

**ATALANTA,
WINNIE, AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649482849

Atalanta, Winnie, and Other Poems by J. Brent

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. BRENT

**ATALANTA,
WINNIE, AND
OTHER POEMS**



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Atalanta	1
Winnie	26
Gems	65
The Divorced	66
Charles Dickens	67
Age	69
The Dark River	70
The Red Cross Star	71
The Girl to Her Bird	72
Winter Thoughts for the Summer of 1871	74
The Dying Child	77
O Give me One Dear Smile Again	78
The Dark-red Sail	79
Marcia Lioni	82
Poem	86
To _____	88
Rondeau	89
Pandora	90
In Memoriam	96
The River	97
The Sisters	102
The Dying Poet	105



PREFACE.

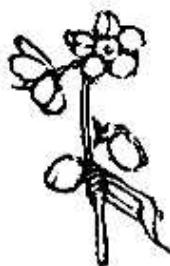
"ATALANTA," as it takes precedence in order, so also is it the earliest written poem in this volume. I mention a circumstance apparently trivial, to show that I have not entered into competition with the poem entitled "Atalanta's Race" by the accomplished author of the "Earthly Paradise." Had my production been unwritten when that piece appeared, I should have hesitated before adopting it as the subject of my verse.

Mr. Swinburne, in his unrivalled poem, "Atalanta in Calydon" has also, at a still earlier period, selected another episode in the charmed history of the same heroine.

As regards the other poems in this book, I consign them, I trust, to an indulgent public.

They may find little favour, and yet receive their due. However, I do not believe that age to be

unpoetical which has produced the masterpieces of the Laureate, the "Andromeda" of Kingsley, the "Ades" of Buchanan, and that tenderest of lyrics, "The Blind Linnet;" I may add to the list, "The Wanderers," "The Gipsy," the "Lays and Legends" of the late A. A. Proctor, and the poems of Owen Meredith and Worsley, which, with many other productions unnamed, are evidences of power and imagination, combined with true poetic fervour.



ATALANTA.

WHEN young oaks budded green, and fluttering
down,
Strewn at their feet lay old leaves sere and brown,
And ash shoots kindled to the western breeze,
To wild Arcadia came Hippomenes.

He heard the lady of the land, the rare
Atalanta, famed by all the bards around,
Was to be won by those who'd spirit to dare;
And so, he deemed himself already crowned:
A kingdom too, himself being born of kings,
And giving to bold thoughts and venture, scope,
And having somewhat of that scorn which springs,
In spite of gentleness, from noble blood,
That a fair girl, scarcely a woman grown,
Should dare contend with heroes. Resolute stood
His vow to conquer; whilst a soaring hope
Filled all his heart, that he might tame the play
Of this young creature's wildness; as his own,
Hold her—avenging slaughtered men who lay
Stretched 'neath earth mounds, or charred to ashes
gray.

Curious, yet careless, with a practised eye
To look on beauty; perhaps, to pass it by

As something for his pastime or his scorn,
Where he as victor through the lists was borne.

Ne'er had he seen the Princess, never known
The dusky light of eyes so sadly sweet—
Sweet with a silent music of their own.
Ne'er had he seen her in the lists compete,
Nor marked the track of light where flashed her
high arched feet.

There was a tablet hung within the fane
Of her who sat enwreathed in lion's mane—
The dread Cybele; awfully there shone
A light on those who gazed from her cold eyes of stone.
Here challengers inscribe their names, and here
A herald 'neath the columned porch proclaims
On certain days, "Atalanta deigns to clear
The lists of all intruders. *S&c*, who tames
Lions, need conquer men—her spear beware!
'Tis sharp indeed!—they need dare well, who dare."
"I'll see her ere I sign," the young Greek cried;
"Nay, that were base; the stakes upon my side
Are light enough (the lightest, highest soar):
A few brief seasons' hunting of the boar,
Midnight carousals, black-eyed memories
Of syrens, who arose and went as fast
As I could change them—perhaps, this love may
last!

I'm for the lists! (reads the names inscribed).

—What, Spartan Cleon one,
The Athlete! There's some work then to be done.