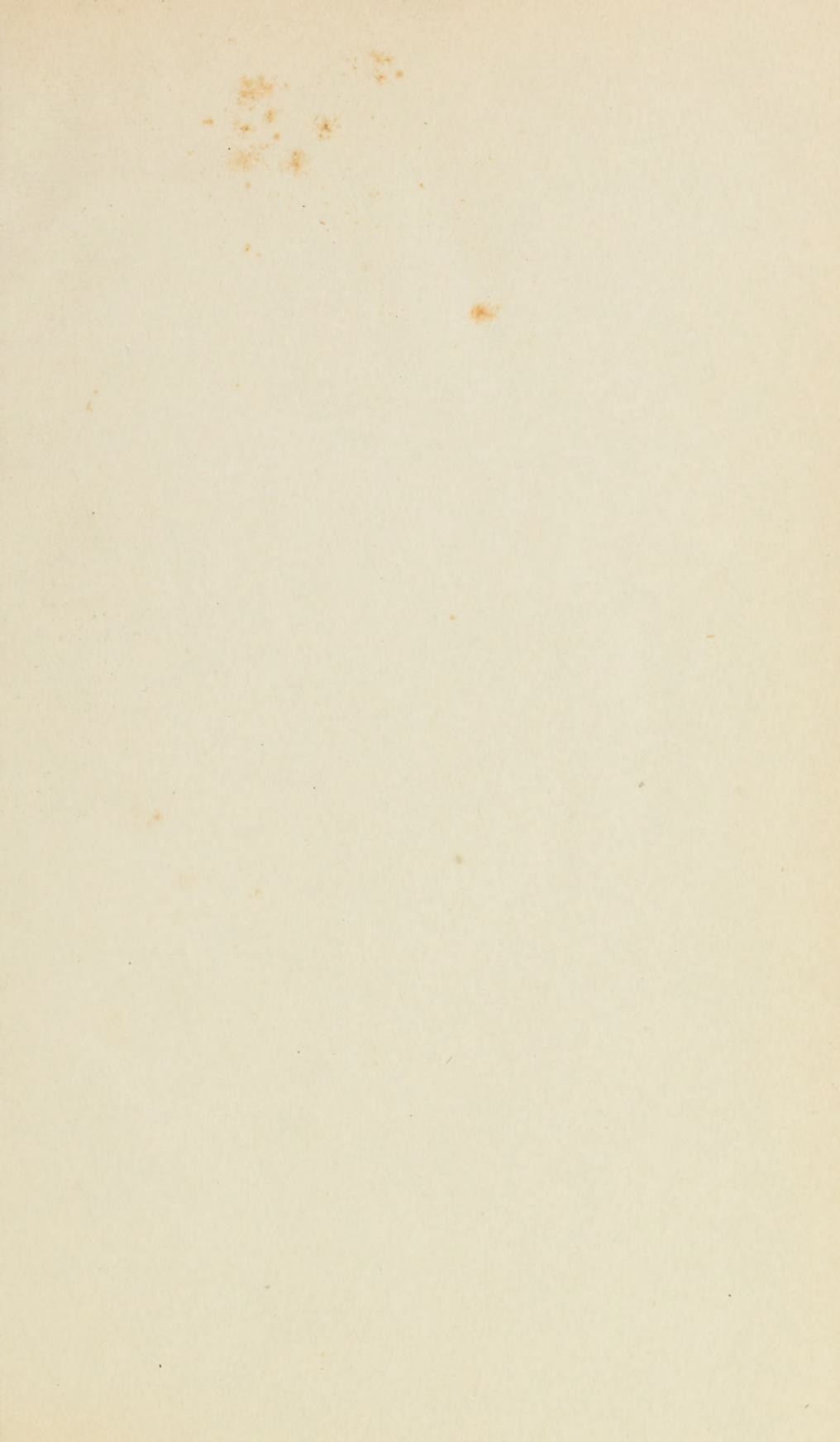


STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/
A821/
M153.4/
1A1



David Scott Mitchell.





Louise Mack

Dreams in Flower.


The Bulletin



The Bulletin Booklets.—No. IV.



Dreams in Flower

Louise Mack 



Sydney, 1901: The Bulletin Newspaper Co., Ltd.

*With the exception of "As Long as Any May" (page
xlüi) these Verses were originally published in The Bulletin.*



No

FOR REVIEW
WITH THE PUBLISHERS'
COMPLIMENTS.

"Oh, to mix in my soul this city . . . !"

Dreams
in
Flower.



H, to mix in my soul this city,
That lies with feet in the fairest waters,
This young, unformed, Australian city!
In the harbour's arms the isles, her
daughters,
Dream all day in a perfect sleep.
Oh, to hold in my heart those waters,
Flowing east with the sun behind them,
Through great gates to the outer deep!

Where, O Earth! is a fairer city
Than this by night, when the Quay's half-circle,
Lit up like some old Italian city
With a hundred shades of red and purple,
Lights the dusk of the city's face?
Half the night to the gleaming circle
Boats glide in with their own lights shining—
Not the stars know a fairer place.



Ah, the mist on the moonlit city—
The sky-spun moonlight, half-light, half-darkness,
That wraps the walls of the seaward city,
And swathes and softens the high spires' sharpness!
Ah, the sweet of the wave-washed town!
Subtle city of wrong and darkness,
Young, but tireless in evil-doing—
One soul aches for your high renown.

Oh, to sing of this little city
A true, strong song that no years can weaken!
A song that tells how the sea-girt city
Cast her light o'er the seas, a beacon
Seen and sought by the far-most sail;
Made a name that no years could weaken;
Fought a way to the fore of nations,
All lands owning her vast avail.

