

FROM

an april morning walk

PLASSY MILL—A MEMORY AND A SONG

Bird song in the blue air of evening,
One star in a rain-cleared sky,
With old loved vistas widening
The portals of memory.

Bird song and the blue air fading,
The last lone echo still,
While memoried eyes are shading
A silent millrace and a ruined mill.

PLASSY—A VIGNETTE

We cross the bridge at Plassy Mill
when swans float down the days last beams
Below the singing waters;
Then through a chancel of green boughs
Into a small lock garden—
The lock gates spurting showers,
With courting linnets playing
In dance of light and shadows
Around a white-crowned guelder rose;
The scent of night flowers clinging
To the twilight's loosened tresses;
And through the wide spaced willows
A haze of gold and amethyst
Mantles the brow of Keeper.
And Jim and Kitty say,
With mutual thought and mutual breath,
"What matters how the world goes?
There's here for memory's keeping
The prayer, the sights, the sounds."

THIS LITTLE SONG IS FOR YOU, DEAR HELEN

Blackbird, O brother of mine who sings for me
In the dark
Long before it is not dawn at all,
Sing blackbird, sing.

O sing for me
Still amid the dark
Until we meet again where all is light,
O sing for me.

A NIGHT SONG FOR LYDIA

Fair is the moon
And beautiful the night,
Come dearest soon
While yet the stars are bright.
Soft Lydian airs o'er the trembling grass
And shadows sleep upon a watery glass,
Come dearest soon
Ere this sweet hour shall pass;
Ere this sweet hour shall pass.

Poems by Gerard Ryan

LEAVES FALLING AT DOONASS

Like fires of little frailest things
That quickly flame and die,
The red leaves through the sunbeams drop
And soundless die.

In grey-brown hollows where they ruse
'Neath calm encircling airs
The quietude of sleeping things
Is theirs.

No wintery winds shall scatter them
From their deep sheltered place,
Light the rain shall fall on them
Soft the snow's embrace.

As sacrificially they rise
Around their parent stems,
To wait the time till spring shall make
A flowering grave for them.

GOSSAMER—AN AUTUMN POEM For Kitty Bredin

I saw a leaf, arrested in its fall,
Hang upon the dreaming air,
As by some sleight of wizard hand
'Twas fixed there.

Like a stopped pendulum it hung
Unmoved, unstimmed
By any breath of wind
Or any bird.

A BURIAL IN CLARE

The slush of haggard, nor the clay of winter fields
No more shall halt his heavy tread
And the same clods that once we saw him heave
Fall noisily about his head.

Dead leaves are heaped about the mourners' feet,
The dark boughs drip their sensate share of grief
And comfort only comes to those who loved
In final confirmation of belief.

In pastoral parlance pleads the evening wind,
And Doora's fields are darkling, lone, achale*,
Like an old sorrow settling on the mind
The hungry moon is risen thin and pale.

*Achale: Saxon—Cold.