

[The Nation]
A MEXICAN PIECE

BY O. S.

‘Ah! Que bonitos
Son los enanos,
Los chiquititos,
Y Mejicanos.’

Old Mexican Song.

How jolly are the dwarfs, the little
ones, the Mexicans,
Hidden by the singing of wind through
sugar-cane,
Out comes the pretty one,
Out comes the ugly one,
Out comes the dwarf with the wicked
smile and thin.

The little women caper and simper and
flutter fans,
The little men laugh, stamp, strut and
stamp again,
Dance to the bagpipe drone
Of insect semitone
Swelling from ground slashed with
light like zebra skin.

The little Cardinal, the humming-bird,
whose feathers flare
Like flame across the valley of volcanic
stone,

Like an arrow from a rainbow
That the armored plants have lain low,
Stops to watch the dwarfs as they
dance out of sight.

Hair long and black as jet, is floating
yet on amber air,
Honey-shaded by the shadow of Popa-
catapetl's cone;
Their fluttering rebozos
Like purple-petal'd roses
Fall through tropic din with a clatter
of light.

The crooked dwarf now ripples the
strings of a mandoline,
His floating voice has wings that brush
us like a butterfly;
Music fills the mountains
With a riot of fountains
That spray back on the hot plain like
a waterfall.

Smaller grow the dwarfs, singing ‘I’ll
bring shoes of satin,’
Smaller they grow, fade to golden
motes, then die.
Where is the pretty one,
Where is the ugly one,
Where is that tongue of flame, the little
Cardinal?

[The Nation]
WITH WHAT STRONG SURGE OF
PASSION

BY SUSAN MILES

With what strong surge of passion are
we moved
When noble hearts we’ve loved are
nobler proved!
You’d neither sought to hide,
Nor to display,
The wound I chanced upon in you to-
day.
The hurt was healed, the hand that
hurt forgiven,
Anger in you had died,
Before I knew,
Before I even had begun to guess,
How blundering words had riven
Your valorousness.
What glowing love of you,
What pride, what shame,
Welled strong within and swift!
And I could only stand dumb and wet-
eyed,
Helpless, with cheeks aflame
And wits adrift.
How overwhelming is love’s passion-
ate surge
When noble hearts our meaner spirits
urge!



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