

**CHILDREN OF THE
SUN: RHAPSODIES
AND POEMS**

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Children of the Sun: Rhapsodies and Poems by Wallace Gould

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WALLACE GOULD

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Rhapsodies and Poems

BY WALLACE GOULD

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To Marsden Hartley

Who, with me, has survived all the ninth waves and who will leave me only at some ebbing of tide which he shall choose or with which he shall naturally drift out, I present these children, for he is godfather.

The mother of them is dead. My life with her was stormy, in general, as with all first passions; full of all the mad pleasures and madder sorrows that grand passions contain — and mine was a grand passion of the old school, not one of these safe and sane attachments, mostly in the head, that people have these days. There were giants in those days.

Marsden always loved these children of mine. At times he pitied them. At times he reproved them, or me, for their sake. At times they bored him. At times he was impatient at their prattle. Yet he was always tolerant, for an obvious reason. But they are big children, now, finely developed, and I am coming to him, with my offspring stringing along behind, to remind him that he has a dread office to perform and to inform him that I am going to elope with another mistress.

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Note

I shall write no preface, for understandings which are cultivated are as tiresome as misunderstandings. However, do not call the rhapsodies poems.



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