could they prevent the after bane  
Their coming berries cull from Cain.  
The mitreworts more innocent  
Made up my bunch; and now content  
We gazed about and she exclaimed:  
"How natural!" In me there flamed  
A like response—if only, too,  
Old times were here; and a canoe  
Could noiselessly peer round the bend  
Of a near isle; and we extend  
An ancient greeting word, alas!  
No movement surged the pooling glass.  
It might have been a painted scene  
We gazed upon; for in between  
The maple clumps the waters twined  
In lazy lanes that hush designed;  
And leaflets like an infant slept  
To gain more strength when winds down swept.  
Afore the swamp the bulbous cress  
Verged prettily with starred caress.  
"Here should our village be. Here should  
We live in nature brotherhood."  
And I concurred; though there be some  
Who much prefer a city slum.

She was of long descent from chiefs;  
Who learnt of God through their beliefs  
In the intrinsic wonderment  
Of spirit-art—all things inblent.  
The purpose of almighty plan  
Ingathered beast, ingathered man.  
The trees themselves could cogitate,  
The very rocks were animate

When need arose; and yet withal  
One mind directed, heard earth's call.

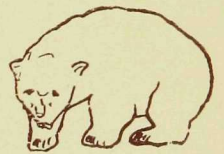
With sudden move she stooped to pick  
A skunkweed; though unpoetic,  
Its quaintness pleased, I'd have its root,  
Would plant it, see the future fruit.  
Compliantly with deftest hand  
She took a stick, a wizard wand,  
So soon my longing was appeased;  
And with a paper, I had squeezed  
Within my satchel for chance rhyme,  
We parcelled what was more sublime  
Than any verse that I could write;  
If growth and use held all of light.  
Just then, intent on further quest,  
I heard a sound of trilled unrest.  
I paused and listened, heard again:  
And so my friend exclaiming: "Rain!  
That is the robin's warning note.  
Io-ron--io-ron—alarums float.  
O hurry, pray. It sings to go.  
Io-ron-io-ron. We Indians know  
The dulcet language of the birds;  
And can express it with our words;  
But now we must indeed make haste,  
A drenching follows if we waste  
A moment more. Have you your spoil?"  
The harvest of hedonic toil  
We basketed with care and sped  
To sight the nimbused clouds o'erhead;  
As we emerged in open space.  
And there, spellbound, we stayed our race;  
For splashed against the bulging black  
That had engorged each wispy rack,  
As though to let no tear escape  
That might augment its heavy drape,

The wild plum traced a beauty such  
It seemed unreal, just a touch,  
A hint of lyric fragranciness  
That never is; but is to be.  
A beauty more than art could hold,  
It was the true so sweetly bold,  
A subtle vision not for brush;  
And not for words unless they rush  
With the intensity of flow  
That suits emotion's highest glow.  
The dampened air increased the size  
And made more clear to wondering eyes  
The fragile blooms' ethereal white,  
Enlaced on clouds of heavy night.

Absorbed we stood in blissful mood  
Until there stirred disquietude,  
The robin gave its tocsin chime:  
"Io-ron-io-ron"; and just in time  
We reached the motor stationed by.  
The door but closed: a windy sigh  
Increased in force—the storm was on.  
A rain, that made the landscape wan,  
Came peltingly with its disdain  
For petalled peace; yet not in vain  
Our pleasant jaunt; because I learned  
That bird lilt is not idly turned;  
And woodland lore is best achieved  
Through those who always have conceived  
A Providence that is at one  
With beast and bush and raying sun.

# THE TOMAHAWK

## KAWENNAROKS



*The name conferred on Lady Roddick  
in recognition of her interest  
in the Indians, their ways and their welfare  
when she was taken into the clan of the Bear  
by the Chiefs, Princesses and Braves  
of the MOHAWK tribe  
at a formal and elaborate ceremonial  
at Caughnawaga, Quebec  
December 8, 1938*

## CHARACTERS

---

A Woman Writer, *who transcribes the conjured scene.*  
Princess Gathering Words, *head Matron of the Bear Clan,*  
*wife of Chief Poking Fire.*  
Chief Poking Fire, *of the Pipe of Peace or Deer Clan, a*  
*Medicine Man.*  
Women Dancers.

Time: Late in May, 1938.  
Scene: A Caughnawaga Wood.

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## CONJURED SCENE

---

Howling Wolf, *adopted son of Grand Chief Good Stream.*  
Little Bear, *real son of same.*  
Floating Sky, *wife of same.*  
Grand Chief Good Stream.  
Visiting Woman.  
Warriors.

Time: So long ago that the notched and bunched sticks do  
not exactly tell the date.  
Scene: Ancient Hochelaga.



# THE TOMAHAWK

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*Scene—A narrow clearing, little wider than a wagon track. It is backed by a thick growth of spruce and cedar.*

*Princess Gathering Words, in a simple white morning dress of 1938 design with a scarf round her shoulders of purple, red and green, the Iroquoian colours, is seated on a grassy bank at the left. It is partly shaded by a hawthorn; and some elder bushes are grouped about. She has a drum beside her and is busy embroidering a moccasin.*

*Enter Writer, right. She wears a black chiffon dress and a large black hat; and carries a portfolio.*

*Writer.* Why, Princess Gathering Words! The very one  
Whom I was fain to see. I called and found  
Your house untenanted; so thought the sun  
Had drawn you teepee-ward, as is its wont  
In summer, giving you no time for talk.  
Tell me what happy circumstance has caused  
Your presence here— or shall we say it was  
My wish?

*Princess.* [*Rising*] And you; whom we now look upon  
As friend! Surprise has locked my lips, else would  
My welcome run more prettily.

*Writer.* Your smile  
Suffices. Let us though shake hands as is  
Our English way. Have you not room for me

## THE TOMAHAWK

Within this pleasing nook? If I have somewhat  
To say, I have much more to hear should you  
Be lenient. And you would not be you  
If you were otherwise.—I must inhale  
A deeper breath of this delicious air.  
The fragrancy of spring unfolds itself  
In that sweet, roofing hawthorn and these shrubs  
That bring the sky to earth with starriness.

[*They seat themselves on the bank.*]

How strangely have we met. May woods have cast  
Their subtle spell and you belong to it.

*Princess.* You have an Indian heart; and mine responds;  
And I would know what service you require  
Of me.

*Writer.* I have been asked to write a playlet  
For out-door acting, one about your people.  
Remembering your noble bards of old  
Found inspiration where the trees enlaced  
Above, I thought in Caughnawaga woods  
To weave a fancy that might suit my purpose;  
And now good fortune conjures you; and you  
Can serve as guide; among your labyrinth  
Of tales choose one your father's father may  
Have told with zest around the winter fire.

*Princess.* That is the proper time to talk; when frost  
Has locked the ground, and harmful listeners  
Couch not abroad, when nights prolong; and duties  
Are not too onerous. However, just  
As you appeared, while I was working on  
This moccasin, embroidering with beads  
Of blood-red hue, that signify the stream  
Of life, an ancient Iroquoian motive;  
A tale flashed on my mind, not overlong;  
But one much liked.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Writer.* [Opening portfolio.] I am all ears to hear,  
First, though, I must adjust my pad.—I pray  
You now proceed.

*Princess.* Our history, as you  
Are well aware, is handed down by word  
Of mouth, repeated and repeated till  
No chanceful error creep; as is the case  
In lesson books our children learn at school.  
When Indians, in olden days, attacked  
To save their homes, their fields of tasselled corn  
From the marauding White, the printed page  
Reports a bloody massacre; but when  
The Paleface wrecked the long house, fired the grain,  
A noble victory accepts the deed  
And blushes not; and I could speak about  
Champlain—that though can wait—the tale which now  
Desires an utterance comes from a much  
More early date; when we were masters of  
This world or thought we were. If simple, it  
Divulges how the tomahawk was first  
Employed in war.

*Writer.* That sounds, I fear, blood thirsty.

*Princess.* But mild as milk beside the poisoned arrow.  
My grandfather—he, who told it me, declared  
The story's truth. I see his flashing eye,  
His tender glance. His nose and ears had once  
Been pierced for rings he ceased to wear. The marks  
Though plainly showed.

*Writer.* How was he dressed for proud  
Occasions, powwows and the like? You know  
McGill professors think the Iroquois  
Should cling to their august simplicity,  
So well adapted to the forest trail  
Of yore; not seek to ape the gorgeous tribes  
Who rode the treeless plains.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Princess.* They see so far,  
Not far enough. My people were great fighters,  
Gave little thought to finery. The loin-cloth,  
The cloak; with leggings for the winter served  
Them well; while armlets, kneelets, necklaces  
Purveyed an easily arranged adornment;  
And so the drooping plume that decked the hair.  
Have not times changed since then? Some clans went West,  
The bark canoe had had its day, they sought  
The buffalo. Alas! Where now is that?  
A few, returning, brought more fanciful  
Attire than ours by right of heritage;  
And if it lure the tourist, net for us  
The chinkling coins to feed our destitute,  
Who then can say us nay? Besides, as you  
Perceive, we buy store clothes for every day,  
We would avoid the staring eye; unless  
For tribal dance, so pregnant with old meanings.  
The watchers pay to be amused; but do  
Not recognize the spirit underlying.

