

### 31. MEMORY

Gluttonous helium of thought's endowment,  
 What piercing awe hast thou bestowed!  
 O lantern of unveiled, standing glow  
 Upon my sensations wooed remorseless  
 Shadows peal! and yet canst hover  
 O'er retention's beat, through  
 Forgetful saints of Nature's comedy's  
 Crest have bent their solemn  
 Woes of life's domain 'pon real joy.  
 But thence slumber woke their  
 Earnest ties; and bright learning hope,  
 O tender guise sweet from soul's  
 Wanton gift, hath poured the  
 Simple ways in profound vital thrift.

### 32. SPIRITUALITY

In what finite tendon dost thou rise?  
 Though 'pon the omnipresence thence we find  
 The glory of wicked truth which flaps its wings to bind  
 All but the hollow lute, that pipes its strain yon  
 Lower hill mid vat of fragrance. Ah, ye  
 Melancholy 'frain, oft have I left thee  
 To slumber my memory of such real disdain!  
 I mend no path, since my faith is as  
 The star o'er noxious blue; within, my soul hath  
 Climbed unto thy tales of old, 'round fire listened.  
 I nobly saw that through history my youth came nigh  
 And whispered joy within my breast from efforts clear.  
 Forgive our memory stain! e'er this might of love  
 Hath meekly found its room, so called immortality.

### The Apology to Spirituality Sonnet.

In what finite tendon dost thou rise?  
 Though 'pon thy Omnipotence, thence we find,  
 The glory of wicked truth, which flaps its wings to  
 All! But the hollow lute that pipes its strain <sup>Bind</sup> yon!  
 Lower Hill, mid the vat of fragrance, ah ye  
 Melancholy 'frain. Oft have I left thee!  
 To slumber my memory of such real disdain  
 I mend no path! since my faith is but  
 A star o'er noxious blue - within my soul hath  
 Clomb unto thy tales of old - 'round fire listened,  
 I saw nobly, that through history - my youth  
 And whispered joy! E'er this might of love! <sup>come nigh -</sup>  
 Hath meekly found its room, so called immortality

S.B.G. 1915