

INSPIRATION

How caught the poet his delight
In lowly leaf and mountain proud?
What tuned his ear, what lent him sight
For rhythmic wave, for rolling cloud?
'Twas that he wist of beauty well,
For he had gazed on Isabel.

Whence comes the whimsic, joyous
thought

That wafts like incense on the air?
How flies from nowhere and unsought
The image fine as gossamer?
These spring from where the fairies
dwell

In big, brown eyes of Isabel.

How is it that dull pen can write
Clear pictures chaste as falling snow?
How may a mortal man indite
Words sweet as those the angels know?
'Tis that her presence weaves the spell,
The spirit pure of Isabel.

MEMORIES (Peggy, aged four).

I think of you in the wintry night
When we're all shut in and
chummy,
With "Jingle Bells" on the radio
And a little hand of runfny.

I think of you in sunny time
When growing things come spring-
ing,
And you kick the stars from out the
sky
From your far-swung throne
a-swinging.

I think of you when I turn the page
Of old Wonderland and Alice,
As she swims in tears with the mouse
and owl,
Toward the Red Queen and the
palace.

I think of you when the morning
breaks
And we hear a lively patter
Of little feet on the sounding stair,
Then our drowsy night-dreams
scatter.

I dream of you in a wee green car
Across the valley streamling,
A-tooting your horn—that wakens me
up . . .
And I know that I've been
dreaming.

—F. W. Clingan, West Vancouver.

THE RIFT

When skies are bleak and dales are
drear,
When fields grow brown and woods
lie sear,
How sweet the sight — as west wind
chills—
A flash of sunlight on the hills.

When life is lone, when nerves are
rent,
When strength lies prone and spirit
spent,
My friend comes in — with heart of
grace—
A glint of sunshine in his face!

—F. W. Clingan, West Vancouver.

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"AS A LEAF"

We all do fade as the autumn leaf,
And fall as the leaf doth fall,
In the glowing blaze of the mountai
maze,
Or by the garden wall.

And some there be of leaves and men
When comes their time to stray,
Of lustre spare and they nestle ther
In quiet robes and grey.

And some there be of men and leaves
When falling time draws near,
At nature's crest as they near thei
rest,
Broadcasting wholesome cheer.

Ripe age is the poplar's shimmerin
torch,
Or the birch's gleaming spire,
'Tis the burnished shade of the oake
glade,
Or the maple's cleansing fire.

So, whether he fall at the zephyr'
call,
Or succumb at the calm of eve,
By the whirlwind's lash or the tem
pest's crash,
None may a moment grieve.

'Tis God's good plan for the leaf-lik
man
That he sink but to live again
By what he has done in the shade an
sun
And bequeathed to his fellow men
—F. W. Clingan, West Vancouver.

WATERFALL

At Enderby

Cool avalanche of water stressed with
spray!
Sheer, seething cascade, white and swift
and daring!
Surprise is in the outburst of thy play,
And charm that beckons, clasps, and
holds me staring.

Bursting from nowhere, out the moun-
tain's rift,
Leaping untrammelled, undismayed, and
flashing;
Though tempo changed at thy imperious
whim,
Yet ever tuned to dashing, slashing,
crashing.

Above, upon the blue, the white clouds
dance,
Bound are thy borders by the forest
greening;
Adown the steep thy mist-maned ponies
prance,
The rocks half hidden by their silver
screening.

Weird voices, whispered 'neath thy filmy
falls,
Suppress the secret of their emanation;
Yet e'er convey, by strange, sad, lonely
calls,
Hushed, mystic notes of spirit incanta-
tion.

Lost is thy stream at feet of silent firs;
But, downward yet, all fiercely rumbling,
boring,
Beneath the bridge its surging current
stirs,
Then disappears, still searchingly ex-
ploring.

—F. W. Clingan, West Vancouver.

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KITSILANO BEACH

I want to go to Kitsilano Beach
When work and heat and daily care
are o'er.

To question, learn what land and water
teach

As blend the beauties of the sea and
shore.

Amazed, to watch the happy thousands
throng

The grasses, woods and shallows sweet
and cool;

To cheer their souls with music and with
song.

Relieved, as weary urchins out of
school.

I want to loll all lazy and to dream,

Full fraternize with nature's debonair,
The mountains and the shipping in the
stream,

The droning planes a lullaby in air.

Let me approach the crowd-magnetic
pool

Of swarming, happy, noisy, laughing
youth

Who lave their limbs and spirits in its
cool,

To slough the sham and splash amid
the truth.

Dauntless, the dizzy divers speed the
sport,

Springboards and upper decks exalt
the play,

These are the splendid, sun-tanned, sturdy
sort

Who add skilled, streamlined flying
to the fray.

I love to watch the sailboats as they tack,
The speedboats as they stir the salty
spray.

The grey tide of the Fraser rolling back
The purple, wine, and blue waves of
the bay.

I want to gaze as sunset blaze recedes,

Fades crimson into orange, amber,
grey;

Catch at the Point where winking light
succeeds,

Flash that no mariner may disobey.

Framed is my picture by the greening
Park,

The Sleeping Beauty yawning in her
sleep,

The Bridge, still beaded by its myriad
spark;

In Beauty saturated, home I creep.

—F. W. Clingan, West Vancouver.

SUNSET WRATH

The sun has nursed his purple pride,
It bursts in blinding ire,
He flings his flares aloft and wide,
A devastating fire.

He sears the scrap, consumes the mount
In penetrating foray,
Burnt are the bushes by the fount,
Molten the valley's glory.

The forest in a furnace ends,
Dripping with glowing embers,
Till soon the sudden sun descends,
The seething scene dismembers.

Swift passion past, zeal's ardor eased,
Red madness of an hour over,
His squadrons stay, their wrath appeased,
Their flaming flags return to cover.

—F. W. Clingan, West Vancouver.

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