ON THE WHARF.



ARKNESS lay over the land,
The city slept;
The rain from the wet sea strand
Through the darkness swept.
Sometimes the wind was the voice
Of a man in woe ;
At times it was sweet, and crept
Like a strain that the heart has kept
From the songs of long ago.

Silent they watched from the shore
The night-tide rise ;
It crept till the wharf's black floor
Touched it level-wise,
Upwards an inch and an inch
Till the wharf was wet.
Look now ! And he raised his eyes :
They were sad as a man's who dies,
But their grief was not regret.

Eastward a glimmering shred
Spoke dawn arife,
" Our lives will go out," he said,
" As the day brings life.
Fear not the frost of the foam
Nor the freezing sleet :
God knows of our bitter strife,
How we fought, and we failed. Wife, wife,
May our death be swift and sweet !"

Close to his shoulder she stood :
" Love, hold me tight !"
She turned her head and her hood
Showed her face death-white.

“ Oh, hold me close! Is it now?
Will the waves be cold?
Oh, Love, you will hold me tight!
In your arms I can brave Death's night
For the life Death's arms may hold.”

“ Battle and sorrow behind,
And lack of bread.
Before? Though our eyes are blind,
God can see,” he said.
The waters lapped at their feet,
And their time was come;
She crept to him close to bind
In her arms what the deep would find,
But the man fell white and dumb.

All in a space he was dead.
She knelt her down,
The waters washed round his head,
They lapped through her gown;
She leaned her head on his heart,
And her falling hair
Wrapped both in a curtain brown,
And her face was warm on his own,
But the man lay silent there.

Never a cry nor a shriek.
Her voice was low:
“ Hear, Love, though you cannot speak,
As a space ago.
God saw 't was sin, and he took
You, your soul to save.
He recked of the shame and woe
Of the ways that our souls would go
If we took the lives He gave.

**Dreams
in
Flower.**

“Saved! saved! my dearest,” she cried.
She kissed his eyes;
She saw not the crawling tide
O’er the black posts rise;
Felt not the waves at her waist
With their icy hold.
And dawn over-crept the skies,
And the wharf was a wave-washed rise,
But they slept sweet sleep and cold.



THE LAGOON AT MANLY.

Dreams
in
Flower.



HERE the long beach runs to its far north
end,
And the sandways cease at the north
rock's feet,
And the foam is fiercer, the waves more
fleet,

Lies a low lagoon that the high tides blend
With their billows' brine as they come and go ;
And the ways of its waters are smooth and slow.

Though the salt waves sweep through it night or noon,
Yet its mother-stream from the backland sweeps ;
With a sighless swaying her water creeps
O'er the inward edge of the slow lagoon,
And her tender bosom bears life and grace
To the lips of the lake in the sea-girt place.

In the summer dusk, when the moon rides fast,
Ere the sunset's burning has faded quite,
And the seas fall eastward in liquid light,
On the sea-lake's face such a gleam is cast,
That it lies on the earth, in the day's red close,
Like the quivering leaf of a heavenly rose.

All the seas to eastward move silver sweet
In a floating shroud by the moonbeams made ;
All the westward skylands their lights have laid
On the lake that lies at the sunset's feet ;
And between the shroud and the golden lands
Is a narrowing pathway of surf-swept sands.

But in winter eves, when the sun is not,
And the moon is buried in mist and cloud,
And the sea, unlit, is a moaning shroud

**Dreams
in
Flower.**

For the bones of the dead that the sea-waves rot,
On the narrow shore between sea and lake
Boils an ocean of sea-foam and billow-break.

In the far sad sky not a rose is blown,
Not a fleeting gleam in the grey-bound west,
Not a mirrored glow on the lakelet's breast,
And no light where the waves round the north crags
moan;

But the cold sea creeps on the narrow sands,
And the shroud has enveloped the golden lands.



ILLUSION.

Dreams
in
Flower.



H, garden, garden! Yes, evermore,
Awake or sleeping, or passed or passing
The secret gateways of Death's domain,
My heart shall haunt thee for joy thou lost
me;
My soul shall search thee for vanished
pain.

Oh, garden, garden! The gate is closed,
And locked and barred with an ivy's tendrils
Till none can see where the door was set,
And all forget that this waste was garden:
But I, waste place, I do not forget.



Oh, garden, garden! The early morning
Throws tender green on your yellow grasses,
But lark, and lilac, and rose are done.
The white queen cactus is chained with ivy,
Thou art too large and too late, kind sun!

A sun there was that was small and near,
A flower and sun that could bloom and shine
When all the garden was winter-wet,
And life was lonely, and work was worthless.
It sank, dear garden! and our suns set.

And now I wonder if lark and lilac,
And gleaming cactus, and white pear-blossom,
Were ever shining in these grey ways.
Or were her whispers the gay lark's trilling,
Her eyes the lilac of other days!

THE CHOICE.



WAY across the line of trees,
Away beyond the belt of blue,
Is there a City high with spires?
Are there wide Fields that streams run
through?

Some times I think I see the spires,
And hear a mighty city's stir;
And then there comes the sweet of fields
Drowned under drifts of wattle-burr.

But when I smell the sweet of fields,
Or when I hear the city's voice,
A dimness trembles on my sight,
My soul seems driven to a choice

Between these two aerial lands—
One wrought in marble's noble hue,
Carven and chased past earthly art,
And reared against a heavenlier blue:

And one low-lying, simple, slow,
Stretched out past reach of shore and sea,
A limitless, lethargic world
Where silence reigns eternally.

With every wind the wattle lies
In golden velvet on the fields;
Our earth weaves golden wattle-webs,
But none the gold that this world yields.

