

**OUTCASTS IN
BEULAH LAND AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Outcasts in Beulah Land and other poems by Roy Helton

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ROY HELTON

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BEULAH LAND AND
OTHER POEMS**

OUTCASTS IN BEULAH
LAND

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
ROY HELTON



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1918

To
ANNE HELTON

028517

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OUTCASTS IN BEULAH LAND

ÆSTHETIC SYMBOLS

THE ten-cent crowd ebbed in and out
Across the narrow space,
And I was almost past her, when
I saw the woman's face:

Against the stairway bars she leaned,
Beside the flower stand;
An old black bonnet on her head,
A cream cone in each hand:

I guessed this moment had been won
By careful schemes long laid,
I guessed that she had worked from dawn
Till all the beds were made,
Thrilled with a great gray passion for
Our holiday parade:

Alone, amid the crowd, she stood,
Poor as the poorest there;
A shoddy sacque of rusty black
The best that she could wear;
A bonnet trimmed with carpet plush
Upon her scant white hair:
But there was rapture in her face

I never saw in such a place,
Nor often anywhere.

Against those stairway bars she leaned,
Beside the flower stand;
A chocolate ice cream cone, she held
In each old wrinkled hand.

Her eyes were raised in calm content
Above the jamming crowd,
And now and then she paused to munch
The oozing bit of five-cent lunch
Her penury allowed:

Where popcorn balls and cheap perfumes
Give texture to the air,
While yonder frantic Jewess cries,
"We sell these cheap to advertise
And guarantee they'll wear"—

"Gold wire rings," one siren sings,
"Are only ten apiece."

"This cleaning fluid will remove
Blood stains or tar or grease!"
But no Bill Sykes a bargain strikes—
And so the barkings cease.

The corn cure man holds high aloft
Five dirty plaster toes—
"If you'll just wait, I'll demonstrate!"
But off milady goes.