

# THE POET RETURNS

By Victor B. Neuburg

*Originally published in the June 1914 issue  
of Smart Set.*

THE starlight lends me raiment;  
    (How slowly old songs die!)  
A dream I give in payment,  
Of my dreams newborn and shy.

A moonbeam lends its burden;  
    (How slowly old songs fail!)  
A dream I give as guerdon;  
    For all my dreams are pale.

So through the dark I wander;  
    (How sweet the old songs seem!)  
All undisturbed I ponder;  
    All palely still I dream.

Beneath the stately beeches  
    (How sweet the old songs were!)  
I mouth my silver speeches  
    To make my own heart stir.

Beside the curious rive  
    (How strange the old songs are!)  
I glide to watch the shiver  
    On the water of a star.

Under the night's grave splendor  
    (How far the wise old songs!)

I murmur words as tender  
As a lover's fancied wrongs.

The strange, strong songs I fashioned  
(Those songs grown now so old!)  
Seem vaguely fair and passionate,  
Now my hot heart is cold.

The starlight lends me raiment;  
My path a white moonbeam.  
A song I give in payment,  
For love I add a dream.