And always in the morning sweet,
And sweeter still at noon, at night,
With no too closely-woven shade,
And no too brightly-beating light.

The silence is the sweetest thing,
The silent dawn, the silent day;
A sleep might last a century :
The birds that sing, sing far away.

And oh, the clover in the fields!
Oh, white magnolia on the air!
The sweetest flowers from every land
Grow all together sweetly there.

Or is the space the sweetest thing?
The rolling, green, unending plains,
The paddocks starred with dandelions,
The dreamy, verdant, English lanes.

My soul seems driven to a choice
Between these two aerial lands :
The simple, silent world of Fields,
The City built by artist hands.

The City's soul knows rarer life,
And ruddier dreams and deeds than here,
And I was ever one for dreams,
Longed ever in great deeds to share.

And underneath those cupolas
It may be that the poets dwell . . .
But oh, the silence of the Fields!
And oh, the Meadows' endless swell!

So every eve the struggle wakes,
The years go on. Not yet I know,
If when I pass I choose my Place,
To which of these my soul would go.

Dreams
in
Flower.

"Death came to us, and Beckoned . . ."



EARTH came to us, and beckoned ;

We feigned we did not see :
We hid our eyes a second,
And blindly prayed that he,
The Raven-pinioned Angel,
Would overlook our souls,
And find new prey to gather
To the muster of his rolls.

In vain we prayed and laboured,
In vain we did not see,
For Death the mailed and sabred
Had beckoned us, and we,
All bent and blind with weeping,
And wild with wish to stay,
Were driven forth relentless
From the heat of life's brief day.



Oh, the sweet of lying dead !

Of whispering to yourself, Death's done, Death's done :
To feel the Death-bands round your head ;
To know the Death tears all are shed,
And Death is past, Death that all life doth shun.

Oh, the sweet of lonely miles !

Of wanting not to sing, nor speak, nor sigh :
The lips have done with shallow smiles,
The eyes with tears and woven wiles,
And lips and eyes in rest's own settings lie.

Oh, the sweet of lying still !

Of lying stiller than a sea-deserted shore :
The hands have lost the weary will
That watched them working at life's mill,
The feet that ached to rest need run no more.

Oh, the sweet of lying still!

Of lying still and still, long year on year.
Wild overhead lives throb and thrill,
Waves beat the shore, and winds the hill,
But only silence ever enters here.

Dreams
in
Flower.



Lying here still, in these valleys of Death,
Lying all dead, and happy so to bide,
What if there came from life's far shores a breath
Of those old prayers we uttered when we died?
What if there came the haunting of those tears
We shed and suffered, begging Death to stay
His sword a space, and spare our little years
Of light awhile, and turn his head away?
What if there came an answer to the prayer
We deafened Death with? What if Death heard now,
And smit with sudden pity, cried "Return!"
And straightway took his seal from off our brow?

Lying here still in the valleys of Death,
Lying all dead, and happy so to lie,
God, God! the horror of a livened breath,
The death-bound body stirring from its tie.
Oh, God! the horror of this perfect sleep
Made loud with life, and broken with the rain
Of living voices, while our bodies creep,
With shuddering footsteps, back to life again,
To find therein all old joys turned to gall.
More wild our tears than those we dying shed . . .
Thank God! not all our prayers are answered us,
And "No Returning" bounds the soul once dead.

VOWS.



NOT to be bound by chains,
However golden ;
Not to be vowed or thrall'd,
In no way holden.
Not to be kept forever held
To a word that, meant when spoken,
May lose its meaning with the years,
Yet must live on unbroken.

Not to receive a vow
No man may pay thee :
Vowing to love till death,
Through death, it may be.
Not to shut eyes and turn away
From the Powers that loves dissever,
Close eyes to Time, be blind, and say,
This love shall last for ever.

Only the Now we know,
Or dream we know it !
Others may reap the grain,
Though our hands sow it.
Future and past alike are not,
We may joy To-day, or sorrow,
May love as we two love, Beloved,
And love no more to-morrow.

Let us go into love
With eyes unblinded,
Seeing life's long beyond,
And death behind it ;
Feel we our fierce immortal faith
But in silence, Sweet,—not say it
In words ; for what are we, Beloved ?
A day, an hour, may slay it.

Yet oh, my one Beloved,
What vow could bind us
Closer than this one kiss,
The world behind us?—
Starlight and moonlight in the east,
In the west a dull, red river,
And somewhere God, to read our hearts,
And write on us, *For Ever*.

Dreams
in
Flower.



Dreams
in
Flower.

“ To soar as a wild white bird . . . ! ”



O soar as a wild white bird,
With a song unbound and fetterless!
With a gush of song in the throat,
Loosened and loud and letterless,
And the wind its only accompaniment.

To sing and soar and look down
On a world one leaves when one tires of it:
With a glancing wing for a sail,
Dashing, when one desires of it,
Through the spray of the great sea-wilderness.

Or sweeping with mighty curves
From land to sky, and to land again:
To cast off Time, and to stay
Where one's will alone lays hand on one:
Not to own or owe in the universe.

Sudden and swift some day
Meet Death, and know no fear of Him,
But close the eyes and have done.
. . . When a wild bird dies none hear of him.
He has sung and ceased, and is happiest.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

Dreams
in
Flower.



CATTER along her way
No bursting flowers, no roses,
No lilies with heart of day,
Primrose that the night uncloses;
Not any flowers at all,
For she loved them. Not as a pail
Would she have them pressing upon her
breast.
Carry her flowerless to her rest!



Deaden the violins!
Have not her feet been dancing
To strains from their strings? . . . She wins
Over all when her feet go glancing, . . .
Never a wind or wave
Danced like that little child. Her grave
Must be hushed from strains, lest her small, still feet
Ache in the earth for the rhythm's beat.