*Writer.* Dear Princess Gathering Words, spill not a tear.  
Indeed I feel for you, so fine a people  
Become so circumscribed; and yet, what once  
Has been will preface the immortal annals  
Of our illustrious land. The future too  
Holds promise; while romance and beauty live.  
You Indians, as we, both French and English,  
Can help to mould the soul of Canada.  
Let each up treasure what is best in his  
Own past;—but time restricts me. Will you not  
Begin the tale?

*Princess.* Long since, across the river—

*Writer.* In Montreal?

*Princess.* Before Jacques Cartier came.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Writer.* In Hochelaga then? No better start.

*Princess.* There dwelt the grand chief, called Good  
Stream, much famed

In peace and war device. He married—let  
Me see—belonging to the Turtle Clan—  
He married, yes, a woman from the Wolf.  
Her name was Floating Sky and—

*Writer.*

*Princess, may*

I interrupt? A daring thought presents  
Itself. You have a solemn dance that calls  
The dead to life. Could we not summon some  
Who are adepts; and resurrect the scene  
We crave? 'Twould save digression, teach me all  
I wish to know.

*Princess.* The moon should be propitious;  
And only spirits have we sought to hear,  
Those passed to the Beyond; not as they were  
On earth, at work or in the council hall.

*Writer.* In poetry all things are possible;  
And now to help us comes Chief Poking Fire.  
Indeed May woods are truly magical.

*[Enter Poking Fire in ordinary work clothes;  
unless the brilliant scarlet of his shirt shows the  
Indian love of colour. A herb-gathering basket is  
attached to his belt.]*

*Poking Fire.* *[Raising his arm.]* How!

*Writer.* *[Imitating.]* How! Is my salute not good? You  
come

Most opportunely. Could we have some dancers?  
Requests are surely best unprefaced by  
A hum or hah. I wish a scene invoked  
Directly from your past. Weird things were done;  
And why not now? I would be gratified;  
If you agree.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Princess.* Our writing friend would have  
Enacted here how came the tomahawk  
Of sharpened stone to find its use in war;  
Because that was the tale that filled my mind  
When she appeared—not copied; but the doings  
Revealed exactly as they happened once.

*Poking Fire.* I fear it is my turn to hum and haw.  
Such a performance might be workable  
In dreams, how else I know not.

*Princess.* But she says  
In poetry all things are possible.

*Poking Fire.* If she declares that so, then may it be.  
She is a writer—I, a garnerer  
Of herbs, a man of medicine. I glimpsed  
Her motor through the trees, some neighbours by.  
You have your drum, can signal them and tell  
Me afterwards the news. I must be off.

*Writer.* Pray, just a second of your time! It is—

*Poking Fire.* The Princess, as her name assures, will be  
A better guide in realms mysterious.  
I leave you in good hands; or she or you  
Will find the means to suit your heart's desire.  
And I have weightier affairs: these herbs,  
Which I have lately picked, require prompt brewing,  
Then moose oil and the beaver castor wait  
Attention; and the mask I use when mixing  
The snake gall lotion needs a part renewed.  
We men of medicine have much to do;  
And our reward when patients gain in strength.  
Though you may laugh, it seems to me that when  
The rightful masks are worn, the rightful songs  
Are danced the medicines prove more effective.

*Writer.* I do not laugh; for faith and rhythm form  
The basis of our lives.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Poking Fire.* [*Raising his arm.*] Peace stay with you.  
[*Exit.*

*Gathering Words rises and makes the calling sound on her drum. After a pause, she gives a series of three solemn beats.*

*Enter Women in simple working dress with shawls.*

*First Woman.* We are proficient in the dance you tune;  
But have no ceremonial garb; and this  
Is not the time.

*Princess.* The Lady here would have  
You dance without ado. The Chief accedes.  
We wish to recreate an ancient scene,  
One not unknown to you: "The Tomahawk."  
How Little Bear—you nod an acquiescence.  
I pray you put the whole of you in your  
Exertions. As the invocations rise,  
My beats will force them on; if that can well  
Be done to suit our visitor. She too  
Must breathe a poet's prayer—all I think  
Depends on that, for this is her desire.

*Second Woman.* An odd request and most unnatural.  
Still voices thread the air today; nor walls,  
Nor oceans form a bar; and men can ride  
Above the clouds; why then should we refuse  
A task; whose novelty alone deters?

[*Gathering Words continues the triple beat. The Women in a circle move sideways, sliding heels, toes, heels, pause; then toes, heels, toes, pause and so on. They look down broodingly; but every now and again they raise their arms and gaze upward as though imploring the Great Spirit, each time with added fervour. Suddenly the drum makes a curious arrestive sound and stills when a swaying motion is noticed through the thick growth of spruce and cedar; and Earthquake's voice is heard*

## THE TOMAHAWK

*in a prolonged hum-m-m-m that loudens to sich-ch-ch-ch. The branches crackle, twigs fall and sparks fly.*

*First Woman.* What dire calamity have we invoked?

*Second Woman.* My feet seem stuck; but we must fly  
While time admits.

*First Woman.* We've dallied with forbidden powers.  
O hasten now! Or we be swallowed up.

[*Exeunt Women.*

*Transfixed, Gathering Words and the Writer gaze as a fissure opens in the ground; and the boscage sinks from view, leaving a clearing bordered on the back by the apertureless side of a long house and on the right and left by two trees with deerskins hanging between to dry. There is a space on either side for entries. In a stump a stone tomahawk is sticking. Another stump, hollowed out, serves as a corn mortar. The pestle, knobbed at both ends, is beside it. There is a clay kettle hanging over some wood ready for lighting and nearby the bow-fire-making apparatus.*

*Little Bear is seated on a skin mat. He leans against a back-rest. He is busily engaged carving a wooden figure with a sharp flint knife.*

*The Princess, as in a dream, reseats herself; never taking her eyes from the scene; her lips move. Intently looking up, then down, the Writer starts note-taking. Somehow they both move slightly behind the bushes and are little seen.*

*Enter Howling Wolf.*

*Howling Wolf.* And so my little brother lolls and takes  
His ease; while other sons of warriors



## THE TOMAHAWK

Prepare for manhood tasks. With eager zest  
They join the chase and seek to arrow through  
A winging mark; or boast the greatest catch  
When shad are plentiful. What trophy has  
He won? What use is he who cumpers earth?  
A log, decayed at heart, with life work done,  
Might well be spared; not he, a seedling shoot,  
Unwishful to be more.

*Little Bear.* Enough! Enough!  
Tormenting as you do, are you a Brave?  
Or just a coward, fearful to show pity?  
You go on messages; and I am left  
Quite sick with my desire to travel too.  
A weakling from my birth you should condole me,  
Uncover ancient tales to while my time.  
I hate your teasing ways, your wolfish grin.  
Were I but in your place and you in mine,  
Ah then, would I be kind and notch a trail  
For thought to glide along, forgetting else.  
Our Father, a grand chief, whose fame the winds  
Have wafted far, is not averse to such  
Sweet guiles; but you—

*Howling Wolf.* And you who curry favour.  
His little pet! His Little Bear! I'll tweak  
A hair or two to test your valour. So—  
Your ire is roused. You strike! But what is this  
That falls? [*Lifting carved figure.*]

*Little Bear.* Be careful, do. O give it me.  
It is a dream-sent-order; thus my life  
Defers to it; will root itself anew.

*Howling Wolf.* Dream-sent or not, it is a fumbler's work.  
Unfit to show our clan, and off it flies,  
Relieving you of looks askance or praise  
Bestowed to please. [*He flings it above the trees at the left.*]

*Little Bear.* What have you done? O fetch it,

## THE TOMAHAWK

Perhaps kind fate has cushioned it—perhaps  
You too are kind—perhaps; but no. Your eyes  
Are hard. You torturer! Amuse yourself  
With me no more.

*Howling Wolf.* A sorry face to meet  
Misfortune's blow. I'll tweak another hair.  
Another still to prove your warrior blood.

*Little Bear.* Go instantly. Restore the deer I've carved.

*Howling Wolf.* Why trouble? It is doubtless broken now.  
Hold back those foolish tears: would you show signs  
Of grief before a gossip, disgrace  
Yourself and us? Our mother is well rid  
Of her. She comes. Forget not what I've said. [Exit.

*Enter Visiting Woman right. She carries a service  
basket hanging on her back supported by a head  
strap. She turns to speak to Floating Sky seen  
for the nonce through a tree.*

*Visiting Woman.* Again I render thanks for your response.  
My basket is quite heavy with your bounty.  
Next moon what's here and more will be returned.  
The sun may give us food; but we must toil.  
Incessantly we work. Would snows could last  
That I might longer stay and string more news.  
What duties call on me! [*Raising her arm.*] Peace be with you.  
[Turning, she sees Little Bear.

My child! Has there then raged a storm while I  
Have loitered here? Smiles welcomed me; but now  
Your mouth is puckered in an ugly way,  
Unlike the calm serenity that is  
Our tribal boast. What evil-hearted one  
Has wrought such change in you? What has occurred?

*Little Bear.* The worst that could—a most propitious  
dream  
Has gone awry.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Visiting Woman.* Unprompted, I divine  
Whose snapping bite has angered you. I saw  
A shadow pass.

*Little Bear.* [*Starting to rise.*] Your sight was ever keen.  
Will you assist me now to find what he  
So rudely tossed away?

