

VOL. VI

Price 15 cents

NO. V

oetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

AUGUST, 1915

- Mountain Poems Harriet Monroe
The Water Ouzel—The Pine—A Lady of the
Snows—On the Porch—Mountain Song.
- Post Annos James Branch Cabell
The Apple-tree—The Monkey
. Nancy Campbell
- The Waterfall Ellwood Colahan
The Summer Sea . . . Nathan Haskell Dole
The Crag Louise M. Keuffner
- Poems of Life and Death Helen Hoyt
Annunciation—The New-born—Rain at Night
—The Sense of Death—Action Poem.
- The City Max Endicoff
On a Window Display William Rose Benét
Death and the Aviator—Inconsistency . . .
. Wanda Petrunkevitch
- One Listens Louise Adele Carter
Battle Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
The Going—The Joke—Nightmare—In the
Ambulance—Hit—The Housewife—Hill-born
—The Fear—Back.
- Comments and Reviews—Our Contemporaries—
Correspondence—Notes.

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Copyright 1915 by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved.

Annual Subscription . . . \$1.50

POST ANNOS

Yolande dit, en soupirant:

"It is long since we met," she said.
I answered, "Yes."

She is not fair,
But very old now, and no gold
Gleams in that scant, gray, withered hair
Where once much gold was; and, I think,
Not easily might one bring tears
Into her eyes, which have become
Like dusty glass.

"'Tis thirty years,"
I said. "And then the war came on
Apace; and our young king had need
Of men to serve him oversea,
Against the heathen. For their greed,
Puffed up at Tunis, irks him sore."

She said, "This week my son is gone
To him at Paris with his men."
And then, "You never married, John?"

I answered, "No." And so we sate
Musing a while.

Then with his guests
Came Robert; and his thin voice broke

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Upon my dream, with the old jests—
No food for laughter now; and swore
We must be friends now that our feud
Was overpast.

“We are grown old—
Eh, John?” he said. “And, by the Rood!
'Tis time we were at peace with God,
Who are not long for this world.”

“Yea,”

I answered; “we are old.” And then,
Remembering that April day
At Calais, and that hawthorn field
Wherein we fought long since, I said,
“We are friends now.”

And she sate by,
Scarce heeding. Thus the evening sped.

And we ride homeward now, and I
Ride moodily: my palfrey jogs
Along a rock-strewn way the moon
Lights up for us; yonder the bogs
Are curdled with thin ice; the trees
Are naked; from the barren wold
The wind comes like a blade aslant
Across a world grown very old.

James Branch Cabell