Spirit of life and light,
Restless, born blind to sorrow,
Often when others slept by night
She made her sweet, small plans for morrow.
Now if she wake . . . But no!
Slumber like that lasts on. Ah, slow
With the little pail! Let them turn her eyes
East, where the suns that she rose with rise.

Only one sign of woe—
For we believe her living,
Hear her, as days ago,
With her laugh, and her small kiss-giving—
Only to draw the blind,
And shut the pitiless sun behind;
Lest the sunbeams, gleaming about the stair,
Deaden one memory of her golden hair.

ON WAIREE HILL.



O you remember meeting, meeting
Here when the wattle's boughs grew golden?
(Ah, golden wattle, how sweet, how sweet!)
And under the drip of its gold burrs beating
Light on our heads with the wind just risen,
We cast our hearts into one strait prison,
And neither asked for the key to keep.
(Ah, golden wattles, how sad, how
sweet!)

Have you forgotten watching, watching
There, where the white dust clouds the cross-ways
(O, silent cross-ways, how still, how still!)
My blade in the bark of a great gum notching
Names that the years have made black and narrow—
Your name and mine, and a heart and arrow;
And you were angry, you said, and smiled.
(O, silent cross-ways, how sad, how still!)

Do you remember riding, riding
West, with the stretch of the plains before us?
(O, plains of Wairee, so great, so grey!)
The sky in the west was gilding, gliding,
Shedding its red in a million places;
The fleet wind gurgled against our faces—
Our rush was swifter than wing or wind.
(O, plains of Wairee, so grey, so still!)

'T is I remember creeping, creeping,
Over the hill with a slow procession,
(Your slowest wending of Wairee Hill).
I can hear through the years your mother's weeping,
See through the years the paddocks lying
In noon's dead stillness, one far crow flying
Where light made gold of its dingy wing.
(Ah, God, those paddocks so wide, so still!)

AT EASTER.

Dreams
in
Flower.



THE gateways of Gethsemane
Have mouldered in decay ;
Rank poppy and anemone
Make red the sacred way ;
The cry of Christ the crucified
Rings dimmer with the years ;
A louder sound has deadened it—
The fall of the World's Tears.

The cry of Christ the crucified
Came ringing from the Cross,
Mixed with the two thieves' at His side,
And the world beheld His loss
In a grand and glorious martyrdom,
Made by His own commands ;
It heard the Garden Agony,
It saw the Bleeding Hands.

Its hardened heart has thrilled to these
For many a hundred years,
And many a life has robbed its ease
To win its Christ more tears ;
More tears for such a martyrdom,
So exquisite a death,
That lends the saints their hope of Heaven,
And lightens Sin's last breath.

The gateways of Gethsemane
Have mouldered in decay ;
Rank poppy and anemone
Make red the sacred way,
The cry of Christ the crucified
Rings dimmer with the years
A louder sound has deadened it—
The fall of the World's Tears.

Dreams
in
Flower.

The World goes weeping on, but not
For Christ its tears are shed ;
The sadness of a living lot
Is keener than a dead :
The World is weeping tears of blood,
Wrung from a tortured heart ;
The tears that flow for one's own want
Sting with the sorest smart.

Even the children's tears are poured
Into this sea of tears ;
They know the story of the Lord
Who gave a life for theirs :
But what is Christ to Hunger ?
Dead Thorns to living Thirst ?
The children's wails are loudest, or
Their little hearts would burst.

Listen ! Along the centuries
A bird has sought to sing ;
And every wind has beaten it,
Even the winds of Spring.
And all along the centuries
One flower has tried to blossom,
And every Spring has withered it,
And every Winter frozen.

If from the dark Gethsemane
The cry of Christ rings down
O'er poppy or anemone,
And ruined gate and town,
It is to tend the flower
And give the bird his wing—
Poor bud that never opens,
Poor bird that may not sing.

The bird would sing supernally
If anyone would hear,
The flower would bloom eternally
If any held it dear,
The World would stem its sea of tears,
The Christ eyes smile above,
If in the straitened places bloomed
The Bud and Bird of Love.

**Dreams
in
Flower.**



LEAF MUSIC.



LISTEN! the Winds are playing
A fugue in the orchard trees :
They creep through the boughs of apple,
And linger among the leaves,
And touch, with a gentler straying,
Leaves over-soon decaying.

The Winds come singing, singing,
Through leaves with a silken sheen :
This song is a silver treble,
With an alto note washed in ;
It sounds like an apple flinging
On grass the sun is stinging.

But oh, when Winds come rushing
Through wattle, when day's at noon !
Set low like a mother's murmur
Into ears when the eyelids droop ;
Set soft, like a bee's hum hushing
The flowers his lips are brushing.

O, gleaming, dripping Wattle !
The Wind, when it blows through you,
Is a velvet-throated singer,
And it sings to a golden tune.
All noon, where the noonlights mottle,
I lie and listen, wattle !

And, listening, pass the border
Where only a child may stray,
Into the land of fairies . . .
The years since I went that way !
Ah, Wattle ! are you the warder
Who guards that dim, dear border ?

**Dreams
in
Flower.**

The Wind loves warm-leaved apples,
Warm-hued in the light or shade ;
The song has a deeper setting
That blows through a leafy spray
Gone red as the blood-red maples,
Or sunset sky at Naples.

But stealing through the edges
Of gums, with the curl still green,
An exquisite treble dances,
And thrills to the lightest breeze.
Not Pan's own reeds and sedges
Ring sweet as young gums' edges.



Dreams
in
Flower.