*Visiting Woman.* [*Sitting down.*] Time hinders me;  
But stay you still and I will say a word  
That may have glad effect. I am aware  
He teases you and know full well the why.  
He is—but now dull caution whispers me—  
Yet truth is truth; and we of the Rock Clan  
Are blunt. He is—

*Little Bear.* My brother, Howling Wolf,  
Disruptor of my peace, joy-feller; where  
Life's fragranciness is not so often found.

*Visiting Woman.* One might surmise—adopted as he is  
From a dissentient tribe, one quite unversed  
In our high rituals and conduct laws.

*Little Bear.* You mean? What do you mean? A steady  
light—  
A spark that flickers out—I know not which.  
Nor do I grasp the whole.

*Visiting Woman.* I've said too much.  
Your startled eyes proclaim; and I would like  
It back. Yet what is done is done; and I  
Have much awaiting me.

*Little Bear.* But nothing's done.  
I feel like a racoon that's long ensnared.  
A sudden a flaw opening glints. It is  
Too weak to widen it, must wait with fret  
For outer help. Increase for me that hole  
You've made and let me frolic through. If this

## THE TOMAHAWK

Could be—then were the sun more bright, the earth  
More beautiful.

*Visiting Woman.* Poor child, how have you suffered!  
And yet I know I've said what I should not.  
A mischief-maker I've been called; yet truth  
Is truth; and I like fishing for it where  
I can and offering my haul to others.  
Howbeit I must go and you have those  
More close to you to open wide your trap.  
Speak not of me. Just ask. [*Exit, left.*

*Little Bear.* Ask! Ask! And that  
I will.

*Enter Howling Wolf, right, dressed for travel.*

*Howling Wolf.* What has detained the warriors?  
They should be here.

*Little Bear.* Their whereabouts I know not;  
But I am here and I would question you.  
Are you my brother by full right of birth?  
Now say! Give me an answer squarely cut.

*Howling Wolf.* Aha! The Talker has amused herself.  
The cawing crow, what else did she suggest?

*Little Bear.* An answer—yes or no.

*Howling Wolf.* And you'll get neither.  
Unless another tweak; but now I hear  
The warriors. Go crying within the house.  
Our Mother can enlighten you; and I  
Have little need to guess what she will say.

*Enter Warriors, left. Exit Little Bear, right.*

*First Warrior.* We are equipped and ready for the trail.

*Howling Wolf.* The sun demands we shortly go; but first,  
Herd closely round; I wish none else to hear.  
Do you desire a tested Brave as leader  
When you go forth on wampum messages;  
One skilled in crafty talk, whose feather is

## THE TOMAHAWK

High-carried, or, lean near, one perhaps,  
Like Little Bear; who never can be strong?

*First Warrior.* Explain.

*Howling Wolf.* A gossip has lately left;  
And he suspects. My Mother, loving me,  
Will not disclose the secret, nor will let  
My Father speak. Shall I divulge the truth:  
That I am not his rightful brother—or—

*Half of Warriors.* Tell him! Let come what will.

*Other Half.* But we say not.

*Howling Wolf.* Just half and half; which makes not  
half an answer

Until I add my weight; and I say not.

*Warriors.* And we agree.

*Enter Little Bear.*

*Little Bear.* My Mother shakes her head,  
My Father has affairs. Tell me, I pray,  
You warriors: should I not lead you forth?  
Am I not more germane to him who is  
Grand Chief, to her who rules the Matron's Council  
Than that high-handed one? Is Howling Wolf  
Adopted? Yes or no? A simple question  
That asks a swift reply—or yes or no.

*Warriors.* We will not answer.

*Little Bear.* Are your hearts of stone?

Simplicity has failed, will eloquence  
Obtain what I so wish? My soul is like  
An eaglet, winged with sun-desire. In dreams  
It travels far, the winds breathe welcoming,  
The heights and depths expose their magic sights.  
The beasts have languaged words it understands,  
The birds have summoned trills of surtenance  
More sweet than human song, have voiced a thought  
Uplifting and uplifting till, at last  
And verily, my manitou appeared;

## THE TOMAHAWK

And strength, unknown before, suffused my being.  
I woke, sky-medicined with joy, and then—  
And then that one; whom now my lips refuse  
To name, has marred the rapture. Open wide  
My cage. Imploringly I beg.

*Half of Warriors.*                      Shall we?

*Other half.* No, no! None but his Mother has the right  
To say or this or that.

[*Little Bear throws himself dejectedly on his mat.*

*Howling Wolf.*                      There let him sprawl,  
Enjoy his cubbish mood as best he can.

*Enter Grand Chief Good Stream, right, holding  
the wampum strings.*

*Chief.* My elder son, are you then well provisioned?  
The journey may be long or may be short.  
The traitor must be got. There is a chance  
He may have forged ahead and thus would reach  
The enemy before you gain on him.  
Well, if so be, here is the wampum message.  
As war is undeclared, the Hurons will  
Not overtly refuse to give him us;  
And, moccasined as we, his trail would tell.  
I have an inkling though he is not far.  
Use utmost caution, let your eyes be like  
The falcon's and most ghostly be your tread.  
No startled beast, no twig's recoil must make  
A warning note. Alive I wish him back  
To feel in full the aftermath of wrong;  
But if he flee: shoot, shoot the poisoned arrow;  
Until the red life-blood be drawn from him,  
Until his day be done.

*Little Bear [Rising.]* Yes, use your bows;  
Until the red life-blood be drawn from him,  
Until no drop remain.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Chief.* My little son,  
You imitate—will be some day a chief.  
My elder, fare you forth; and silently;  
That I may know my orders understood.

*[Exeunt Howling Wolf and Warriors, left, each raising his right arm before turning from Chief Good Stream. They go in single file.]*

*Little Bear.* Until the red life-blood be drawn from him,  
Until his flesh dissolve and there remain  
Alone the mocking bones. That long would I  
Have Howling Wolf away. My Father, say:  
Is he adopted?

*Chief.* Who? The snake, the traitor;  
Whose history all know! A captive, pardoned,  
Released from torture, welcomed to our fire place.  
Adopted? Yes, with every tribal right.  
Ingrate! Our trustful kindness ill-requited.  
Adopted? Yes—now gone to aid the foe,  
Unsecreting what he had sworn to keep.  
Could there be worse?

*Little Bear.* I had not thought of him.  
My mind is as a frail canoe, the waves  
Toss up and down; and Howling Wolf, none else,  
Has tasked the warring winds to tangle so.

*Enter Floating Sky, right. Looking into the mortar, she lifts the pestle.*

*Floating Sky.* Work, work; that ever mounts! This  
traitor fuss  
Has left some corn unground.

*Little Bear.* My Father, heed.  
Though most unfilial thus to press a question;  
My urgency demands: a light begins  
To glimmer. Is my brother one by birth  
Or by adoption?

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Chief.* [*Startled.*] Has that talker stirred  
The query?

*Floating Sky.* Not another word, my son,  
You have made bold to ask; and I have answered.  
You wish to go on wampum messages;  
But can a hatchling fly? Time rectifies  
All things. You are too young and weak. Come, grind  
This corn for me.

*Little Bear.* That should be woman's work.

*Floating Sky.* Well, be a child. Amuse yourself and start  
A fire. The pot above holds maple sap  
And just the right amount of sassafras  
To please a tired boy's taste. If other youths  
Take liquid cold, fatigue excuses you.

*Chief.* And I would have a bowl as well, so go,  
My son, a warrior to be must learn  
Obedience before he can command.

[*Little Bear goes to the fire-making apparatus  
and, moving the bow, soon has sparks flying.*]

*Floating Sky.* Your hands are agile, now ignite the wood.  
You have the stirring paddle, watch the mixture;  
Until I come. This corn, I see, is ground  
Sufficiently. I'll scoop it out, then fetch  
Some cakes of nut-meat flour, the sort you dote  
Upon, some sugared titbits too.

[*She ladles the ground corn into a wooden bowl. Exit*

*Chief.* How kind  
Your Mother always is.

*Little Bear.* And would be more  
If only she—

*Chief.* Enough! You are too much indulged.

*Re-enter Floating Sky.* She carries an elm bark  
tray on which cakes are heaped, with a couple of  
birch drinking bowls and wooden spoons. She looks  
in pot.



## THE TOMAHAWK

*Floating Sky.* My child, let me assist. I'll fill the bowls.  
Now take them carefully; and place the tray  
Betwixt you two. Enjoy a kind repast;  
And if your Father talks, leave that to him. [Exit.

*Chief.* None can excel your Mother, what she does  
Proclaims her easily the first of matrons.  
Before we know ourselves that hunger calls  
Our need is gratified; and as for work!  
The muskrat's tunnel shames before our long house.  
Come, little son, unite your praise with mine  
For one deserving it.

*Little Bear.* If she had more  
Of love for me; and less for Howling Wolf.

*Chief.* You fall far short of what our highest rites  
Demand; a brother should admire a brother.

*Little Bear.* But is he one in veriest truth? O Father,  
Enlighten me.

*Chief.* Why set your face against him?

*Little Bear.* He is unkind.

*Chief.* Would make of you a Brave.

*Little Bear.* Last night I had a dream, some fasting  
brought  
It me. I clearly saw—O Father, it  
Was wonderful. First came a blinding light;  
And as my eyes withstood the test, I saw—  
But can you guess?

