

**PEEPUL LEAVES,
POEMS
WRITTEN IN INDIA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649512256

Peepul Leaves, Poems Written in India by H. G. Keene

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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H. G. KEENE

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PEEPUL LEAVES

POEMS WRITTEN IN INDIA

BY

H. G. KEENE

AUTHOR OF "EX ERMO," AND "UNDER THE BOSE"

Therewith a wind,
Made in the leaves grene, a noise soft,
Accordant to the foules song on loft.

Chaucer

LONDON

W. H. ALLEN AND CO.

13 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

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PEEPUL LEAVES.

Rupmati

A TALE OF MEDIEVAL MALWA.

I.

WHEN the winds are laid asleep
On the Campanellan steep ;
When the opal morning silence
Bathes the sides of siren islands ;
When the level sunlight shines
Underneath the stirless pines,
Which, about the gleaming hill tops
Rear, like domes of stone, their still tops ;

While the tideless Bay, below,
Shimmers in a satin sheen,
Fawning, fainting, falsely fair,
Lighted by the languid glow,
And upon her bosom rocks
Fisher-boats, we know she mocks
Those alone who have not seen
What her other mood has been,
When—in wild autumnal nights,
Torn and dragged by sweeping skies,
Flaming with Saint Elmo lights,
Lashed by the white squall—all her crowds
Of crawling hills and streaming valleys
Toss and catch Man's helpless galleys
In a blind and inexorable malice.

II.

Such are the ways of Love with men,
So woman smiles, and man believes,
So Roman Pyrrha charms again ;
And so the modern Horace grieves,

Oft as the sudden tempests rise
 And clouds make dark the changeful skies,
 And the water on which he seemed to float
 Plays cup and ball with his helpless boat ;
 But the fault is in man.

By a fever nursed

His love is only passion's thirst ;
 And springs are many ; but the few
 He craves belong to others.

True,

He may usurp them, if he will ;
 But, after he has drunk his fill,
 The bitter drop will rise among the sweets,
 His morbid being yield to other heats,
 And so the old game goes on, one cheated, one who cheats.

* * * * *

Can this be love, this vapour of earth,
 This causer of cares and fears,
 That falls upon its place of birth,
 A fount of blood and tears ?

Say, Powers around, below, above !
What hate can be if this be love.

III.

Ah ! fools of self, we cannot know
What the mystery's meaning is,
If we deem that it is so
Nature gives her truest bliss.
Not in falsehood and pretence,
Not in seeking joys of sense,
Is pleasure found ; but in the art
Skilled to soothe another's pain,
In the sympathetic heart
Answering to the tutored brain,
In the soul that learns to see
Nothing but law can make us free,—
The alchemy for which the gold of beauty
Shines in the fiery crucible of duty.
Love is where the evening glows,
Where the early violet blows,