"I take my life into my hands . . ."



TAKE my life into my hands:
You shall not touch, you shall not see.
I hold it there away from you,
The fitful shining soul in me.

Ah, but you do not know 't is hid,
Because you did not know 't was there:
You look along the curving lip,
Search the deep eyes and touch the hair,

And cry, "Oh, love me, Woman, love!
Your eyes are stars, your mouth a flower."
And all the while a low voice says,
"This is a fool without the power

To look beneath, and find a free
Unfettered spirit, serving none;
A heart that loves and does not love,
A space untrod by anyone."

You do not look for these. Yet I,
So loved and loving, wonder too
If underneath that clamour dwells
Just such a hidden world in you.

For you, perhaps, have turned your soul,
And held it there away from me,
Saying, "She would not recognise;
She would not know, she could not see."

So let us keep our silences!
I'll honour yours, or mine will break.
And you, guard well the sacredness
Of mine, for your own soul's shrine's sake.

"I dreamed of Italy . . ."

Dreams
in
Flower.



DREAMED of Italy,
And you were there . . .
Oh, Italy, dream Italy!
Are you so fair?

A golden gondola
For ever fled
Up silver waterways:
An old moon led.

Beneath a midnight bridge
We slower swept,
And kissed and whispered where
The black shades crept.

And Dante passed and smiled,
And Beatrice:
Their little gondola
Was gold as this.

Old angel Italy
Was everywhere—
Poets and painters dead,
They were all there.

When I see Italy . . .
Oh, broken dream!
For you are sleeping by
An Austral stream;

And golden gondola,
And nightingale,
And ah, the shadowy bridge,
Are all a tale!

IN THE ATTIC.



WHAT does it matter what they say
While there is the sunset, there the stars,
And over the city's mistiness
The moon comes out of her silver bars?—

And somewhere out of the sight of eye
The river runs through a low, long mist,
Under the bridge where the lovers cross
Into the fields for their evening tryst.

What does it matter? Up and up
The mounting staircase twists and winds,
Till, see! the starlight is almost touched,
The world that hates us is left behind.

Open the door with the rusty key,
Close and lock it, and enter in :
Straightway walk into Paradise,
And let your time as a god begin.

Here in the Attic all things fade,
And dwindle into their own small size ;
Brain-fires burn when the coals go out,
And stars shine in with solacing eyes,

And weave a ladder into the room,
And wave and beckon until we dare
The first frail foot-hold. Then they turn
And veil their windows and leave us there,

Low and alone on the silver stair,
The attic window out of our sight,
The stars' gates hidden in mystery,
The shining ladder our only light.

Rolled in the mighty atmosphere
We stumble heavenwards bar by bar,
Through the midnights, till feet refuse,
And reel and tremble—and there 's the star!

What if the Attic had not been!
A silver ladder would never dare
Down the stars to the basement world
Whose dirt would tarnish the shining stair.

Open the door with the rusty key,
Close and lock it, and enter in;
Straightway walk into Paradise,
And let your time as a god begin.



Dreams
in
Flower.



"Oh, to begin again . . . !"

Oh, to begin again!

Not from the first, but now,
Letting the threads fall where
Tangles too bitter grow.

Oh, to begin, and look
Straight into everything!
Seeing without the beam
Of old traditioning.

How would I see thee, Death?
Mother with melting eyes,
Waiting to waft her child
Into some Paradise,

Whether of rest or joy,
Laughter or solitude,
Just what would satisfy
Each child's unspoken mood:

Mother with loving lips,
Calling, in tenderness,
All the worlds unto her,
Even the motherless.

How would I see thee, Love?
Casting tradition's beam
Out of my eyes. Ah, Love!
Swift little fiery gleam,

Faded before it breaks
Into the heart's recess,
Where the black shadows lurk
In languid loneliness.

Faded and passed away,
Turning the shadows there
Colder and deadlier
After that golden glare.

How would I see thee, Truth?
Fought for so patiently :
Ah, for the Wounded Hands!
Ah, for the Agony!

Must I behold in thee
Only a sacrifice
Æons have perished for,
War-time and armistice.

Wonderful sacrifice!
Yes, and I come, I come,
Low to the altar steps :
Farewell to hope and home!

Seeing without the beam
Of old traditionings . . .
Brighten the altar fire!
Tighten the victim's strings!

TO DARKNESS.



OME sing Hymns to the Dawn :
Let them sing ! I will not bring
My harp to keep accompaniment.
Some make Music of Moons :
Ah, pale Nocturne ! my pulses spurn
Your liquid silver, your dim, wet gold.
I worship you, Moon, but you shall not hold
My soul in your hands, and the Sun's red poem
Shall pass me by like a hidden cithern.

Moon, is it fault of mine that I do not set
Your tender crystal high in my heart ?
Moon, is it shame to me that I will not let
Your fragile shining light me to Heaven ?
Fault or shame, I will keep my name
To set at the end of the only song
I ever will sing, my whole life long.

Sun, is it written down in your red, red book
How I was faithless, who loved you so well ?
Then is it written, too, that my false eyes look
Up to your face, Sun, and all 's forgiven ?
Faith or fall, I must keep my all
To swell the sound of the only song
I ever will sing, my whole life long.

Dawn, shall I weep that the youth of the world
from me
Has passed and left me lonely and old,
Blind to the perfect rose that I would not see,
Your beckoning blossom, tenderly calling ?
Blind with tears, I have turned the years
To swell the tides of the only song
I ever will sing, my whole life long.

Night, will you hear as I lie at your shadowy gate,
And silent, silent, wait for your perfect breast?
Night, will you know, though my Wandering Heart
is late,
It is yours at last, and is yours for ever?
Little Dawn and the Middle Morn,
And Moon and Sun, I have left them all
For the tireless peace of your passionless thrall.