*Chief.* The cakes that we neglect.

*Little Bear.* No trifling matter this—a something you  
Have never seen—whose rarity deserves  
The utmost praise; presaging as it does  
An unexpected change; and one that leads  
To betterment.

*Chief.* My ears are tuned to hear.

*Little Bear.* I saw—and it stood quite alone—a pure  
White deer designed to be my manitou—

## THE TOMAHAWK

Or so I hoped; a ghost-gift from the sky,  
The chaste perfection of fresh, drifting snow,  
Unsmutched, unspotted, sent by the Great Spirit.  
It came toward me and then I woke; my arms  
Were empty, not my soul. I took a piece  
Of good, unblemished wood; began at once  
To carve as I had never carved before.  
My sharp flint-knife strewed shavings here and there.  
It worked and drew my hand in jocund play;  
Until emerged a bodiment—and then—

*Chief.* What happened then?

*Little Bear.* And then came Howling Wolf.  
And not content to scoff, he tossed afar  
My heart's desire; and I was left to mourn.

*Chief.* You might have gone in search. Your fast has tired  
You much. Now rest, absorb tranquility;  
And sip enough of strength from maple sap  
To smile on my return. Where fell the treasure?  
Where did the bad one throw it?

*Little Bear.* [*Pointing left.*] Past those trees  
With such ill vehemence, I fear it must  
Be broken.

*Chief.* Dreams are not so easily  
Disrupted. Cease lamenting. Eat and drink. [*Exit.*

*Little Bear solemnly munches his cakes and sips  
with a spoon his sap. Then starts at a joyous  
sound from his father without.*

*Re-enter Good Stream, carrying a tiny white deer.*

*Chief.* Most marvellous! We live in dreams to-day.  
Impossible! Yet possible for here  
Is yours fulfilled. See, see, my little son,  
It breathes, it moves; no carven image this.  
A deer as you foresaw, white-liveried.  
Are you a prophet? Wherefore did you doubt?  
How came it here? But you can now explain.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Little Bear.* O Father! Do our eyes deceive or does  
My touch now falsify? Can it be real?  
The precious pet! So white, so exquisite.

*Chief.* [*Sitting down.*] Now sit you here, beside me, on  
your rug;  
And be assured. I'll place it so between us.

*Little Bear.* It craunches crumbs. My manitou! I gasp  
With pride and love; and now it nibbles grass.  
It is alive! It is alive! Thanks be  
To the Great Spirit—wisely has he purposed:  
So young, my snowy deer; its growth and mine  
In strength recording suns will notch together.  
I'll share with it my sleeping mat, I'll share  
With it my food. It is my brother now;  
And I'll unlearn the one I so dislike.  
How covetous the other boys will be.  
If they can race and hunt and win in games,  
Have I not now acquired what chiefs, what men  
Of medicine, would give their all to own?  
I am content, for it will play with me,  
And dance with me and teach me secret things.

*Chief.* The whole affair is magical. So young—  
Alone—no mother by. How came it through  
The palisades? Or was the gate unbarred?  
How did it reach that spot, none noticing?  
It blinks most drowsily, we'll nest it here  
And tuck it gently in the shawling skin.

*Little Bear.* Does it not peer at us most prettily,  
More like a spirit than an earthly beast?  
Resembling much—but can it be?—My work  
That's come to life. With closing eyes it looks—  
Or do I just imagine it? It looks—

*Chief.* If this, in truth, be so; then are you one  
Who silences all others, you will be  
So much above.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Little Bear.* Permit me then to go  
On wampum messages.

*Chief.* Why you may be  
A great interpreter of dreams, a sage,  
A keeper of the Faith. What higher lot!

*Little Bear.* You dizzy me; but I have ever had  
Such longing hope to lead the warriors,  
To tread with them a distant trail, my eyes  
And ears the quickest to detect a pitfall,  
An ambushade; my orders undisputed.  
Upon our journey's end to wave all back;  
And walk alone within the opened gate.  
To enter haughtily the council house,  
Present the wampum message, proudly wait  
The answering string. How fine to be your envoy!  
If only Howling Wolf, if only he  
Were not the rightful son, then could I go.

*Chief.* My child, desire thus dwelt upon is bad.  
You are too young. The mothers rule the home,  
In family affairs their word is law;  
And they too, in their council, choose what each  
Should do; that is with proper thought what is  
Most suitable for each. Has yours not spoken?  
Attend me though! For tales are not debarred;  
And I will hazard one if you do promise  
To hide it in your heart. Think what you will;  
But let your lips be guarded: that will prove  
Your manhood worth and prove my trust in you.  
Now heed my tale relating to a Chief  
Who had no son; though corn was plentiful;  
And eight recurring snows had notched his marriage.  
Life links with death: a captive woman died,  
Her bright-eyed boy attracted him and caught  
The fancy of his wife. He was adopted.

*Little Bear.* What was his name?

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Chief*  
Then talk; and I am still.

If you are bent on talking,

*Little Bear.*  
And solemnly I promise to obey;  
For I must know.

I am rebuked.

*Chief.* This boy had saucy ways,  
Was mischievous, and yet withal had charm.  
He pleased sufficiently until one day,  
When eight more snows had melted into streams,  
A robin sang, a real son appeared  
Who was from that time forth his father's joy;  
And if the mother cared the more for him  
She nestled first, that was her right; and she  
Too doted on the little one and loved  
And cuddled him. Alas! He lacked in strength;  
But he had such a clear and ready mind  
His father saved his choicest tales for him,  
The inner secrets of the tribes he told  
To baby ears. The Chief could boast great deeds  
That dance had lauded with the drum and rattle;  
But fancies, fragrant thoughts of the Great Spirit,  
Alone he shared with him who too would be  
A dreamer.—Little son, look up and smile  
On me. I need your help and you need mine.

*Little Bear.* My Father, tears well from my eyes; it may  
Be womanish; but I do love you so.

*Chief.* That is as it should be. I am well pleased.  
I have a most desertful son. Has not  
The signal gift but newly come well proved  
A father's predelection has august  
Support? But what does it betoken more?  
What furtherance is near?

*Little Bear.* I'll take a peep  
To make assurance doubly sure. Is our  
Wee pet alive or is it just the wood

## THE TOMAHAWK

My hand has carved in such dear ecstasy?  
My Father, look! And by your looks dispute  
An emptiness I see. I feel some warmth  
That shows a little beast has lately lain  
In sleep.

*Chief.* [*Greatly astonished.*] It may have strayed within  
the house.

Go hastily and ask your mother's help.

[*He starts searching. Exit Little Bear.*

*Enter Floating Sky, right.*

*Floating Sky.* A snow-white deer that's lost! Whence  
has it come?

What was the reason for such secrecy?

A news that should be noised.

*Chief.* Leave words alone;  
And add sharp eyes to mine. A witchwork plays.  
How elsewise could it thus elude our care?

[*They both seek, one right and one left, beneath  
the trees.*

*Re-enter Little Bear.*

*Little Bear.* I've sought the long house over, all in vain.  
Where has it gone? What shall we do?—But hark!  
A gaysome shout proclaims that it is found.

*Chief.* That shout is from returning warriors.  
They have surprised the traitor, lurking near,  
The chances are intent to meet a spy,  
Enforcing thus a change of plan.—How now!  
What does this fall of tone infer? A silence  
That signifies a something has gone wrong.  
At least a puzzlement. What can it be?

*Little Bear.* [*Starting to run.*] Let me—

*Chief.* Move not. They come!

*Enter Howling Wolf and Warriors, left, in single  
file. Each raises a right arm. The last carries a  
burden.*

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Howling Wolf.* All is as it  
Should be. Not one but two are stoutly tied  
To trees, the women heaping scorn on them.

*Chief.* Your voice is not high pitched with jubilation,  
Your feather seems to droop. What has befallen?

*Last Warrior.* A rabbit had forgot to lay aside  
The winter coat, although the berry moon  
Was near. This thought, with a suggestive patch  
Of white that faintly showed beneath a bush,  
Induced a warrior to raise his bow.  
An arrow flew with deadly certainty.  
What might have been our tribal boast lay curled  
In agony. [*Placing burden on the ground.*]

*Little Bear.* It is—it is not true.  
Look not with doleful faces round; but seek  
Some curative. My pet! My treasure! No,  
It is not true. Belief is in ourselves.  
I'll shut my eyes: then open them and see  
It skipping round; and see it fully grown:  
My playmate and my manitou, my dream's  
Ascendancy to reach the starry sky,  
The gift of the Great Spirit, sent to give  
Me foothold and security, to colour life  
With rainbow tints through its unspotted white.  
Is it though possible to claim such joy?  
No, no! The mask of gloom is ever mine.  
I am a mourner, shorn of comforting.  
My cage is closed.

*Chief.* What culprit's hand has drawn  
The veiling night to sombre thus what else  
Had been so beautiful? The sun has lost  
Its glancing darts, a chilly air blows dreams  
Away. The Evil-minded One has found  
A ready slave to do his lawless bidding.

## THE TOMAHAWK

Pull out the poisoned arrow that the dents  
May tell on whom opprobrium should rest.

*[Floating Sky springs forward, plucks the arrow  
and, on noticing the mark, destroys it.]*

*Little Bear.* There is no need for more enlightenment,  
The arrow's marking could not plainer talk  
Than has my Mother's action.—She would shield  
But one—the spoiler of my destiny.

