

THE APE

BY W. J. TURNER

The trees dream all night on the tops
of the hills,
The ghostly water a dark hollow fills,
Its long white shadow falling through
the trees
Where the Ape squats silent, his hands
on his knees.

The white shadow shines in that small
dim mind;
The Moon travels there; the star
hordes wind
With pin-head lamps through the dark,
dark blue
Where faint, cloud-like thoughts col-
lect and pursue.

The scent of the forest, the rippling
streams;
The butterflies flitting through the
shaking tree dreams;
The twittering of birds and the smell
of carrion;
The pale morning sky and the roar of
a lion.

I see and I hear, I awake in the night,
And the Asian forests are dark in my
sight,
With slow bright patches in the drift-
ing gloom
Where Stars, Sun, and Moon sound-
lessly bloom.

The Sun hangs low, a great, dim
flower,
A bloom without stalk; and hour by
hour
The sharp cries of birds and the
shrieks of the slain
Are tearing the quiet with bright
gashes of pain:

And that Flower bleeds out, wildly
staining the sky;
And the lions roar to see the day-
flower die—

They roar together on the tops of the
hills
While with little pale blossoms the
dark sky fills.

In the gloom under heaven, clasping
my knees—
That long white shadow still falling
through the trees,
The lions roaring their music in my
brain—
Alone on that boulder I am sitting
once again.

The Owl

GHOST-RADDLED

BY ROBERT GRAVES

'Come, surly fellow, come! A song!'
'What, madmen? Sing to you?'
Choose from the clouded tales of
wrong
And terror I bring to you.

'Of a night so torn with cries,
Honest men sleeping
Start awake with glaring eyes,
Bone chilled, flesh creeping.

'Of spirits in the web-hung room
Up above the stable,
Groans, knockings in the gloom
The dancing table.

'Of demons in the dry well
That cheep and mutter,
Clanging of an unseen bell,
Blood, choking the gutter.

'Of lust, frightful, past belief,
Lurking unforgotten,
Unrestrainable, endless grief
From breasts long rotten.

'A song? What laughter or what song
Can this house remember?
Do flowers and butterflies belong
To a blind December?'

The Owl