Listen, listen, my Heart!
Let us lay the white Moon here asleep,
Kiss her, and say a low good-bye;
Cover her face with the vines that creep
Through sunny places. Ah, do not weep!
Let us lay her here, asleep.

Listen, listen, my Heart!
Let us hush the baby Dawn to rest;
Kiss her, and sob a sweet farewell;
Cover her little angel breast
With tiny blossoms, half-blown, unpressed . . .
Let us leave her here, at rest.

Listen, listen, my Heart!
Let us clasp the red Sun once and then
Leave Him and utter no good-bye.
Cover his limbs with the eglantine
Too heavy and honeyed for mortal men,
Let us clasp him once, and then——



Then to the Night,
And good-bye to light,
For ever, and ever, and ever.
O, tender, noble, imperious Black!
Best and bravest, shield that I lack,

Dreams
in
Flower.

And lacking, fail in the fight out there :
Wrap me round in your long black hair,
Cover me close with your tender arms,
Blot out the memory of stars and morn,
Wrap me close in your long black hair,
Warm and fragrant, and when I stare
Up through its masses to where the trees
Mutter above me their Symphonies,
I shall see no trees, and the Symphonies
Will persuade my beliefless, vagrant soul
That she is the only music-maker,
Only law-giver, condoner, law-breaker . . .
And wrapped in your shadow, so close, so strong,
Lying silent, perhaps ere long
I shall make or capture one perfect song.

Wrapped in the Night !
Ah, the wild delight
Of the great fresh world that creeps down and near.
Wrapped in the Night !
Shut out from the light,
At last I can listen, at last I can hear.
At last I have caught the meaning
That haunted me always, but always fled
Just as I gained it. Now living or dead
I shall never be haunted any more,
For the black, black Night has revealed the shore
Of the furthest sea in any world,
Has carried me up to the highest steep,
Has borne me under the under-deep,
And lying silent I know, ere long,
I shall catch and capture my perfect song,
My splendid, passionate, scythe-like song,
Blown of the dark as a soul is blown
Out of the black unknown.

HORSE O' GOLD.

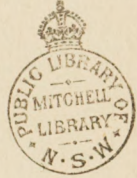
Dreams
in
Flower.



FANTASY, Fantasy, fly away!

I'll mount you: we'll follow the hurrying
Day,—

Chase the gold through amethyst lakes,
Burn our bosoms with scarlet flakes,
And leaping over the sunset's brim
Steal a chord of the young star's hymn.
Ah, Fantasy, you and I
Stop for nothing on earth or sky!



Charger of Gold, with arrogant feet,

Carry me, serve me!

Let me ride and dream on your haughty back

Till we come to the Little Death Track;

Then, Fantasy! then, ah then,

A bosom of earth, and a horse of black.

Fantasy, Fantasy, fly away!

I'll mount you: we'll follow no Gold to-day,—

Turn our ways to some uttermost grove,

Look once more for our Perfect Love,

And calling, calling, into the mist

Hear a voice that the stars have kissed.

Charger of Gold, with arrogant feet,

Carry us, serve us!

Let us ride and dream on your haughty back

Till we come to the Little Death Track.

Then, Fantasy! Then, ah, then!

Her passionate arms and her hair of black.

Fantasy, Fantasy, ah, the day!

I mount, and you sadly refuse the way.

Tired or halt, with impotent feet,

Blind and weary of wind and heat,—

**Dreams
in
Flower.**

Ah, stumbling, sorrowful, deadly hour
When Fantasy falls like a rain-torn flower!
Once, Fantasy! you and I
Stopped for nothing on earth or sky.

*Charger of Gold, with wayworn feet,
Onward a little!
While I promise and pray on your weary back,
Soon to come to the Little Death Track.
Then, Fantasy! gladly then
I'll yield you, my steed, for a horse of black.*



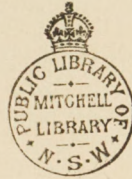
BURY IT DEEP.

Dreams
in
Flower.



BURY it deep, bury it deep,
Under the earth where the secrets keep.
Over it pile, with a pale, kind hand,
Clouds and fancies from No Man's Land.
Cover it over, and do not weep,
And bury it deep, bury it deep!

Bury it deep, bury it deep,
Never let sign of it upward creep.
Over its grave, with regardless feet,
Dance, defying your heart's loud beat.
Merrily fight through the tangled sedge,
And merrily dance on the grave's red edge.



Under the earth there are hidden deep
Turbulent hearts that are well asleep.
Under the earth, without pride or shame,
Lie they, till no one recalls their name.
Stately, and silent, and well asleep,
They buried it deep, they buried it deep.

Not for us all is ready yet
Confident coffin for all regret ;
Not for us all has there opened wide
Infinite peace on a green hill-side ;
Yet and for all there 's a charge to keep
To bury it deep, bury it deep !

Bury it deep, deeper and deep,
Under the breast where the secrets keep.
Over it pile, with compassionate hand,
Clouds and fancies from No Man's Land.
Cover it over ! They do not weep
Who bury it deep, bury it deep.

**Dreams
in
Flower.**

That is the worth of pain and tears,
That is the secret of all the years,
That is the value of life and grave,—
All the tears you can stop or save,
Covering over the eyes that weep,
And burying deep, burying deep!



AFTER PARTING.

Dreams
in
Flower.



LOVED you on Earth:

Shall I love you in Heaven?

Shall we carry our love through the hush
of the grave?

Bear it, unbroken,
Give to each other the soul that we gave
Each to the other on earth?