*Chief.* However done, it was not meant; but I,  
As is my Little Bear, am bowed with grief.  
“Shoot, shoot the poisoned arrow; shoot till all  
The red life-blood be drawn and not one drop  
Remain.” And that I ordered, picturing  
A traitor as the victim; yes, a traitor;  
But still a man; and now I moan to see  
This poor beast suffer so—nor can I stand  
It longer. Poison is a slow destroyer.  
The arrow's prick makes all too small a vent.  
This torture has no let until the end;  
That we will hasten. *[To last Warrior.]* Lift most tenderly  
The stricken deer; and go beyond those trees.  
And you: *[To first Warrior.]* Now take this tomahawk whose  
stone

Is keenly edged for other purposes.  
And with the rapid stroke that pity asks  
Send forth a soul to the Great Spirit, pure  
As is the starry flower; whose roots are filled  
With earth's war paint. Let prayer be on your lips.  
It floats from mine. *[Exeunt, left, the two warriors.]*

*All stand as if in prayer till they re-enter.*

*Last Warrior.* The doleful task is done,  
And now, amid the service berry bloom,  
With reverence, we've laid the wrapped-up form,  
No fitter grave for such a hallowed burden.



## THE TOMAHAWK

*First Warrior.* And here I hold the tomahawk, the first  
To draw life-blood, familiar though with sap.  
The sweet of mercy has most harshly dealt.

*Chief.* Nor could it well be otherwise. Hand me  
The mournful weapon.

*First Warrior.* Let me cleanse the stain.

*Chief.* Be careful! No—what is adhering is  
A medicine that will stave evil off.

Go, my old woman, fetch the tiny pouch  
You've lately made, a larger one to string  
Around the neck and just a pinch of down.

[*Exit Floating Sky, right, to re-enter quickly with requirements.*]

Now from the crimsoned tomahawk I'll take  
This tufted hair that's glued with the life-stream  
Become a stagnant pool before its time,  
Become a mighty medicine that is  
Without its peer in all our world to-day.  
See each of you the answer to a dream!  
New bedded in its downy nest; now sunk  
With solemn reverence in this wee pouch;  
That is inserted in the pendent one;  
Whose quill-embellishment is red and white  
As though so meant: the red for life we know,  
Its vigilance and power; the white for peace  
Victorious in wooded plains above.  
Say, who is worthy of this manitou?  
Who best can serve the ends of the Great Spirit?  
My answer holds no choice; there is but one.  
Let him stand forth.

*Howling Wolf.* [*Rather uncertainly.*] It must in truth  
be I;

Who am the elder in my Mother's heart.

*Chief.* Stand back! And bend your head in proper shame.  
Your task can still be wampum messages.

## THE TOMAHAWK

Who gives the orders though and strings the shells  
Will be a high adviser, one who learns  
Through dreams; whose soul escapes afar  
On airy vehicles as leaves or such,  
Canoeing fast along light streams, or soars  
With eagle-guidance to birddom's dome,  
Or counsels with four-footed chiefs; while other  
Breath-bodies dull in unremembered sleep.  
Do you suppose you warriors, who have  
Subserved me long, that nothing has occurred,  
That moons to be are as the moons that were,  
That life is but a custom, but a dance;  
A round whose scenery diverts or jars?  
Heed me! At times there comes an upward jolt,  
A change is wrought that leads to betterment.  
Our Little Bear has been allowed to see,  
In fasting dream, that rarest thing on earth,  
A pure white deer. Previsioned—so it was:  
We all have seen: the sky but loaned it though.  
What have we learnt thereby? The poisoned arrow  
Has been forbidden—suffering innocence  
Adduces that. Does man not walk upright?  
Uprightly should he act; nor imitate  
The crawling snake disgraced for striking with  
Its venomed fangs. Stir up the embers, pile  
The arrows, let them burn. The tomahawk  
Will be our weapon, we, the Hochelagans,  
Renowned among the people of this world,  
Of fighters first; who boast rich fields that answer  
The songs of our three Sisters, Corn and Bean  
And Squash. We are invincible and proud.  
We now renounce old, skulking trickery,  
Will battle in the open: give and take,  
Surrendering the help of forest trees.

## THE TOMAHAWK

*Floating Sky.* But you would need your arrows for the moose?

Or must we now forgo such luxury?

*Chief.* And does the Moose retaliate with arrows? Are we less brave? The tomahawk shall be Our weapon both for war and chase. Approach, My Little Bear: around your neck I'll string The medicine invoked by you yourself. You are a messenger from the Great Spirit. To others leave more humble tasks. Now may This news, like poplar shoots, root easily; That none may writhe from poisonous assault. And you will be a Sachem, you will be A great one of the tribes; and when indeed The tomahawk be brandished some will think Of you; and when the tomahawk be buried Deep, deep beneath the earth, the peace pipe's breath Will iterate in upward, puffing coils That you, through dream, had forced a way More summittal than what had gone before.

*Little Bear.* O Father! Now my cage is opened wide, My longings made me sick. I will grow strong.

*Chief.* Then hold this tomahawk, serenely stand; While all our poisoned arrows are consumed. None must remain. Approach, you Warriors, And cast your darts that they be licked with flame.

*[The Warriors draw their arrows from the embroidered skin quivers and begin to pile them on the fire.]*

Haste, my old woman, bring tobacco leaves, Those well prepared, and scatter them above;

*[Exit Floating Sky.]*

And as the smoke ascends, dance, dance around, You Braves, with festal prayer upon your lips That the Great Spirit, Governor of Life,

## THE TOMAHAWK

Whose voice is in the noises of the day,  
Whose breath is in the stillness of the night,  
That he will prosper us and bless endeavour.  
And with our faces toward the silver light  
That scales to parts above, may we conduct  
Ourselves in grateful privilege of being;  
Until our favoured isle resemble more  
The happy plains beyond the setting sun;  
Where glint mild rays through ever fruiting trees,  
Where man and beast disport in harmony,  
Released from earthly want, unruffled by ill.  
If this could be; then North and South and East  
And West would emulate our ways; and winds  
Would waft the greeting song from hearth to hearth.  
Now I have spoken.

*Warriors.* What you say is good;  
And verily we add: let it be done.

*[They finish placing their arrows on the blaze,  
Howling Wolf throwing his the last. Good Stream  
stands as though in thought. Little Bear sentinel  
the fire with his tomahawk.*

*Re-enter Floating Sky with a side-drum and stick  
strapped on her left arm. She carries a husk basket  
filled with tobacco which she scatters on the embers  
as the fire dies down.*

*She sings.*

I offer now the sacred herb  
And lay it on the arrows;  
And may its breath uplift my words  
With sky-supporting ardour.

*[She looks up and raises her arms.*

Great Spirit, fecund Source of all,  
Establisher of merit,  
Engraft your spells upon our hearts,  
Submissive to high wishes.

## THE TOMAHAWK

Our Braves renounce the poisoned dart,  
The shelter of close thickets.  
May thunder now augment their cry,  
The war whoop in the open.  
Allow this hope until the moon  
The tomahawk be buried:  
White-feather then the strong stockades,  
Enlisting songs of welcome.

*[She lifts her drum and quickly starts the two beat measure. The Warriors form in single file and, after a moments hesitation, Howling Wolf takes the lead. With the heel-toe forward, springing step they dance around Little Bear, with his tomahawk, beside the smoking embers. Now and again at the drum's instigation they stoop and pick grass which, on rising they throw over their shoulders as though tossing sorrow behind them. The sacred smoke becomes denser and darkens all around, the spruce and cedar mysteriously arise and interlock and the scene is as it was at first.*

*The Writer and Gathering Words, still seated, move slightly till they are well seen.*

*Princess.* And are we here or there or where? What has Occurred? Was it a dream? I am confused  
Although I saw so clearly—still it seemed  
Most strange—quite like and yet unlike the tale  
My Grandfather dwelt upon—his favourite.  
Quite like and yet a difference. Your thoughts  
In trespassing may have engulfed my own.  
Your face admits that you have seen as I.

*Writer.* Prediction verified! I rub my eyes.  
Yes, truly I have seen—your mumbled words  
Have given me the English key. My hand  
Has never moved as now, it is fatigued.  
My neck is tired with looking up enthralled,

## THE TOMAHAWK

Then looking down. But were it not for all  
The scribbles here, apparently a smell  
Of smoke, I could quite readily believe  
That witchery had whiled the time for us.

*Princess.* The meaning was akin to what I've heard.  
Admitting that, how could the scene have happened?  
It was most real.

*Writer.* Must I reassert  
That Poetry can mistress all? The earth,  
Ourselves are slaves to rhythm's dulcet call.  
The past, the future echo to the now;  
And I, though wonderstruck, still can surmise  
That actions have no death. A river dries,  
What was has left its mark; a pebble tossed  
In careless mood may yet reverberate  
While thought survives; a simple, childish dream,  
The wisest of the wise knows not its end.

*Princess.* My head is in a whirl, my mind is far  
Too wilted now to follow what you say.

*Writer.* And mine I think to speak. Let us go hence.  
These hurried notes will talk to me again.  
At present though I long for hushful quiet.

