THE PHOENIX LYRE

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The Phoenix Lyre by Oswald Davis

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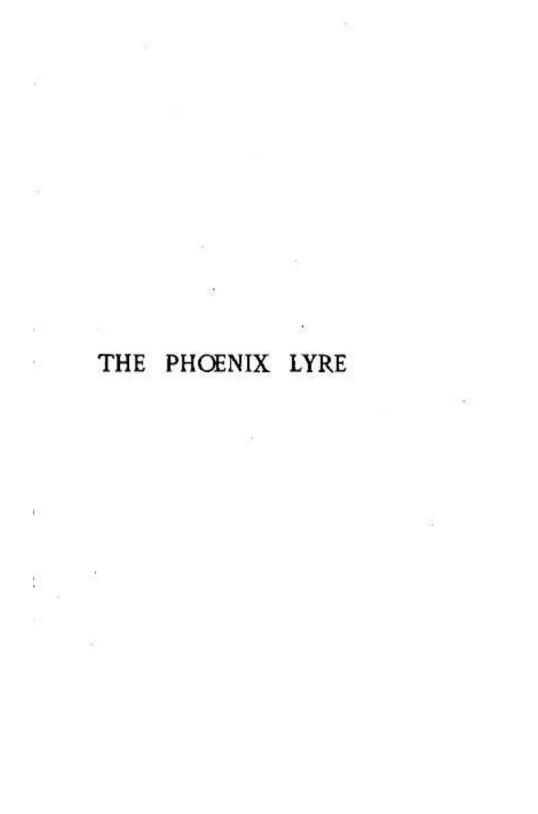
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OSWALD DAYIS

THE PHOENIX LYRE





THE PHOENIX LYRE

BY OSWALD DAVIS

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To

MY MOTHER

IN TRUE ADMIRATION AND WITH DEEP LOVE

3 Dedicate this Book



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8. 8. a. 40 Al. - 25 . For my eye

No molten roseate arc of a sun-swollen sky:

Fume and pallor of pearl

In the mists that uncurl,

Fringe of fawn on the dead duo cloud's shredded husk,

Clotted silver on grey on the lip of the day In the dawn or the dusk— For my eye!

Not for me

Light-liveried Spring, green glut of the emerald lea:

The rib in the roll

Of the heath, and the bole

And blench of lone trees, and the hue of the throe

Of the long furrow's dip, and the seed-tawny tip

Of bare blades bending low-

These for me!