Oh for a sign, oh for a token!

I found you on Earth,

Shall I find you in Heaven?

Shall I feel your warm breast on my breast after This,
Carven, and frozen?

Feel ever more that white mouth in a kiss?

Smiling and stubborn it gleams,

Cold as young lips Love never rose in.

No, no! as you lie,

In insouciant silence,

Death reveals that the love on your lips was a lie,

Insolent coldness.

What! had you loved could you meet me like this?

Woman, you lied when you loved!

Death has betrayed the bounds of your boldness.

Ah, see! But I kneel:

Do you hear, do you listen?

I will wait, I will wait, till your arrogance melts . . .

Till your insolent whiteness

Fires to these tears of red flame on your hands.

God! for this soul of my soul

Smiles, while I weeping yield up my life's brightness.

LAND I LOVE.



AND I love! I will find your meaning.
See, I swear I will know you yet!
You shall reveal the soul of your song,
And I will set it as never set.
March of shadows to muted music,
Heat-mists creeping, I know, I know;
And I know, dear Rain, that your desolate
story
Has a hidden sweet and an inner glory.

Trees of mine! ah, the nights I listen,
Nights I steal through your black, black shade,
I and the old gums sorrow alone,
The young gums give me their accolade.
Mile on mile through the death-grey silence,
Twilight, midnight, or yellow noon,
And 't is I who know that your desolate story
Has its hidden sweet and its inner glory.

Dark and dawn through the grey gums sweeping,
Blazing gold of the afternoon,
All have revealed the soul of their song,
But where, O Land, is my promised tune?
I am silent, I have no music,
Maestoso nor Allegro,—
But you know how fain is my impotent story
To unfold the hymn of your veiled great glory.

Only this can I sing, and singing,
Land of mine! you will understand,
You have revealed the heart of my song,
While I went seeking for yours, O Land!
Your young lips have disclosed my courage,
Deathless courage, my Continent!
For I learnt from you that my life's own story
Has a deeper depth and a higher glory.

Heat and haze! you have crept and caught me.
See, 'tis you who will know me yet.
You have revealed the soul of my song;
'T is you who have set it, as never set.
March of shadows to muted music,
White gums waiting, we know, we know!
And we know, Dear Land, that our desolate story
Has its hidden sweet and its inner glory.

Dreams
in
Flower.



Dreams
in
Flower.

"Chopin, Chopin, ah, Wanderer . . . !"



HOPIN, CHOPIN, ah, Wanderer!

What hast thou in thine hands for me?
Roses, roses and violets:
Death smiles up through the company.

One bud only is never blown:
Rose of childhood thou canst not weave
Into the mesh of thy music-looms:
Child-lips laughing, and eyes that grieve,

Never move through thy melodies,
Never dance to thy scherzo-strings . . .
Lovers dreamy and decadent . . .
Never note of a young voice rings.

Master, fragile and passionate,
Let me sound but one note with thee!
What is youth but a waiting place,
Dreary dawn of a Day to Be.



AS LONG AS ANY MAY.

Dreams
in
Flower.



ONLY begged a moment's breath
Of all love's life—
Only to live for once, and feel
My heart cut like a knife

Against my breast, and know
Of love for me.
Live for a life-time then, God said,
And saying, set me free.

He set me free, and forth I flew,
O Love, to you;
I fought the darkness with my soul,
And laughed, and mocked, and flew.

Oh, but the fight was fierce, Beloved!
You cannot know:
Black waves washed up from unknown seas,
I was so small and slow.

Yet all the while I fought and laughed,
And thought of home:
Home on your heart! I would have fought
A million seas to come;

To come to you for that one space
Out of all years;
To be against your breast, and shed
My tears, and see your tears.

To come to you! And Love, I came
Through wind and rain;
Through moaning seas, and chanting trees
That carolled at my pain.

**Dreams
in
Flower.**

And bitter chasms like Death's lips
I leapt for you ;
All the dark mocking marshy lands
Where the night-serpents grew :

And came at last, and saw your eyes
Wet with great bliss ;
And nearly fell against your heart,
And nearly reached your kiss,

When God cried : *You have lived, my child !*
And shut the door,
And shut my lover from my arms
For ever, evermore.

Nearly you lay against his breast,
God said, *To-day :*
That was the moment when you lived
As long as any may.



"No place for dreamers . . . !"

**Dreams
in
Flower.**



O place for dreamers!
No room for dreams!
Then why these visions,
And why these gleams?

No room for dreamers!
Oh, bitter fate
That sends a dreamer
Through earth's grey gate.

The birds may linger
And laugh all day,
The winds may loiter
Their lives away,

And every flower
And little leaf
And tall red forest
And yellow sheaf,

And lazy lily
And jonquil fair
May use a life-time
To watch a star.

No room for dreamers!
Oh, bitter fate
That sends a dreamer
Through earth's grey gate!

*For you, you dreamer,
With eyes on space,
The thin grass covers
Your only place.*

BEFORE EXILE.



HERE is my last good-bye,
This side the sea.
Good-bye! good-bye! good-bye!
Love me, Remember me.

This is my last good-bye,
This side the sea.
I bless, I pledge, I cling,
Love me, Remember me.

This is my last good-bye
To each dear tree,
To every silent plain,
Love me, Remember me.

This is my last good-bye,
This side the sea.
O, friends! O, enemies!
Love me, Remember me.

You will remain, but I
Must cross the sea,
My heart is faint with love,
O, Land! Remember me.

You will not even ask
What claim has she.
She loved us, she has gone . . .
'T is all, Remember me.

This is what you will say,
My Land across the sea,
She was of us, has gone . . .
And you 'll Remember me.

