

**HERE'S LUCK TO
LORA: AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Here's Luck to Lora: And Other Poems by William Walstein Gordak

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WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK

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BY
WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK



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HERE'S LUCK TO LORA

Here's luck to Lora Vale, where'er she be,
A-strolling on the beach at Narragansett,
Or yachting on some alien inland sea,
Or any other place her fancy fancied
When whispered she so softly sweet to me,
And kept her everlasting tongue a-wagging
About the places where she'd like to be
With me (and twenty more) around her lagging.

But I perchance forget, — you know her not;
Then let me now describe to you her eyes:
Those lovely orbs would wound you on the spot,
So much of deadly beauty in them lies, —
Blue as a glimpse of ocean seen afar
Betwixt the mountains cleft, or as the sky
When fleecy rifts of summer blown ajar
Leave glints of cobalt glimmering on high.

And like the golden trailer that runs o'er
The bloomèd wild briar in the meadow mould,
The roses of her face, forever pure,
Are over-blown by shreds of quivering gold;
And, when each fold is by the sunlight kissed,
Her locks are like the burnished waves that shine
When Morning, reddened by the morning mist,
Moves on with music and a mien divine.

HERE'S LUCK TO LORA

O Lora, you're a dainty bud half-blown,
Complexioned like the wingèd cherubim,
With saucy ways and answers all your own,
And eyes where tender love-light goes to swim;
And silken hair ablaze with golden glow,
And pouting lips as warm as summer clime,
Dead-ripe and red as damask roses blow
In breezy June, or any other time.

And you can (with an effort) stand and gaze
Up in your lover's eyes, as at a star,
And flatter all his little dapper ways,
And hold him yet so near and just so far;
And twine your taper fingers with his own,
And very sweetly feign to keep for him
Your honeyed self intact, — for him alone
Your honeyed sweetness, supple, svelte, and slim.

So luck to Lora Vale, where'er she be,
Though hearts hung on her girdle she may crave
As plenteous as scalps that one can see
Strung on the wampum cestus of a brave;
And, if before my eyes there comes a blur,
'Tis nothing but a passing tear for him
Who some sure day will end himself for her,
And fill her soft ambition to the brim.

TWILIGHT

A melancholy light doth show
The stirless branches through,
The pale red light,
Which over fadeth into white,
That deepeneth above with blue.

The glow of the sunset skies —
Beautiful, far and strange;
The suns that not again shall rise;
The seasons that must change;
Delight that passeth like the day;
Kisses, embraces, tears;
The voices haunting us alway,
And early love of vanished years;
Desire and sorrow — at its death —
The dying day remembereth.