

**THREE DAYS**

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Three Days by Rose Macaulay

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**ROSE MACAULAY**

# **THREE DAYS**



## THREE DAYS



## DEDICATORY

THE lovely and comic earth, when you go by,  
Waves wide hands full of comic and lovely things,  
Seeking to hold the praise of your fitting eye.

Nine days' wonders across your path she flings;  
—Beech woods break as you pass to a forest fire;  
A sweet Gregorian chant the cuckoo sings;

Peacocks flaunt the tails of a child's desire;  
Apples leap from a dish and dance a jig;  
Ghosts walk with you, who never were called a liar.

In fields you tread the thistle shall bear a fig;  
To walk with you is to travel a wizard land;  
You would come to Australia, or Hell, were you to dig.

Curious stones twist slipping about your hand—  
Cat's-eye, lapis, onyx, chalcedony,  
Winking with shadowy lights, or beaming blan I,

Or blue as night, or green as the rock-green sea,  
Or pink like a rose, or mild as the moon's rays—  
I cannot tell the curious stones they be.

The lovely and witty earth before you lays  
(Seeking to snare your laughter or your praise)  
Rich jests, strange stones, and all things that amaze.

TO  
N. G. R. S.  
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR  
MANY OF THEM

SOME of these poems have appeared in the "Westminster Gazette," "Poetry and Drama," "The New Statesman," and "New Paths." I have to thank the Editors for permission to reprint them.



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