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THE FETE.

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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 soul 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.

It is not only the little boys
Who have hardly got away from toys,
But I, who am seventeen next year
Some nights, in bed, have grown cold to hear
That lonely passion of the rain
Which makes you think of being dead
And of somewhere living to lay your head
As if you were a child again
Crying for one thing, known and near
Your empty heart to still the hunger and the fear
That pelts and beats with it against the pane.

But I remember smiling too
At all the Sun's soft tricks and those Autumn dreads
In Winter-time when the grey light broke slowly through
The frosted window-lace to drag us shivering from our beds.
And when at dusk the singing wind swung down
Straight from the stars to the dark country roads beyond the
twinkling town,
Striking the leafless poplar boughs as he went by
Like some poor stray dog by the wayside lying dead
We left behind us the old world of dread
I and the wind as we strode whistling on under the Winter sky.

God seen in time -
the skies are full of
Heavens - we see them now
perhaps more often - often
a long time ^{ago} the world
was ^{now} in a state of
war - we see now
now - God is seen in
the sun - in the
stars - in the
water - in the
air - in the
clouds - in the
trees - in the
countryside -

10 God is seen in the
cured & caged ^{and} sick -
God & love -
God ^{seen} in the world -
God ^{seen} in the
trees - in the
birds - in the
honey - in the
water - in the
air - in the
clouds - in the
trees - in the
countryside -

And then in Spring for three days came the fair
Just as the planes were starting into bud
Above the caravans: you saw the dancing bear
Pass on his chain; and heard the jingle and the thud.
Only four days ago
They let you out of this dull show
To slither down the montaine russe and the chaff the man a la tête de veau, -
Hit, slick, the bulls-eye at the Tir,
Spin round and round till your head went queer
On the porcs-roulants. Oh! là là, la Fete!
Va pour du vin et le tête-a-tête
With the girl who sugars the quafrés! Pauvrette
How thin she was; but she smiled, you bet,
As she took your tip - "One does not forget
The good days, Monsieur". Said with a grace
But sacrebleu! what a ghost of a face!
And no fun too for the demoiselles
Of the Pensionnat, who were hurried past
With their "Oh! que c'est beau - Ah! que c'est belle!"
A lap-dog's life from first to last!
The good nights are not made for sleep, nor the good days for
dreaming in,
And at the end in the big Circus tent we sat and shook and
stewed like sin!

Some children there, had got - but where?
Sent from the South, perhaps - a red bouquet
Of roses sweetening the fetid air
With scent from gardens by far away blue bay.
They threw one at the dancing bear,
The white clown caught it. From St Rémy's tower
The deep slow bell tolled out the hour.
The black clown, with his dirty grin
Lay, sprawling in the dust as she rode in.

Each who reads now - takes ^{an} & ^{for} good
Take it in in now. with pocket handker-
chief, & God - he had received -
other news else. And each - in this
as he would have stayed his life
~~at~~ the hand of the ruler of death.
it was the sun - that in his hand he
had for the - (sun he wants
~~the~~ to death.) the sun ~~stands~~ - the
~~as~~ for all the ~~cease~~ - ^{cause}
day one - silence, and then for a
he united see the ¹⁰ sun for a bit side
back as God - when there even at the
of God & the tripp.

Are to the ocean race in July &
have to answer all the good.
The Rose, back for St. Peter
sudden ^{course &} rain & how it sprays
the ~~feel~~ ^{feel} perfectly
Road. A rising - ~~for~~ a rising ^{all}
the tree - where water comes
where - a road. Here - the sand
- road; Here - ^{rising} ~~feel~~ perfectly
the ~~tree~~ ^{tree} - sun up in
- a few

Part V. The Fair

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
Came 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 locked 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 Crypt's Luck.

It was so dark & noisy outside - coming out
the Peas were & slanders to a moment in
the city you believe this - * Spies spreading
also made the noise - the reason
which are for sure it really did believe
it had to a second other general noise
been over there. And in there
wasn't. will be ever the young boys
in the slabs did anything - they were sick
of noise, he can & ~~other~~ ^{other} country also;
the slabs around are a sick girl
as people are of a bad character
now. And ~~now~~ about a day before
the rain - : No - No. If the old
same as as we are. Well & to say
was up there - then for us
always beans - & not to a taste for
- even here - the green bean. Peas
etc. (Lungs also in clouds.) loaded
off grain - but are always ~~for~~ ^{for} well
off clouds - very, or the rest of the
people the one didn't speak to her
- Hope in the street -
The Crypt'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 ~~lust~~ -, 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 to the wife he had given up his bed
He had ~~now~~ ^{then} ~~seen~~ ^{now} ~~seen~~ alone in this ~~we~~
~~when he believed~~ ^{when} ~~from the bottom of the sun~~
he to ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ break into ~~the~~ ~~earth~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
~~heaven~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife~~. ~~but~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~his~~ ~~and~~
~~it~~ ~~from~~ ~~comes~~ ~~else~~ ~~the~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~
Now ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~gives~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~up~~
~~God~~ ~~again~~.

The Gwyn's Llech

We ~~do~~ ^{do} feel better at home. very, in
we ~~say~~ ^{are} the people. some one ~~is~~ ^{comes} com-
all action - to us ^{speaks} with us.

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