The Incantation

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still,
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Rough wind

Rough wind that moanest loud,
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind when sullen cloud
Knells all night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail! for the world's wrong.

Like a sick eagle

My spirit is too weak; mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die,
looking towards the sky.

Premonitions

There's a shadow on the grass
that was never there before,
and the ripples as they pass
whisper of an unseen oar;
And the song we knew by rote,
seems to falter in the throat,
a footfall, scarcely noted,
lingers near the open door.
Omens that were once but jest,
Now are messengers of Fate;
and the blessing held the best
cometh not or comes too late.
Yet what ever life may lack,
not a blown leaf beckons back,
Forward! Forward! is the summons.
Forward! Where new horizons wait.

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

Here may the winds about me blow,
Here the sea may come and go
Here lies peace forevermo'
And the heart for aye shall be still.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."
Robert Louis Stevenson (1850 - 1894)

Slugging a vampire

I closed and drew, but not a gun,
The refuge of the weak,
I swung with the left and I swung with the right
And I landed on his beak.

He started to pull the same old stuff,
But I closed in hard and called his bluff
Yet his face is still astickin' in the yellow sheet
And on the billboard a-down the street.