

Will rise in majesty
That makes Men
The climax of the Creator's plan.
—1925

To My Indian Friend, Pokagon

I saw him often, standing,
A stoic on the spot—
Gazing into the setting sun
Absorbed in deepest thought.
With his blanket drawn about him
He stood silent and alone,
While his motionless form majestic
Seemed a statue carved in stone.
He was dreaming of the future
Of his fellow aborigines;
He was thinking of their past
Beset with tragedies.
And while he stood in silence,
Majestically alone,
His motionless form impressive,
Seemed a statue carved in stone.
—1924

Napoleon in Reflection

The salt, sharp tang of the sea breeze,
Swept athwart of his haggard face,
As he stood there beside the sea
Gazing far out into space.
The memories of battles
And campaigns waged in war,
Brought him rueful recollections
Of what he had been before.