# FIGS FROM CALIFORNIA

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Figs from California by W. W. Lyman

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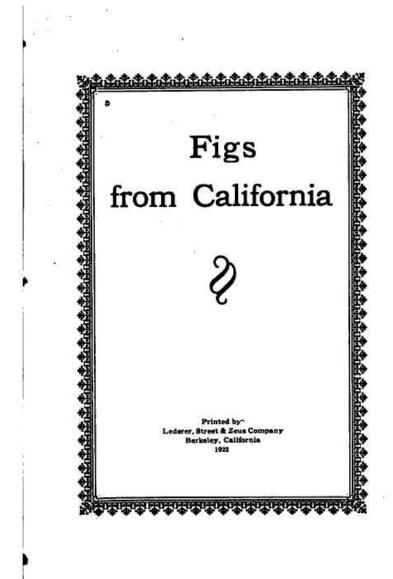
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### PREFACE



HIS little book has been made up of poems selected from the work of members of a class in versewriting which I had the pleasure of conducting at

the University of California in the Fall of 1921. I have considered that all the poems appearing here have interest and some of them distinction, and I have thought that their publication would serve both to give a characteristic example of the vivid poetic imagination discernible among the young people

of California, and also to afford, perhaps, a further stimulus to its expression.

W. W. LYMAN.

Berkeley, California, May, 1922.

# California Autumn

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The new green shore where we camped in Spring Is crisp and brown; the dry stalks fling Their winged seeds; the withered weeds Around our blackened fire-stones cling.

The stream where we watched the swallows play Has ceased to laugh—it has run away And left a pool still clear, still cool; A lonely blue on the gravel's grey.

The willow where the linnets sing Is now the only unchanged thing That dares the death in Autumn's breath, And waits again another Spring.

Vernon R. King.

[4]

## Autumn

High in the mist-chilled air, Scudding, the wild ducks fly; Drawing a wavering line Faint on the autumn sky. 1

Gleaming, the far-off lake Widens before their flight— Suddenly whirring they drop Into the dusk of night. *G. Votau Mills.* 

#### Summer

O Flower-of-the-corn, Why do you hang Silken tassels that stir In the golden sun?

You know, When the sun turns southward, Your brown stalks will be piled Under the harvest moon. Harriet McLear Hall.

[5]

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# Autumn

Autumn is a wanton maid, With brown shoulders bare, And flash of scarlet barberries Tangled in her hair.

Gypsy-eyed and sandal-footed, Crimson-lipped she came, Kissed the summer-listless earth Into mounting flame;

Swept in mocking courtesy low Her ragged loveliness, Laughing, fled, and left the earth To gray-ashed dreariness. Marion Yeatman.

# "Dying Summer"

The fallen leaves in shining sheaves Are caught with ropes of gold; Upon the hill, the winds grow chill That once blew warm and bold.

A flower dies 'neath turquoise skies, Its drifting leaves are red; And golden bees through listless trees Hum "Summer soon is dead."

Mary A. Weyse.

# [6]

# Foreboding

20

The white-fanged waves mouthe hungrily And mutter, each to each,

Weird, garbled tales of mystery On the shadow-blackened beach.

Passing strange are the tales they tell, Strange are the sights they've seen, For one has watched a drifting spar With sea-weed cordage green,

And one has found dull gold half-hid In sea-mud's slimy brown, And one has seen a white dead face Full forty fathoms down.

Now the strangled wind no longer stirs Through the stark driftwood gray, And silently in swift-winged flight The sea-birds glide away.

The peering face of an ominous moon Strains pale through a stifling cloud, While the wave that saw the dead man's face Is talking over loud.

Marion Yeatman.

[7]

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