

Published in
The Echo

May 1914

THE FETE.

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Gordon Square,
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THE FETE.

To-night again the Moon's white mat
Stretches across the dormitory floor
While outside, like an evil cat
The pion prowls down the dark corridor,
Planning, I know, to pounce on me in spite
For getting leave to sleep in town last night.
But it was none of us who made that noise.
Only the old brown owl that hoots and flies
Out of the ivy -; He will say it was us boys -
Seigneur Mon Dieu! the sacre sould of spies!
He would like to catch each dream that lies
Hidden behind our sleepy eyes;
Their dream? but mine - , it is the Moon and the Wood
that sees;
All my long life how I shall hate the trees!

In the Place d'Armes, the dusty planes, all Summer through
Dozed with the market women in the sun and scarcely
stirred
To see the quiet things that crossed the square -
A tiny funeral, the flying shadow of a bird,
The hump-backed barber, Celestin Lemaire,
Old Madame Michel in her three-wheeled chair,
And filing past to vespers, two and two,
The demoiselles of the Pensionnat
Towed like a ship through the harbour bar
Safe into port where le petit Jésus
Perhaps makes nothing of the look they shot at you -:
Si, c'est défendu, mais que voulez vous?
It was the sun. The sunshine weaves
A pattern on dull stones: the sunshine leaves
The portraiture of dreams upon the eyes
Before it dies.
All Summer through
The dust hung white upon the drowsy planes
Till suddenly they woke with the Autumn rains.

Back to the Reading Room - father's poss.
Take it out in room - with pocket handkerchief
handkerchief, God - he had received -

Other much else. And each in time
as he would have enjoyed his time
- ~~if~~ he had as the ruler of each -
it was the sun - star in his bed he
was for him - (then he wanted
the ~~to~~ each.) The sun ~~stars~~ - was
from the ~~capit~~ ^{care} - was
for one - insistence, and then for a
he would see the car for a ¹⁰ mile

Back at God - when been eyes of the
Goff, God & the Goffs.

One to the ocean race in each &
have a nation as the gods.

The boys - each for 5 years

Sudden vision of hope & Spring &
he felt ~~perfect~~ ^{sur}

Good. A living - for a living
sin fare - where was he as some
- where - a boy. Then - he said
- God is known - he felt ^{whining} ~~perfect~~ ^{ref} ~~perfect~~
The blessed fare - Sun of in
- a line

She stood on a white horse -, and suddenly you saw the bend
Of a far-off road at dawn, with knights riding by -
A field of spears - and then the gallant day
Gone out in storm, with ragged clouds low down, sullen and grey
Against red heavens: wild and awful, such a sky
As witnesses against you at the end
Of a great battle, bugles blowing, blood and dust -
The old Morte-d'Arthur, fight you must -;
It died in anger. But it was not death
That had you by the throat stopping your breath,
She looked like Victory. She rode my way.

She laughed at the black clown and then she flew
A bird above us on the wing
Of her white arms, and you saw through
A rent in the old tent, a patch of sky
With one dim star. She flew, but not so high -
And then - she did not fly:
She stood in the bright moonlight at the door
Of a strange room -, she threw her slippers on the floor -
Again, again,
You heard the patter of the rain;
The starving rain, it was this Thing,
Summer was this, the gold mist in your eyes -;
Oh! God it dies.
But after death?
To-night the splendour and the sting
Blows back and catches at your breath,
The smell of beasts, the smell of dust, the scent of all
the roses in the world, the sea, the Spring -
The beat of drums, the pad of hoofs, music, the Dream, the
Dream, the Enchanted Thing!

At first you scarcely saw her face,
You knew the maddening feet were there,
What called was that half-hidden, white unrest
To which now and then she pressed
Her finger-tips: but as she slackened pace
And turned and looked at you it grew quite bare:
There was not anything you did not dare: -
Like trumpeters the hours passed until the last day of the
Fair.

the Gypsy's Luck.

It were so dark & murky inside - coming any
the Reas, from the slanders; for a moment in
the day you believe this - * Spirit something
almost made his vision - the spirit
which was of course a new day better
added to a second then general was
been rather worse. And we have
worse. with the ever increasing
in the state of affairs - the worst
of them, his own & his company's
the whole world was a sick, you
as people are of a bad channel
moving. And then about a dog returning
to his owner - : No - No. If the red
same as the one here & today is
was my thing - then that was
always, beauty - & not to be taken for
- even here - the green man, pigeons
etc. (Lungs also to lungs.) Good
egg grain - but are always for better
the land, perhaps, or as for the
people the one chosen speaks to them
- Hope in the street -
The Gypsy's Luck.

In the Place d'Armes all afternoon
The building birds had sung "Soon, soon"
The shuttered streets slept sound that night,
It was full moon:
The path into the wood was almost white,
The trees were very still and seemed to stare:
Not far before your soul the Dream flits on,
But when you touch it, it is gone
And quite alone your soul stands there.

Mother of Christ, no one has seen your eyes: how can men pray
Even to you?

There were only wolves' eyes in the wood -
My Mother is a woman too:
Nothing is true that is not good
With that quick smile of hers, I have heard her say -:
I wish I had gone back home to-day,
I should have watched the light that so gently dies
From our high window, in the Paris skies,
The long straight chain
Of lamps hung out along the Seine:
I would have turned to her and let the rain
Beat on her breast as it does against the pane -:
Nothing will be the same again -;
There is something strange in my little Mother's eyes.
There is something new in the old heavenly air of Spring -
The smell of beasts, the smell of dust -, The Enchanted Thing!

All my life long I shall see moonlight on the fern
And the black trunks of trees. Only the hair
Of any woman can belong to God.
The stalks are cruelly broken where we trod,
There had been violets there.
I shall not care
As I used to do when I see the bracken burn.

CHARLOTTE M. MEW.

It was so by surprise he had seen a/word
he had to go in all alone in. This was
when he believed ^{from} the bottom of his soul
the to come down with the earth & his
heaven with him. But he had no doubt
it. Five times else he he had been
Now the days go by need looking up
God again.

The Gypsy's Luck.

We all feel that of course very in
we ^{are} ~~are~~ the people. Some one is to
all a time - of us to ^{speech} talk of.

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