

To a Silhouette of a Savage

A savage on a hillside,
A shoreline and a sea,
A sense of primitive beauty,
And the world's immensity;
The starlit dome of the heavens,
And the moonlight on the lea,
Made poetic the soul of the savage,
As he gazed far out at sea.

A soothing sense of pleasure,
And the pain of a wild desire,
Made his pulse beat faster
And set his soul on fire
For a certain subtle something—
A something that would not quell
Until it found its answer
In religion's mystic spell.

—1921

Musings of a Little Boy

When I was a boy, a little boy,
Lying awake at night,
I used to wonder
Why right could not be wrong
And wrong could not be right.
For the things I most wished to do
Were usually wrong, you see,
And that which was right, you know,
Was *res non grata* to me.

—1925