

CONTACTS, AND OTHER POEMS

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Contacts, and other poems by Thomas Wade Earp

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THOMAS WADE EARP

**CONTACTS, AND
OTHER POEMS**



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AND OTHER POEMS

BY
T. W. EARP



OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD ST.
1916

INTRODUCTION.

IF we could but forget by heart
The many things we never knew,
Should we not give a greater part
To what is fanciful and true?

In vain the cold museum tries
To break with labels from its dream,
But still a headless torso cries,
Against our knowledge things yet seem.

The pure conception grandly flings
A path beyond the precipice,
And soon a miracle of wings
Will quit the sleeping chrysalis.

The poet, calm above all age,
Must be the actor with his fan,
The swift horse, blossom, joy and rage,
Within the booth of his Japan.

Ah, could we win that ideal first,
Clear water in the glass that stands
Transparent, patient for all thirst,
The lilies never grasped by hands!

DEDICATION :

TO A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

BECAUSE you walk with consciousness of your station,
Perfect example of a fine old school,
The young men of the present generation
Consider you a ridiculous old fool.

But before very long, they will be old men too,
Mouthing the same old catchwords about love and duty,
And it shall be said of them what they say of you,
They will be as absurd, but they will not have your beauty.

The dignity of your time has burnt down to an ember,
Your grand opera ways are strange to look upon,
But you and those who are like you we shall remember
When Madison Square and Fifth Avenue are gone.

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ANTHONY HEYWOOD.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth ruled the land,
Stiff and grim in her pearl-sewn robe,
And Hawkins and Drake their pillaging planned,
And "Lear" was mouthed at the Thames-side Globe—
When England was cock of the walk, in brief—
Lived Anthony Heywood, rogue and thief.

Some courier, splashing the Kentish mire,
With hearty regrets for "our cousin of Spain,"
At towns that somehow got set on fire
And treasure astray on the Spanish Main,
Might glance up a lane as he galloping went,
And catch the glimpse of a tinker's tent.

Our hero-knave was at play outside,
A real slip of the gipsy breed,
Brown as a berry and dusky-eyed,
With the glance of a wolf as he gazed in greed
At the steaming pot a-swing on its chain,
Heavy with spoil of the stealthily slain.

ANTHONY HEYWOOD 🍷

But Anthony, though the tinker's son,
Grew tired of the chink-chink-chink from dawn
Till the chinking tinkering day was done,
So he left his father's tent forlorn,
And fled, for the heart of a gipsy child
Beats quick to the alluring wild.

You can hardly picture England then,
When you'd meet romance in the visible shape
Of a vagabond troop in a woodland glen,
Whose "Stand and deliver!" would hold you agape,
While you'd rue a purse or a gem misplaced;
Herein lay work to young Anthony's taste.

For years he lived by the luck of the road,
A difficult school and hard to learn,
Till at last his nimble-wittedness showed
That here was one with a graceful turn
To lighten the weight of the heavily-fobbed,
Or spy out a flock that might well be robbed.