*Princess.* And that would suit me too. I covet it.  
But work is piling high, awaiting me,  
And now I think of it, is it not odd  
That none has come enquiring how we are?  
The women can have given no alarm;  
Though off they rushed so hastily. Perhaps  
They're lurking near. In any case I must  
Expect some questions. Shall I tell abroad  
What we have seen? And will they say I lie?

*Writer.* And if they do, I would be much surprised.  
May woods are magical, and poetry  
Is poetry. What real Indian  
Would not have wit enough to understand?

[*They gather up their belongings. Exeunt.*]

AND  
OTHER POEMS

## A GRECIAN EPISODE

Is there a fairer journeying than this:  
    To wander far through antique groves and dare  
    The rocky waste beyond; where skips the hare,  
Where lurks the fox amid a truant bliss?  
There once I neared a fay-built pyramis,  
    Up which I clambered with most stilly care,  
    Then glimpsed, though hampered by a noonday glare,  
A rout of nymphs, a sylvan blew a kiss.

The seal of comradeship with bards of old!  
    Myself had seen as they; and now I trod,  
As though on air, within a lyric dale.  
The branches blossomed song, a truth unrolled:  
    Alone within the wilderness the god  
Of Helicon will lift his mystic veil.



## NEW-YEAR'S DAY

The sun-kissed citadels of thought are mine  
    As boastfully the New Year offers joy;  
    And I, with upward reach, accept the toy  
To form an altar for an inner shrine.  
Yet should it fail me as the months intwine,  
    If welling sorrow or a keen annoy  
    Dispute its right; or hopes refuse to buoy,  
Then have I forfeited what was divine.

Without, a heavy snow enmists my view  
    And mantles earth with a secretive spell;  
That silently now enters in a song,  
A song; whose cryptic end may lie perdue  
    Until this year grow old; and, with its knell,  
The whole be seen—and further visions throng.

## IN A CARTIERVILLE WOOD

May 2nd

Though trees but lanced their promise—nothing more,  
And leaves, that once had laughed, lay stewn and dead,  
Their ornature and liveliness long fled,  
Was May not in its making; and, afore,  
Had dainty April not set clear a store  
Of nymphal love that shyly sought to thread  
Impulsing dreams through dun; and further spread  
The gospel of attunement—life's full lore?

Spring-beauty blushing near the white-hearts, pale  
And pendulous from out their lacy green,  
The bellworts leaning pensively about  
A purple trillium, proud to be less frail,  
A tintless violet, alone, serene:  
Each sermoned where woods flail a town's misdoubt.

## LEAVES

Late August.

The leaves fold back and forth in happy sport,  
The air floats messages of love to all  
Forgetful of the soon approaching fall;  
Nor thinking of the spring when blossoms court.  
The past, its tenderness fail to exhort,  
The future is enveloped in a pall  
No heavier than thought beyond recall,  
The laughter of the now is long—or short.

So nature speaks; but in my heart there weighs  
The lead of sorrow and uncertain grief.  
The treasure of my soul; who lavished aid  
When others, most beloved, had served their days,  
Is lying restlessly, her hours too brief.  
No, no! She surely lives—though leaves may fade.

## HOPE

When pink of evening stole with holy glow  
    Through bleakish heights that were November-greyed;  
    It drew from me a tristful serenade  
Unblossomed by the thoughts full moons bestow;  
For smoky drifts from chimneys, all aflow  
    With their rebuke of silvan clean, obeyed  
    No wish of mine; but arched a veil whence rayed,  
Quite faintly though, the sun's withdrawing show.

And then the rose, presuming more and more,  
    Exposed a deep blue sea of chartless calm.  
What matter if the moon reigned not to-night,  
The patron of the day held hope in store:  
    A melody fatigued turned to a psalm  
That rippled as a freshet of delight.

## HARMONY

I drove a chariot through cloud and fire,  
    To scale the adverse barriers of chance,  
    By regions burnt with drought; till, in a trance,  
Triumphantly I reached where dreams aspire.  
The cadence of the future, cleansed from ire  
    Of rocky ground and dewless circumstance,  
    Had staid my steeds; and, at a glance,  
Provision came to fill my heart's desire.

So luminous the air, no speck of doubt  
    Distuned the glow of life's infinitude:  
The mystic seal secreting parts beyond  
Was torn asunder: with a mind devout,  
    I felt myself a particle renewed  
Within a harmony till now unconned.

## THOMAS À KEMPIS

[As first approached in teenhood.]

Where red rocks broke a stretch of shelly sand,  
I throned myself aloft on one and took  
The fragrance of the scene within a book;  
Whose thoughts obeyed high ecstasy's command.  
A cell sufficed for one who ever planned  
A life submerged in holy upward look:  
The spirit soared, its narrow bounds forsook,  
Earth's largess paled before the thither land.

While I, immersed in dulcet sights about,  
The gulf potential as a mighty sea,  
A wild rose hailing sunshine through the sedge,  
Read scripture in each tracing, felt devout;  
Yet should time lock our eyes without the key  
The monk from Kempen turned would visions fledge?

## APPLE-BLOSSOMS

[Ferme St. Charles  
May 22nd, 1938]

The McIntosh just blushed, still half asleep,  
So long it had to dream of leafless nights,  
Of Hallowe'en and joyous Christmas lights,  
Of robust mirth when sparkling snows lie deep;  
But near, rayed chalices did more than peep:  
For them the quick enchantment that unites  
Soon summer appling with the kindling rites  
Of luscious donatives, unplanned to keep.

And time itself seemed stayed with blossomed song;  
Whose clusters, white against eternal blue,  
Incensed with perfumed charm the mystic air,  
And brought to waiting nectaries a throng  
Of tireless bees; that up and downward flew,  
Content to sweeten life; and let man share.

## THE PORTAL

How curious when all the elders die;  
    And I become an elder in my turn  
    And find myself without a child's concern  
For what I treasured once with inner sigh.  
The pomp of earth, the universal why  
    Absorb me though; and thus I gravely yearn  
    For Beauty's lastingness, unlike the fern  
Cold frost has limned that fails to fructify.

While in the measure that one's life has been,  
    The starry surfaces of things can change.  
An arrowed thought may wing to realms above  
To gain a raying charm from the serene:  
    Development and still seem not unstrange  
When at the portal of immortal Love.



## THE GAME OF LIFE

It seems unright that anyone should think  
    This world drab-coloured, full of dismal woe,  
    So much it is a part of wonder's glow,  
The credence of to-day, the sentient link  
Between the permanent and what we drink  
    Of fragile charm, the little gleams we know,  
    Mysterious rifts that dimly show  
From breaking dawn to death's divorcive brink.

If hazards are and obstacles prevail;  
    Are they not wooed by games to while the hour,  
To make the laureled victory more true,  
Entice the mind from slothful ease grown stale?  
    Thus playtime sembles what, had we the power,  
We'd elsewhen most short-sightedly eschew.

## THUTMOSIS III

[Under whom Egypt reached the highest point  
of her prosperity.]

Thutmosis extends his far barrier-tablets:  
His Majesty splendours his armies that follow,  
Himself in the forefront—intrepid Commander—  
The Planner, the Doer, great Egypt's Provider.  
The Nile-god has risen and flails the Euphrates,  
Vast Asia pays tribute, rich cities salaaming,  
The Punt sends the slaves that can fashion hard ebon,  
Kush furnishes gold; and green oases, vintage.

Thutmosis extends his far barrier-tablets:  
At home he exults in the peace of possession,  
The taxman is checked, and the poor are protected.  
His war-galleys anchored, he thinks of the temples,  
Restoring and building with treasures inflowing  
For Amon has guided, to Amon the glory.  
His Majesty is a designer of vases—  
Rare vessels of worship whose art is his ardour.

Thutmosis extends his far barrier-tablets:  
Like Thoth is his knowledge, like Amon his vision.  
He is of the day, and he is of the morrow;  
He boasts he is nothing; his god, the Explainer.  
The centuries merge with his obelisks lasting:  
Stamboul and the Vatican, London, Manhattan  
Are strung with the \*shafts of his Majesty's valour.  
Thutmosis extends his far barrier-tablets.

\* Wrongly called Cleopatra's needles.

## GRISELDA OF THE SEAS

Pale arrowry lights were in her eyes,  
Griselda of the Seas:  
I saw her in a boat one night,  
Her hair blown by the breeze.

A sheenful moon shot glory round,  
Its glamour rayed her face,  
She was illumed like some rare sight,  
Immortal in her grace.

I gazed on her with tremulous heart  
Until those eyes met mine,  
A mystic smile rebuked my fear:  
Was I like her divine?

## A TRUANT FANCY

I crave indeed no more from life  
    Than just a roughish hovel,  
A place to live, a place to die,  
    A soul that will not grovel.

The sunbeams glancing through the cracks  
    Would make that hut a mansion;  
While rainy days, though giving work,  
    Might splash their drops in scansion.

Gay birds would tutor my delight  
    Suggesting words that venture  
Above the scope of mundane things  
    Disdaining worldly censure.

The squirrels would be my mentors too  
    In telling of their larder,  
I'd store my roots as they their nuts,  
    The earth becoming warder.

Though skies turn grey, though skies turn clear,  
    Afar from smoke's defilement,  
From war's alarm and noisy talk  
    I'd live in sweet exilement.

I'd speak the message of the flowers,  
    Commune with forest creatures;  
Some ancient books of lofty lore  
    With them would act as preachers.

