

THREE LYRICS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

BRAMBLES AND DUSK

TURN me to fagot, dusk,
To heap your fire!
Oh, pierce me through and through,
White daggers of the brier!

I may not keep you long;
Before I go,
Oh, fill me full of you;
I shall not miss you so!

WHITE FLAGS

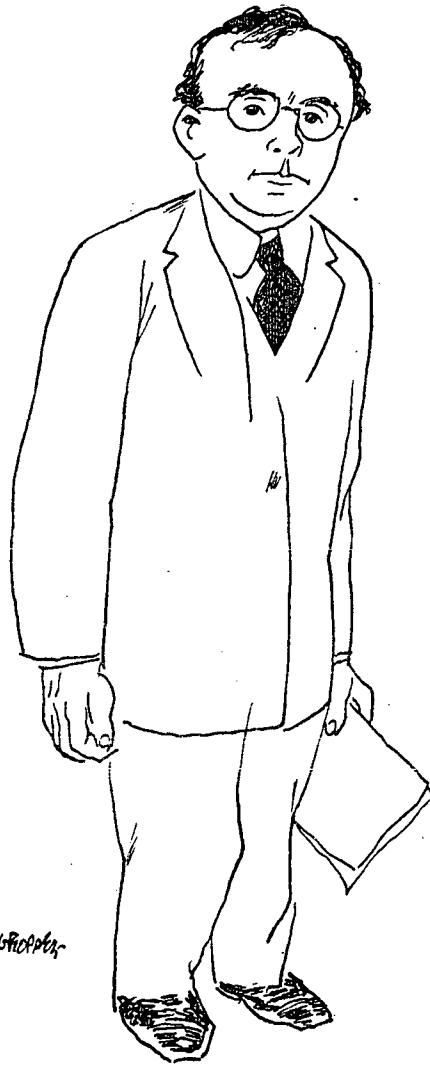
NOW since they plucked them for your grave,
And left the garden bare
As a great house of candlelight,
Oh, nothing else so fair!

I knew before that they were white,
In April by a wall,
A dozen or more. That people died
I did not know at all.

LONELINESS

SUCH old, experienced things they look,
The hollyhocks, mauve, lemon, red,
As they had read in every book,
And theirs the last word to be said.

Back to the house I turn again;
The hearths are strange, the chairs apart,
Poignant with women and with men
That stare me to the very heart.



Sketched by William Gropper

Edgar Lee Masters