

**SUN GLEAMS
& GOSSAMERS**

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Sun gleams & gossamers by Hilton R. Greer

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HILTON R. GREER

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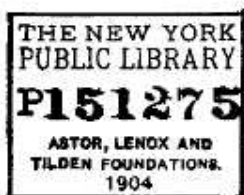


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OUT OF THE EAST

One touch of color, and the slumberous sky
Wakens as might some sleeper at a kiss;
A flush — a flame — and Dawn, a butterfly,
Bursts, golden-winged, from Night's black
chrysalis!

SIR BLUEBIRD

Breasting a tide of billowy blossoming,
A bit of noon from April skies remote,
Sir Bluebird swings and from his throbbing throat
Outflings such lures of lyric rioting
As stir the orchard boughs to murmuring
With rhythmic rapture at each tinkling note
And sward and coppice-aisle to overflow
With all the silver symphonies of Spring.

Spirit of Song! Incarnate Melody,
Sped winging earthward, singing from the spheres!
Thine were such sheer excess of ecstasy,
Too keen for rapture, and so tense with tears
That eyes grow blurred with misty memory
Of bloomy Aprils in the yester years!

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES

Look where the lilies are gleaming in glory!
See how they lighten and brighten the sward!
List how they breathe from their sweet lips the
story,
Old and yet new, of a crucified Lord!

As they upspring from the earth's gloomy bosom
Daily to gladden the garden with bloom,
So into life, like a light-seeking blossom,
He, that was crucified, rose from the tomb.

Rose from the tomb with a heart free from malice,
Free from iniquity's cankerous blight,
Spotless and stainless as each snowy chalice
Lilies uplift in the glad morning light.

Look ye the lilies, O, sin-burdened mortals,
See how they lighten and brighten the sod!
So may ye spring from mortality's portals
Out in the infinite meadows of God!

SOUL QUESTIONING

What is Success? Is it to stand alone,
Star-comraded on some sheer mountain height —
To spread the soul's proud wings within the light
That streams undimmed from some celestial
throne?

Is it to bask in Fortune's fickle sun
Mid hollow plaudits of the fawning throng,
And still, with soul unsatisfied, to long
For far, alluring triumphs yet unwon?

Or is it in some song-sweet vale to rest,
At Love's own shrine a simple worshipper—
Never to feel ambition's goading spur,
Never to have pale Avarice for guest —
And yet to hold that inner consciousness
That life, though lowly, were not lived in vain
That fame and fortune were not all to gain —
Tell me, O, learned of men, is this Success?