Their pulpit stretching to the stars,  
    Magnificence in essence.  
Fulfilment to its height and depth,  
    The nighness of the Presence.

In solitude one gains the gifts  
    Unknown to clang of beakers,  
When health be drunk in lordly hall  
    It's woe to spirit seekers.

Through contemplation's holy mood,  
    The breath of silent asking,  
I'd search for joys infinitude  
    Content with humble tasking.

And if some rays were granted me,  
    I'd light a candle with them  
That might emit from my poor hut  
    A star-illumined rhythm.

## AS EARTH IS TUNED

In wanton luxury of thought that stole  
The eagle from the sky, the mole from earth,  
My mind sped thitherward and here—the goal  
Of its extendant jaunt not solely mirth;  
But an all wishfulness to pierce so far,  
A keen desire to excavate so deep,  
That I might build with words an avatar,  
A bodiment uncaught by sluggish sleep.  
Through holy dream alone had I approached  
Soul-portraiture or its last habitat.  
Through contemplation had I just encroached  
On spheric law—no more of light than that.  
Avoiding books, I let poised movements tell  
The rhythmic energy that binds all things:  
The small, the large, the parts, the whole as well;  
For in such compassing a poet sings.  
I knew the circling routes that wordings take  
To melodize themselves with life's impulse;  
Still never could I comprehend how wake  
The rushing lines, and how what seems insulse  
Sprouts wings; or what selective urge can choose,  
Discard from stores that memory has heaped.  
It is not will, for even will can lose  
Itself—or is it will that is insteeped  
With nature's art, God-given as one breathes,  
As tendrils push, as trees branch forth their grace,  
As on a grave a verdant ivy wreathes,  
As earth is tuned within the sky's embrace?

## I THOUGHT OF FATHER DAMIEN

[On leaving a leper hospital, entered by mistake.]

“Unclean, unclean.” Now echoed through my heart  
Old Bible words that turned me into wood,  
So little could I move, so little could  
I understand extremity’s last part.  
A bungalow enticed me, with a start  
I saw disfigured forms; while there I stood  
And wondered, as I looked, where was the good  
Of life that’s tortured with such fiendish art.

Then, with a wrench, I left those boring eyes,  
That sad demolition of human shape.  
The laughter of the sun still rayed without;  
Yet I had seen, and felt what deifies  
Is not the body; but the true escape  
Of mind, despite flesh ills, on wings devout.

## PARTING

Little Darling, little Darling,  
Sweet and gentle are your ways:  
Not for you this earth's dark meshes,  
Not for you its tyrant days.

Just a breath has blown your ringlets  
As I watch you draw your cloak;  
While the sapling there beside you  
Will become a mighty oak.

Shall I lie beneath its branches  
Grieving hopes that are not mine,  
Feel the lash of harsh rebuttal—  
I, the victim of design?

Better had I never known you,  
Fairest child of true accord,  
Than endure your soon departure:  
You a saint; and I ignored.

Could we both have gone together  
Your light clasp would heal dismay:  
Can it be that God's high purpose  
Calls you forth while I must stay?

O you Sapling! I could break you,  
Give your strength to one who knows  
All the blessing of fulfilment  
Not to be when noontide glows.



But my rage has lost its meaning  
As a hand now touches me;  
What is but a moment's parting  
When fond hearts for aye agree?

### AN IMPRESSION

Yellow freesias in a bowl  
That's irised with Venetian gleaming  
Give the perfume of a soul:  
God's artifice—the blower's dreaming.

# THE CHRISTMAS-TREE PARTY

[St. Patrick's Orphanage  
December 28th, 1937]

I think the little Jesus born  
On each successive year  
Might well have laughed and gurgled joy  
To wipe an after tear.

Such happiness was His to see:  
The echo of the day  
That spreads on earth good will again  
Merged in a sweet display.

The bells pealed forth, their sprites appeared  
Through dainty stratagem;  
While fairies lit upon a church,  
They sang to welcome them.

The silver notes and tinkling airs  
Were caught by children too;  
As perched aloft on tiering seats  
They watched, and wonder grew.

Between those rows the stage was placed,  
And facing it a reverend throng:  
The great Archbishop and his Priests,  
The Nuns with guests among.

Now all were in a fairy mood  
For joys had danced to life:  
Pure-lips and Faith and Love and Hope  
Dispersing ugly strife.

The Queen reviewed her elfin train  
Who nothing loath replied;  
They'd seen sad sights; but O their cure  
With clicking wings to guide.

And then!—And then came Santa Claus!  
Detained by snowy drifts;  
And at his jests, pressed little ones  
To beg the fir-tree's gifts.

A pretty crowd with arms outstretched,  
The elders lending aid:  
A scene of charm and gentleness—  
That scene should never fade.

## THE REVEREND SISTER MORRISSEY

[Jubilarian Religious Hospitalier of St. Joseph  
Hôtel Dieu of Montreal

Read at the Celebration of June 14th, 1937]

A sweet-faced nun emerges from the rest  
To cast a fragrant spell; where all are blest;  
For fifty years of effort tell the tale  
Of one who early took Saint Joseph's veil.  
A girl of high resolve and glad allure,  
She saw her future where white walls immure  
The nuns; who hunger for the care they give  
The fever-tossed and those who feebly live.  
The spirit of Jeanne Mance indeed returned  
To spur her follower; who young discerned  
The glory of Establishment that links  
With forward change, as knowledge grows and drinks  
Ripe nutriment from eager, searching thought;  
From fresh revealments where true rays are caught.  
The spirit of the Foundress made of her  
A foundress in her turn and all concur,  
In dwelling on her vigilance, to sound her praise  
For that great English Institute; whose days  
Had birth in her so active brain and heart.  
Six years she served its childhood growth—her part  
Away from those white walls that knew her first.  
Now then, returning, she again immersed  
Herself in ancient privilege: secure,  
At peace, she spread in book and portraiture  
The Hôtel Dieu's romantic fame through one  
Who shines in story as Jeanne Mance has done.  
For her dear sake she'd further build a hall  
Of memory, arousing Montreal  
To its creative past—such treasures lie  
In silent vaults that well might testify.  
And so this Nun, whose mind has burgeoned deeds

Her hand has tended well, now sows fresh seeds.  
A true poetic sense shows through her work;  
She loves to beautify where some would shirk.  
"Remember me" a poor, blind boy once sang:  
Somehow his music stayed and ever rang  
Through her indulgent heart: with royal grace  
She helped, in God's House, thousands in his place.  
And thus the years have sped; while through their count  
New dreams arise, new visions ever mount.

## A FIRST MEMORY

How often as a child I scoured the past  
Intent to find when memory began!  
The moment all was vivid—going back,  
Near years were packed with full reports, then came  
Lethargic black whence incidents emerged  
Quite clearly limned and luminous; until  
I poached on babyhood to disinter  
An odd unmeaningness; that yet had bounds  
And never changed—beyond I could not go.  
Above me was a reach of brilliant blue  
That dipped to meet intensive green, although  
I felt assured, recalling this, that then  
I was unversed in names, nor could express  
Myself; but since had tagged those later learnt  
To what I once had seen imperfectly.  
Who propped me on her lap was not unstrange  
So much she melted in a blankness else;  
Yet striving as I could, I glimpsed no more  
Than eyes that smiled caressingly on me  
As though they understood a wordless talk,  
The petty babbling of a pleased content.  
Desireless, fondled by security:  
Was this the Golden Age but infants know;  
Whose passing leaves the promptive, inner sense  
Of betterment to be? Is Heaven thus?  
Then came the jolt of earth's untowardliness.

A sudden cry! Protecting arms had dropped—  
I fell and fell to sombrous depths beneath.  
The where I was, the time spent grimly there  
Deep sobs alone proclaimed, they choking me.  
Fatigued and terrorstruck—none caring more—  
I was adrift from erewhile anchorage;  
A chasmy dark had gaped and swallowed me.  
And then—and then I felt a soothing touch:

One lifted me and eased my gasping grief.  
I was where I had been—and blue was blue  
And green was green. My tears were kissed away.  
Around us now a propping red had slid.  
Two voices joined, one deeper than the first;  
Yet both so wooingly, I cooed with them.

Red, blue and green, three colours known since then,  
The bright of mirth, the dismal night of woe,  
Felicity and dread and solacement—  
No more could thought bring back from that first while;  
Whose early felt unevenness had jarred  
The self in me to some short cognizance  
That I was I—so memory began.  
Yet what that sketchiness portrayed, I knew not,  
So nebulous it was and undefined;  
Unless its very vagueness went to prove  
How little way at best our knowledge goes.

Inclined to keep my wonders to myself,  
This certain one I nursed till almost grown;  
And then, in reminescent mood one day,  
I told my Mother of what puzzled me;  
And she unfolded parts that cleared the whole;  
Nor seemed surprised that I, who counted time  
By months not years, could lay foundation then  
For memory to wind its coils upon,  
To rear its testament. It was in Rome.  
With me so proudly held she drove one day  
Along an open road to meet my Father.  
The blue was Italy's translucent sky,  
The green was the Campagna's wide extent.  
In glancing up she saw a rider near;  
Who made a greeting gesture, took his eyes  
From the uneven grass—his horse misstepped  
And stumbling fell; and hence my Mother's cry,  
The loosening of her grasp on me in such

Dire stress—now soon allayed for quite unhurt  
My Father raised himself and ran to us.  
In hunter's coat of red, it was his arm  
That soothed and climaxed my first memory,  
Turned agony to peace and tuned the world.