Here is my last good-bye,
This side the sea.
Farewell! and when you can
Love me, Remember me.

A Table of the Verses.

- "Oh, to mix in my soul this city . . . !"* page iii.
ON THE WHARF, page iv.
THE LAGOON AT MANLY, page vii.
ILLUSION, page ix.
THE CHOICE, page x.
"Death came to us, and Beckoned . . . " page xii.
VOWS, page xiv.
"To soar as a wild white bird . . . !" page xvi.
LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR, page xvii.
ON WAIREE HILL, page xviii.
AT EASTER, page xix.
LEAF MUSIC, page xxii.
"I take my life into my hands . . . " page xxiv.
"I dreamed of Italy . . . " page xxv.
IN THE ATTIC, page xxvi.
"Oh, to begin again . . . !" page xxviii.
TO DARKNESS, page xxx.
HORSE O' GOLD, page xxxiii.
BURY IT DEEP, page xxxv.
AFTER PARTING, page xxxvii.
TO SYDNEY, page xxxviii.
LAND I LOVE, page xl.
Chopin, Chopin, ah Wanderer . . . !" page xlii.
AS LONG AS ANY MAY, page xliii.
"No place for Dreamers . . . !" page xlv.
BEFORE EXILE, page xlvi.

A Personal Note.

MARIE LOUISE MACK was born in the early seventies at Hobart, Tasmania,—seventh of thirteen children, all of whom are living. Her parents were natives of Ireland; the father (the Rev. Hans Mack) of German stock, the mother from the Irish north. In her youth the family removed in succession to Clare, to Adelaide, to Strathalbyn (in South Australia), and to Morpeth, to Windsor, to Sydney (in New South Wales)—the rule of the Wesleyan ministry limiting residence to a period of three years with one congregation. In 1896 Miss Mack married John Percy Creed, a Sydney barrister.

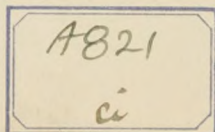
As a girl Louise Mack spent five years at Sydney High School; and her memories of school-days are presented in "Teens" and in "Girls Together." Failing to matriculate at Sydney University, she became a teacher, and later a writer. While at school she essayed literature as an editor of "The High School Magazine," and in recent years her pen has been very busy. Her published books in prose are: "The World is Round" (London, 1896); "Teens" (Sydney, 1897); "Girls Together" (Sydney, 1898). For three years, until her departure for London in April, 1901, she was employed on the staff of *The Bulletin* as writer of "A Woman's Letter" from Sydney.

A new theory of the development of ideas suggests that, in inheriting the ancestral thought-machine, we inherit also a number of latent ancestral thoughts. This furnishes interesting explanation of the irresponsible character of lyric poetry. From the earliest times the poet has been regarded as "possessed" by some external power. In this "possession" the priestess of Apollo raved, the Italian improvisatore chanted, the Maori tohunga writhed and foamed. From the earliest times the poet's chief themes have been love and death, the beauty of skies and woods and waters,—aboriginal passions and the natural phenomena familiar from the human cradle. We know now that the power resides in the poet's brain, that the poetic "possession" is mere escape of brain-centres from their normal control; and we infer that lyric poetry is essentially the product of inherited emotion.

Sometimes the escape is conscious, the inheritance realised. You feel a detachment, a duality in your brain, as if some primal breath had blown across it. In our small local sphere, Roderic Quinn tells me that there are times when his own individuality seems to sleep; when he fancies himself standing on a Donegal cliff under a wild sky, gazing through driving sleet at the dark Atlantic heaving below; and strange alien thoughts come teeming, crowding. Between dreams and waking Will Ogilvie, bred on the Scottish border, has imagined himself heading a reivers' band across the Tweed, and the picture has recurred with a vivid, an intimate detail which seems never to have been learnt through his own senses. And Louise Mack says that "When I write verse I am not conscious of words—the feeling and the thought are almost dropped on the paper. The moment I am conscious, think of a word—the poem is dead, and I stop,—can't hear it, don't feel it. I always write poetry as if it is someone else's that I've half-forgotten, and slowly am drawing down from the recesses of the brain, driven to it by some tide of feeling."

This statement supplies a reason for formal blemishes in the work of a truly lyric poet such as Shelley. His song is as fresh and spontaneous as his own skylark's, and as imperfect. The sweeter Keats, like the nightingale which he invoked, is also more artificial. In her minor place, Louise Mack's breaches of poetic rule are the complement of her poetic merit. For the most part, her verses are little rills of song, gushing through channels of melody as naturally as a brook from its source, and meeting obstacles to expression as simply as a brook meets obstacles to its flow. They are characteristically personal, reflecting Australian skies and landscapes, Australian suns and glooms, through moods of poignant original emotion. That often they wind through mournful sedges, beneath sad eucalypts, is less idiosyncratic than accidental. In their quality of poetry, they form the most distinguished body of verses written by a woman in our country.

A.G.S.



THE BULLETIN BOOKLETS.

THE HIDDEN TIDE

BY RODERIC QUINN [*Out of print*]

A ROSE OF REGRET

BY JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE 1s. 6d.

THE CIRCLING HEARTHES

BY RODERIC QUINN 1s. 6d.

DREAMS IN FLOWER

BY LOUISE MACK 2s. 6d.

THE WEST WIND

BY HUBERT CHURCH [*In the Press*]



*Printed and Published by William Macleod, of Botany-street,
Waverley, for The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited,
at the office of the Company, 214 George-street North, Sydney,
Australia.*



A821





DSM

A821

M153.4

1A1

DSM/ A821/ M153.4/ 1A1
Dreams in flower

**STATE LIBRARY
OF N.S.W.**



N1926975

