

## TWO POEMS

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### I.

We stript, and talking in the wood  
    As far before in Plato's time,  
We found anew how Good was good,  
    And how the world is one—a rime  
That keys to all the multitude.

Anew the bare skin on the grass,  
    The free hair twisting in the wind,  
Dark chiliads were forced to pass  
    Through the bright portals of the mind:  
The swift world came, as pure as glass.

So we passed back to the old Hill,  
    And so re-learned the talking-trade,  
Till certain Voices, merry-shrill,  
    Called us to toast and marmalade—  
But the old time stayed with us still.

### II.

Round hills north breasts the sea again,  
    The scud-flakes blanch the bay;  
Well: well-a-day,  
And the main-wind salts like rain.

Autumn-fall, I've caught you here;  
    Hush-singing, cloud-bound, grey;  
Well: well-a-day,  
For night's all bleak and sere.

Fishers are out in the orange west.  
    Mackarel-school for prey;  
Well: well-a-day,  
They're bellying home to rest.

Come, tackle back to the fire again,  
    In from the clumping day;  
Come ben and stay,  
Atoast from the slanting rain.