So speaking of that time my Mother said:  
“How strange! Rome's glories all quite lost on you—  
Remembered but the universal blue  
Of sky, the green of grass and a red arm.”  
And then she told me how, when sight-seeing,  
A nurse was brought to carry me with hope  
That some great work of art, some famous picture,  
Whose colours doubtless fixed my gaze till I  
Would chirrup my delight, might make an impress  
To waken after chords. Alas for such  
Parental wish! The pagan Colosseum  
Become a shrine through martyred Christian blood,  
The arch of Titus with the candlestick  
So blazoned that it coldly showed fulfilment  
Of doleful prophecy, the catacombs—  
For I was even in those charnel halls  
Which mark futility of earthly hope  
If not of heavenly—St. Peter's dome,  
The awe-inspiring majesty within,  
The Vatican of happy episode,  
All failed to be recorded in the me  
That was. The Vatican, where my tired nurse  
And her Italian helper found a seat  
To wait the guide's return with his long queue  
Of followers; and where, to their surprise,  
The Holy Father chanced, surprised in turn.  
Abashed—but stammered words would come to meet  
A guard's rebuff: their charge though broke the spell  
By bubbling welcome laughs. The Pontiff stooped  
And laid a small, five-decade rosary



Upon a ribboned shoulder, gave the blessing  
Which countless pilgrims travel far to gain.

That favour unsolicited and brought  
About so strangely, Rome's antiquities,  
Her prideful churches, gracious palaces,  
Resplendent gardens, fountains, quaint street scenes  
Might be as very nought to me; but I  
Had gathered from the core of life itself  
The ecstasy of joy, its harsh recoil;  
Had learnt to know, unknowingly, the blue  
Of Heaven's constancy, the green of earth's  
Vicissitude, the red of spirit easement,  
The wonder that encompasses the whole.  
And this before my lips attained the art  
Of issuing a single word-idea,  
Before I recognized relationship,  
Could find a name for her; who smiled on me.

## ANON

While dipping in a book of gathered verse,  
A little girl rejoiced to meet old friends,  
Familiar poets—not a few well conned.  
But who was this? Anon! And here again:  
Anon! Was he the Wandering Jew, who claimed  
These varied dates, with thoughts too difficult  
For her to grasp, and some she felt too thin?  
Anon was like herself, unsure at times.  
Why, she might be Anon, or so she would  
Pretend, and thus attain experience  
To build the structure of a wish upon.  
A not unusual one; yet sought in such  
Divergent ways, no wonder that some failed.  
Her aim was perfect happiness; and woods  
Could further that, perhaps intensified  
By “Ivanhoe,”—with chocolates to suck.

Quite near a pleasant house, above the cliff  
That gulfward looked, there were the calling trees,  
Each ferny nook, each ramage known to her;  
And, like an Indian girl, she seemed a part  
Of them; and they, responding, told her tales  
And showed enchanting sights that others missed.  
Here was a couch where coloured dreamlets played:  
Their glitterance shot through the pallid drape  
A lichened rock had well prepared for her,  
Close to a fallen trunk, age-mossed; which made  
A pillowy support to rest her back  
Against. A fitting bed for royalty!  
Now canopied with interlacing leaves  
That stole the flame from a too burning sun  
To let a filtered light sift gently through,  
Permitting her to clearly read; and then  
For museful thought—sufficient restfulness.  
What fairer scene to take within a book

That told of Robin Hood and brave King Richard;  
And how they met in Sherwood Forest once  
To find a stirring bond between the twain.  
Romance and beauty; soft, sea breezes blowing  
Hushed mystery; the scent of luscious earth;  
The woodsy sounds; the nibbled chocolates  
That left an aftertaste of toothsome-ness,  
All melodized together, gratifying  
Each sense. But could such pleasure last? Was this  
The crowning of the citadel of grace,  
The beatific note of high delight?  
Two hours had surely passed; and she was tired  
And cramped; and not unready to obey  
A bell's forth-calling ring—a welcome change:  
The badinage of family accord.

Anon—Anon—passed through her mind that night  
While she lay wooing sleep: Anon was just  
Herself, her moods, the ups and downs of life,  
Its apex and, alas! Heart griefs as well;  
For even she had these. But lately since,  
When racing, with an outcome sure she thought  
Upon their shingly beach, a brother, one  
Some two years younger than herself, came first  
With unexpected ease. No serious matter,  
Not worth those tears then shed; yet suddenly  
She knew that never more she could compete  
In sport with boys; and feel the victor's joy;  
While wearing lengthened skirts in which she prided.  
But now some solacement! If this were so,  
Then so it was; and why deplore the fact?  
Did saints not court rebuffs? And at the thought  
She wondered if a saint had ever born  
The name of the undying versifier,  
Become her own by right of choiceful fancy.  
At least again she could pretend, this time  
Presumptuously—were saints not ever haloed?

Who else but they could boastfully proclaim  
Earth's limitations were not barriers?  
For one could soar within—well verified  
When martyrs, quite unfrighted smiled at death  
With hostile faces round, and straining beasts  
Prepared to feast—a horror not for her.  
Yet minor ills were plentiful; and she  
Might test herself—so planning fell asleep.

Next day with neither book nor chocolates;  
But with a doughty heart she went to meet  
What even whiffs therefrom had in the past  
Sent her disgustedly away. Indeed  
The very thought of that unmodern sty  
Had caused a shrinking feeling in herself  
Just conquered now by martial songs; which she  
Recited while she walked with purposed haste  
Along the dusty road; till nearing soon  
Her most unpleasant goal, she recognized  
This mood as too belligerent and far  
From saintlike. In the act of changing  
These battle lays to notes of hymning peace  
She reached the dreaded spot unnoticed,  
Ensnared herself upon a jagged rock;  
And there let thoughts ply high, and higher still,  
Unfretted by the odour round; content  
When now and then some music slipped from her  
In cadenced lines; that drew accordant grunts  
From an old sow and not untuneful squeaks  
From eight fat hoglings. Thus the time flew by,  
Perhaps an hour, until approaching steps  
Suggested she was trespassing; and off  
She sped, just pausing at the gate to wave  
A fond farewell to one now squealing for

Another song. The Farmer looked surprised,  
Gazed at the pig, then her, then shook his head.

That night still bent on further quest she asked  
A friend of grey-haired age if she knew aught  
About a Saint Anon. The friend glanced from  
Her crewel-work and said that if Anon  
Were short for a long word which meant unnamed,  
Unknown to after fame; but by this title  
So bodiless, there might be many such.  
Alone the sum of heavenly computing  
Could give the rightful count. Now at a loss  
When her Anon became thus multiplied,  
The questioner essayed to loose the snarl;  
And straightway launched the tale of her adventure.  
How she, to prove that will not circumstance  
Should steer the mind, had stayed some time beside  
A loathly sty, her seat a sharpish rock.  
And there, in thirstful heat, beneath a sun  
Whose rays were merciless, had so distuned  
Herself from such annoy, her spirit soared,  
Or else reality itself had changed  
To that sweet border-land where Christian tarried;  
That stretched to almost Heaven's gate, the end  
Of his long pilgrimage. Bird trills were turned  
To rhythmic songs the men there uttered as  
They slept; and catching strains her lips had moved  
Until an ancient pig, charmed by the sound,  
Had grunted a refrain—becoming thus  
An intimate of hers or so she fancied.  
“Your way to saintdom is a curious one”,  
Her friend replied, “And I misdoubt its vantage,  
To stay in such a pestilential spot!  
It makes me shudder! Are you fever proof,  
Or is mishap to follow? Listen, child,

Now promise me to weave your dreams in bed;  
And may your days enlighten more than pigs.”

If after this, Anon—Anon the poet,  
Anon the saint, became more nebulous,  
A budding seeker had at least attained  
A foothold; whence the mountains loomed more near;  
While in her heart there was impressed a sign,  
A covenant of peace with the beyond.

## NOW

A child, I ever sought to hold the Now  
That slipped so quickly from my reaching grasp;  
While even as I wrote the word I looked  
To see it in the meadows of the past.  
Flowers were and dreams; but how describe the Now?  
Was it no more than just evasiveness?  
Was God its name? How came that thought to me?  
Might I then claim it through high ecstasy?

Year followed year and times had changed so much;  
Yet not the Now a child had feebly glimpsed;  
For ecstasy had shown the truth to me;  
And in those moments only had I lived  
When contemplation quelled the sounds about,  
When unison invoked a silence filled  
With inner musicry and outer trust:  
Unchanged—unchangeable—the Now of God.

## A SLUMBER SONG

Shall I turn a madrigal,  
    Gather mirth from olden times?  
Listen! Listen to its call!  
    Rest your thought in lazy climes:  
Music ever in your ear,  
    Zither tunes and belfry chimes.  
Skies of azure warmly clear,  
    Garden paths of dear surprise,  
Dancing steps when night draws near.  
    Alway rounds the moon that ties  
Lovers' knots with kindling glow,  
    Mirrored in a maiden's eyes,  
Colouring conceits aflow  
Through the dreams; that shepherds know  
    After counting weary sheep,  
    One by one till slumbers creep.





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