

# **A PATCH OF PANSIES**

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A Patch of Pansies by J. Edmund V. Cooke

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**J. EDMUND V. COOKE**

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OF PANSIES**



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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

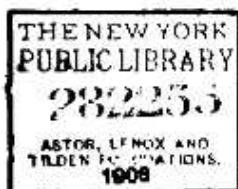
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#### AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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PROEM.

*Why does he show his pansies planted there?  
There are so many, many flowers more rare,  
So many wondrous gardens past compare,  
What can he hope for, save a passing stare?*

*Well, when a man has planted them with care,  
Has dug and tended, watered all he dare,  
Watched every glimpse of green which tinged the bare,  
Black earth, known every waftlet there,  
Blest every bud with an especial prayer,  
Noted each color warm the ambient air,  
Seen every blossom's cheek take on its fair,  
Soft velvet,—surely we can spare  
Some small excuse for him, if he declare  
His humble blossoms worthy of a share  
Of our regarding.*

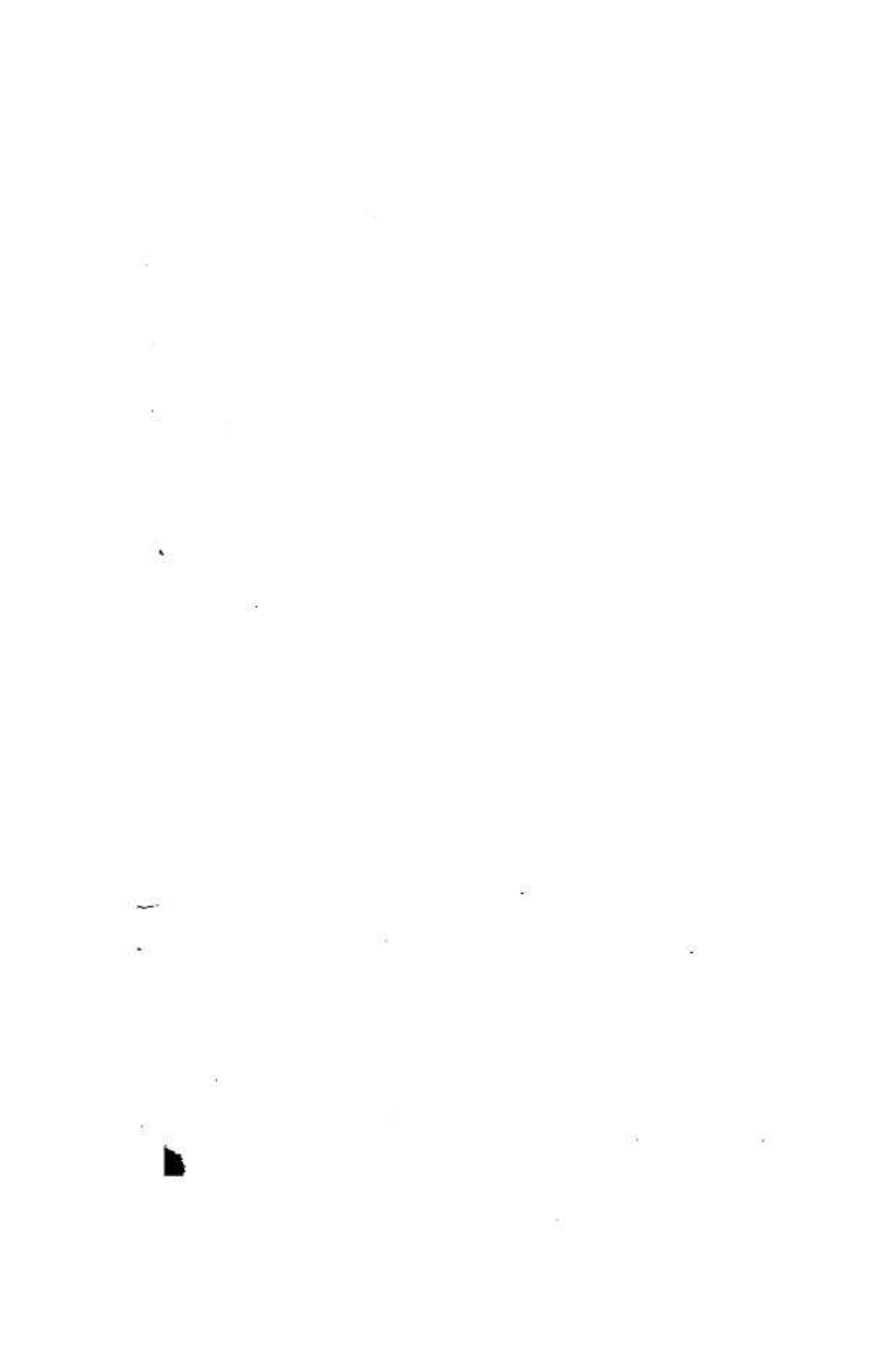
*Then, too, be aware  
The toiler is repaid if he may bear  
One touch of brightness to a world of care,  
One blossom for a village maiden's hair,  
One bit of bloom to glow—and wither—where  
A dead child lies, whose peaceful features wear  
A smile of wonder at its friends' despair.*



*Oft when he strove for deeper, rarer color,  
The casual comment only called it duller.*

---

TO FORREST MORGAN, OF HARTFORD, CONN.,  
EDITOR, LITTERATEUR, CRITIC, FRIEND, TO WHOSE ABLE WORDS  
AND KIND ACTS I HAVE SO OFTEN SEEN INDEBTED,  
I INSCRIBE THESE MOST THOUGHTFUL  
OF MY VERSES.



### THE RIDDLE OF THE CLOCK.

A LONELY poet all devoid of wings  
(Which men say *Genius* has) to fly,  
Was training him some thoughts (those stubborn things)  
To aid him to his goal. The hours flew by,  
And as they passed, his patient time-piece broke  
Upon his thought. Thereon the poet spoke :

“Curses on thee, slave of Time !  
With thy dull, insistent chime ;  
With thy hands which point the way  
Where the night gropes toward the day ;  
With thy calm, unrestful face  
Ever staring into space ;  
How thy constancy doth mock  
All *my* restless strife, O clock !

“Ha ! Thou art a very Sphinx  
Staring, placid, and methinks  
That thy riddle, still unread,  
Is *that* which thou just hast said.